

# A HEATHEN HEART

By ROLAND BURNHAM MOLINEUX,  
Author of "The Room with the Little Door" and  
"The Vice Admiral of the Blue."

THERE was no clock in the Death Chamber. We always knew, however, when it was 4 in the afternoon. The guard and keepers became restless. The newspapers which they had been reading, which we longed to see but never did see, were folded and put away in their empty lunch baskets. They retired to the bathroom and we could hear the splashing of water and the sounds of joking. Then Hughes would come out, wiping his face, and Mr. Hubbel would follow, brushing his clothes. They would put on their hats and sit down to wait. What need of even a sun dial? It was now approaching half-past 4.

Every day for years we had watched the same preparations. For us it was the dreariest part of the day. However much we tried to occupy our minds, there would come a little pain into each of our hearts. They were going "home."

Finally the prison whistle blew two short blasts. All right, it signalled. The men had been counted. Now it was half-past 4 exactly. Our keepers sprang up and opened the door for the night relief.

There was always a moment's gossip at the door. How eagerly we listened for some scrap of news! One day as they stood there I heard the semi-whisper. "Fong is dead."

"Who was Fong?" I asked later, as the night keeper came over to chat with me.

"Fong was a 'lifer' who had worked in the prison wash house for over 20 years."

"And what about him?"

For one thing, during that time he had never spoken a single word. That night, in the long watches, I heard his story. It was a story of a heart—a heathen heart.

In his youth Fong, tall for his race, straight, almond eyes, yet good looking, had been sent by the Chinese government to study at an American university. He was of the best blood of his country. China expected him to return to her with the lessons learned in the bustling occident, to add to the glorious philosophy of the orient. The world, his native world, held for him all the promise that one man might look forward to in life.

But fate sweeps aside all plans and preparations. Fong had been at Yale but two years when he visited the theater in the college town. The play does not matter—it was a silly affair—the only thing that mattered at all was a smiling little girl in the front row of the chorus.

They have no girls in the front rows of Chinese plays; they have no choruses, with their swift grace, their fanciful abandonment and their artificial smiles. Fong was enchanted. He went again and again. The little girl was always there in the front row, still smiling. Fong was in love. Fong met her. It was very easy. Even if he was a Chinaman, he was a prince, and the Chinese government was back of him. Besides, he had money, which means "the open sesame" to the acquaintance of chorus girls.

A suitable marriage was already arranged for Fong in his native land. A little princess waited and thought of her cousin Fong as she embroidered blue peacocks on yellow silk for her bridal dress. That did not matter to Fong. Nothing mattered now, but the chorus girl. When she smiled he was happy. When she was capricious, after the manner of her kind—and there were other loves—he was miserable.

When the show left the college town, Fong abandoned his studies and followed her. The girl was not angry; her salary was small, and Fong's money most acceptable.

However, Fong's ancestors might have been, that accomplishment had not descended to the young man who had been sent to study the ways of Americans in an American university. He had seen that the American's idea was to have one wife and one home. He had imbibed our principle. He did not appreciate our practice.

He married her. There was plenty of money at first, but it came from China. When it became known in his native land that Fong had done this amazing thing, his father ordered him to come home—alone. Fong would not go without his wife. Fong was disowned. The money stopped coming. Then the Chinese government was no longer back of Fong, and his family existed for him no more, and the little Chinese bride that was to be sold to some one else.

Fong went to New York and began business as a tea merchant. He had brains, and with the keenness of his race he began to prosper. He made friends, he made money—a great deal of it. He was happy; he had the woman he loved.

At first Fong could not understand that she did not care for him. He loved her so absolutely that it blinded him. His whole life was bound with the desire to keep her happy. There was not a wish that he did not gratify, and she

had many wishes, and they were not always reasonable. But in time money alone would not satisfy her. She, who had never loved him, became indifferent to his incessant devotion and his constant presence. From indifference it grew to weariness, and she, unable to stem the tide of her own increasing dislike, began to maneuver to escape his presence. The surest proof of love is the desire to be together. That test is final. Fong was willing to do almost anything to be away from him.

She was wayward and more than



ONE DAY THEY FOUND THE  
LAWYER CURLED UP IN A  
CORNER OF HIS OFFICE

wayward. Fong's dream of happiness was short.

Filthy, fascinating Chinatown, with its glaring lights casting shadows which no one pauses to contemplate, its bright hue of surface hiding depths which no one cares to penetrate. There tomorrow is unborn and yesterday is dead, and there is no philosophy but desire. It is not a sad life there; it is a merry one—and very short.

In the midst of this girl, with all her heritage of weakness, had been brought. Again and again Fong forgave her and brought her back, and again and again there was more cause for forgiveness. It was strange that his love should have withstood it all—rather it increased. He adored her. She was sick and tired of him.

A quarrel between the two to which Fong belonged and the Highlanders brought a sharp end to this condition of affairs, for Fong at least. There was shooting one night in the little Chinese theater on Doyers street. Fong was arrested on suspicion for the murder that was done that night. Fong did not do it. He could have saved himself, but he remained loyal to his society. He was silent. He had a lawyer and waited. All would be right when the case came to court. There were plenty of influence and money to save him. His wife would manage his affairs.

The lawyer whom Fong's money had retained was young, he was a handsome fellow, but he was poor. He had political ambitions, and he needed funds to further them. He thought the matter over. Fong was locked up. His wife was free and pretty and she had control of Fong's money. The lawyer needed that money to buy the nomination for alderman. The case was really very simple.

He took her uptown to live, where

to do. Her dislike for her husband had turned to passionate hatred now. She could not endure the thought of his existence. Perhaps she was afraid knowing in what soul she possessed the wrong she had done him. For it is not the one who suffers the wrong, but the one who inflicts it, who is always unforgiving. Besides, the lawyer had promised to obtain a divorce for her and marry her, and

pushed open a door. A dim light showed the interior of the place.

He moved toward the bed on which a figure lay. He looked down at it and it looked back at him. This

wreck of a woman, an outcast, ending her existence in misery too great for words.

Fong nursed her with his own hands, and then Fong buried her.

## LAST CHIEF OF THE MIAMIS.



Gabriel Godfrey is the last chief of the once powerful Indian tribe of the Miamis, who formerly held sway in central Indiana. He is now living quietly on the remnant of the reservation in Miami county, Ind., and is in every respect a "good Indian." Godfrey is regarded as quite an enterprising citizen. His German wife is also pictured.

## SUNSHINE.

The effect of sunshine on sugar growing is said by a competent authority to make the crop more productive. Thus Spain has become as successful with beet sugar growing as with her established cane sugar industry, notwithstanding an arid climate. On the other hand, the storms and fogs that envelop the British islands are said to have prevented the development of the beet sugar industry there. England's annual average hours of sunshine are only 1,400, while Spain has 3,000 hours.

## THE KAISER'S JOKE.

In the course of recent conversation at Potsdam, the Princess von Buelow, wife of the German chancellor, remarked to the Kaiser that her mansion needed cleaning. The Kaiser was amused. "May I help you to clean it?" he asked, and, taking the remark as a joke, she assented. The next day several large crates were delivered at the princess's house and an autograph letter from the Kaiser saying that he was doing his share in the cleaning by sending her a ton of soap.

## AN ENERGETIC REFORMER.

Mrs. Carrie Kilgore is the woman lawyer of Philadelphia who has been attracting much attention by her advocacy of the appointment of women to



the judiciary. Mrs. Kilgore has had a bill introduced into the state legislature to bring about the reform. She thinks that all juvenile offenders should be dealt with by women judges.

## A SIAMESE YOUTH.

The cut shows a typical Siamese youth, a native of a country which is making great strides toward national betterment. The king of Siam is a man of education and progressive ideas



and has already adopted many western ways of doing. He has announced his intention of paying a visit to America and expects to spend some time at the Jamestown exposition.



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