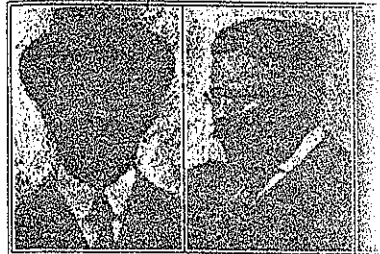


# Nights of Man

By JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

# Men of Mark and Witnesses

By ROBERT D. HEINL, Washington



JOHN D. ARCHBOLD, President of the Standard Oil Company. THEODORE ROOSEVELT, Former President of the United States.

IN ALL her life Valerie had not felt herself more outraged or insulted than at the present moment. She could still hear Jack's steps retreating down the stone walk, and a curious little convulsive twitching came at her pretty throat. She wanted to call him back—not to ask forgiveness or to hold up her pouting red mouth to be kissed, but to shake him—shake him good and hard. She was sure that it was all over between them. She was never forgive him, not even if he got down on his knees at her feet. It was bad enough for him to say that he would never give up smoking—not even for her; but when he looked straight into her eyes and quoted that abominable thing of Kipling's—something about "a woman is only a woman, but a good cigar is a smoke"—why, he snapped every last thread that held her to him! Right now it wasn't so much the fact that she was president of the Young Women's Anti-Smokers' League and was fighting for a principle, as it was that—that beastly comparison of herself to a cigar!

And the cigar had won! She saw the triumph of it in Jack's laughing face, just before she had blazed forth in all her womanhood and had sent him from her stunned and beaten, but still doggedly unsundering. Anyway, she felt that now, once and for all time, they understood each other. He would never give up smoking. And she would never marry a man who smoked. She had thrust her engagement ring into one of his pockets, and he had taken it away with him. There filled her an overpowering desire to cry, not because she was sorry, but because she was angry, and she ran upstairs to her room and flung herself upon her bed. She cried until her eyes were red and her soft brown curls that Jack loved so well were crushed and damp. Her eyes were still red a long time afterward, when the doorbell rang and the postman left a letter for her. Before she opened it she recognized Jack's writing on the envelope. And then—

Horrors! Insult upon insult! Her face went white, then flushed hotly, when she saw what he had sent her. The inclosure was a gaudy handbill, advertising a new make of pipe, and the chief merit of this pipe, it seemed, was the fact that the saliva running down the stem of the pipe and the nicotine coming up the stem of the pipe were caught in a bowl-shaped container, which the smoker could empty at will. Along the margin of the bill Jack had written these few words:

DEAR VAL:—Just picked this up as I stopped in to get a cigar, and am sending it to you to prove that a pipe is NOT injurious to my health. You will observe how the poisonous matter is caught in a bowl. I know this will change your mind, and I'm going to send the ring back to-morrow, or call with it in person. JACK.

With a gasp, Valerie tore the advertisement into a hundred bits and flew back to her room so fast that her loosened hair tumbled about her in such a bewilderingly pretty disorder of shining curls that any man could have been forgiven for sacrificing not only his cigars, but all the rest of the world's joys for possession of but this single one—Valerie herself. She remembered something she had recently read about tobacco, and her cheeks flamed with the excitement of battle as she searched for the clipping she had saved. When she had found it, she sat down and wrote the following:

MR. JACK THORPE, CITY.  
DEAR SIR:—You have heaped insult upon insult, and if you are at all a gentleman you will not address me again, either by letter or word of mouth. You are too well aware of my opinion of tobacco to have the slightest hope of bringing about a change in me. As Burton says, "Tobacco is a good vomit, a virtuous herb if it be well qualified, opportunely taken, and medicinally used. But as it is commonly abused by most men, who take it as tinkers do ale, it is a plague, a mischief, a violent purger of goods, lands, health; hellish, devilish and damned tobacco, the ruin and overthrow of body and soul"—no there!

Then she added, in a postscript at the bottom: I don't even know...

light, and to-morrow I shall take the first step in the building of an organization which shall be known as the Young Men's Anti-Chewing-Gum League. That gum-chewing is a pernicious habit among young women you must admit, for you will remember the evening when I discovered seventeen little gum pyramids stuck under your sewing table. Of course it may have been Mother, but—

An hour later the same messenger returned with a puzzled look in his face and gave Thorpe the following: MR. JACK THORPE, CITY.

DEAR SIR:—I must demand that you stop writing to me or addressing me in any manner whatever. If there were really enough men in you, you would not find it impossible to stop smoking, as yet say. I am enclosing with this a clipping, and I know that the treatment there prescribed is a good one, for our League has investigated it. It has cured thousands, and it will cure you, though I know you are pickled. Sincerely yours, VALERIE BROWN.

Pinned to her note was the following newspaper clipping:

TOBACCO HABIT BANISHED.  
Dr. Samuel McGuggin's "Sure Cure" banishes all forms of tobacco habit in from twenty-four to forty-eight hours. A positive, quick and permanent relief. Absolutely no craving for tobacco after the first dose. In many cases two doses have achieved a cure. Easy to take. Also cures desire for liquor, and destroys all symptoms of "Smoker's Stomach," gout, and mild forms of rheumatism. Send for our free booklet giving all information. The McGuggin Sanatorium, Kalamazoo, Mich.

With a groan, Thorpe lighted a fresh cigar and handed one to the waiting messenger.

"How did she look?" he asked. "And what did she say?"

"Who—the girl, mister?"

"Yes."

The messenger grimaced.

"Gee, but she's a dizzy doll, that's what she is! Purtest thing I ever laid my eyes on, mister! She didn't say nuthin', but I guess she'd been crying!"

"Crying?"

Thorpe paced back and forth a little nervously and with a little triumphantly. Valerie crying! He smiled, then grew sober, jammed his hat on his head, then hung it back on the rack, paced some more, lit his cigar three times, and ended by going to his bookcase, while the messenger stared and waited. At last he found what he wanted and began to write.

MY DEAR, SILLY, LOVELY LITTLE VAL:—I can't take your remedy, really and truly I can't, with all respect to Dr. McGuggin. I'm somewhat of a genius now, and I'm sure that some day I will be great; and no man was ever great who didn't smoke. Cannot I bring you to see the sublime and lovable qualities of that thing, which

"Divine in hookah, glorious in a pipe  
When tipped in amber, mellow, rich, and ripe;  
Like other charmers, wooing the caress  
More dazdilly when daring in full dress!"

I agree with you that many men—  
"May have had their goose  
Cooked by tobacco juice;  
Still, why deny its use  
Thoughtfully taken?"

Why, oh, why, my beloved Val?  
Won't you please go on chewing your gum, and let me go on smoking cigars?

How about theater to-morrow night? Will you go? I'll be up a seven-thirty sharp. JACK.

"Bettle with that!" he commanded the messenger, slipping a dollar into his hand. "I want this to reach her before she goes to bed."

A quarter of an hour later Valerie again faced the messenger at the front door.

"Dis comes from a guy who looks like he's goin' bughouse," he announced. "Better cheer 'im up or there'll be a soo'cide colyum in to-morrer's paper."

The clock was just striking ten when the messenger returned to Thorpe's apartment. He gave Thorpe a package and a note.

"I was just thinkin', boss," he said, as he handed them over, "that youse might want to be hirin' a boy 'bout my size by the week."

Thorpe opened the package and read the note, and

seemed suddenly to have slipped out from under his feet. And then there came to him man's best friend—sometimes enemy—strength. He laughed a little harshly as he went down on the street. After all, could he ever have surrendered to Valerie's exorbitant and unwomanly demands? Even for her could he have given up his manhood—and was not the independence of manhood typified by his right to smoke cigars and a pipe?

He found himself in front of a brilliantly lighted telegraph office, and at sight of the night manager, whom he knew well, an idea shot into his head. Valerie had said that she would not listen to him again or read his letters. He walked inside, nodded to Forbes, wrote a message and called the manager to him.

"I want you to do me a favor, Forbes," he said. "Don't send this message by a boy. Call up by 'phone and tell the party addressed that you have a telegram which you wish to repeat over the wire. Understand?"

Forbes nodded with an understanding smile. What he read to Valerie Brown ten minutes later was this:

I, too, am leaving the city. I start to-morrow night for our mines in Mexico, and will probably be gone for a couple of years. May God bless you always. JACK THORPE.

He went out and began walking aimlessly. He realized that he was serious now, and something rose up in his throat and choked him. What would he do without Valerie? She had grown to be his life—his whole life. And yet—even for her—could he give up his independence as a man? He was no longer thinking of cigars and pipes, but of principle. Willingly at that moment he would have destroyed every blade of tobacco and every pipe in the world for Valerie's sake; but there was that other thing to consider. He argued that, even if he gave up his chief joy and got Valerie as a reward, he would have a whole lifetime in which to bring her over to his side of the argument, and meanwhile, if he had to smoke, he could smoke cubans and some sort of a catarrh cure. But the principle!

Still aimlessly, he went into a hotel and sat down at a writing desk. The fingers of his right hand held no cigar, and they itched for something. They seized the pen. Almost before he was aware of the fact, they had written Valerie's name, his pet name for her, at the top left-hand corner of a nice, clean sheet of paper. In spite of him, they continued to write, and when Jack Thorpe left the hotel his face was flushed and there nestled in his coat pocket a stamped, sealed and addressed envelope.

Almost by chance, it seemed to him, his feet aided and abetted his fingers and carried him toward Valerie's home. It was after ten o'clock and Valerie would be in bed, he was sure. But there was a light in one corner of the Brown home. It was Valerie's room. He passed the house, came back and re-passed it again. Then, with almost a groan of relief, he made up his mind. He would mail the letter in his coat pocket.

A block below the Brown home there was a mail box, and he hurried toward it. Even as his fingers drew back the slide, he hesitated, pulled back the letter and walked on. At the corner he turned and walked back again. Should he mail it? Should he—

He drew up with a sudden exclamation. Right beside the mail box he had almost bumped into a slim, girlish figure, and he looked down into a pair of big, frightened, tearful eyes.

"Val!" he cried. "Val—"

He reached out to her, the letter in his hand, and as Valerie suddenly ran into his arms with a happy little cry, he saw that she, too, had come to mail a letter.

WHEN John D. Archbold, president of the Standard Oil Company, testified before the Senate Campaign Contributions Committee that he was told that President Roosevelt knew of the \$125,000 Standard Oil contribution and that the money was taken with his knowledge, Mr. Archbold made the statement in a manner which carried conviction. He hit straight out from the shoulder and there was an air of frankness about him which could not be denied. Mr. Archbold was a remarkable witness. There was no parrying of questions, no quibbling of words, no reference to notes, no whispering with counsel. Far from attempting to evade the merciless fire of questions directed at him by the Senators, he talked with the utmost freedom. His testimony was more in the nature of a man-to-man conversation.

One important statement followed another. It was a witness who needed no prodding. He went on the theory that the Senators had called him to Washington to hear his side of the controversy. He gave it without frills. It was his word under oath, and they could take it or leave it. Mr. Archbold, whose very letter files had been pillaged for unscrupulous use against him, at times displayed signs of personal weariness and disgust when he recalled repeated attacks made on him and his company. Everybody felt impressed by the depth of sincerity with which Mr. Archbold spoke when with evident feeling he said, "I want to say, in reference to the matter, that I do not consider that there is a letter of mine published, among all this number, that is the subject of just criticism. They are such letters as the representative—as I was—of a large interest would write to people concerned with the question of legislation affecting that interest. I never made a request of any man in any position that meant any infraction of an existing law or the creation of a new law that meant any special privilege. I love my country, I believe, with the same ardor, or as great ardor, as that of any man. I have the same right to make recommendations as to appointment to office

she recognized Jack's writing on the envelope. And then—

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Then she added, in a postscript at the bottom:

I don't care to see you again. I am returning your letters and pictures under separate cover, together with a tract on the evils of smoking.

Sincerely yours,  
VALERIE BROWN.

Thorpe was in his bachelor apartment when the letter reached him, by special delivery. His heart leaped joyously when he recognized Valerie's handwriting. She was sorry for having driven him away, he told himself, and was asking him to call that evening. After all, he might give up his pipe—but cigars, never! And then his heart sank like a plumb lead as he read what Valerie had written. All over! Never wanted to see him again! If he was at all a gentleman—

He rose to his feet and paced back and forth across the velvet-rugged floor of his den. The mild Havana that he had been enjoying went out between his fingers. That night, by special messenger, Miss Valerie Brown received the following:

MY DEAR MISS BROWN:—I am sorry that you accepted what I sent you as an insult. I did not intend it as such. You—soon you—have brought home to me the truth of the old saying that man may lose all things, home, wealth, friends, and be deserted by his wife; but TWO friends hold to him always, faithful and comforting until death, his pipe and his dog. My heart is broken, but—

"My pipe is ill,  
My dog is mixed,  
My curtains drawn,  
And all is snug!"

JACK THORPE.

P.S.—I shall call to-morrow evening with the ring. If I could give up tobacco God knows I would. But I cannot. However, I see the

...sake; but there was that other thing to consider. He argued that, even if he gave up his chief joy and got Valerie as a reward, he would have a whole lifetime in which to bring her over to his side of the argument, and meanwhile, if he had to smoke, he could smoke cubans and some sort of a catarrh cure. But the principle!

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A block below the Brown home there was a mail box, and he hurried toward it. Even as his fingers drew back the slide, he hesitated, pulled back the letter and walked on. At the corner he turned and walked back again. Should he mail it? Should he—

He drew up with a sudden exclamation. Right beside the mail box he had almost bumped into a slim, girlish figure, and he looked down into a pair of big, frightened, tearful eyes.

"Val!" he cried. "Val—"

He reached out to her, the letter in his hand, and as Valerie suddenly ran into his arms with a happy little cry, he saw that she, too, had come to mail a letter.

Not until the heavy tread of the "beat" policeman warned them of his approach did he let her go. He showed her the letter still in his hand.

"Sweetheart," he whispered, "I was just sending this to you. In it I've—I've promised. I'll give up cigars and tobacco—for you."

The mail-box slide clinked down over her own letter. She lifted a wet, joyous face to him and kissed him even there.

"And that letter," she said, "contains my resignation as president of the Young Women's Anti-Smokers' League. Jack, dear old Jack—"

Her face peered over his shoulder down the street. "The drug store is still open, Jack," she whispered, pouting her lovely mouth at him, "and they keep your brand of cigars there. I saw them yesterday. Let's go down, Jack. I'll buy you some cigars if—if you'll get me some gum!"

The Rage for Risk!  
ARE WE getting over the rage for risk? The Pennsylvania Railroad has issued orders that no train shall exceed a speed of seventy miles an hour and has installed special signals at curves which will notify engineers that a speed of forty-five miles an hour or less is required. The Pennsylvania has some trains famous for the quick time they make between distant cities. Every effort will still be made to keep them up to schedule time, but when they get behind, the seventy-mile rule will not be broken to catch up. Human safety is more important than speed.

MY DEAR SALLY, LOVELY LITTLE VAL:—I can't take your remedy, really and truly I can't, with all respect to Dr. McGuggin. I'm somewhat of a genius new, and I'm sure that some day I will be great; and no man was ever great who didn't smoke. Cannot I bring you to see the sublime and lovable qualities of that thing, which

"Divine in hookas, glorious in a pipe  
When tipped in amber, mellow, rich, and ripe;  
Like other charmers, wooing the caress  
More delectably when darning in full dress!"  
I agree with you that many men—  
"May have had their goos  
Cooked by tobacco juice;  
Still, why deny its use  
Thoughtfully taken?"

Why, oh, why, my beloved Val?  
Won't you please go on chewing your gum, and let me go on smoking cigars?  
How about theater to-morrow night? Will you go? I'll be up a seven-thirty sharp.

"Hustle with that!" he commanded the messenger, slipping a dollar into his hand. "I want this to reach her before she goes to bed."  
A quarter of an hour later Valerie again faced the messenger at the front door.

"Dis comes from a guy who looks like he's goin' bughouse," he announced. "Better cheer 'im up or there'll be a soo'cide colyum in to-morrow's paper."  
The clock was just striking ten when the messenger returned to Thorpe's apartment. He gave Thorpe a package and a note.

"I was just thinkin', boss," he said, as he handed them over, "that youse might want to be hirin' a boy 'bout my size by the week."  
Thorpe opened the package and read the note, and when he turned to the messenger again his face was tense and a little pale.

"That's all," he said. "You may go."  
Valerie had written:  
MR. JACK THORPE, CITY.  
DEAR SIR:—I am returning by messenger your letters, pictures and the diamond brooch which you presented to me last Christmas. Hereafter your letters and messages will be returned to you unopened, and if you call in person you will not be admitted. I may as well tell you that I have planned to leave the city to-morrow, and will be with my sister for several months in the West. Hence, forth we are strangers.  
The little verse you sent me was clever, but does it not yet dawn upon you that this "thing" so divine in hookas and glorious in a pipe is also the  
"Pernicious weed, whose scent the fair annoys,  
Unfriendly to society's chief joys;  
Whose worse effect is banishing for hours  
The sex whose presence civilizes YOURS!"  
For the last time,  
VALERIE BROWN.

Thorpe read and reread the note. He went over all the letters, perusing none of them, for he remembered well what they contained. His cigar smoldered and went out on the table. When he put on his hat and coat and left the room, he even forgot his pipe, which always accompanied him on his late night rambles. A cold, chilling heaviness settled at his heart. At first he had not believed that Valerie was entirely serious; he had almost seen a little fun in their quarrel. But that she was serious and that it was all over between them he had no doubt now. The world

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Things stiffened up somewhat morning when J. Pierpont Morgan appeared before the committee. If the Senators had haled Mr. Morgan to court as an archcriminal, he could not have been subjected to a more embarrassing stare by the curious spectators. He had stood in line for hours to gain entrance to the crowded little room. The Senators were plainly annoyed and what they could to put Mr. Morgan in his ease. He had arrived at the building ten minutes ahead of time. When the great financier took the witness chair, there was an air of feverish excitement throughout the room. At Mr. Morgan leaned forward in an effort to hear everything which was addressed to him. After a while he climbed the high witness chair and down where the Senators were sitting. He had the first few questions before him before the witness, who was intent in earnest, revealed his sense of humor. Mr. Morgan was ready with answers and volunteered so much which the questioners had not thought to ask him.

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