

## Seven Keys TO Baldpate

By EARL DERR BIGGERS

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"I was paralyzed. At that minute a large black figure appeared on deck. It banded for me. 'Jake,' it says, 'you've sat up long enough. Go below now.'"

"McMann's face was terrible. I saw it was all up. 'I lied, McMann,' I explained. 'The idea just came to me, it fascinated me, and I lied. She did turn me down—there in the wings. And she shed that tear I spoke of too. But when I was looking over the railroad folders she sent for me. I went on the wings of love. It was two blocks, but I went on the wings of love. We've been married twenty years. Forgive me, McMann!'"

"McMann turned around. He picked up the bag. I asked where he was going. 'Ashore,' he said, 'to think. I may go back to Kansas City—I may. But I'll just think a bit first.' And he climbed into the ship's boat. I never saw him again."

The hermit paused and gazed dreamily into space.

"That," he said, "was my one great lie, my masterpiece. A year afterward I came up here on the mountain to be a hermit."

"As a result of it?" asked Miss Norton.

"Yes," answered Mr. Peters. "I told the story to a friend. I thought he was a friend. So he was, but married. My wife got to hear of it. 'So you denied my existence?' she said. 'As a joke,' I told her. 'The joke's on you,' she says. That was the end. She went her way, and I went mine. I'd just unaccountably gone her way so long I was a little dazed at first with my freedom. After fighting for a living alone for a time I came up here. It's cheap. I get the solitude I need for my book. Not long ago I heard I could go back to her if I apologized."

"Back to your guns," advised Mr. Max.

Miss Norton rose and stood before Mr. Peters. She fixed him with her eyes—eyes into which no man could gaze and go his way unmoved.

"Just one tiny day," she pleaded.

Mr. Peters sighed. He rose.

"I'm a fool," he said. "I can't help it. I'll take chances on another day, though nobody knows where it'll lead."

"Brooklyn, maybe," whispered Lou Max to Magee in much horror.

The hermit donned his coat, attended to a few household duties and led the delegation outside. Dolefully he looked at the door of his shack. The four started down the mountain.

"Back to Baldpate with our cook," said Mr. Magee into the girl's ear. "I know now how Caesar felt when he rode through Rome with his ex-foes festooned about his chariot wheels."

Mr. Max again chose the rear, triumphantly escorting Mr. Peters. As Mr. Magee and the girl swung into the lead the former was moved to recur to the topic he had handled so amateurishly a short time before.

"I'll make you believe in me yet," he said.

She did not turn her head.

"The moment we reach the inn," he went on, "I shall come to you with the package of money in my hand. Then you'll believe I want to help you. Tell me you'll believe then."

"Very likely I shall," answered the girl without interest. "If you really do intend to give me that money no one must know about it."

"No one shall know," he answered. "But you and me."

They walked on in silence. Then shyly the girl turned her head. Oh, most assuredly she was desirable. Clumsy as had been his declaration Mr. Magee resolved to stick to it through eternity.

"I'm sorry I spoke as I did," she said. "Will you forgive me?"

"Pardon you?" he cried. "Why, I—"

"And now," she interrupted, "let us talk of other things—of ships and shoes and sealing wax."

"All the topics in the world," he replied, "can lead to but one with me—"

"Ships?" asked the girl.

"For honeymoons," he suggested.

"Shoes?"

"In some circles of society I believe they are sung a bridal parties."

"And sealing wax?"

"On the license, isn't it?" he queried. They were then at the great front door of Baldpate inn.

Inside, before the office fire, Miss Thornhill read a magazine in the indolent fashion so much affected at Baldpate inn during the heated term, while the mayor of Reuton chatted amiably with the ponderously coy Mrs. Norton. Into this circle burst the envoys to the hermitage, flushed, energetic, snow-dusted.

"Hail to the chef who in triumph advances!" cried Mr. Magee.

Myra Thornhill laid down her magazine and fixed her great black eyes upon the radiant girl in corduroy.

"And was the walk in the morning air," she asked, "all you expected?"

"All and much more," laughed Miss Norton, mischievously regarding the

man who had babbled to her of love on the mountain. "By the way, enjoy Mr. Peters while you can. He's back for just one day."

"Eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow the cook leaves, as the fellow says," supplemented Mr. Max, removing his overcoat.

"How about a quick lunch, Peters?" inquired Magee.

"Out of what, I'd like to know," put in Mrs. Norton. "Not a thing in the house to eat. Just like a man."

"You didn't look in the right place, ma'am," replied Mr. Peters, with relish. "I got supplies for a couple of days in the kitchen."

"Well, what's the sense in hiding 'em?' the large lady inquired.

"It ain't hiding—it's system," explained Mr. Peters. "Something women don't understand." He came close to Mr. Magee and whispered low. "You didn't warn me there was another of 'em."

"The last, on my word of honor," Magee told him.

"The last," sneered Mr. Peters. "There isn't any last up here." And with a sidelong glance at the new Eve in his mountain Eden he turned away to the kitchen.

"Now," whispered Magee to Miss Norton, "I'll get you that package. I'll prove that it was for you I fought and bled the mayor of Reuton. Watch for our chance. When I see you again I'll have it in my pocket."

"You mustn't fail me," she replied. "It means so much."

Mr. Magee started for the stairs. Between him and them loomed suddenly the great bulk of Mr. Cargan. His hard menacing eyes looked full into Magee's.

"I want to speak to you, young fellow," he remarked.

"I'm flattered," said Magee, "that you find my company so enchanting. In ten minutes I'll be ready for another interview."

"You're ready now," answered the mayor, "even if you don't know it. I've been trying to dope you out, and I think I've got you. I've seen your kind before. Every few months one of 'em breezes into Reuton, spends a whole day talking to a few rats I've had to exterminate from politics and then flies back to New York with a ten page story of my vicious career all ready for the typewriters. Yes, sir, I got you. You write sweet things for the magazines."

"Think so?" inquired Magee.

"Know it," returned the mayor heartily. "So you're out after old Jim



"It will be a \$200,000 story."

Cargan's scalp again, are you? I thought that now, seeing stories on the corruption of the courts is so plentiful, you'd let the same of the city halls alone for awhile. But—well, I guess I'm what you guys call good copy. Big, brutal, uneducated, picturesque—you see I read them stories myself. How long will the American public stand being ruled by a man like this, when it might be authorizing pretty boys with kid gloves to get next to the good things? That's the dope, ain't it—the old dope of the reform gang, the ballyhoo of the bunch that can't let the existing order stand? Don't worry. I ain't going to get started on that again. But I want to talk to you serious—like a father. There was a young fellow like you once—

"Like me?"

"Exactly. He was out working on long hours and short pay for the reform gang, and he happened to get hold of something that a man I knew—a man high up in public office—wanted and wanted bad. The young fellow was going to get \$200 for the article he was writing. My friend offered him \$20,000 to call it off. What'd the young fellow do?"

"Wrote the article, of course," said Magee.

"Now—now," reproved Cargan. "That remark don't fit in with the estimate I've made of you. I think you're a smart boy. Don't disappoint me. This young fellow I speak of—he was smart, all right. He thought it over. Magee, the same as you're going to do. 'You're on,' says this lad and added five figures to his roll as easy as we'd add a nickel. He had brains, that guy."

(To be Continued.)

Miss Hattie Hanks, of Georgetown, is visiting relatives in the city

# BIG DAY PROMISED FOR THE TOBACCO GROWERS

## July 23rd First Sale Day for Fragrant Weed in Sumter.

\$300 IN CASH PRIZES OFFERED AS INDUCEMENT FOR BIG SALES ON OPENING DAY—TOBACCO WAREHOUSE MANAGERS ENTHUSIASTIC OVER SUMMER AS TOBACCO CENTER—BELOW NORMAL CROPS HERE NOT AN INDICATION OF UNSUCCESS, BUT CONFORM ONLY TO GENERAL CONDITION IN TOBACCO RAISING TERRITORY.

With a stimulus of \$300 in cash prizes to beckon them in addition to the promise of being paid highest cash prices for the fragrant weed, indications are that tobacco growers of this entire section will be much in evidence at the opening day of Sumter's rejuvenated tobacco market on July 23rd.

The newly constructed Farmers' Tobacco Warehouse will be ready on July 23rd to receive all the tobacco that the farmers bring in, and Messrs. Pepper and Marion, the lessees of the warehouse, who by the way, are among the oldest hands in the south in tobacco marketing, are confident that Sumter will soon be one of the leading tobacco markets in South Carolina. Not to be behind in any way, Messrs. Pepper and Marion have made arrangements to have buyers from the biggest tobacco companies on hand on the opening day and all through the season, and they absolutely guarantee that tobacco raisers can secure in Sumter the highest cash prices paid anywhere. Mr. W. J. Finch, an auctioneer of experience, will handle the sales. Three hundred dollars in cash will be distributed among farmers who bring in tobacco on the opening day, as follows: Prizes for the men bringing the most pounds on one wagon to be sold July 23rd, first prize, \$50; second prize, \$40; third prize \$30; fourth prize \$20; fifth prize \$10. Prizes for the man selling one load of tobacco for the most dollars and cents on day of opening sale: first prize \$50; second prize, \$40; third prize, \$30; fourth prize, \$20; fifth prize \$10.

While it is true that, as a whole the farmers of this section who planted tobacco this season have not made a glowing success in the way of securing a good stand, this should in no way be a cause for discouragement. Official reports on the tobacco crop throughout the south, and more particularly around Mullins, Timmonsville, Lake City and other places which have been on the tobacco map for a number of years, indicate that only about 75 per cent of a stand is the average condition. Hence it will be seen that the fact that the farmers of this section have as good a stand as they have should be an incentive to them to plant more tobacco next year, and use all of the tips they have secured from this year's work with the weed, in trying to get a fuller harvest next year. It must be remembered that a good per cent of the farmers of this section planted tobacco practically as an experiment, to co-operate with the movement of the citizens of Sumter towards getting a flourishing tobacco market firmly established, and the crops that have been made should convince the farmers that tobacco raising can be made a profitable thing.

Messrs. Pepper and Marion are just back in the city from an extensive trip all through the sections where tobacco planting is being carried on, and they are very enthusiastic over what has already been accomplished by the farmers, but even more enthusiastic over the outlook for Sumter's being shortly a bright spot on the tobacco producing map.

### BOYS' AND GIRLS' MEETING.

Tomato and Corn Growers to Meet at Pocalia for Big Day.

The members of the Girls' Tomato Club and the Boys' Corn Club with their friends and relatives are cordially invited to attend a basket picnic at Pocalia Springs, just about one mile south of Sumter, Friday, July 17.

A canning demonstration will be given, and an address will be delivered by Prof. W. W. Long, State Agent in the Farm Demonstration Work and Superintendent of Extension work at Clemson College, and probably by Miss Edith Parrott, of Winthrop College, State Agent in Girls' Tomato Club work. Let us meet together and make this a day long to be remembered by the club boys and girls of Sumter county. These boys and girls will be the men and women who may be depended upon to take a hand four or five years from now in the fight to overcome the depression in prosperity on the farm, which will be brought about by the invasion of the boll weevil. The merchants and business men of Sumter have always taken a lively interest in these boys and girls, and they will be still more proud of them, when they see them keeping up the deposits in the banks in the face of the production in cotton having been cut in half.

J. Frank Williams,  
Local Farm Demonstration Agent.

### Belser-Heyward.

On Tuesday evening at Trinity church was solemnized the marriage of Miss Mary Campbell Heyward, daughter of Ex-Governor and Mrs. D. C. Heyward, to Mr. Irvine Furman Belser. The ceremony was performed by Dr. John Kershaw of Charleston, assisted by Rev. K. G. Finlay. The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Katharine Heyward, while Mr. Ben S. Beverly of West Point acted as best man. Prominent among those who came to Columbia for the wedding were: Mr. Edward Finley of Washington, D. C., Mr. Irvine Richardson of Sumter, Mr. Arthur Devan of New Jersey, who with Mr. John Sloan of Columbia served as ushers, Mr. and Mrs. Campbell of Lexington, Va., Mr. and Mrs. Richard Belser of Sumter, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Belser of Sumter, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Haynsworth, Dr. S. C. Baker, Miss Emma Baker, Mrs. C. D. Bohun and Mrs. Gordon Field of Sumter, Misses Ellen and Frances Jervey, J. T. Jervey, Miss Mary Sparkman and J. Campbell Bissell, Jr., of Charleston, Mrs. H. W. Bell of Mayesville and Miss Jessie Fraser of Walterboro.—The State

### Examination for Clemson.

There were four boys to take the examination for Clemson College on Friday, there being one vacancy at the institution from this county. One applicant also took the examination for the University of South Carolina.

A license to marry has been granted to Dave Taylor and Annie Hopkins, of Rembert.

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