Money Makes Money;

Or, A Strange Stipulation.

CHAPTER V.—(Continued).

The doctor arrived, the one who had been called in to attend him when he had been taken so ill.

"I have been lying in bed too long," said Bryant to him. "Give me something to make me strong. It is hateful to feel as I feel now."

"Ah! this is an improvement," said the docter. "We have only been waiting for you to make a little effort on your own account, Mr. Bryant."

"What has been happening to me?" asked Julian Bryant.

The doctor detailed his illness.

"Fortunately," he said, "you are so healthy and so young that we have avoided complications; but you had a nasty turn for about ten days, Mr. Bryant. I was very anxious about you."

"You brought me here, I suppose?"

"Yes," said the doctor. "I am responsible for that."

"You are all very good to me," said Julian Bryant. "Perhaps you don't know that I am—that I am a pauper. I can't pay for all this."

"Well, we can wait until you are quite well," was the brisk reply; and in another moment or two Bryant was left to himself again.

He slept brokenly through that night; but each day he seemed to grow a little stronger. A certain spirit was fighting for him, a spirit that had misery in it and anger, and each day fresh evidence was brought to him of the position which he now held.

He had known from Mr. Pleydell that Rachael Marnock's bequest to him embraced more to him than money invested and lodged in banks. The lawyer had told him that Mrs. Marnock had left him her London house, two of her motor-cars, a yacht and some horses in training at Newmarket. Some one had organized everything during his illness; he learnt incidentally that his house was open waiting for his return. Daily the cars called in case he should require them. Acting on someone's authority, Stephens had put together a wardrobe suitable for a man of Mr. Bryant's social and financial position. On every hand luxury met him. At times indeed he felt like one living in an enchanted land. He had but to move his hand, and his slightest wish was gratified; and against the strength of that spirit of misery and anger combined was struggling a conscious element of satisfaction, a delight in the ease, the charm of his surroundings, a re-establishment of personal vanity, a sense of the knowledge of power.

He advanced a little every day, and at last he permitted himself to be conducted downstairs and put into his luxurious car, and with Stephens beside him was bowled through the glory of the autumn sunshine, the autumn that still had the embrace of summer in its soft genial air.

Mr. Tenderten heard of the advance of convalescence; and he smiled as he was told of the daily drives, of the visits to tailors, and of the other tradespeople whom Stephens had introduced to his master. He smiled again when he realized that Julian Bryant refused to see him. It was all so in keeping with what he had imagined.

The day came when Mr. Bryant was pronounced well enough to leave the nursing-home. The specialist (of course, Mr. Tenderten had decreed that more than one doctor was necessary) prescribed a visit to Torquay, if Mr. Bryant preferred not to go abroad.

The young man listened to all the doctors said to him, but made no remark. On the day that everything was packed, and he was ready to go, Stephens brought him a small leather box.

"Mr. Tenderten said that he thought that you would prefer to write your own cheques, sir."

He handed at the same time a sheaf of bills. Julian Bryant turned very pale and sat for an instant without moving; but Stephens had unlocked the despatch box and taken out a big cheque-book, and put blotting paper, pen and ink, in front of his master.

"If you will put your signature, sir, I can easily fill up the rest. These are all the items."

Just for an instant Bryant hesitated again, then he took the pen and wrote his first cheque.

"I will fill them all in myself," he said. "You shall put them in the various envelopes."

Just before he left, when he was alone, Bryant stood in the middle of the room, and covered his face with his hands. He hated himself for his weakness, he despised himself, and with his hatred there was mingled a longing, that longing which had woven itself into every conscious moment of his life, a longing for the creature who had left him. He had asked no questions, because he felt that he could trust Pleydell, that the lawyer would have broken his silence before this if there had been the need to communicate with him. The fact that Mr. Pleydell said nothing proved to Julian that his wife had been traced; beyond that he dared not let himself think.

He drove away from the nursing home, leaving the impression that for a man so richly endowed as he was he was particularly morose; and he was received in his own house as though he had been living there all his life. It gave Bryant a chill feeling to find himself passing into that hall where he had sat that bygone day, and had written that despairing letter. How far away he had been from imagining the curious turn fate had prepared in his life. The chill feeling lingered as he entered this exquisitely appointed house, with its air of brightness and gaiety. His loneliness took on a new significance. Such a house demanded a proper mistress, something young and fresh and exquisite, someone who laughed like music, and in whom the joy of life ran so vividly that the little feet supporting the slender limbs danced when they should have walked.

Bryant turned to his valet.

"Ring through," he said, "and see if Mr. Pleydell is home. Beg him to come to me at once."

The man returned almost at once and brought the same answer. Mr. Pleydell was still away, but would be returning now in a few days. Mr. Tenderten was at Mr. Bryant's disposal.

"I will wait," said Julian Bryant. "It is Mr. Pleydell I wish to see."

There were letters for him spread out on the table in the hall; writing which he did not know, and others just a few sent on by his lawyers from his old home.

When Stephens left him he made a pilgrimage round the house, and the vision of Enid grew clearer and clearer before each step he took.

"I must see her! I must know what she is doing."

The mere thought of George Tenderten was detestable to him, but he went downstairs deliberately, and he rang up Pleydell and Cousens, and asked to speak with the junior partner.

"I want news of my wife; where is she?" he demanded, when he was put in communication with Mr. Tenderten.

"Mrs. Bryant is perfectly well, but I am sorry I cannot give you her address."

"You say she is well; what is she doing, and how is she living?"

"I am very sorry, Mr. Bryant," the other man answered. "I can really give you no information, beyond the fact that I know Mrs. Bryant is in good health."

Julian Bryant put back the receiver roughly; then he rang for Stephens.

"I am going out," he said. "I don't quite know when I shall be in. No; don't call me a cab; I am going to walk."

He made his way with a heart that beat and thrilled to that little dingy street where he and Enid had lodged last. All at once it seemed to him that he could not live through another night without trying for direct news of her. He was sick with anxiety when he pictured the sort of existence she must have been living—where had she gone? To whom had she turned? What was she doing? Had she known of his illness, or had they made her believe that of his own free will he had turned away from her and had chosen the money instead?

It was all so familiarly ugly to him when he reached the crowded, shabby neighborhood in which he and his wife had made their home. How many times he had walked this way with despair eating at his heart and darkening the outlook! It was all so familiar, and yet surely it was much uglier than it had been?

The house had never been so meagre and so dirty. The atmosphere never so disagreeable. When he was face to face with his former landlady the question Julian Bryant had come to ask was not spoken. He could not expose himself to have this secret of his heart discussed by the unkempt, vulgar, but kindly woman who was eyeing him with almost eager curiosity; and there flashed back to Julian's mind the last time he had seen this woman and the mental agony he had endured through every hour of that dreadful night.

He stammered out some enquiries about letters: but the woman of the house told him that everything had been sent on, as directed by himself, to the care of his lawyers.

"And Mrs. Bryant, sir? You found her again, didn't you? Oh, I knew 'twas nothing but a tiff. She wasn't the one to turn and go off and leave you, not she! Why, I don't want any man to have wanted a better sort of wife. You'll forgive me, sir, for saying it, but times as changed with you, that's clear to see, and I'm glad of it, for your sake and particular like for Mrs. Bryant's. Your old rooms is still unlet, sir. I suppose you wasn't thinking of coming back?"

"No," said Bryant, almost roughly. Then he thanked the woman and turned away; but as he was going he walked back again, and he put a sovereign in her hand.

The sight of her was repulsive to him, and she had hurt him in a way that she would have been the last to have understood; but her loyalty and her admiration for Enid gave her a certain claim on him. He hurried away from the narrow street, with its stuffy atmosphere and its ugly little houses; and as he hailed a motor-cab and as he was driven rapidly back to his own and new home, he set his teeth a little grimly. He was not prepared with the exact word with which to describe his present attitude, but he was pretty certain that he could never of his own free will go back to that old life.

A certain new sensation filled him as he alighted from the cab and was admitted once again to the exquisitely appointed place of which he was sole master. The vision of his wife had grown so faint that it had almost faded out. He was conscious in this moment only of the material satisfaction which the full realization of his present possession brought to him.

He had been stifled so long, he felt that he was breathing fresh air for the first time.

"Yes, I will dine at home," he said to Stephens. "Ring through and tell them that I shall want a cab here at nine o'clock."

CHAPTER VI.

It had been the easiest matter in the world to trace Mrs. Julian Bryant. Mr. Pleydell had fallen back on a well-tried and astute clerk, who happened to be one of the few people who knew the full story of Mrs. Marnock's legacy to Julian Bryant.

In a couple of days' time this clerk brought the information that Mrs. Bryant was staying in Hampstead with a certain Miss Sybil Jackson, who was a musician and gave lessons in singing and the piano.

Mr. Pleydell debated with himself for some little while as to whether he should approach Mrs. Bryant without warning her of his coming. It was just possible that if she knew he intended to call she might avoid seeing him; on the other hand, he was himself by no means eager to meet her, for his colleague's precipitate action with regard to Julian Bryant had made the position very difficult for Mr. Pleydell.

He had promised definitely to carry out Julian's wishes with regard to his wife. It seemed to him a breach of faith to draw back from this promise: yet what could he do?

Mr. Tenderten had been too quick for him; apart from the fact that Julian himself was too ill to give definite orders the installation of him as a patient in a nursing home, the element of luxury which Mr. Tenderten had so cleverley introduced about him; the whole circumstances of the case put it out of Mr. Pleydell's power to approach Enid in the spirit which Julian had desired.

Mr. Pleydell did not hesitate to express plainly to his partner what he felt about the proceedings.

"You have gone too far, much too far," he said. "It is scarcely fair treatment, Tenderten, as you must be prepared to hear from Mr. Bryant when he is well enough to discuss the matter."

But Mr. Tenderten had only laughed.

"I am afraid," he answered. "You've got one view about this matter and I've got another, that's all. We'll wait and see who's likely to be right."

"That is absurd!" answered Mr. Pleydell with some heat. "You have taken away from the man the power of acting independently."

"Well, he can be as independent as he likes when he gets better," the young lawyer said briskly.

It amused him to see how perturbed his partner was.

"I know what you are worrying about," he said; "you are thinking what you are going to say to the wife; but surely, my dear Pleydell, you ought to know something of human nature. I tell you I am not at all sure that it was not a put-up thing between them that she should disappear in this manner; at any rate, she chose to do so at a very opportune moment! And remember, there is nothing to prevent Bryant from making over as much money as he likes to his wife. There are no restrictions attached to his dealing with what he has, granted that he fulfils the one big condition: the rest lies in his own hands, a matter which I take it he was sharp enough to see."

"We think differently on this point," said Mr. Pleydell, still ruffled, "as we think differently on many points. I can but repeat that I regret most sincerely all that you have done."

"Well," said Mr. Tenderten airily, "I am sorry."

But he was not the least bit sorry.

He saw no end of good things coming to himself from Julian Bryant; though he was so much younger he did know just a little more about human nature than Mr. Pleydell.

They did not speak again on the subject; but the younger man amused himself by watching what his partner did.

Mr. Pleydell waited two or three days, and then he felt that he ought really to make some move in the matter of Enid Bryant. So he made his way to the block of flats in Hampstead, where Miss Sybil Jackson lived.

It was with some relief that Mr. Pleydell was informed that Mrs. Bryant was not at home. He was, however, received by Miss Jackson, and it was evident that she had not the least intention of being pleasant.

"I don't know who you are, and I don't know why you have come; but if you have been sent by that man, let me tell you that you have made a great mistake. Enid Bryant isn't going to have any more to do with her husband. He has dragged her down quite long enough as it is. It is high time that she stood up for herself, and she is going to do it."

"I have come of my own accord," Mr. Pleydell replied a little coldly. "I am anxious to speak to Mrs. Bryant."

"Well, you can't speak to her," snapped Miss Jackson, "because she isn't here, and she won't be here for some time, either; she is up in the north of England, working for herself and working in the proper way; and if you are seeing Mr. Bryant, you can tell him from me that his wife's done with cooking and scrubbing and turning herself into a slave for a selfish, idle beast. He may try all he will to get her back, but she won't go. She's done with him for good."

When Mr. Pleydell mildly ventured to ask if he might have Mrs. Bryant's address in the north, this was refused.

"No," said Miss Jackson. "Enid made me promise solemnly not to tell anyone where she was. If you want to write to her you can send a letter here. I'll see that she gets it."

Mr. Pleydell walked away from the flats, feeling very much annoyed. He had undertaken this little journey actuated by the kindest motives. His intention had been to put things as smooth and right as he could between Julian and his wife: above all, he intended to let Mrs. Bryant know the truth, and to tell her that though apparently her husband had made his choice, this really had been decided for him, and that he was quite unable at the moment to deal with this matter or with any other.

It had crossed his mind to inform that very sharp-tongued young woman that Mr. Bryant was very ill, seriously ill; but she had been so unpleasantly hostile that he had felt it better to say nothing.

In his old-fashioned mind, however, he was greatly disturbed. In the first place the excitement which had crept into his uneventful life was a most disturbing element. In the second, the appeal that Julian Bryant had made to him so forcibly came back every now and then to prick his conscience. For, after all, he had not done what the young man had expected of him; he was to find Mrs. Bryant, to find her in the real sense of the word; yet though she had been traced she was no nearer returning to her husband.

Mr. Pleydell did not hesitate to confess to himself that it was a cowardly suggestion on his part; but, all the same, he was considerably relieved that this being the eve of his usual holiday, he would be out of town when Mr. Bryant would be well enough to ask questions.

"Probably Tenderten understands this sort of thing better than I do," he said to himself.

One thing he did do, however; he wrote to Enid informing her that he had been instructed by her husband to obtain the knowledge of her whereabouts. In his stilted phraseology he spoke of Mr. Bryant's distress of mind; but he did not go into any details; and he finished his note by begging Mrs. Bryant to be so good as to inform him as to whether she stood in any need of assistance.

Miss Jackson hesitated a little while before sending on the letter to her friend. She had been very kind to Enid Bryant. As she sat thinking that memorable day when the truth of what was passing with her husband had been revealed to Enid in such uncompromising fashion, she had realized that there was only one person who could help her; and though again and again she rejected with a little shiver the thought of having to confess to Sybil Jackson that her marriage was such a failure that she had found herself compelled to separate from her husband, no other way presented itself to her, and finally when she had written that little letter to Julian and had actually left her home, Enid had found herself travelling to find Sybil Jackson in almost involuntary fashion.

There had been an element of conventional practical common-sense about Miss Jackson that drew Enid to her in this moment fraught with so much emotion and suffering. Of course, she could never tell Sybil the true state of affairs. She resolved to put all the blame on herself.

"I must make her understand that it was my fault that we married so hurriedly, and that I am no use for anything. I—I must not tell her the truth, and I can't bear to have her blame Julian."

(To be continued.)

Not Her Pie.

Hostess (at party)—"Does your mother allow you to have two pieces of pie when you are at home, Willie?"

Willie (who has asked for a second piece)—"No, ma'am."

"Well, do you think she would like you to have two pieces here?"

"Oh," confidentially, "she wouldn't care. This isn't her pie!"

Wise.

"I don't want to brag about myself. I've done many foolish things in my time, but I've been wise in one way."

"What's that?"

"I never had the idea that I could paper a bedroom myself."

Few men get far enough up the ladder of fame to make them dizzy.

The man that does most has the least time to talk about what he has done.

Cheerful husband, entering the kitchen singing—"My love is like a red, red rose." Wife, looking up from the stove—"You'd look red, too, if you'd been bending over a frying pan for twenty minutes."

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TERRIBLE SCENES OF WAR

EACH GERMAN SOLDIER CARRIES FIRST AID.

Hospitals Crowded and Red Cross Trains Run Daily From the Front.

The methods of handling the wounded in the German army are described by a correspondent of the Chicago News who is with the right wing of the Germany army in France. He says:

Every soldier in the German army has sewn under a corner of his coat a strip of rubber cloth. Under this strip is a piece of antiseptic gauze, a strip of bandage, and plaster and cloth for the outer bandage. This cloth bears in simple pictures directions for dressing every sort of wound.

When a soldier is wounded either he or some comrade rips open this package and applies at once the life-saving dressing, which will last at any rate until the soldier is brought to a station, where the first scientific attention is given.

Through this simple and inexpensive device many German soldiers who have been slightly wounded in battle have returned to their comrades within a few days completely well, and have taken their places in the ranks once more.

Sanitary Corps Gather Wounded.

The ordinary procedure of caring for the wounded in the German army is for the sanitary corps, which is well provided with stretchers and bandages, to gather up the wounded on or near the firing lines and bring them to a gathering point a little way behind the lines.

Here the army surgeons are ready to begin work at once upon the most urgent cases. They are assisted by members of the corps who remove the temporary bandages and put on dressings which will last until the soldier reaches a hospital. Then from this gathering paint the wounded soldiers are put on stretchers in Red Cross wagons and carried to the field hospitals a few miles farther back, where doctors and nurses are at work.

These hospitals are usually established in village churches or town halls. One room is cleared and arranged for an operating room, where bullets and pieces of shell are removed and amputations are made if necessary.

Village Church as Hospital.

I visited such a field hospital. It was a little whitewashed village church heated by a stove. Everywhere were white beds made of straw and covered with sheets. Perhaps twenty wounded were here including two captured Irishmen. They lay quite still when the army doctor ushered us in, for they were too seriously wounded to pay much attention to anything.

Near this hospital was another in a town hall.

While we were there a consulting surgeon arrived to investigate the condition of a seriously wounded lieutenant, whose leg might need amputation. Two orderlies put the patient on a stretcher, and he was taken into the next room for examination. Later in the day the amputation was performed.

From these little field hospitals, as soon as the men can be moved, they are taken to some general hospital in the nearest large city, where several thousands can be cared for. Such a hospital exists in this neighborhood in the building of a normal college where every corner is used in housing wounded men.

Heartrending Pictures.

I made a quick trip through this building, and the memory of it is of the most heartrending pictures I have of the war. Room after room was filled with the victims of the conflict. Every man was seriously wounded. Some had suffered amputations and the heads of others were so bandaged that no features could be seen, only a tube to the nose permitting breathing.

In one room a surgeon had a soldier on the operating table and was pulling pieces of shell from a huge hole in the inner side of one of his legs. On a stretcher on the floor, waiting for his turn to come under the surgeon's care, was an officer. His face was covered with blood, he was waving his arms wildly and gasping for air. This scene left an impression of the utmost horror upon me.

Slightly wounded soldiers, whom it is not necessary to leave for a while in the field hospitals, are sent directly to these larger hospitals and thence after a short convalescence, are loaded into Red Cross trains and sent home for recovery. Later they return to take their places in the regiments.

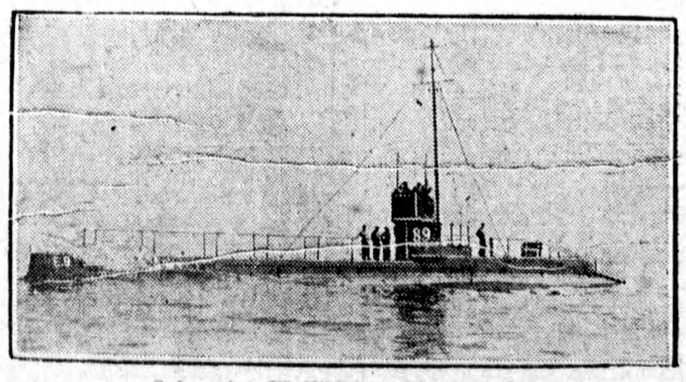
Trains Seen Daily.

Such trains can be seen daily along any main line of railroad. In some cases freight cars with straw bedding are used.

Near the large hospital I visited was a graveyard where there were scores of neatly marked fresh graves, each bearing a cross or tablet with the name of the soldier and his regiment, division, and corps marked on it.

The identity of each soldier is easily determined from the name plate which he wears in a little leather purse suspended from around the neck. After a battle these plates are gathered from the dead and from these the death lists are made out.

After a battle where the deaths mount into the thousands some field will be shut off for a cemetery, and there the bodies are buried, each grave receiving some kind of a cross wherever it is possible, but here no names can be attached. There will be many homes in which there will not even be known where the absent ones are buried.



Submarine E9 Which is Finding Glory.

Under Lieut.-Com. Horton she sank the Hela on September 13, and on October 7 sank a destroyer. Torpedoes are her weapons.

BRITAIN'S BATTLE SONG.

Nearly Every Publisher in London Turned Down "Tipperary."

The route to Tipperary is devoid of any strategical importance, but it is playing no mean part in upholding what military experts term the morale of the British troops. The Germans thunder "Die Wacht am Rhein," the French chant the "Marseillaise," impressive and sonorous, and the Belgians fight gallantry with their beautiful "Brabanconne" on their lips. But the British sing no national air; they go gaily into battle shouting an inconsequent music-hall ditty that has nothing whatever in it about death or glory or the Bulldog Breed.

Here is the chorus of the song:

"It's a long way to Tipperary,
It's a long way to go;
It's a long way to Tipperary,
To the sweetest girl I know!
Good-bye, Piccadilly,
Farewell, Leicester-square,
It's a long, long way to Tipperary,
But my heart's right there!"

The author-composer of this lyric is Jack Judge, a music-hall artist in London, and there is probably no man in the world more surprised than he—unless it is his publisher, Bert Feldman— at the popularity it has so suddenly achieved. The Briton sings it when reveille sounds; he sings it route marching to down the monotony of "Boots-boots-boots-boots, sloggin 'up and down again"; he has familiarized his French comrades with "Le chemin a Teeperaire,"; and he sings it when he takes his position in the teeth of a raking shell fire. But why he chooses this particular air nobody knows.

"It's a good song of its kind—a good marching tune," Feldman says, "quite simple, and it doesn't require much breath to sing it, for there are no particularly high or low notes in it. But there are other songs with all these qualities; the fact is, we can never say with any certainty whether a song will catch on or not.

"The Tipperary song only just managed to be published at all. One day a comparatively unknown composer, Jack Judge, brought it to me. He played it over, and I liked its lilt, so I undertook to publish it. But before coming to me, Judge had tried his song on practically every publisher in London, and they all turned it down.

"Now we're all singing it—it's so catchy, simple, and lighthearted—and I'm printing 10,000 copies a day, which doesn't meet the demand. Guess we'll deafen the Kaiser with it before we've done!"

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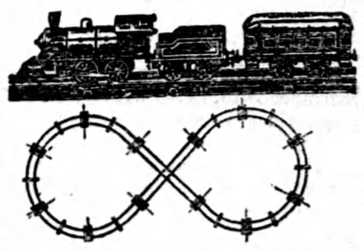

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CIGARETTE WAS DRUGGED.

German Attempt to Poison a British Government Scientist.

The London Evening News says: "Though the greatest reticence is observed in official quarters, the details are being discussed of a dastardly attempt to injure Dr. A. M. Low, technical adviser to the Government in connection with wireless telegraphy. Dr. Low has laboratories in London, and recently has been experimenting with a rifle of which the Germans are trying to obtain control. Recently a German financier visited the Doctor with regard to the rifle. Some days ago a man representing himself to be Secretary to this German, visited the Doctor and offered him a cigarette. The Doctor put the cigarette on the desk and did not smoke it. Later it was analyzed and found to be charged with a strong dose of strychnine chloride."

Lessons Come Easier

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