

The LODGE

For a Time There Was a Doubt as to Its Occupancy.

By F. A. MITCHELL

John Ricketts, gardener on a country place, entered upon his day's duties by trimming the hedges. It was a bright spring morning and the sun shone down upon John at his work. The trees had leafed out long before and still were something of the pale hue of early spring. The birds were building their nests and flying here and there for material. John was a young man, and the principle of nest building was in him as well as in the birds. He was thinking of making a home for himself.

Twenty years before the owner of the place, a widow Mrs. Alexander, had a housekeeper who, dying, left a little daughter, a babe. The child was without any one of her own kin to care for her, and Mrs. Alexander assumed the responsibility. Anne Bugkett, when she grew older was sent to school and brought up as a member of the Alexander family. She was a willful child, though not wayward.

Ordinary duties were burdensome to her. She loved the country. In spring she was never so happy as in watching the opening of the buds and other signs of the return of summer. In autumn her delight was to walk through the woods knee-deep in dead leaves. Kicking them as she went and listening to the sound they made in the other wise silent forest.

It was she whom the gardener was thinking of in coming to work with his home building. But more than ordinary home building was before him. Anne, though the daughter of an upper servant, had been brought up as if not as a lady, at least in a fashion that led her to assume the manner of a lady. John was the son of a cultivator of flowers who were sold in the city. The boy inherited a taste for his father's work and had taken a course in an agricultural institution after finishing which he accepted a position as gardener. He had been in the position for some time when he became acquainted with Anne, the usual interpretation of the term "garden" but he had never known Anne's people and had always regarded her as a lady.

When Mrs. Alexander died, since she left no children of her own the place passed into the possession of her nephew, Edgar Alexander. He was living abroad at the time of his aunt's death, but returned to America and settled down on the place he had inherited. He was a bachelor over forty years of age and had tired of roving. His new possession was exactly suited to his taste. He made no change in anything on the place, but leaving the administration of the household in the hands of the woman who had managed it for Mrs. Alexander. He had heard of Anne through his aunt, and only as the daughter of a former housekeeper and a dependent on charity. When he came to work and saw the young woman he was surprised to find a different person from the one he had expected to meet. He made no change in her status in the household.

But he made a change in his own attitude. He had been a salubrious man of the world and had avoided entanglements with women. He was known to be well-off and bachelor of means are usually supposed to be wealthier than they are. Women had thrown themselves at him and had been thrown at him by their mothers. But he would have none of them. Toward this orphan girl he was different. He dove with her he played games with her. When he was not with her he seemed not to know what to do with himself. For the first time in his life he melted under a woman's influence.

While John was thinking of Anne, Mr. Alexander came out on the porch and stood looking down on the grounds surrounding his home. Seeing his gardener clipping the hedges he came down to where he was and began to chat with him. He was unaware that John had received an opportunity to tell him as an agriculturist and John had never said anything about possessing a profession.

"John," said Mr. Alexander, "this place should have a lodge at the gate. I'm thinking of building one. But a lodge should contain some one to admit visitors and keep out undesirable persons. Now, if you were married I could put you in the lodge, and while you were at work about the place your wife would be ready for any duty at the gate, though such duties would, of course, be nominal, for there is really no need for a lodge. I want one as an addition to the place."

John ceased to clip the hedges, lowered his shears and looked thoughtful. Had he been older he would probably have kept his thoughts to himself. Being young, he wished for sympathy, and that makes one confidential.

"The only woman I want for a wife, Mr. Alexander," he said, "wouldn't live in a porter's lodge."

SEMICENTENNIAL OF THE GRAND REVIEW

Washington Preparing For 'Great Spectacle.'

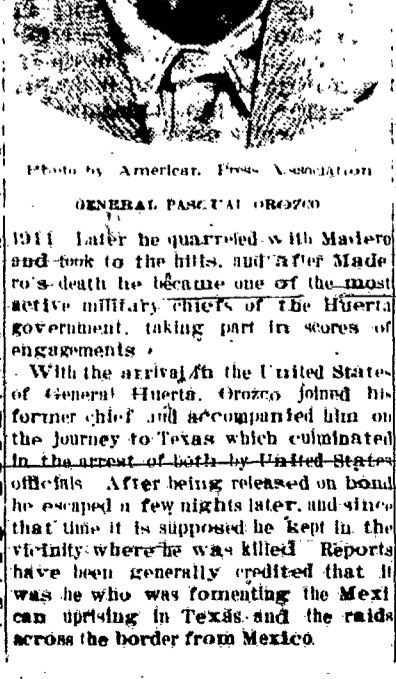
Washington is getting ready for the forty-ninth anniversary of the Grand Army of the Republic, which, in all probability, will be one of the most memorable gatherings of that organization since the civil war. There is an air of excitement in the city that perhaps the coming anniversary will be the last of consequence of that great organization for freedom there will not exist the hubbub of a semi-centennial celebration, but the gathering of the grand old men who are now passing away more rapidly than ever before.



General Nelson A. Miles, retired, is the subject of a feature in the Journal. The article discusses his military career and his role in the Grand Army of the Republic. It mentions that he is now in the hospital and is being cared for by his family.

VICTIM OF BORDER TROUBLES

General Pascual Orozco, recently killed, had an adventurous career. The article describes his military exploits and his role in the Mexican Revolution. It notes that he was a prominent figure in the fight against the central government.



GENERAL PASCUAL OROZCO

For the Ideal Nursery

In no part of the home has there been a greater change in the furnishings than in the nursery. Formerly any old piece of furniture was thought good enough for the child's room. Only an extravagant or careless housekeeper would put good furniture in a nursery to be crawled over and perhaps soiled by muddily boots or grimy fingers.

The first change in this condition came when the cry for sanitation in the home swept through the land. After practically every other room in the house had been swept and garnished to the satisfaction of the sanitarian, the nursery struck the nursery. The little people lost not only their work sofas, rugged rugs and common play pictures, but practically everything in the shape of furniture except unadorned iron beds and straight-backed enameled chairs. Rugs were an abomination and pictures accumulated dust, parents were told.

And now again after every other room in the house has received the attention of architects and decorators, the little people have come into their own. Parents as well as educators have come to realize the importance of environment upon the young as well as upon older persons. New nurseries and play rooms are just as beautiful and as individual as the rest of the house. This does not mean that in the new nursery the question of sanitation is overlooked, only that parents have come to realize that the aesthetic sense of the young child may be influenced by its surroundings, without in any way lessening the hygienic quality of the room.

In the new nurseries, the things are always of such a nature that they are washable. They are made of materials which are easy to clean and are designed to last. They are also designed to be comfortable and attractive. The furniture is simple and unadorned, and the colors are bright and cheerful.

CHILD WELFARE HINT

No garment should him or restrain the chest of your girl. The ribs, especially in youth, are very elastic, and much of the development of the lungs depends upon their flexibility. Neglect of proper breathing and free exercise out of doors will bring rigid unyielding walls. Unless the chest expands readily and properly the muscles gradually weaken, the back becomes aged and rounded, and the body actually suffers from malnutrition. Such abnormalities are acquired unconsciously. A girl may fall into the habit of carrying one shoulder higher than the other or she may bend forward at the shoulders or there may be a slight curvature of the spine. In all these conditions the breathing space is lessened. An improper attitude when writing or reading will often ruin a young man's figure. This is especially true of a girl who is growing.

SATISFIED AND SETTLED

How They Came to an Understanding.

By WILLETT STOCKARD.
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Conley had come home, having been released from prison after completing a five year sentence. A few hours after his arrival in town he entered a squalid place on the west side not far from the center of Hell's Kitchen. Besides the proprietor and a man whom the former was delecting at the time, there was only one man in the place. He greeted Conley's arrival with a slight show of surprise and spoke to him.

"How are all the boys up the way?" he asked.

"Hello, Werner," Conley returned, and related bits of information concerning those whom he had left in prison.

"Like to stick in on a juicy little lay?" Werner inquired, lowering his voice slightly and glancing about to see that no one was near them.

"Heard of old man Harris, haven't you?" continued Werner. "He's got more millions than you and me could dream we had after a dozen shots in the arm. Funny old goat he is too. He's got a bug about punching the clock just the same and as prompt as any of his deck hands, which is some prompt, if he work for him for any other stretch, why, he takes a little forty day lull."

"And does he bout it south then?" Conley asked.

"Not him that ain't the old man. He heads up north to a hut he's rented where he lives in the dead of winter. He don't have any guide or anybody else about with him. And he don't allow anybody else to come anywhere close to him if he can help it. He camps there for a month, hunting and taking care of what he calls skinning and putting away his meat and roasting it and all that all by himself. As I said, and never seeing another living thing besides the animals he's raising. Funny ideas some of these buns have ain't they?"

"Where do we come in?" interposed Conley.

"We're going to get him at his drum up there and stow him away put him in a box you see, and make him pay himself out. Although I ain't counting on sticking him up for anything so much as I'm banking on swinging his wife for, say, five or ten thousand at the least and maybe as much as twenty-five. Harris' head manager is his brother, you see, and I think we can hang 'em for twenty five without starting other one to putting the cops out for us. Leave it to me to make it plain to 'em that the old man will be bumped off before anybody can get to 'em."

"What's the matter that Harris won't come across himself with what we want in case we show it up to him that we're going to croak him proper if he don't?"

"You don't know Harris," Werner answered. "In the first place, we couldn't make a bluff strong enough for him to think we were up to anything. And then even if it had to come to a showdown, why, I don't if he'd really think we meant to kill him and lose our only shot for the money. That's the kind of game he is. You know he's the stiff that had a son to get in wrong some way and get his name in the papers beat up a guy and was sent away for a little bit and do you think the old man would come through with a little bit more that would have sprung the kid? Six not him and he won't allow the kid around his snare when he comes home."

Werner shook his head, partly in admiration.

"That's him, and I wouldn't count on a bluff from him, not just to get himself out, where I'd bet on getting thousands from his dame. I've had all this framed ever since last summer, and I made a special trip up to scout about the old man's grounds and the country around there. One reason I got first hop to this is because I got a friend of mine named Turner, an old timer that's done five separate bits and is living up there and making good money by getting stuff across the Canadian line, and we happened to meet up with each other last year and got to talking about this Harris guy. Turner knew about him, living no more than thirty miles away from there, and we got this idea. Turner knows places that we could put Harris away, and he couldn't be found for a million years."

place a mile from town, where they were met by Turner and his sleigh. It was decided that they should sneak upon the lodge which Harris occupied and make him prisoner while still in bed. Then they were to take him away to the place among the hills that had been prepared by Turner.

He was to be kept here in case he refused to agree to the terms offered, while Werner was to return to the city and have the demands presented to Mrs. Harris and her brother. Two days later the five had gone from Turner's place to the retreat he had made in the hills and from there had advanced upon the little house Harris himself had built of logs.

They took up their position near a mass of white covered underbrush, from which they could watch the window not more than twenty yards away, and prepared to wait until the man within went to bed.

They could see him from time to time as he bent over the fire cooking smoking hunk of meat. He ate his supper with the appetite of a man who had tramped the entire winter's day and had earned his food, after which he lighted his pipe and smoked for a while, seated before the fireplace, with his feet resting upon the low mantel above his head. Then he stretched himself luxuriously, an expression of great enjoyment upon his hard lined face, and prepared to roll into bed.

Several minutes later the party gathered about the rear door, discovered that it was not even latched, entered a rude kind of hallway and stopped before the room in which Harris was already asleep, as his heavy breathing informed them.

"Got your rods ready now?" Werner whispered, so you can follow me when I creak in the door."

He drew back across the narrow passageway and rushed against the door with all of his strength. It broke open before him, and he stumbled into the room, the others following him with their guns drawn.

Harris had started up at the noise and made an attempt to reach the corner of the room, in which was a small window but halted when he saw that he was covered by four or five men whose worn heavy mufflers over their faces hid their eyes.

Harris stood for a moment gazing at them.

"Well, what do you want?" he growled angrily, betraying no signs of fear.

"You see we've got you," Werner began in a matter-of-fact manner. "You've got to hand it to you for taking it like that, though. You see the subject of the game is to take you off to a place we know of and keep you there until your wife or your manager comes through with what we ask and gets you out of work. Do you make me?"

"How much do you think you're going to get?" demanded Harris, continuing to size them up.

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