

# 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 leaved 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, to come to him with his home building. But more than ordinary love she had for the girl, and Anne, though the daughter of an upper servant, had never brought him, if not as a lady, at least in a fashion that had led her to become the mistress of a lady. John was the son of an inventor of flowers which 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 Anne was a native of the city in which she had been born. John was always the usual interpretation of the term gardener. 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 he had 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 status. He had been a salaried 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 order to bring 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 snip the hedge, 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."

"But this would be a gardener's lodge."

"The woman I refer to was brought up in too fine a fashion to live in any hole except that of a gentleman."

"Is she a lady, John?" asked Alexander, with evident surprise.

"She wasn't born a lady, but she has been brought up as one."

"Well, John," Alexander replied, moving on, "I can't settle your love affairs for you. I can only say that I shall build the lodge and if you wish, to live in it if you will be welcome to do so."

Not long after his Alexander, aided by John, was staking out the lines for the foundations of the lodge. The grounds near the gate were covered with trees, and Anne, approaching paused in the shadow and watched them for a moment and then, seeming to ask what they were doing, going to build a lodge.

"I'm going to build a lodge," said Mr. Alexander. "John will live in it. I have suggested his taking a wife to keep him company."

John, who was detesting a stake, did not look up and filled to see a glint of his employer's eye. And he looked away and walked toward the house. Alexander looked her up after them. Anne looked toward him, entered his brain, rather his heart, for an idea will enter through the heart that will not gain admittance through the brain. Suppose Alexander wanted Anne himself?

The thought brought with it infinite terror. Although Alexander was not young, the girl's age that was to reason why she should not marry him. He had inherited his fortune from his father. As his wife she would live a life of luxury. Could there be stronger reasons why she should marry him if he wanted her?

The foundations for the lodge were dug and the structure was nearly completed when one day Anne met John making preparations for a little garden in his rear. Anne, who had been out gathering wild flowers, came in at the gate and began to talk to him.

"What are you doing, Alexander, was saying to you about being married and living in the lodge?"

"He wants some one at the gate, what for I don't know. There has never been any gardener since the place was built."

"Who is it you're thinking of marrying?"

"I don't know. I've been thinking of you, but I don't know if you'd like to be married."

"Anne, wouldn't it be better if you were married to the gardener?"

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## 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 a great feeling in the city, and the preparations for the coming occasion are being made with the greatest care. The committee in charge of the arrangements is preparing for a grand celebration, and the city is being decorated with flags and bunting. The Grand Army of the Republic is a proud organization, and its members are proud to participate in this great event.

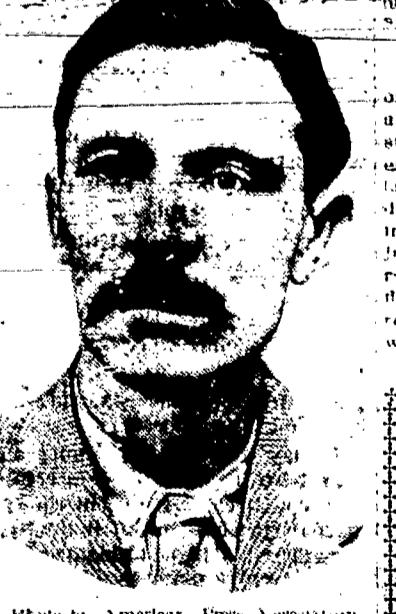


GENERAL N. A. MILES, U. S. A. RETIRED.

General Nelson A. Miles, U. S. A. Retired, is the subject of the article. He is a distinguished military leader and a member of the Grand Army of the Republic. The article discusses his military career and his role in the Grand Review.

### VICTIM OF BORDER TROUBLES.

General Pascual Orozco, recently killed, had an adventurous career. He was a prominent figure in the Mexican Revolution and was known for his military prowess. The article discusses his life and the challenges he faced during the revolution.



GENERAL PASCUAL OROZCO.

General Pascual Orozco was a prominent figure in the Mexican Revolution. He was a military leader and a member of the Grand Army of the Republic. The article discusses his military career and his role in the revolution.

## 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 muddy 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 bedroom in the house had been swept and garishly polished, the attention of the housewife turned to the nursery. The little people lost not only their worn sofas, rickety beds and common play pictures, but practically every thing in the shape of furniture except unadorned iron cots 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 made of materials that are easy to clean and wash. The furniture is simple and unadorned, but it is made of materials that are easy to clean and wash. The furniture is simple and unadorned, but it is made of materials that are easy to clean and wash.

A New Headlight. A new type of headlight has appeared on the market which is provided with a hood. The hood consists of a small lamp of four candle power or about six volts. The beams of light are projected down upon the water directly in front of the point of the iron and guide the operator to see just who she is doing. The lamp is arranged to turn only when current is broken through the iron and for the reason it operates as a sign to show what the current is turned on or off.

CHILD WELFARE HINT. No garment should hold or restrict 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 dreading 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 got for him for any other stretch, why, he takes a little forty day layoff."

"And does he beat it south then?"

"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 along 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 his business and putting away his money and looking 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 bunnies have, ain't they?"

"Where do we come in?" interposed Conley.

"We're going to get him at his dump up there and stow him away put him in back 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 swiping 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 us."

"What's the matter that Harris won't come across himself, what we want, in case we show it up to him that we're going to crank 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 guy 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 fat money 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 haul 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."

"How many you got in on this, Conley inquired, and who are they?"

"Besides Turner and me and you we'll have Collins and George."

The following morning the four were upon the train. Werner and Collins in one car, Conley and George in another. They had bought their tickets separately. Neither pair saw the other at the train started.

They arrived at different hours, but later met at the spot agreed upon, a

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 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 hunks 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 lit 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 bolted, 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 cave in the door."

He drew back across the narrow passageway and rushed against the door with all 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, round, but lighted when he saw that he was covered by four or five men who wore heavy mufflers over their faces, he held his breath.

Harris stood for a moment gazing at them.

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

"You say we've got you, don't 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 object 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.

"Well," answered Werner slowly, "if you fixed it up yourself so we could get the coin promptly and without any sort of trouble, why, out of consideration for your kindness and your show of judgment we might let your down with as little as ten thousand and that's the lowest, because with just a little more time, we can get your wife or that brother-in-law manager of yours to look in without less than twenty-five."

"My wife can't sign a check for more than one thousand at a time, and my manager isn't allowed to make one out for more than it takes for current expenses."

After a pause, during which Harris and Werner looked at each other in the manner of opponents at poker, the latter said, "On the dead now, ain't the principal reason you don't want to cough up just because you'd rather give up twenty-five thousand willingly than be made to give up ten?"

Mr. Harris grunted in a manner that might have signified assent.

"Would you give up twenty-five thousand, if you didn't have to come across with ten?" languidly inquired George.

"Yes," growled the other.

"You're orn!" George called as he knocked Werner's revolver halfway across the room by a sudden movement and rapidly waved his own gun from one to the other of the remaining three, all of whom were taken aback by surprise.

In an instant Harris had pipped across the room and had aimed himself at Werner's head, partly in admiration.

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