

The Eagle's Call

He Answered It and the Call of Honor

By CLARISSA MACKIE

It promised to be another blistering day, and so John Forrest arose in the early dawn and enjoyed his cold tub in the blighting presence of the disapproving bath boy. Later, clad in spotless white, he ate his breakfast in the cool shade of the north veranda.

The first rays of the rising sun were gliding the top of the compound wall when the gate opened noisily and admitted a Chinese in the livery of the consulate servants. He approached and delivered a parcel into Forrest's outstretched hand.

Forrest weighed the long, flat package in his palm for a thoughtful moment. Every time he received an unexpected letter or parcel he was conscious of a throbbing of expectation that he was to be called back to prove his mettle. Something had happened several years ago, when he had been in the war department, that resulted in his resignation and immediate departure for a foreign country. It was the matter of a neglected duty which terminated in the loss to the department of \$50,000. Forrest was young in those days, and his Virginian hot blood was more engrossed in the scattering of wild oats than in the careful execution of his chief.

The chief of the department had been a friend of his dead father's and had talked to John Forrest as a parent might have done. "I can't save you from the consequences of your carelessness, my boy," he had said sadly. "No one but yourself can do that, and it may take years to re-establish confidence in your ability. You better accept that clerkship with my brother's banking house in Shanghai and some day when you can make good come home again."

"I don't like the idea of being banished," muttered John sullenly. "Can't I work and pay back the money? Or is the government lost that sum through my carelessness perhaps I might be able to save a loss some time."

The older man brought the palm of his hand to the table with a sharp smack. "Some day, not now, John. You go ahead and take this berth in Shanghai, and I give you my word of honor that if ever I see the opportunity whereby you can step in and make good on that mistake of yours I'll send you a message. Because of my position I cannot write you or commit myself in any way, but you will understand when the message comes that your country needs your services and that your opportunity to make good has come at last. Have patience and wait."

"Very good, sir," John Forrest leaped to his feet with a new light in his young eyes. "I'll sell next week on the Cayman from San Francisco. You won't forget to send for me, sir?"

"On my honor, John, and you will leave everything and come, my boy!" involuntarily John raised his right hand as he spoke gravely. "I will come whenever you call, sir." And so it was settled.

That had all happened years before, and still John Forrest was waiting for the call of his country to make restitution to her for the amount which had been lost. In the meantime, sobered by his bitter experience in the capital of his country, he had worked night and day at his new situation in Shanghai. In that gay city on the Iwanqu river there were many opportunities for money making, and John Forrest was beginning to see where he might some day be a financial power in the great treaty port of the east when this hot summer morning the message came.

He knew as soon as he had opened the package. All the box contained was a long bronze feather from the plume of an eagle and a brief scrawl on a slip of paper. "The eagle calls."

Then came a moment of temptation to the man. He knew that very day a steamer sailed for San Francisco. If he missed sailing today it meant that his journey would be delayed for three days. If he did sail today large interests which had occupied his mind lately and which would come to a climax today would go to the wall for lack of his manipulation. If he could have only one more day here his future affluence would be assured. His going today meant financial ruin.

All at once he seemed to see the luxurious equipment of the chief's private office and heard his own voice saying earnestly, "I will come whenever you call, sir." His tilted chair crashed to the floor, and he sent servants flying in a dozen different directions.

A brief note to one of his partners conveyed the information that he was summoned home at once and that the deal must be put through without him if possible. He inclosed a power of attorney and thus washed his hands of the matter. An hour later found him swaying recklessly along the Bubbling Well road in a ricksha, and he gained the long wharf just in time to catch the tug that was conveying its last load of passengers to the steamer lying on in the mouth of the river several miles below the city.

The morning he arrived in Washing-

ton he telephoned to his old chief from the hotel where he was stopping.

"I am here," was his brief report.

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It was a short story and soon told. Somebody had stolen plans and important documents from the war office, and the secret service men were combing the country for the thief. While it was out of order for this commission to be placed in the hands of an outsider, the chief had wanted to give Forrest the chance to redeem himself, and at the same time he knew if the young man was successful that breach of red tape would be forgiven because of Forrest's former connection with the office and the unhappy circumstances of his dismissal.

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Forrest's lips sank. The papers would go back to Washington and the bottom would drop out of the mystery. The detectives would be recalled, and there would be no opportunity for Forrest to redeem his reputation.

There was only one thing to do—to write to the chief that he had failed in his quest and to return to China and once more await the eagle's call. And he went.

Shabby Genteel

A Sketch That Proved of Importance

By F. A. MITCHEL

Food of art from my childhood, I determined to be an artist. I wonder why it is that while the making of pictures is a refined work, only a comparatively few of us women have become eminent in that field. But this has nothing to do with my story. When a child I was given drawing lessons, and when grown older I went abroad to study. I suppose I should have remained abroad. Most American artists do. They paint pictures where there is a market for them. I came home to America, where I think there are as fine landscapes as there are in the world, and there walked away the man with my heart, without once looking back.

I saw him approach a rise in the ground and hoped before he descended on the other side he would turn with his last wave of his hand. But he did not. He passed out of sight, treating me as a woman with whom he had no acquaintance.

"He has been ruined," I said to myself, "through no fault of his own, but he will not permit any one else to share his obloquy."

About a year from this meeting, on looking over a newspaper, I glanced at the personal column. I don't know why I have always been accustomed to read the personals, but I do. I suppose it is because in some of them I think I can see a romance and I love to wonder what that romance may be. For the same reason I like stories in which the principal parts are left to the imagination. What I know comes at once to interest me. What I don't know and imagine to be a story in itself never ceases to interest me.

As I was saying, I was reading the personals in the newspaper when I came upon one under the heading of "Information Wanted" that described my model. The description of him was perfect. I felt absolutely sure that I was right in my inference that it referred to him. It occurred to me that in identifying the missing man the sketch I had made of him might be of great assistance. I wrote a note to the advertiser that I had met such a man and had made a sketch of him, which would be at his service if he required it.

I received a reply from a German American firm of attorneys, who reported that the person sought was wanted abroad and the lawyers had letters for him. I took the picture to them, which they referred to one who knew him and pronounced it his likeness. I showed it to them, and they had it photographed and used with subsequent advertisements.

One morning a card came up to me bearing the name of Baron Carl Kinkadee. My heart leaped to my throat. For I recalled at once that the man I had thought of by day and dreamed of by night had returned to me. But he did not. He was in the hands of a man who had taken him to a foreign land. I nearly went mad with grief, but I had to wait until I had seen him again.

He told me that he had been visited—how, I never knew and do not know today. Nor do I care to know. From the first I was as sure of his innocence as if an angel had proclaimed it. And it did not raise him in my opinion, for he had never so required raising. But I rejoiced that I had been taken from him. And I rejoiced, too, that his former rank and office had been restored to him by the sovereignty of his state.

He had been discovered by means of the sketch I had made of him and, when shown it at the office of the attorneys, had asked for my address, and as soon as he could make himself presentable had called upon me.

That brief meeting at which the sketch had been made was as much to him as to me. When he had walked away from me so he told me—the world before him looked darker even than it had looked before. It was the trial of his life, when he stood upon the great, to avoid turning for a parting glance before descending.

On returning to the principality to which he belonged he took me with him as his wife. He is now always well—sometimes faultlessly—dressed, but I love to remember him in his shabby genteel clothes, sitting on that log looking at me with his honest eyes.

Though, as I have said, I do not know what was the cause of his disgrace, there are a few, very few, who do, and by them he is considered to have made a martyr of himself for some one, the world doesn't say who. It has been said that it was a prince of the blood who should, but for reasons of state, have borne the disgrace himself. Others aver it was for a woman to which whom he placed himself in the position of a thief. I suppose that I, being a woman, should wish to know the story; but, in the first place, I am not one of those who are permitted to know it, and, in the second place, I have started the government of which I was told by Finlay of and enjoy having one in my own household.

pointed on a small area when he had not seen money which you evidently had not.

I had my possessions in a bag brought with me and was opening it when he looked at me reproachfully. He reproachfully that, though he spoke not a word, I detected. Rising and stilling his cap with the same deference as before he said:

"Forrest, Franklin, understand. You British and American have to word by which to address a lady not married. This has been a pleasant surprise to a ruined man. I shall never forget it."

Forrest, I wished he had said more, something but I feared. It is a word fit only to men at parties with the girls. And in this case it is intended the feelings I had at seeing him stroll away from me down the road, and with that swinging step a soldier's and once you can never shake off.

If I had not set down to transfer to my brain the first feature of seeing any one had met me that a man whom I had never seen and did not expect to see again, would come along and leave a sketch of his face and figure, taking away in exchange my heart, I should have considered the prophet a lunatic. Yet there I sat, with the picture in my hand, and there walked away the man with my heart, without once looking back.

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Narrow Escape

Never Sleep Two in a Room at a Hotel

By ANDREW C. SWINE

During a political convention in Chicago I was obliged to go there on business. The matter that engaged my attention was the settlement of a debt I owed about which there had been a quarrel. In order to be present to pay as soon as possible I arranged to stay at a hotel near the convention hall. I arrived at 9 o'clock and went to several hotels without being able to secure a room. Finally I was told at a second-class house that I might have one of two beds in a room; the other bed being occupied by a man.

I was tired and sleepy, and I accepted the offer. I had to decide whether I would deposit my money with the landlord or take it to my room with me. Had the room been first class I would certainly have deposited the money with me. As it was, I concluded to keep my money with me. It was 10 o'clock when I went to bed. My trunk was not there, so I had a chance of beds. The apartment was long and narrow. One bed was beside the door, which could be opened and shut by the person occupying the bed by reaching out an arm. The other bed was at the other end of the room, near a window.

I selected the bed by the door, which besides the lock was provided with a bolt. I left the door unlocked and unbolting so that my roommate could get in when he came. My pocketbook, containing my bills, I put directly under my pillow. I turned the gas low and lay down, hoping the occupant of the other bed would soon come in, for I was tired and wished to go to sleep. But despite my efforts to keep awake I failed.

I was awakened by his coming, rather the turning on of the gas jet which shone in my eyes. I could see the man very plainly, and the moment I did so I wished I was anywhere but where I was. I did not like the man's appearance. He addressed himself without paying any attention to me, so far as I could see, and turning out the gas, got into bed. I had expected that he would lock the door, but he didn't.

I tried to satisfy myself that I had imagined the man to look worse than he really was. It also seemed to me that had he any designs upon me he would have noticed me while he was undressing. While thinking about him I fell asleep.

I was awakened by a sound at the other end of the room. I could not tell what caused it, but thought that something had fallen. I listened, but all was still. Then I put my hand under my pillow to make sure that my purse was still there. It was not. Should I reach out and look (the door was closed) myself with a robber's hand? I was a free agent from that moment.

My first impulse was to let him go. My life was worth more to me than the \$2,000, but I did not feel the slightest intention of robbery. It was not the money I was afraid to lose, but my honor. I was about to jump out of my window when I heard a sound. As I thought about the matter my courage began to waver and I decided not to look out and let the door be closed.

I pronounced the man to be armed, but he had no means of communicating if I had a weapon still I should attempt to use it upon him. My locking the door might act in several different ways. First, it might seem to him that having been awakened by the sound, I had heard, even without feeling for my pocketbook, I had reached out to learn if the door had been locked, and, not finding it so, I had kicked and bolted it; secondly, it might mean to him that I had missed my money and had resolved to look him in and fight for it. In the latter case he would be likely to infer that I was armed.

After throwing the bolts I lay perfectly still. It occurred to me that whether the man were in bed or somewhere else in the room, he would make no movement until he had reached to suppose I was at least not meditating any overt act. In order to frighten him of this I began to breathe hard, like one asleep. Nevertheless I did not change the direction of my vision for a moment from the other end of the room.

There was a faint light coming through the window, and presently I saw a figure darken the latter. Whether it faced me or the window I could not tell, but I knew my enemy was out of bed. That he was near the window was evident from his apparent size. He was examining an escape from that end of the room?

The silhouette disappeared from before the window, coming, it seemed, toward me. But except when it stood out between me and the window I could not tell where it was. I could hear no sound of the man getting into bed. Indeed, for some time I could hear nothing.

Action took away my nerve. I began to regret having locked the door. Had I not done that the robber might have gone helplessly out without my money, which he could never do if he chose. I waited for the next development with a throbbing heart.

Suddenly I saw the man's face between me and the window, and the

light of the moon shone on his face, and he was looking at me with a look of surprise.

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"Good boy, John! I will call on you this evening at 9 o'clock."

It was a short story and soon told. Somebody had stolen plans and important documents from the war office, and the secret service men were combing the country for the thief. While it was out of order for this commission to be placed in the hands of an outsider, the chief had wanted to give Forrest the chance to redeem himself, and at the same time he knew if the young man was successful that breach of red tape would be forgiven because of Forrest's former connection with the office and the unhappy circumstances of his dismissal.

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