

**PAPRIKA: BEING THE FURTHER
ADVENTURES OF JAMES P.
MCHENRY, BETTER KNOWN TO
THE INITIATED CONNOISSEURS
OF FICTION AS "PEPPER"**

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Paprika: Being the Further Adventures of James P. McHenry, Better Known to the Initiated
Connoisseurs of Fiction As "Pepper" by Holworthy Hall

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HOLWORTHY HALL

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PAPRIKA

BY

HOLWORTHY HALL

BEING THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF
JAMES P. McHENRY
BETTER KNOWN TO THE INITIATED
CONNOISSEURS OF FICTION AS
"PEPPER"



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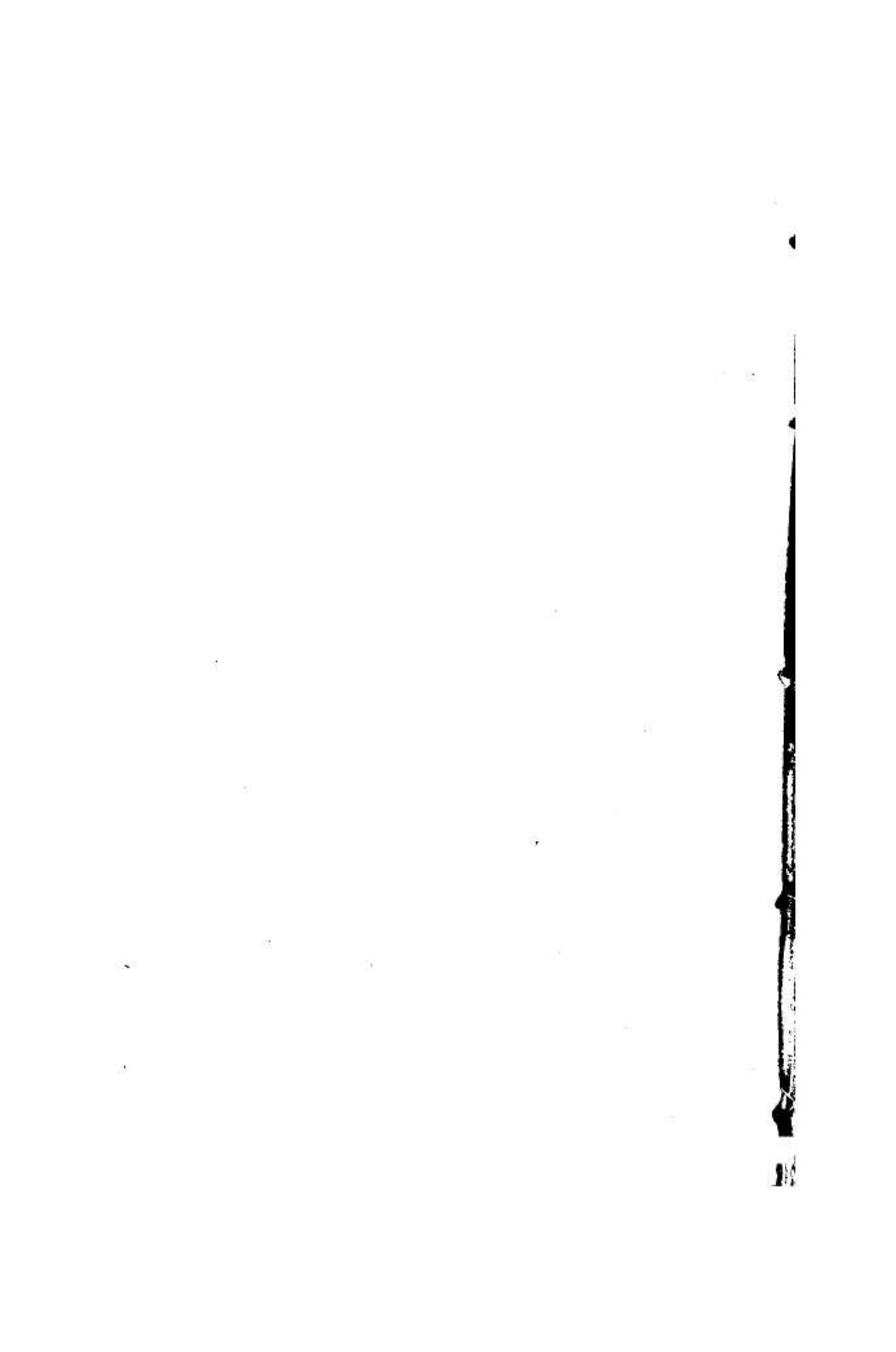
Lillian A. Rice

*by
Huntley E. Ponder
"Holeworthy Hall"*

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Human Nature, Incorporated

AS soon as Pierson Dillingham graduated from college without seriously inconveniencing the faculty, his father, who was self-made and proud of it, summoned him to the private office, and explained that Pierson must now forget all that he had learned, mend his general deportment and the pattern of his haberdashery, discard his sense of humor, buy a pair of overalls, and become a respectable member of society.

More specifically, he said that Pierson was expected to shed the light of his countenance upon the sorting room of the carpet factory for eight working hours a day, and to absorb enough intelligence so that in the course of twenty or thirty years he would be capable of continuing the paternal vocation of turning out first-class Oriental rugs for export to Persia and the Ottoman empire.

Mr. Dillingham had taken for granted the joy and gratitude which Pierson would display when the glad news was broken to him. Naturally he was disconcerted when Pierson said he wanted to go into business for himself.

Reproducing the pomp of the Persians, said Pier-

HUMAN NATURE, INCORPORATED

son, and manufacturing pseudo-Turkish rugs was an occupation no more pleasing to him than printing tracts for the Madagascar heathen, or toiling as a linesman for the Marconi system. It wasn't that he was ungrateful for the education, food, clothing, electric lights, steam heat, and all the other accessories to a happy boyhood which Mr. Dillingham had just catalogued for him, but simply that he didn't want to work for any one but himself.

"What you really mean," said his father, still dazed by the realization that his son didn't care to earn six dollars a week in the sorting room, "what you really mean is that you don't want to *work*!"

"Not a bit of it!" retorted Pierson. "As a matter of fact, I'll have to work ten times as hard in New York as I would here. And, besides, it seems to me I've heard you talk about your own independence—how you started out with seventy dollars and a pine table and——"

"But I was a very different kind of boy!"

"And yet you say you wish you'd had my opportunities! There's no use thinking it over any longer. I want to stand on my own feet."

"And that's what Harvard College has done for you!" said Mr. Dillingham, in the well-known voice of such fathers. "*That's* the result of four years of time and thought and money!"

"Well, dad," said Pierson, "I think you make a