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The DAUGHTER OF DAVID KERR

by Harry King Tootle

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CHAPTER XXI.

how Joe Wright had come to visit Mike Noonan's looging house was David Kerr. He had sprung the trap daughter would be caught in it. When the fight on the Interurban Railway had first started, at command of the

The man-had found employment in the circulation department of the News, and soon afterward the information reached Wright that one of his own employes was a former henchman his daughter. Although the exact na- lose what he had himself put into it,



The Thought of Physical Injury Did Not Occur to Him.

information regarding the shady poli- had been broken. tics of Belmont. In reality Durken told Nothing of a personal nature had only what David Kerr ordered him to been allowed to help contribute to this THOS. ALLAN, Principal and Pro tell. Wishing to establish Wright's success. No mention had been made vincial Model School Teacher 1st confidence in the man, Kerr had him in the News of the assault on its edidisclose many things of slight importor in Mike Noonan's lodging house,

eral days later suggested a tour of in- was what made him hold his peace. spection. The blood of the star re- The news that the day had been carof those stories a good man would sac- few moments of exhilaration when his

expedition for several days. The more he thought of it, the more it appealed to him. The more it appealed to him the less was the likelihood of his considering the axiom that in battle it is a general's duty not to get hurt. In fact, the thought of physical injury did not occur to him. He was a stranger to Belmont, no one knew him. and in the daytime there was no dan-

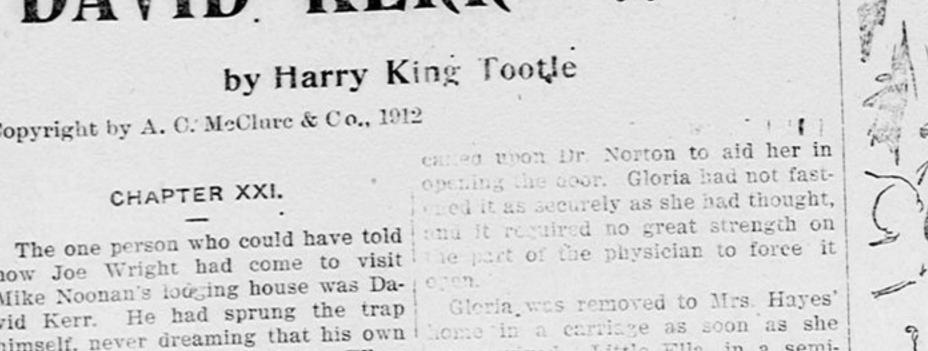
When Wright finally decided to investigate personally it was only a few days before the election. He determined that he would wander down into the first ward two days before the votes were cast to gather material for his story. The next afternoon. just on the eve of the election, his final attack on the machine would be an expose of ring methods of handling vagabond voters imported for the oc-

This programme was being carried out as originally planned, notwithstanding the break with Gloria the previous day, when Wright was induced to go through Noonan's "hotel." Here, deserted by Durken, who had been his guide, he had fallen into the hands of Turkey Ryan and Buck Kelly.

Although dazed by the unexpectedness of the attack, he had nevertheless managed to give a good account ing. of himself. The cramped attic quarters in which they had fought had been in his favor. The two bruisers had been surprised by what a scientific boxer could do in a rough-andtumble fight. To the momentary indecision resulting from his good defense Wright owed his escape from the room

in which he had been trapled. A stinging blow having taken all the fight out of Kelly, he luic a mad fel forward against the door just as the newspaper man had managed to clude his assailants for the instant and this out of the room. Forced to minister to his companion, Turkey Pyon had lost many valuable seconds before to could take up the pursuit. It was our ing this respite that Wright, groting blindly for the stair, had tripped and fallen, to be found unconscious by Gloria in front of Little Ella's door

No one ever knew exactly what had taken place in Noonan's lodging house that afternoon in early spring. I turning from the mission with Dr Was Haves was surprised to



Gleria was removed to Mrs. Hayes' himself, never dreaming that his own | home in a carriage as soon as she was revived Little Ella in a semico. dous, dollalous state, was hurried to the city hospital in a police ambuboss, Jack Durken, a ward heeler, ap- lance. An ex mination having shown parently had gone over to the enemy. that Wright had sustained no serious injury, as soon as he regained conschousness he was taken to his own

both Kelly and Rvan had disappeared, heart's-ease. leave her room.

under the cloud of a settled melan- slightly relieved the tension. There choly, there was debate how best to were two editorials to be written upon minister to her. Her very silence the political situation. This was folmade the problem more perplexing. lowed by conferences with men on She uttered never a word by which the paper, and then came the letter to they might pluck out the heart of the the newspaper broker announcing mystery. Strange as it may seem, she | that the News was for sale. He did did not even ask about Joe Wright. not dictate this to his secretary, but She did, however, read the morning wrote it out laboriously in long-hand. and afternoon papers carefully. In reither was there any reference to an attack on the editor. As her mind Wright's intention to leave Belmont beat upon the bars of its new iron that night, ostensibly on a vacation cage, it sufficed her to know that all for the purpose of recuperation after must be well with him.

serious nature, yet it was thought best that he remain at home for several of the notorious first ward leader, days. By means of the telephone and Mike Noonan. Durken was loud in through the men who came to the his denunciations of David Kerr and house he edited the News the day School his followers, and appeared willing to previous to election. Over the same betray whatever he knew of the meth- telephone line came the cheering news the next night that the dominant party The editor found him a fountain of had been defeated. David Kerr's rule

tance that were absolutely authentic. because to Wright it had appeared as One of the charges continuously a personal matter. The day previous brought against the machine was that Gloria had denounced him and cried it was colonizing floaters in lodging aloud for vengeance. He recognized houses in the low, thickly-populated that had Gloria not been mixed up in river wards. Durken even admitted it the affair the result might have been when Wright asked about it, and sev- the same, but the personal element

porter warmed in the editor's veins. ried for good government was only a The idea was tantalizing. It was one temporary intoxicant. There were a rifice half a year's salary to handle. real feelings were submerged in the Without saying anything to anyone, general rejoicing that David Kerr had Mr. Joey." the owner of the News thought of the been given a more severe set-back than he had ever before received. Then came the ebb of the tide, leaving him on the desolate shore of disheartening uncertainty. The past was

a nightmare and the future a blank. The tumult and the cheers had died away, the brass bands at last were stilled, his sitting-room with two windows on the street and its own private entrance had been cleared of tobacco smoke, and the reception he had held when it was learned the election had gone his way was at an end, when Joe Wright sat himself down alone in the quiet of the first hours of the morning to take stock of his future.

Gloria? What of her?

It was always Gloria, Gloria, Gloria, running through his mind, knocking at the door of his heart.

Always of the Gloria who had spurned him, he thought, for he knew nothing of the part she had played in the lodging house. It was not a situation to contemplate with equanimity -this living in the same town with the woman he loved madly. Were Belmont of some size, a city like St. Louis or Pittsburgh, there would be the probability that their paths would seldom cross. Yet in Belmont everyone knew everyone else and never a week passed but what they all met at least in pass-

It would be impossible for him to avoid Gloria altogether. He was frank enough to acknowledge to himself that he would undoubtedly seek those places where there would be some certainty of his meeting her. To be in the same town with her meant that he could not give her up. Yet he knew that any overtures he might make would be worse than useless. He felt that her prejudice was such that there could never be established that bond without which matrimony is unholy The ruffled pool may again be calm, the misted mirror may again be clear, yet he believed in her ignorance she would feel that when two hearts but once have broken troth there is no alchemy that love distills can make the past to live again and the dead present as though it had not been.

The harder he tried to fight against his conviction of what he should do, the more Wright was convinced that there was but one course for him to pursue: it would be best for him to leave Belmont. This would be not for week or a month, but for all time. for him to dis-



"That Surely Was a Raw Frame-Up They Handed You."

David Kerr was not allowed to see willing to let it go at a sacrifice, to ture of the shock to which she had so anxious was he to escape from Belbeen subjected was not known, since mont in search of that magical flower,

yet the physicians did not think it | Having made up his mind, Wright best in her nervous condition for her went to bed, but not to sleep. The few to see even her father. The following remaining hours of darkness he rolled day she remained in bed, speaking and tossed. It was not the bruises he never a word, busy with her own had received in the fight at Noonan's thoughts. The next day, that of the that kept him awake, annoying as they election, she dressed, but did not were. It was always the one thought -Gloria, Gloria, Gloria.

When it was seen that Gloria was | Morning brought diversions which

The morning was more than half over when he began to pack. It was the hard campaign. The owner of the Joe Wright's injuries were not of a News felt, however, that he would nev-

The many steps necessitated in packing taught him how weak he was, and after lunch he called in Patty, the little daughter of his landlady, to help him. They had always been the best friends, and her sorrow when she learned he was going away on a long vacation was genuine. The child was of much assistance, bringing all the smaller things from the living room into the bedroom where the real work of packing was being done.

When the packing was about completed the little girl remembered that she had brought a doll with her. In searching for it in a pile of clothing beside Wright's trunk she felt something hard. To satisfy her curiosity she drew it forth, to discover, instead of her doll, that it was a framed picture of a young woman. It was a picture of Gloria which had appeared in a weekly society paper.

Patty had helped wrap the framed pictures in old newspapers, and as she brought Gloria's picture, she exclaimed triumphantly, "Here's another picture,

Wright had put it aside surreptitiously when packing the things he had planned to take with him for immediate use. For the fraction of a minute there had been a debate in his mind as to whether or not he would be weak enough to carry her picture with him. He had finally placed it under a pile of clothing beside his steamer trunk.

"It's extremely good of you to find that picture," the man remarked with the gravity he sometimes assumed in treating Patty as one of equal years and understanding; "I doubt if I should have found it."

"I was hunting for my dolly, and looked under a pile of things and found the pretty picture lady." She gazed at the picture of Gloria admir-

"Really, Patty, you astonish me! Your perspicacity is exceeded only by your perseverance. I don't think I should ever have found that picture. Just leave it on the table there, and don't-if you love me-lose your dolly any more, please; at least not until

all my things are securely packed." Patty was just on the point of asking the name of the young woman who had so taken her fancy, when the doorbell rang. With the announcement that no one was at home and she had

to answer the bell, she scampered off. Wright picked up the picture and gazed at it intently. He was sacrificing all for her. Was the sacrifice worth while? The question would have been an idle one. He loved her, had never loved anyone else and never would love anyone else. No sacrifice was too great which would mean any increased happiness for her. The sound of some one being brought to his rooms by Patty caused him to put the picture hastily face downward on the table. The door opened to admit. Dr. Ha: s.

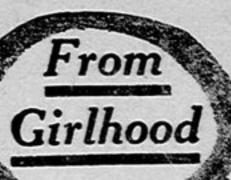
"Good afternoon, Mr Wright," he exclaimed cordially as he came forward with hand outstretched. "I hope you'il let an opponent drop in to congratulate you on winning the election."

The editor's face lit up with pleasure as they clasped hands. .

"Thank you, old man. It's awfully good of you to stop by before I started on a little vacation. The News won its fight; but of course we can't expect this to be the end of the contest, can

The coroner shook his head dole-

d to be a



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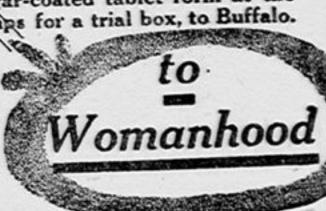
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