

PHOTOGRAPHS OF STAGE BEAUTIES

Price 10 Cents

APRIL 1908

THE
RED BOOK
MAGAZINE



Published Monthly by THE RED BOOK CORPORATION, CHICAGO.

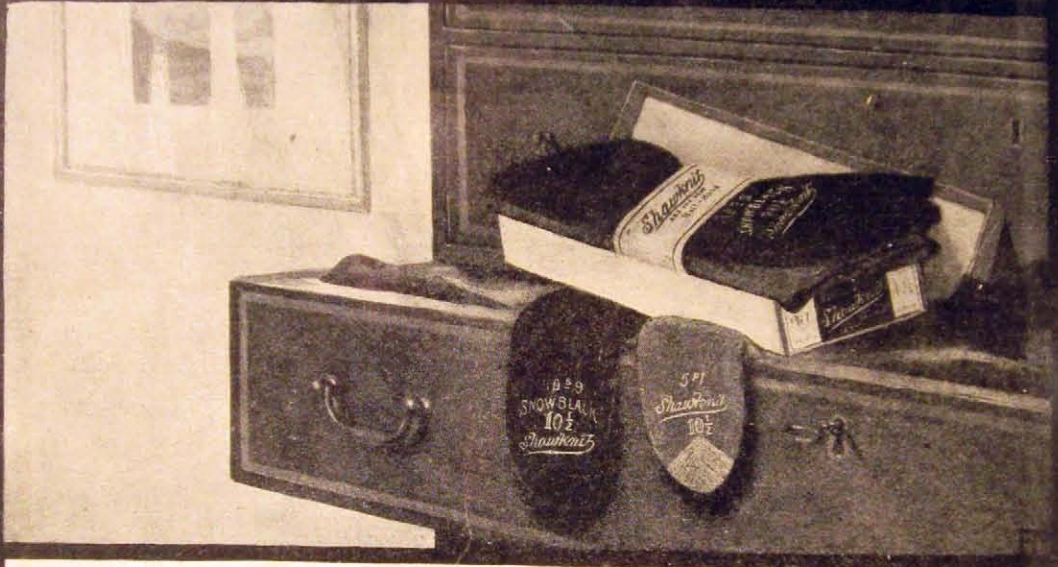
VOL. X No. 6 Copyright 1908 by The Red Book Corporation Entered at Stationers Hall London. All Rights Reserved \$1.00 A YEAR

AN EASTER ENTANGLEMENT.

By Clarence Herbert New

Shawknit

TRADE MARK



The *Shawknit* trade mark, which has been branded on the toes of our products for nearly thirty years, has a double value.

It means your protection and ours against inferior substitutes.

It means that when you demand *Shawknit* socks from a dealer he has got to give them to you, or else admit that he is behind the times and does not carry the *Shawknit* line.

When you buy from your dealer, look for the trade mark. If he doesn't carry *Shawknit* socks, then send your order, with remittance, to us and state size.

Shawknit socks are seamless, fast colors, and made from yarns combed and spun in *our own mill*, which we absolutely guarantee to be superior to the highest standard tests for strength and durability.

Ask your good dealer for Shawknit Socks

Style 19⁸⁹. Solid fast Snowblack

„ 5¹. Oxford mixture, white inside

are two of our medium weight cotton socks. 25c. a pair; 6 pairs in box, \$1.50; sizes, 9 to 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ inclusive. Sent to any address in U. S. upon receipt of price.

Our beautiful illustrated, colored catalogue shows styles and prices and gives useful and valuable stocking information. We want you to have it. Write for it to-day.

SHAW STOCKING COMPANY

63 New Fletcher Street - - - Lowell, Mass.

New Victor Records



On sale throughout America on March 28

All vocal selections have accompaniments by the Victor Orchestra

8-inch—35 cents

"Shoulder Arms" March No. 5326 (Rose).....Arthur Pryor's Band
Victor Minstrels No. 9 Introducing "Broncho Buster" and
 "Pride of the Prairie" No. 5363.....Victor Minstrel Company

Down in the Old Cherry Orchard No. 5331 (Henry) Haydn Quartet
Happy Days No. 5308 (Strelezki) Flute and Oboe Duet
 Lyons and Treppe

10-inch—60 cents

Miss Dixie No. 5370 (Hager).....Arthur Pryor's Band
Dream of Happiness Waltz No. 5382.....Arthur Pryor's Band
Darkies' Jubilee (Pastimes on the Levee) No. 5371 (Turner)
 Victor Orchestra (W. B. Rogers, Conductor)
Angel's Serenade No. 5393 (Brago) Violoncello Solo.....Victor Sorlin
My Starlight Maid No. 5372 (Klein).....Harry Macdonough
The Nightingale's Song (from "The Tyrolean") No. 5381
 (Zeller).....Corinne Morgan
Venetian Song No. 5350 (Tosti).....Alan Turner
Toreador Song from "Carmen" No. 5376 (Bizet).....Alan Turner
I'm Afraid to Come Home in the Dark No. 5373 (Van
 Alstyne).....Clarice Vance

Will He Answer Goo Goo? No. 5387 (Meher).....Ada Jones
Rain-in-the-Face No. 5375 (Burt).....Billy Murray
Bavarian Yodel (The Waterfall) No. 5383.....Macdonough and Watson
Just Help Yourself No. 5388 (Von Tilzer).....Collins and Harlan
"Piccolo" (from "A Waltz Dream" No. 5390 (Strauss)
 Miss Stevenson and Mr. Stanley

When Summer Tells Autumn Good Bye No. 5378
 (Helf).....Stanley and Macdonough
Wouldn't You Like to Have Me for a Sweetheart?
 (from "The Yankee Tourist") No. 5384 (Robyn)
 Miss Jones and Mr. Murray

Keep on Smiling No. 5379 (Kendis-Paley)
 Billy Murray and Haydn Quartet
Victor Minstrels No. 10 (Introducing "Bye Bye, My Sallor
 Boy" and "Good Bye, Honey, Good Bye") No. 5380
 Victor Minstrel Company

Uncle Josh's Letter from Home No. 5377 Yankee Talk.....Cal Stewart
Schoolday Frolics No. 5385 Descriptive Specialty
 Miss Jones and Mr. Spencer
Jimmie and Maggie at "The Merry Widow" No. 5386
 Descriptive Specialty.....Miss Jones and Mr. Spencer

12-inch—\$1

Madame Butterfly—Fantasia No. 31696 (Puccini) Violon-
 cello Solo.....Victor Sorlin

When Life Is Brightest No. 31695 (Pinsuti) Violin and
 flute duet.....Kratay and Lyons

New Red Seal Records

Marcella Sembrich, Soprano

The Merry Widow Waltz (Franz Lehar) (Dolce amor)
 No. 88107 12-inch, with orchestra, \$3 In Italian

Ernestine Schumann-Heink, Contralto

The Rosary (Nevin) No. 88108 12-inch, with orchestra, \$3 In English

Geraldine Farrar, Soprano

Madama Butterfly (Puccini) Un bel di vedremo (Some
 Day He'll Come) No. 88113 12-inch, with orchestra, \$3 In Italian
Melstofele (Boito) L'altra notte (Last Night in the Deep Sea)
 No. 88114 12-inch, with orchestra, \$3 In Italian

Geraldine Farrar—Antonio Scotti

Madama Butterfly (Puccini) Ora a noi! (Now at Last)
 Letter Duet from Act II No. 88014 12-inch, with orchestra,
 \$4 In Italian

Gadski—Mattfeld—Van Hoose—Journet—Reiss

Melstersinger (Wagner) Quintette, Act III Selig, wie die
 Sonne (Brightly as the Sun) No. 95201 12-inch, with
 orchestra, \$5 In German

Caruso—Sembrich—Scotti—Severina

Rigoletto (Verdi) Quartet, Act III Bella figlia dell' amore
 (Fairest Daughter of the Graces) No. 96001 12-inch, with
 orchestra, \$6 In Italian

Marie Michailowa, Soprano

Traviata (Verdi) Addio del passato (Farewell to the Bright
 Visions) No. 61178 10-inch, with orchestra, \$1
Demonio (Rubinstein) "The Night is Calm" No. 61179
 10-inch, with orchestra, \$1

Pianoforte Solo by Frank La Forge

(a) **Gavotte** (La Forge)
 (b) **Papillon** (Lavallee) No. 64083 10-inch, \$1

Any Victor dealer will gladly play these records for you. Go and hear them.
 New Victor Records on sale throughout America on the 28th of every month.
 Write for free catalog—of over 3000 Victor Records.
 To get best results, use only Victor Needles on Victor Records

Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U. S. A.
 Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal, Canadian Distributors.



"One Hundred Golden Hours at Sea."

Magnificent new 10,000 ton steamships with luxurious accommodations. Suites, Staterooms, Baths, Promenade Decks, Unsurpassed Cuisine.

Southern Pacific Passenger Steamships

"Creole" "Momus" "Antilles"
"Proteus" "Comus"

Weekly in both directions between
New York and New Orleans

A Delightful Ocean Trip
Summer or Winter.

Connections at New Orleans with
Sunset Route.

Trains of superior equipment to and from points in
Louisiana, Texas, New and Old
Mexico, Arizona, California,
Oregon.

Superior Service All The Way.

Send for copy

"Hundred Golden Hours at Sea."

L. H. NUTTING, G. P. A.,
349 Broadway,
New York.
Or any Southern Pacific Agent.

"Bristol"
Steel Fishing Rods

For big fish—pickerel, salmon, tarpon, muscalonge; for gamy smaller fish—trout, grayling, pike, bass; for fly casting, bait casting, trolling, or still fishing, no other rod equals the "BRISTOL". 20 years of deserved international reputation, backed by a *three-year guarantee*, attached to each rod. A complete variety of Rods exactly suited to each kind of fishing. The supreme standard in lightness, pliancy, resiliency, strength, reliability. Never ask merely for a steel fishing rod—always ask for "BRISTOL" Rods by name. Look for the word "BRISTOL" on the handle. Write us if offered an imitation. Beautiful illustrated catalogue mailed free.

The Horton Mfg. Co.
105 Horton St.,
Bristol, Conn.

BRAIDED SILK FISH LINES

MARTIN'S KINGFISHER

SILK FISH LINES

Represent the highest art, the largest variety, the smoothest running and the best wearing lines in the world. They are unsurpassed in quality, strength or finish. Regardless of what anyone tells you, remember that if a line is not labeled with the KINGFISHER bird or the word KINGFISHER, it is not genuine. Look for the trade mark when you buy fish lines. It is your protection and our unqualified guarantee that the line is absolutely perfect. Mark X in the coupon opposite your favorite fishing, and we will send you **FREE SAMPLES** of the best lines known (selected by experts) for that kind of fishing.

E. J. MARTIN'S SONS,
7 Kingfisher St.,
ROCKVILLE, CONN.

Brook Trout
Lake Trout
Black Bass
Salmon
Grayling
Pike
Pickerel
Mascalonge
Bait Casting
Fly Casting

Build Your Own Boat Brooks Build Your Own Furniture BY THE System



I CAN sell you a boat for one-fourth of what a factory would charge. I can sell you furniture for one-third of what a dealer would charge.

I will sell you 100 cents' worth of actual value and results for 25 or 35 cents. Is it worth considering?

I cannot tell you my whole story here, but if you will send for my catalogues, they will prove what I claim. Give me a chance—right now, today. Read my guarantee—it means you take no risk.

MY GUARANTEE

Whether you buy boats or furniture of me. I absolutely guarantee that you will be satisfied. I will instantly refund your money if you are not. I stand back of every statement made in this advertisement. I have made them as strong and convincing as I know how. The goods warrant it.
C. C. BROOKS

You Can Save Two-Thirds to Three-Fourths

I have revolutionized the boat-building business. I have spent the last twenty-two years in building or sailing boats, and am a practical boat man.

Seven years ago I originated the Pattern System of boat building. Today my customers are found in every civilized country on earth.

Over 50,000 boats (more than the combined out-put of all boat factories) have been built from my system, mostly by inexperienced men and boys.

Over half of these have built several boats—a large number have established themselves in the boat-building business.



price than you would pay for suitable raw material.

All parts of my knock-down frames are accurately shaped and machined, ready to put together.

I also send free with each frame the patterns and complete illustrated instructions needed to finish the boat. I can save you (1) boat-builder's profit, (2) labor expense, (3) big selling expense, (4) seven-eighths freight. You can figure this out yourself.

Boat Patterns \$1.50 and up.



A Set-up Frame



A Semi-Speed Model

fail to build as good a boat as the professional boat builder.

My boat catalogue shows all kinds of boats and tells how anyone can build a boat from them.

Anyone can build a boat by using my exact size printed paper patterns and illustrated instruction sheets, telling how to do every little detail. You cannot



Launch



Row Boat

Knock-Down Furniture.

I have adapted to furniture practically the same ideas that made my boat business such a success, and it is revolutionizing the furniture business. My high-grade, heavy art furniture is fast taking the place of the expensive factory product.

I have been selling this furniture for three years.

Every customer is enthusiastic about it.

All pieces are solid oak and are machined, smoothed, fitted, all ready so any one can put them together. You can make a beautiful Mission or Arts and Crafts chair, davenport, table or bookshelf in a few minutes. Apply the stain (only one coat—no rubbing) and you have a solid and handsome piece of furniture. Every piece and every result is guaranteed to be satisfactory in every way or money refunded.



Height 25 in.
Depth 27 in.
Width 29 in.



As she received it

You save (1) in the factory cost, (2) in the factory profit, (3) all dealers' profits, (4) two thirds of freight, (5) finishing expense, (6) the expense of crating and packing—making a saving of two-thirds or three-fourths, according to the piece.

\$4 buys this chair (shown in cut) without cushion. Settee same style **\$7.00**. By the Brooks System you can own \$14.00 chairs for \$4.00; \$25.00 davenports for \$7.00; \$12.00 porch swings for \$4.00; \$25.00 tables for \$8.00, etc.

Knock-Down Boat Frames.

Many people prefer to buy my knock-down frames (all ready to put together) for their boats, instead of working up the rough lumber.

Owing to my immense factory facilities, I can in many cases supply knock-down frames at a lower



Type E
\$65.00

SPECIAL ENGINE OFFER.

Here is an engine I know is all right. The "Brooks Special" has copper water jacket, complete marine and electrical equipment, ready to install—3 h. p. Weighs 53 lbs. Will supply this engine together with special 15½ foot K. D. launch frame built especially for it for **\$70.00**. Don't buy before you investigate this. Send for my engine catalogue—it's free. Save money by getting our special combination prices on all sizes of engines and frames when purchased together.

\$6.00 Buys this Morris Chair



Cushions Extra.

Width 33 in.
Height 46½ in.

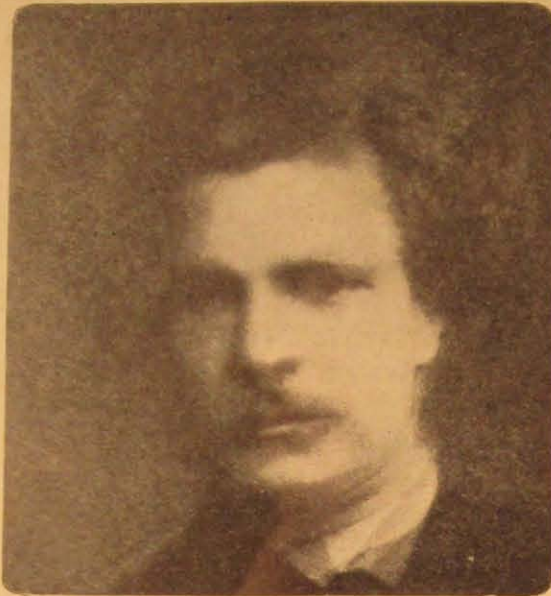
My catalogue explains everything mailed free. It shows why no skill is required, why you take no risk. Beauty your home for very little money.

Write me personally for my boat, engine or furniture catalogue. Sent free. C. C. BROOKS, President.

BROOKS BOAT MFG. CO.
(Originators of the Pattern System of Boat Building)

7104 SHIP STREET
SAGINAW, MICH., U. S. A.

BROOKS MFG. CO.
(Originators of the Knock-Down System of Home Furnishing)



Copyrighted 1908 by Kranich & Bach

COMPOSITE of CELEBRATED PIANISTS

Photographed for

KRANICH & BACH

by Joseph Gray Kitchell, who evolved
the Famous "Composite Madonna."

IN this photograph there are blended the portraits of twelve of the greatest living pianists, as follows:
**Paderewski, de Pachman, Joseffy,
Rosenthal, Hofman, Hamberg,
Gabrilowitsch, Lhevinne, Bauer,
D'Albert, Slivinski, Sauer.**

THE study of this idealistic face is not only interesting to students of physiognomy in exhibiting the predominance of the purely artistic and temperamental features and the subordination of the grosser ones, but it offers to lovers of piano music a field for speculation in an effort to imagine a repertoire performance by a Composite Unity possessing all the varied and distinctive characteristics associated with each of the artists merged in this composite portrait.

Important

No magazine illustration could convey all of the refined subtleties of expression and the mystic qualities of the composite negative, so a limited number of proof impressions were struck from a copper photogravure and printed on Imperial Japanese Parchment, size 8 x 10 (suitable for framing) and a copy will be sent to early applicants on

receipt of four two-cent stamps to pay packing and forwarding charges. The edition is limited, each copy numbered and bears no advertising.

A COMPOSITE PIANO

THE KRANICH & BACH is truly a composite of the highest artistic units. It possesses the essentials that contribute to tone quality, artistic appearance, durability and economy and not only combines in its own unity the individual elements of all qualifications of piano excellence, but in addition it possesses important exclusive features not found in any other piano of the world. This piano has earned the title "Supreme in the Class of Highest Grade."

Q Sold on the most convenient installment terms and old pianos taken in part payment are allowed most liberal credit possible.

Send for 1908 Catalogue and name of dealer nearest you

**KRANICH & BACH
PIANOS**

No. 233-247 East 23rd
Street,
New York City

THE RED BOOK

MAGAZINE

EDITED BY KARL EDWIN HARRIMAN

THE MAY RED BOOK MAGAZINE

GET THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE for MAY and read twelve of the best short stories the magazine has ever contained. Read "The Shock Absorber"—a thrilling motor-ing story by Bailey Millard. Read "Kettles and Heroism," a tense and gripping military narrative by Lieut. Hugh S. Johnson, of the United States regular army. Read also "A Deal In Planets," a story of the wonderful pearl fisheries of the Torres Straits, and the extraordinary men who walk on the floor of the sea in search of the gems that encircle *mil-adi's* throat. Were THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE to contain but these three tales, it would be a notable issue, but they represent just one-fourth of the enlivening short fiction that will appear in the issue. Every story takes hold; every story is new; and every one is marked by that freshness in the telling and the quality of *humanness* that have placed RED BOOK MAGAZINE stories in a class by themselves. Get the MAY issue and read the dozen stories it contains—stories that *are* stories in all the term implies.

CONTENTS FOR APRIL, 1908

Copyright, 1908, by The Red Book Corporation. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London. All Rights Reserved

COVER DESIGN	Painted by J. N. E. Marchand
PHOTOGRAPHIC ART STUDIES	Otto Sarony Company, New York
FRONTISPIECE	Drawn by Frederick J. Mulhaupt
	To accompany "The Secret Process"—page 797
A POSTPONED PROPOSAL	Lewis Gaston Leary 785
	The story of a courtship that covered half of the world. Illustrations by W. H. D. Koerner.
THE SECRET PROCESS	William Hamilton Osborne 797
	Jimmy Turnbull sets out to find the licorice formula. Illustrations by Frederick J. Mulhaupt.
MARQUISE-AFRAID-OF-A-MOUSE	Laurence Clarke 804
	An episode of the French Revolution. Illustrations by F. DeForrest Schook.
WHEN THE SHIP COMES HOME	Oliver Sidney Read 818
	A father's return and what it meant to a little boy.
WEDDING CHIMES AT RED DOG	Harry Irving Greene 825
	What love did to a desert feud. Illustrations by Fred Woods.
THE REAL-ESTATE LADY	Gelston Spring 834
	The girl goes into business and the man goes in to win.
'LIZA ANN'S BABY	Edwin A. Locke 841
	How an infant came to be a ship-owner. Illustrations by Walter J. Enright.
AN EASTER ENTANGLEMENT	Clarence Herbert New 850
	Cupid combats tobacco on a Virginia plantation. Illustrations by Robert V. Campbell.
AS THE GOOSE FLIES	Hugh Kennedy 860
	The chance that comes to every man. Illustration by Sidney H. Riesenbergs.
HOW THE WAY WAS OPENED	Charles McIlvaine 865
	A Quaker wooing and the door that came unlocked. Illustrations by Blanche V. Fisher.
SANDSTORM AND THE BLACK HAND	Barton Wood Currie 875
	Mr. Jones of Utah finds entertainment in little old New York. Illustrations by David Robinson.
PARISIAN MODES	Reutlinger, Paris 881
	Illustrations from photographs.
SOME DRAMAS OF THE DAY	Louis V. DeFoe 889
	Illustrations from photographs.
MOTORING	Advertising Section.
	Illustrations from photographs.

Terms: \$1 a year in advance; 10 cents a number. Subscriptions are received by all Newsdealers and Booksellers, or may be sent direct to the Publishers. Remittances must be made by Postoffice or Express Money Order, by Registered Letter, or by Postage Stamps of 2-cent denomination, and not by check or draft, because of exchange charges against the latter.

IMPORTANT NOTICE: Do not subscribe to THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE through agents unknown to you personally, or you may find yourself defrauded. Many complaints are received from people who have paid cash to some swindler, in which event, of course, the subscription never reaches this office.

THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE is issued between the fifteenth and twentieth of the month preceding its date, and is for sale by all newsdealers after that time. In the event of failure to obtain copies at news-stands or on railway trains, a notification to the Publishers will be appreciated.

Advertising forms close three weeks prior to the time of issue. Advertising rates on application.

THE RED BOOK CORPORATION, Publishers CHICAGO

LOUIS ECKSTEIN, President
NEW YORK OFFICES, 6092-3 Metropolitan Building
SAMUEL HECHT, Manager
S. L. SCHMID, Associate Manager

CHARLES M. RICHTER, Business Manager
BOSTON OFFICES, 2 Beacon Street
JULIUS MATHEWS, Manager

R. K. STRASSMAN, Advertising Manager
LONDON OFFICES, 5 Henrietta St., Covent Garden, London, W. C.

Entered as second-class matter April 25, 1905, at the postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879

272 Million Dollars

Life Insurance, Issued and Paid for during 1907, on over 1,500,000 Policies, is the Magnificent Record of

The Prudential

Total Insurance in Force, over

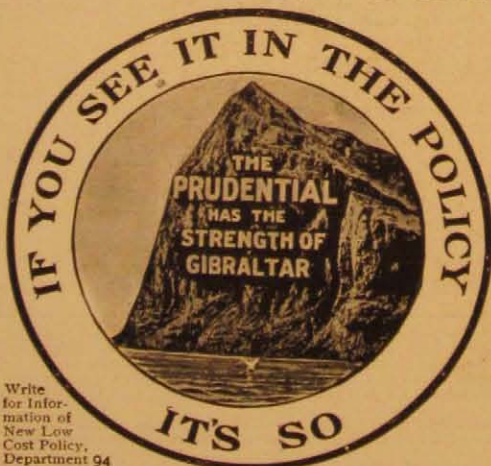
\$1,337,000,000

ON

Seven and One Quarter Million Policies.

Paid Policyholders during 1907, over	18 Million Dollars
Total Payments to Policyholders to Dec. 31, 1907, over	141 Million Dollars
Loans to Policyholders, on Security of their Policies, Dec. 31st, 1907, over	7 Million Dollars
Tax Payments by Company in 1907, over	1 $\frac{1}{4}$ Million Dollars
REDUCTION IN EXPENSES IN 1907, on a Basis of Equal Premium Incomes in 1906 and 1907, nearly	1 Million Dollars

Gain in Insurance in Force in 1907, over 84 Million Dollars
This was a Greater Gain than in 1906.



Write for Information of New Low Cost Policy, Department 94

The Prudential

through its Splendid Equipment, Experience and Organization Has Given, Since the Introduction of the New Industrial Policy and

New Low Cost Ordinary Policy
More Life Insurance for Less Money

Than Ever Before.

THE PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE CO. OF AMERICA

Incorporated as a Stock Company by the State of New Jersey.

JOHN F. DRYDEN, President.

Home Office: Newark, N. J.



Photographic
Art Studies

By OTTO SARONY C.N.Y.



PHOTOGRAPH BY OTTO SARONY CO., N. Y.

MISS BILLIE BURKE SERIES
(in "My Wife" with John Drew)



PHOTOGRAPH BY OTTO SARONY CO., N. Y.

MISS BILLIE BURKE SERIES
(in "My Wife" with John Drew)



PHOTOGRAPH BY OTTO SARONY CO., N. Y.

MISS BILLIE BURKE SERIES
(in "My Wife" with John Drew)



PHOTOGRAPH BY OTTO SARONY CO., N. Y.

MISS BILLIE BURKE SERIES
(in "My Wife" with John Drew)



PHOTOGRAPH BY OTTO SARONY CO., N. Y.

MISS BILLIE BURKE SERIES
(in "My Wife" with John Drew)



PHOTOGRAPH BY OTTO SARONY CO., N. Y.

MISS BILLIE BURKE SERIES
(in "My Wife" with John Drew)



PHOTOGRAPH BY OTTO SARONY CO., N. Y.

MISS BILLIE BURKE SERIES
(in "My Wife" with John Drew)



PHOTOGRAPH BY OTTO SARONY CO., N. Y.

MISS BILLIE BURKE SERIES
(in "My Wife" with John Drew)



PHOTOGRAPH BY OTTO SARONY CO., N. Y.

MRS. MINNIE MADDERN FISKE



PHOTOGRAPH BY OTTO SARONY CO., N. Y.

MISS ELSIE JANIS



PHOTOGRAPH BY OTTO SARONY CO., N. Y.

MISS JOSEPHINE COHAN



PHOTOGRAPH BY OTTO SARONY CO., N. Y.

MME. ALLA NAZIMOVA



PHOTOGRAPH BY OTTO SARONY CO., N. Y.

MISS LOTTA FAUST



PHOTOGRAPH BY OTTO SARONY CO., N. Y.

MISS META RADCLIFF



PHOTOGRAPH BY OTTO SARONY CO., N. Y.

MISS MAY HENGLER



PHOTOGRAPH BY OTTO SARONY CO., N. Y.

MISS SOPHIE BRANDT



PHOTOGRAPH BY OTTO SARONY CO., N. Y.

MISS VERA MICHELENA



PHOTOGRAPH BY OTTO SARONY CO., N. Y.

MISS FLORA HENGLER



PHOTOGRAPH BY OTTO SARONY CO., N. Y.

MISS MABEL BREEN



PHOTOGRAPH BY OTTO SARONY CO., N. Y.

MISS BERNICE YEARRANCE



PHOTOGRAPH BY OTTO SARONY CO., N. Y.

MISS IRENE MOORE



PHOTOGRAPH BY OTTO SARONY CO., N. Y.

MISS ADELAIDE KEIM



PHOTOGRAPH BY OTTO SARONY CO., N. Y.

MISS LOUISE AGOUST



PHOTOGRAPH BY OTTO SARONY CO., N. Y.

MISS LILLIAN KEMBLE



PHOTOGRAPH BY OTTO SARONY CO., N. Y.

MISS MARJORIE BONNER



PHOTOGRAPH BY OTTO SARONY CO., N. Y.

MISS THELMA RAYE



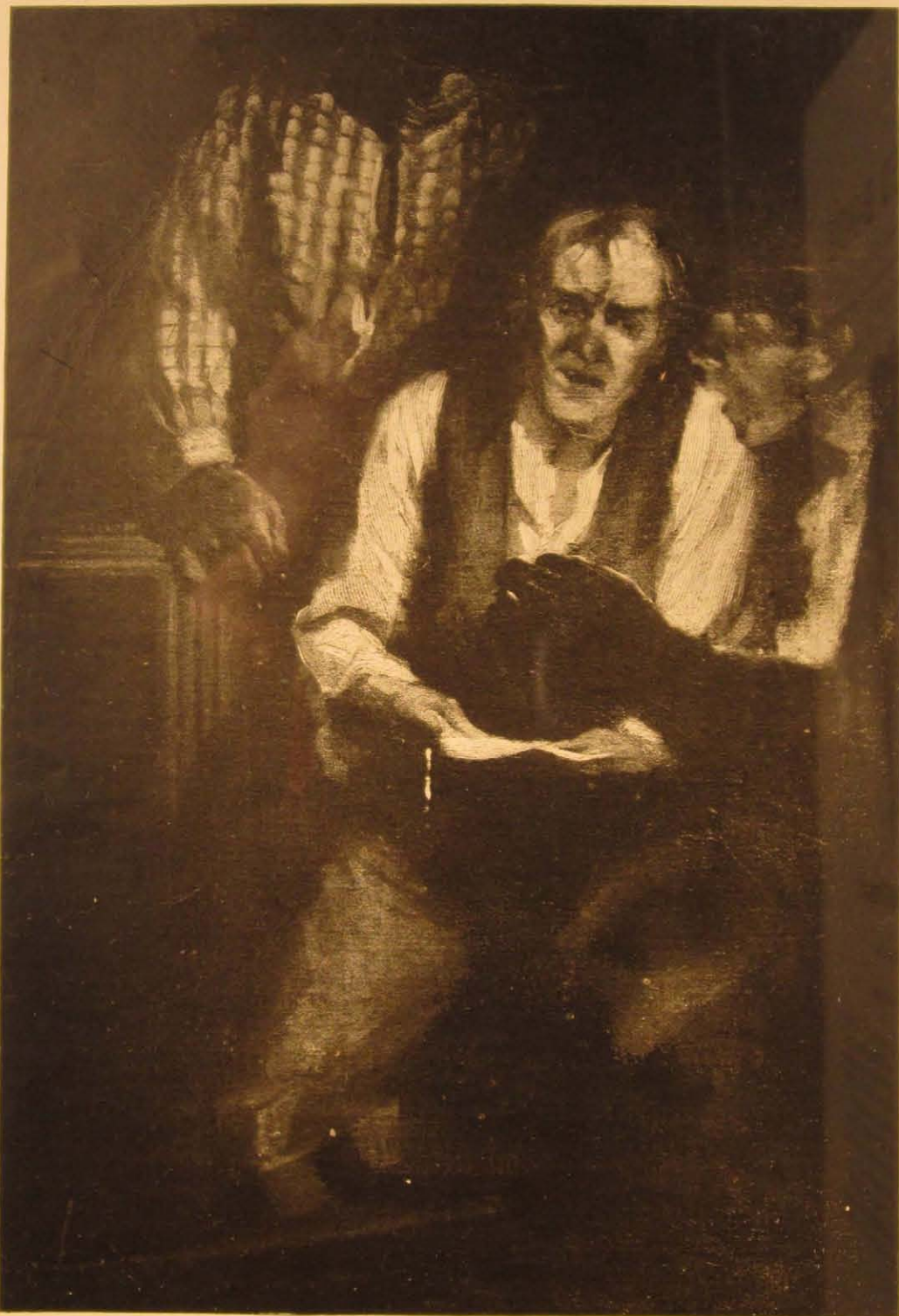
PHOTOGRAPH BY OTTO SARONY CO., N. Y.

MISS NATALIE DE LOULTON



PHOTOGRAPH BY OTTO SARONY CO., N. Y.

MISS BERNICE GOLDEN



DRAWN BY FREDERICK J. MULHAUPT

"Stung!"

To accompany "The Secret Process"—Page 797

THE RED BOOK

MAGAZINE

Vol. X

April, 1908

No. 6



Mabel

A Postponed Proposal

BY LEWIS GASTON LEARY

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

I.

ROBERT PARK draped his long legs over the foot of the steamer-chair and blew rings of cynical smoke at Mount Lebanon. His veins were full of quinine and his trunk was full of cuneiform tablets whose exportation was strictly forbidden by the Padishah. It had been a great honor for a young professor of twenty-eight to be appointed director of

the Universities' Exposition to Mesopotamia, but digging among the palaces of forgotten kings is not conducive to sound health, any more than it is to the development of the social graces. For a year and a half Park fought off the malaria; then just as the Arab diggers had uncovered a tempting bit of the city wall, cholera broke out in the camp and it became necessary to postpone further excavations until the Autumn. The natives scattered

to their mud-walled villages, excepting a few who were buried by the river-side; and the American director, with sore disappointment in his soul, set sail for London, where he expected to put in the Summer months reading in the British Museum.

By the time the steamer reached Beirut, however, Park's disappointment had settled down into a comfortable pessimism, coupled with a physical lethargy which no external discomfort could disturb. After all, Islam is largely a matter of climate! The squat funnel of the *Congo* sent out a cloud of fine soot which sifted slowly down through the awning. Strange noises and various Oriental odors wafted now and then from the mass of luggage and pilgrims on the fourth-class deck. The air over the bay waved back and forth with sizzling heat, and twisted the clock-tower of the American college into fantastic curves. A thin blue haze dropped from the mountain, and the Syrian sun wrapped everything in the delicious, enervating warmth that makes you dream of wonderful plans for future energy and ambitious achievement—while your feet are perched on the steamer-rail, and you spend three smokeless hours rather than go down to the stateroom for another match. Park let his Tauchnitz novel drop on the deck and lazily pitied all the world, especially everybody who was forced into physical exertion or hurried decision.

Down under the first-class gangway there was the usual mob of Syrian boatmen, shouting, cursing, gesticulating, and fighting, as each one tried to get into the best position before the steamer received *pratique*, and the passengers began to go on shore. Around the gangway-ladder the crush was so great that some of the smaller boats were almost forced out of the water; but now and then a newcomer of higher rank or superior strength would dash wildly through the pack, tripping up his less agile brethren with their own oars, amid renewed profanity in the curseful Arabic. Old Omar, the rug dealer, was there, with a load of gorgeous carpets which he would "give away"—at bandit prices. Two boats held a delegation of Turkish

officers in gold lace and dirty linen, who had come out to welcome their new *commandant*. Then there was the usual army of guides, dragomans, shopkeepers, Cook's red-shirted porters and immaculate interpreters, and agents from the Hotel d'Orient and Hotel d'Angleterre.

After the quarantine-flag had been pulled down and the shrieking horde of rowers had fought their way along the narrow steps and swarmed up to the deck by every hanging rope and open port-hole, Park noticed that one boat, which had been on the outskirts of the pack, was making no apparent effort to get its passengers on board the steamer. In the stern, seated in the midst of a confusion of rugs and portmanteaus, was a very fat, very bewildered-looking, but very determined-looking old lady, who seemed to be objecting to what was being said by the two boatmen. A younger lady was seated in the bow, with her back turned toward the steamer, so that all that Park could make out was a white *kaffiveh* such as is affected by English travelers, which fell from her straw hat over a pair of square little shoulders that never were grown outside the British Isles.

Park sauntered over to the rail and viewed the boat-load with the keen but unemotional interest that he would have given to a contract tablet or a new specimen of quartz. The quarrel seemed to grow more intense. It was evidently the old question as to whether the boatmen could extort three times the fare that had been agreed upon. The stout lady ended a brief remark with an emphatic snap of her aristocratic jaw. One boatman swung his arms with a threatening gesture, then raised them to heaven with tragic entreaty, while the other Syrian picked up an oar and prepared to back away from the steamer. The girl in the white *kaffiveh* alternately pleaded with the boatmen and with her obdurate companion. Suddenly she put her handkerchief to her eyes.

Nobody was more surprised than Robert Park by what happened next; not even the two terrified natives, who suddenly beheld a gigantic, bearded Frank step quickly from boat to boat until he vaulted upon their own pile of luggage. It had taken the young American just

one sixtieth of a minute to throw away his cigaret and his cynicism and discover in himself a capacity for physical exertion and a delight in the merely sensuous, such as had never before manifested itself in his philosophical temperament. From his vantage-ground on the luggage, Park glowered down like an avenging *jinnce* and supplemented his short, sharp commands with a wealth of Arabic anathemas which comprehended all the boatmen's ancestors and descendents to remote generations. It was fortunate the ladies could not understand all that was said; for Park's recent experience as overseer of three score lazy *fellahin* had given him a more effective vocabulary than that printed in the front of Baedeker's red-covered "Guide to Palestine and Syria."

After the luggage had all been safely stowed away in the stateroom, and the now thoroughly cowed boatmen had been dismissed without the customary *bak-sheesh*, the elder of the travelers thanked their champion with a condescending graciousness. The girl with the white *kaffiweh* said nothing at all; but just as Park turned to go up on deck again, she held out her hand to him, and looked her thanks from blue eyes that were still a little moist from fright.

Robert Park did not capitulate. He surrendered unconditionally, horse, foot, artillery, and baggage-train. "Old Park," as we always called him; cynical Park, he of the seventy-four inches and the concave spectacles, he of the German beard and the Mesopotamian tan and the Oriental sloth; *blasé*, misogynist Park, philosophical, scholastic, malarial Park! fell in love, unreasonably and incurably, just because a pair of blue eyes looked out at him from under a white *kaffiweh*.

The worst of it was that he could never be made to see the foolishness of it all, but gloried in his fall, especially in the suddenness of it. Last summer, when I explained to him that it was a clear case of propinquity, he called me names in heathen tongues I could not understand. Then I tried to convince him that, for a man who had spent nearly two years away from civilization, it was the most natural thing in the world to fall in love

with the first English-speaking girl he met; only to be told that I was an unlicked cub who did not know how men felt, which was a manifest calumny against one who had been the 'varsity stroke.

If one were to believe Park, this particular maiden would have dazzled the houris of Paradise. Her form was as royal as the desert palm-tree and her step like that of the lithe Syrian gazelle. Her eyes were a clear, unfathomable blue like the water of the Aegean, and her hair was like the ruddy gold of the sunset-glow on Lebanon. Her skin was as white as the snow of Hermon and her blush like the shadow of an evening-cloud. Her whisper was like the soft rippling of the Nile, her laugh was like the singing of the *bulbul*, and the magic of her hand-clasp was like—like—the rubbing of Aladdin's lamp.

And all this *potpourri* of mixed similies was served up by the man who discovered the Tell Abyud Inscription and wrote the masterly excursus upon the use of the infinitive construction in the earlier Semitic dialects!

By the application of a little literary criticism to Dr. Park's poetry, I have come to the conclusion that the divinity was a typical English girl of about twenty, square-shouldered, straight-backed, with light hair, blue eyes, and a good complexion; height about five feet four, weight one hundred twelve pounds.

But if Robert Park ever sees this, he will never forgive me.

II.

After several years' acquaintance with Park, I am quite sure that, when the girl appeared at dinner that evening without her mother, who had succumbed to the heat of the afternoon and the excitement of the recent conflict, I feel quite sure, I say, that her *vis-à-vis* did not turn a hand-spring or give the Yale yell. Probably he bowed with resigned politeness, as if he had just been interrupted in important reflections upon the theological bearings of the Hammurabi Code, and looked over his glasses with dove-like

meechness. But inwardly he was a ravening lion, watching for his prey; an irrepressible simian swinging gayly from the topmost branches of the palm-tree; a yelping, exuberant canine pup, chasing himself round and round in frantic glee.

Mabel—for so Park had heard her called by her mother—acknowledged his greeting with a brief word of thanks for the successful outcome of the afternoon's adventure, but refused to be drawn into further conversation, and answered all questions with almost monosyllabic brevity.

No, her mother was not feeling well—Yes, it might be a touch of *Abu Rikab*—It was not at all serious—Her mother was always a bad sailor—Yes, they were going all the way to Marseilles—No, she would not have any more sugar.

But old Park looked so very solemn and safe that even maidenly shyness could not refuse him the after-dinner promenade up and down the short, first-class, deck. And that walk was the first of many. If a great Atlantic liner, in spite of its thousand passengers and all the comforts and distractions of a city, can each week of its life give opportunity for countless *tête-à-têtes* and salt-water engagements, what can measure the amorous influences of a tiny Mediterranean steamer, with no drawing-room except the narrow dining-saloon, and with cabins so hot and stuffy that one must needs spend all day and most of the night out on the upper deck! When the month is July and the moon is full, and only three passengers can speak English, and especially when one of these three is providentially confined to her stateroom—No wonder that the soul of Robert Park danced like the little hills as he looked forward to the next ten days!

Somewhere or other he had once read that the way to make a person to like you was to become a good listener, and allow the other to do all the talking; and he was anxious, terribly anxious, to be liked by this particular young person. So he planned to draw her out. He would gain her confidence, would get her to talk about herself, her school-girl life, her ideals, her impressions of the East. These last he was sure would be all wrong. But

somehow Mabel refused to be drawn out. Either the well was too deep or something was the matter with Park's conversational pump. Possibly she did not relish being treated like a school-girl by this lean, bearded giant.

Yet, after the first awkwardness of new acquaintanceship had worn off, they talked incessantly: talked at *déjeuner*, second *déjeuner*, dinner, and evening tea; talked up and down the deck after every meal; talked from their steamer-chairs as they idled away the long, hot afternoons; talked as they leaned over the rail to gaze down at the moonlit path that led across the dark, blue waters. But it was always Park who bore the burden of the conversation.

He was surprised to find himself so loquacious. He told her of things he had not even thought about for many years: his early pranks at the university, the hard poverty of that first year after his father's death, the days of study and nights of tutoring that nearly broke down his health before the coveted fellowship was won. He described for her the old home in New England and the tent-life in the East. He related funny stories about the native diggers and his fellow explorers, all of whom she came to call by their nicknames. She was so interested in everything, and showed such an appreciation of what he told her, that each night Park resolved never to talk about himself or his work again, and each morning he waxed more enthusiastic and more confidential.

But, as to his plan to win her confidence: One night after dinner, just as they had completed their fourth turn around the capstan, he suddenly realized that he did not even know her name. "Mamma's" timely illness had left them the only two English-speaking people on the *Congo*, and Park seldom had occasion to single out his companion in the vocative case. When he did address her, it was simply as "you;" and when he apostrophized her in his dreams it was in language that ought never to be preserved except in full morocco editions of the lays of the ancient troubadours.

"Why, Miss—Miss—" he stammered; but she made no attempt to help him.



Park glowered down like an avenging *jinniee*

"Why, I don't even know your name!" he exclaimed with wonder. "Here we have known each other all this time"—It had been three entire days—"and I don't know whether you are Miss Smith or Miss Brown or the Princess of Wales! I heard your mother call you 'Mabel,'" he added, "but I suppose you would hardly let me do that."

"No," she replied, with disappointing acquiescence. "But, professor, don't you think it's a bit uncomplimentary, to have shown so little interest in the person whom you rescued from the barbarians?" And she laughed teasingly at the discomfited Park.

"Besides," she continued, "it is hardly safe for a gentleman of your wide fame to spend so much time with a person of whom he knows so little. Why, I might be an utterly impossible body—a lady's-maid, or an escaped convict, or—"

Park made an ineffectual effort to dissent, but she laughed on.

"Dr. Park, you don't deserve to know who I am, and I believe I won't tell you at all! At least," she continued, relenting, "not until we reach London."

"We will pretend that I am a princess in disguise—"

"I believe you are!" ejaculated Park.

"Silence in the court! And you must promise not to ask mamma about it, or you sha'n't ever see us after we get to England. Promise now!"

And the subdued Park gave his word.

After all, it really made very little difference whether he knew her name or not. There never was any doubt as to whom he was addressing; for she could not talk to anybody else on the steamer, and he would not. And there was one way in which he could mildly counter her. Every now and then he would seem to forget himself and call her "Mabel," following it always with a prompt apology and the explanation that, as this was the only name he knew her by, it was hard not to let it slip out once in a while.

III.

According to the schedule printed in the appendix to "Cook's Continental Railway Guide," the *Congo* touched at

Rhodes, Smyrna, Constantinople, Piræus, and Naples, and Park must have been a valuable *cicerone* at each of these cities; but he has no recollection whatever of having visited any particular port of the Mediterranean during that memorable voyage. It is true, however, that he has a faint memory it was on shore that certain notable phases of her character first won his admiration; and he retains a very vivid picture of a golden head that he followed through mazes of nameless streets, by unrecognized bazaars, and into many mysterious mosaic mosques.

All too soon the voyage was over. The *Congo* lay off the quarantine station of Marseilles, waiting for the final report of the health-inspectors of the port. Park held in his hand a yellow card stating that he was not suffering from cholera or pest; but he was smitten with a more incurable sickness, though not one that necessitates detention at quarantine. The girl beside him was exclaiming at the stern, gray walls of the Château d'If; but poor Park was held prisoner by stronger chains than ever bound Edmond Dantes, and he knew of a treasure richer than that of the Abbé, and perhaps as inaccessible.

"A *sou* for your thoughts, professor," laughed the fresh young voice he had come to love so well. "Are you glad to get back to civilization again? If we are to catch the Paris express, mamma and I must be getting our luggage together."

As if to support her statement, there was a furious clanging of the anchor-chain, as the steamer began to move slowly toward the inner harbor. But Park's hour had come, and he spoke out with unskilled bluntness.

"Mabel, will you marry me?"

Again the recalcitrant anchor was noisily lifted a few inches.

"Will you, Mabel? I don't know what your other name is, and I don't care. If you're a cook, I'm not worthy of you; and if you're a princess—you are my princess, my queen—I am worthy of you, because I love—"

With a final deafening crash, the anchor-chains lifted their burden into place; and before the clamor had ceased,

"Mamma" came sweeping down the deck, sailing before the wind with wide-blown skirts and flying hair. All the fever had been driven from her smiling cheeks by the first sight of the harbor, and she was so happy, so cordial, so all-inclusive in the radiance born of her newly-found appetite, that Robert Park ought to have been very much ashamed of the Arabic expression that slipped out of the corner of his mouth.

Yes, the luggage was all ready, the steamer was swinging alongside the dock, the Paris train would leave in three-quarters of an hour, and Mabel must come down at once for her wraps!

"Will you take a four-wheeler to the station?" asked Park, quite unnecessarily, and then, with peculiar insistence, "Will you? Will you? Tell me now!"

But Mabel only closed her fingers in a Syrian gesture which Park had taught her.

"Wait," she signaled, and hurried off below with her mother.

Then there was all the usual bustle and hubbub of landing. Park rushed the trunks through the custom-house with a facility attained through much experience in Mediterranean ports, promised the driver a double *pourboire* if he got them to the station in time, sent two porters ahead with the ladies and the portmanteaus, while he stopped at the news-stands to buy some English magazines for "mamma," ran down the long platform just as the guard called "*En voiture, messieurs!*" swung lightly into the last coach of the train, and hardly mopped his forehead before the express was off for Paris.

He rested for a moment to recover his breath, and then picked up the pile of magazines and his one suit-case, and walked through the corridors of the long train—to find no trace of Mabel or "mamma" or luggage. There were two evening-expresses for Paris, and in his haste he had boarded the wrong train!

IV.

It was three years later that, during my senior vacation, I ran across Professor Park in London. Meanwhile, we at

the University had all heard how his Arab diggers had unearthed the wonderful palace of some pre-historic monarch, which contained several thousand cuneiform tablets in a hitherto unknown dialect of Assyrian. During his last winter by the Euphrates, Dr. Park discovered the famous Tell Abyud Inscription, and gathered the materials for his great work on "The Sumarian Invasion of Elam," which won so many flattering notices from Continental scholars. He also went through a long siege of typhoid, which left him with a few gray hairs to lend a more scholarly appearance to his youthful brown head.

He seemed to me to be even taller and leaner and more taciturn than when he tutored us in ancient history back in my freshman year; but his thinness was not of the weakling kind, and his face was burned to a deep, rich brown that made him look as if possibly he might be a young subaltern home on furlough from India. At times he was almost distinguished looking. The old fellow didn't say much when I met him; but he was evidently very glad to see a familiar face again, though I was only an undergraduate of the institution of which he was fast coming to be the most distinguished professor. I had little difficulty in persuading him to knock off study for a while and join me in my contemplated trip to Scotland.

We tramped slowly through the Lake District first, however, and it was nearly a month later that we left Glasgow for the Scott country and then the Highlands. The weather was apparently trying to show us how nasty a Caledonian drizzle can be when it really puts its mind to the business; but it would never do to stay indoors every time it rains in Scotland, so we got into our oldest clothes and started off with the resolve to let the glamor of the Wizard of the North dispel the influence of such trifles as fogs and showers and wet coats.

And we were well rewarded, for long before we reached Ballock the morning-sun was shining with as much nonchalance as if that were his ordinary state while over Scotland. And on those days when the sun does "shine bright on Loch

Lomond," it is a sight for gods and men—and lovers. The little steamer zig-zagged up the long, blue lake, bobbing into unexpected coves and winding among green islets that glowed in the warm sunshine; but up ahead the storm clouds still shadowed the summit of Ben Lomond with a grim majesty that was very different from anything we had seen among the pretty hills that rise over the park-like lake country of England.

Even my stoical traveling companion warmed up to an appreciation of the romantic scenery; and as for myself, if there had been any eligible female within gunshot, I would have lost my heart to her, on the spot. But unfortunately there was only one young lady among the small company of tourists on the boat, and she was monopolized by an egregious Englishman who hung around her and over her in a fashion that got on my nerves, though Heaven knows it was none of my business.

He was a good looking chap; not very big, but with broad shoulders and red cheeks, and he was remarkably well groomed. In fact, the beauty of his person and the art of his haberdasher almost overwhelmed him, especially when he glanced now and then at the two sun-burned travelers in muddy tweeds who leaned upon the rail beside him. I heard him called "Lord Charles" somebody-or-other, and forthwith I hated the whole British aristocracy. But Lord Charles was quite undisturbed by my scorn. He beamed upon the loch and paid graceful compliments to Ben Lomond. If it had been the Matterhorn he would have doubtless leaned down condescendingly to pat it on the head. I endured him fairly patiently, however, until he attempted to patronize the girl—she was such a nice girl, too! Then I could have slain him.

I began to feel really sentimental about the girl, and tried to interest Park in speculations concerning the apparently uncongenial couple; but he growled back that he had not come to Scotland to stare at young women and conceited boys, and that if I would look at the scenery of Loch Lomond instead of losing my head over every pretty face I met, it

would be more beneficial to my morals and more agreeable to my friends. Which was a fairly long speech for Park to make upon any subject not intimately connected with his specialty.

After the steamer reached Inversnaid, we lounged around the pier for a few minutes waiting for the carriages to start; then we suddenly decided not to drive just yet, but to walk up the first steep slope and catch the coach at the top of the pass. This we knew could be done quite easily, for the horses always take this hill at a slow walk, with frequent stops for rest.

As we climbed briskly up the winding path, with ever broadening views of Great Britain's largest and most beautiful lake, the romance of Scotch scenery and Scotch poetry was too much for me, and I incontinently broke forth into song:

"By yon bonnie banks and by yon bonnie
braes,
Where the sun shines bright on Loch
Lomond—"

I could not help thinking how sad it would be if somebody or other—say that pretty girl from the steamer—should fall in love with poor me, and then die or be forced to marry a gouty old duke, while I remained all my life long in broken-hearted faithfulness.

"But me and my true love, we'll never meet
again,
By the bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch
Lomond."

The old Jacobite love-song has a sweet, pathetic lilt which makes it come back again and again to one's lips and heart. When we stopped for a last look at the beautiful panorama, I hummed the refrain again:

"But me and my true love, we'll never meet
again,
By the bonnie, bonnie—"

"Please God, that's not true! We shall meet again!"

Could it be old Park who spoke so vehemently? The poor fellow's eyes glistened a little as he looked over the lake to the mountains beyond, but his jaw was as hard as that of a bronze statue.



"Mabel, will you marry me? I don't know what your other name is"

Then, suddenly, his reserve broke down, and he told me the whole story, of which I had never had a suspicion, even during these weeks of close companionship. He told of his hard winters of work in the East, of the two weeks' paradise on the *Congo*, the sudden loss of his sweetheart, and the fruitless searches every Summer since. It seemed that those frequent journeys from Mesopotamia to England were not merely in order to consult ancient manuscripts in the great libraries, but so that he might wander about disconsolately, visiting boulevards and parks, theaters and churches, palaces and museums and shops, hoping against hope that somewhere he would see his princess again. And yet all this time he had hugged his disappointment to himself!

If he had confided in some friend who knew less about Nineveh and more about London, the quest might not have been so fruitless. But who would have guessed his secret? What student of the University would credit the statement that old Park was in love with anything except his tobacco and his Arabic? What fellow instructor would not be amazed to learn that underneath the solemn exterior of Professor Park there burned a fire like the furnace of Nebuchadnezzar and a purpose that would carry its owner calmly through highway-robbery, or piracy!

Since then I have been able to see a good many humorous points in the story, and have had many a jest at Park's expense; but as the reserved, scholarly man opened his heart to me amid the romance that broods over Loch Lomond, it was a very solemn thing indeed. I could not think of anything appropriate to say, however; so when he had finished, I gave him my hand in the embarrassed silence that is apt to come after grown men have been exchanging school-girl confidences, and I, at least, was heartily relieved to hear our coach come rumbling up the hillside.

V

As we swung up onto the back seat of the open vehicle, I noticed that my English girl and her escort were on the seat

in front of us, and Park's recent confidences were forgotten in my glee at the discovery that Lord Charles was being punished for something or other by his fair companion. He had lost all of his complaisant loquaciousness and spoke only at rare intervals, and then in complaining tones, to which she paid no attention whatever.

We were the only four passengers on the coach. Lord Charles sat in front of me, and the girl was directly before Park, so that her broad straw hat must have cut off a good portion of his view over to the road ahead. From where I sat, however, there was a most enchanting prospect, and by leaning a little forward—to see the mountains—I could get her features in delicious profile against the dark trees that line the highway. These features were smaller than Ben Vorlich, but they should have been double-starred in Baedeker. The girl must have been well into the twenties, but her face had all the charm of a very pretty child, albeit a very angry one. The long lashes dropped scornfully over the flushed cheeks, the straight little nose was held the least bit higher than when I had seen it on the boat, and the little mouth was pressed tightly shut with a determination that almost made me overlook the tiny quiver of the lower lip.

But when I did notice that trembling lip, Scott and Burns and Bishop Percy's *Reliques* and the Battle of Bunker Hill got all mixed up inside of my cranium, so that I had to put my hands in my trousers-pockets to keep them away from the unsuspecting collar of Lord Charles' well-fitting coat.

"My dear Professor Park"—the rattle of the wheels made our conversation quite private—"My dear Professor Park," I repeated, "we have not come to Scotland to stare at young women; and if you would look at the scenery of the Trosachs instead of losing your head over every pretty face you meet, it would be more beneficial to your morals and more agreeable to your friends!"

It was a rather heartless remark, following so soon upon what he had told me on the walk up; but the boastfully incurious Park was assiduously craning

his neck in a fruitless endeavor to see around the big straw hat in front, while his face wore a more trance-like expression than mine could ever have shown under like circumstances.

"Besides," I continued, "this is my own discovery. Hands off!"

But, deaf to my remonstrances, Robert Park began slowly and stealthily to work his long fingers into the pocket of the girl's rain-coat.

My first impulse was to catch hold of his arm and pull the hand back; my second thought was to explain to Lord Charles that my companion was a harmless lunatic traveling with his guardian. What I really did was to sink back in the seat and watch the proceedings with breathless interest; for I realized that when a man of Park's age and previous sobriety begins to make a fool of himself, it is useless to try to stop him. If Robert Park had really made up his mind to break into a Scotch jail, all the king's horses and all the king's men could not keep him out.

So, heedless of my personal liberty or reputation, I sat in guilty silence, while Professor Robert Park, Ph.D., L.H.D., F.R.G.S., etc., etc., insinuated his felonious fingers into my English girl's pocket, and softly and gently drew them out again, firmly clasped upon her little purse.

I gasped. Then I said "Rumpelstilzkin!"—possibly it was a shorter word—and waited for developments.

Dr. Park next tapped his fellow passenger on the shoulder and politely inquired,

"Pardon me, madam, but is not this your purse?" which seemed a rather superfluous question under the circumstances.

She had to turn half around to answer him, and the new view of her face completed my subjugation.

"Yes—" she started to say; then stopped in the middle of the word with half-opened mouth and looked at my friend with eyes that seemed very frightened.

She might well have been frightened, for the irrepressible Park suddenly dropped the purse to the bottom of the

coach and seized both the stranger's hands with a grip that made her wince.

"Will you say that again?" he asked quickly. "Tell me now—at once—I've waited too long—Which is it?"

"It is—yes!"

She spoke very low; but this time she finished the word, and I saw it was not fear that made her eyes glisten.

The dialogue could hardly have consumed ten seconds; but before it was finished, Lord Charles, as well as myself, had passed through at least ten different emotions, each one more violent than that which immediately preceded it. When the stolen property was restored, he fumbled crossly in his pocket for a sixpence. We did look rather disreputable after our long tramp up the muddy hill. When Park took her hand, Lord Charles naturally felt called upon to interfere. In his place I should, of course, have done the same; but, crazy or not, Park was my friend, and I leaned over the front seat so as to interpose a fairly bulky shoulder between him and the irate Briton. The latter drew back for a blow, when, for a moment, both he and I were petrified with amazement to see the girl take Park's long hand in both of hers and look up at him with a gaze that I would have given my ears to receive.

Then her escort burst. He began by damning my innocent self—which fact I recalled to his notice later in the day.

"Mabel," he commanded, "let go of that miserable rascal, so that I can thrash the life out of him!"

But Mabel was smiling up at the miserable rascal as if there had been nobody else between John o' Groats and Gretna Green.

"You impertinent brute," sputtered Lord Charles, as he tried to climb past my shoulder, "let go of her hand this instant! Do you know that it is Lady Mabel Greymore whom you are insulting?"

Park smiled benignly.

"No, my dear sir, I did not have the slightest idea what her name is. Mabel informs me, however, that you have been annoying her all the morning, and that as soon as you leave the coach she is going to kiss me.

"And, by the by," he continued, as the apoplectic young man finally got past my shoulder, "if you care to send her your apologies, please address them to 'Mrs. Robert Park, care of Brown, Shipley and Co., London.'"

I did not push Lord Charles off the coach. I am willing to take my oath that I did not. It is true that when he struck out blindly at old Park, all sputtering and cursing, and tripped over my foot, I did not make any effort to prevent a catastrophe; but I showed a considerable amount of charity by immediately jumping out after the fallen champion.

Between the coach and the ground I

gave up all interest in my Loch Lomond heroine, and when I found that the obdurate Englishman absolutely refused to listen to any explanations or apologies, I forgave all my enemies throughout the world.

When peace again reigned over the mountains of Scotland, I loosened my hold upon Lord Charles' well-fitting collar, removed a hundred and eighty pounds of 'varsity crew from his delicately tinted waistcoat, and gazed thoughtfully along the road to where a distant coach was merrily bowling down toward Loch Katrine, with one solitary passenger silhouetted against the brown hillside—or were there two?



A distant coach was merrily bowling down toward Loch Katrine

The Secret Process

BY WILLIAM HAMILTON OSBORNE

Author of "The Finish of Miss Fortesque," etc

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERICK J. MULHAUPT

JIMMY TURNBULL had been on, now, for three days.

"An' I aint stuck on me job, neither," Jimmy told himself.

All he had to do was to stir and scrape, and scrape and stir, a mass of molten licorice in the big revolving caldron. Then Sampson, the superintendent, would come out of a room, sidle up to Jimmy and pour about a quart of some dark liquid into Jimmy's huge kettle.

"What might that be?" queried Jimmy.

Sampson would shrug his shoulders mysteriously. "Aw, say, kid," he would answer, "aint you on. This here's the secret process. Don't you see?"

Jimmy saw. He saw also that Sampson stayed right there until all of the dark liquid had been assimilated by the molten mass that seethed and bubbled.

"It's all right, kid," he would say, as he moved on. "I'll be back again to show you when to turn her out."

"The Secret Process."

It was a phrase that burned its way through Jimmy's brain. He asked some of the men about it.

"Who's got the secret?" he inquired.

The men would grin.

"That's easy, boy," they told him; "it's the boss, old Abercrombie, there in the office. Who else would it be?"

"How'd he get it—this here secret?" queried Jimmy.

"Always had it," they returned, "him and his father before him—an' his father before him. That's what he's here for. That's why he's rich, boy. Say, all that he does is to come down here and mix her up a bit, and pass her on to Sampson a dozen times a day, and then he goes home. He don't work; not on your life. It's that there secret process. It's a secret

that's made all these here Abercrombies rich. You see?"

Jimmy thought about it all that day and all that night. Next day he had some more to say.

"Why hasn't somebody stole this here secret?" he queried. "Aint anybody ever tried it? Chemists, now. What of them?"

His coworker shut up one eye. "Aint anybody tried?" he whispered. "Say—aint the Abercrombie licorice known all over the world, boy? Tried? You bet they've tried. But the old boy can spot a chemist a hundred miles off. The lads have tried to carry the stuff away. Maybe they've done it, too, and had it analyzed. Say, the old man had 'em there. It's got to be analyzed when it's fresh. You see? Well, the only man who handles it when it's fresh is Sampson. And you couldn't buy him. Not Sampson. Nor the man they had before him. Oh, they've got a secret process on pickin' men, these here Abercrombies. They've picked 'em right. Sampson's as honest as the day is long. But, say, Willy-boy, give me Sampson's job for just a week. Oh my, if I wouldn't snake that secret process. Oh me! Oh my!"

Jimmy went back to his cauldron. At the exact psychological moment out came Sampson and poured in "the secret process," and Jimmy stirred and scraped and turned his product over and over and over again.

"Be mighty careful with this batch, lads," said Sampson, the superintendent, one morning. "The boss is bidding for the big tobacco-contract. Do your best."

The men laughed.

Year in and year out the old man had tried to sell his stuff to the Universal Tobacco Company, the biggest tobacco-company in the world. Abercrombie &

Son were selling licorice to everybody save to the tobacco-combine. Abercrombie & Son was the biggest independent licorice concern in the world. But, the licorice-trust, which couldn't manufacture licorice like the Abercrombie output if it tried a hundred years, had clung tightly to the big tobacco-people. There were private interests that few knew about. Stockholders in the one trust were stockholders in the other.

"Still," the agent of the tobacco-people had once whispered to old Abercrombie, "keep it up. Good goods in time have got to count. Your time'll come, J. G."

And J. G. Abercrombie did something more than mix his little formula. He spent all his spare time trying how to figure the right way to swing the tobacco-combine's demand for licorice.

"I'll do it some day," he told himself.

But old Abercrombie was not the only man whose brain was busy with a problem too big for him. Jimmy Turnbull was trying to think out things, too.

"Here's me out here," Jimmy would say to himself, "stirring and scraping. And there's him, the old man, in there, doing nothing, but knowin' the secret process. It's a great game—a winning game for him; a losing game for me. It's a game I've got to beat, somehow."

Jimmy Turnbull was living in an age when the whole world took off its hat to the men who made money. The world did not inquire too closely how the money was made; so long as the man made good, that was enough. To Jimmy Turnbull, in his moral adolescence, prosperity at any price seemed good.

"That there secret process," he kept saying to himself; "if I could get some chemist—"

And then, for the first time, an idea struck him.

"By George," he told himself, "what if I should be that there chemist. Gee! Me here on the inside, and him an' Sampson never knowin'. It's a long game, but, by George, knowin' a secret process is the real thing. It's that for mine, I guess."

Jimmy Turnbull's ideas of right and wrong may have been warped, but he

possessed a wondrous virtue. He had what few men have—patience. He could wait; he could work.

"I'll be a chemist," he said to himself.

It took time to find out, even, how to start in. He read the morning-papers and the evening-papers. Finally he struck it.

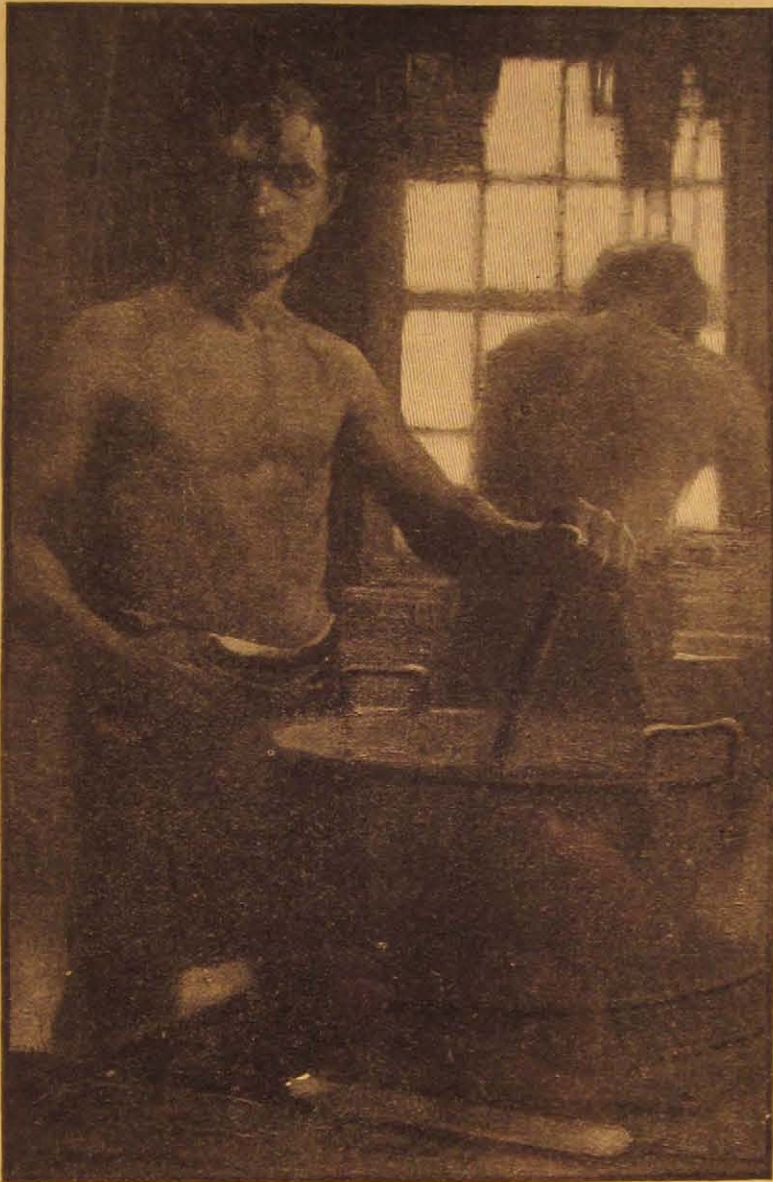
"Them there evening-high-schools," he assured himself, finally, "ought to do the trick. There's these techneck night-schools that teaches these here specialties. That's all I want. I want to be a chemist. I know most everything now—reading, writing, arithmetic, grammar, and all about the jogafy an' history there ever was; but I don't know no chemistry. If I know that and if I can get a good strangle-holt of a secret process—Gee, I'll be a Abercrombie one of these days."

Jimmy didn't tell the night-school people he wanted to lay a foundation whereby he might accomplish a successful theft of the property of his employer. He simply started in and studied. As he went on, he sniffed with excitement. This was good, this chemistry. You got test-tubes, and acids, and alkalies, and mixed them up, and—did things. He liked it. There was one reason why he liked it—but he didn't know that reason. Jimmy Turnbull was a born-chemist. The words, "the secret process," seething through his brain, awakened something in him that had lain dormant—This was in his line.

He worked hard. And as he worked, he began to realize he was learning something beyond his specialty. Jimmy Turnbull was broadening. He found suddenly, that he had never known reading, writing, grammar, until now. Knowledge was beginning to make of him a full man. Even his moral nature—But no, behind it all lay the desire to discover that secret process, to take his ease as Abercrombie did.

"I've got to know that process," he cried within himself. "It's the one thing that lies ready to my hand. It's my road to wealth. Besides, the old man has had it long enough. It's about time the Abercrombies loosened their grip. I'll loosen it for them, all right."

He worked indefatigably. He liked the work. Work like this he was doing night



To Jimmy Turnbull prosperity at any price seemed good

after night couldn't seem hard. And the night he took a stick of manufactured licorice and started in to analyze it was the happiest night of his life, so far. He finished at three o'clock A. M. And he shook his head.

"They'll never get the secret process from the manufactured product," he said to himself, "never."

His time would come, he hoped. And he was glad, one day, when he heard the mutterings of the men at the factory. A wave of dissatisfaction had passed across the country and had broken over the men at the Abercrombie factory.

"Maybe, in the trouble, there'll be a chance," Jimmy Turnbull whispered to himself.

But he held aloof and watched. He sided neither with the boss, nor with the men. To Jimmy Turnbull a strike was a foolish thing, but he never said what he thought. He let other men do the talking. And the crisis came sooner than he had expected. Three men stalked one day into the private office of the old man.

"It's the delegation," whispered the men at the kettles; and they held their breaths until the delegation came out.

They crowded about the delegates. The delegates shook their heads.

"He'll put on new hands, boys," they said.

There was a responsive growl.

"He turns you down," went on the delegates.

It was only the beginning. Half an hour later, every man left his kettle and walked out. Jimmy Turnbull went with them. He didn't know why he did, but it seemed to be the fashionable thing to do just then, and he did it. At closing time, the only employee who stayed was Sampson, the superintendent.

"Now, maybe," thought Jimmy Turnbull, his moral sense still blunted, "maybe I'll get that secret process."

He didn't know how he would get it, but trouble always spells opportunity for someone, and he reasoned that he might be that one.

Abercrombie & Son put on new men.

Three nights later Jimmy Turnbull found himself in the midst of a knot of the old hands in front of the factory. Jimmy, as usual, said nothing. He had attended this meeting because he had been requested to do so. He started slightly, as one man at his right began to talk.

"It's the secret process we're after, boys," said Dunn, a fellow striker, "that's all and nothing else."

"The secret process," echoed Jimmy, for it had never occurred to him that anybody but himself ever thought of it at all.

"Ah," said Dunn, "that'll bring him to terms—such terms, my boys. But, not a cent of cash. Mind now, not one cent. You hear?"

An hour later the thing that was to happen, happened. The crowd broke silently, and with dispatch, into a rear door in the factory; broke somewhat

noisily through two more doors in the interior, and then stood, with bated breath, outside the laboratory-door.

"Inside is the office safe," whispered Dunn, "and inside the safe—"

Jimmy Turnbull sniffed. "The secret process." He must be the first man to get it, if they broke open the safe. That was his chance. But he kept on the outskirts of the crowd, nevertheless. He was passive.

"Now, all together," said Dunn.

There was a mighty heave, a crash, and the door gave way.

Then there was a scream. Dunn had been hit upon the head by a man who stood inside the office—a man with an iron bar in his hand.

"The next one will get shot," exclaimed this man, inside.

It was Sampson, the superintendent.

"Take warning," cried Sampson, again. "I mean business. This is a pretty game. Highway robbers—thieves."

"We're not after money," growled Dunn, "we want that secret process."

"That's property," returned Sampson; "you're robbers just the same."

Jimmy Turnbull started. It had never occurred to him in just that light. He wouldn't have lifted his hand to break the safe; but it hadn't occurred to him that his coworkers were so far wrong.

"Come on, boys," yelled Dunn.

There was a forward surge—a flash of light—a sound like thunder. Then silence.

"Anybody shot?" cried Dunn, in the darkness that seemed deeper than ever. "All right, then. Come on! I've got him, boys!"

Something in Jimmy Turnbull had awakened. He had been passive. Now he became active. He fought his way through the crowd in the dense darkness; they let him through. He reached the two men—Sampson and Dunn—who struggled in a corner. With a blow of his clenched hand he hurled Dunn away.

"Gee, there's two of 'em," cried Dunn, amazedly.

But he returned to the charge, and so did the crowd. Then Jimmy Turnbull managed to whisper in the ear of Sampson.

"It's Jimmy, Sampson," he said. "I'm game. I'll help you through."

For fifteen minutes the battle raged. No man could see the other's face. Jimmy again and again hurled himself upon the crowd; Sampson and he stood shoulder to shoulder.

"Come on," finally exclaimed Sampson.

They had reached the open door. Sampson, nearly done for, darted through it. There was a lull. The crowd rested. It didn't know what had happened. It thought probably Sampson had been "put out of business."

At any rate Dunn had found the safe—a small one, in a corner. Dunn was a man who knew safes; he had made them, in his better days.

"Keep still, you fools," he cried, "and keep that Sampson quiet, too."

He little knew that Sampson, wounded, bleeding, was speeding into town for help. The crowd became quiet. Jimmy Turnbull, still of the crowd, was quiet, too. And Dunn, in the darkness, his ear to the combination, turned the knob this way and that, listening carefully for the sound of falling tumblers.

Suddenly he lit a match. The crowd surged forward. The safe was open. Dunn had succeeded. The safe was open, but—

"Thunderation, boys," cried Dunn, "she's empty—empty, and no mistake."

Empty—save for an old yellow piece of paper. The secret process? Well, maybe—maybe not. Dunn took it out and read it.

It was short. This is what it said:

Some day someone will look here for a secret that's never been on paper—a secret that's to be found only in one man's head.

That was all. It was dated fifteen years before. It was signed by Abercrombie.

"Stung!" cried Dunn.

They were doubly stung—the second time by the police. Inside of three minutes, they had been surrounded—all of them, Jimmy Turnbull included—by the blue coats. In less than an hour, they were safely locked in cells, including Jimmy Turnbull.

"This is a nice mess," thought Jimmy to himself.

His only actual crime had been that he had been found in company with the strikers.

"It's 'breaking and entering' for the whole gang," he heard an officer say, "and maybe, something worse."

It was two o'clock in the morning, however, when an officer came silently, and unlocked his cell.

"Step out," whispered the officer, "and don't make no noise. The other chaps mustn't get on to it at all."

Jimmy emerged into the glare of the big back room. There was Abercrombie, and his daughter, Kitty, a girl of nineteen. He had brought her along because he didn't want to leave her, even with the servants, up in his big house on the hill. He slapped Jimmy Turnbull on the back.

"Jimmy," he said, "you're the only square man of the lot. You did one thing for Sampson he won't forget. You saved his life. As it is, he's laid up—in the hospital—down and out. But, I'll tell you why I'm here in person. I want you to take his place to-morrow—Sampson's, at the factory. I can't trust the green-horns. And beside, there's the secret. Jimmy, I can't trust anybody but you."

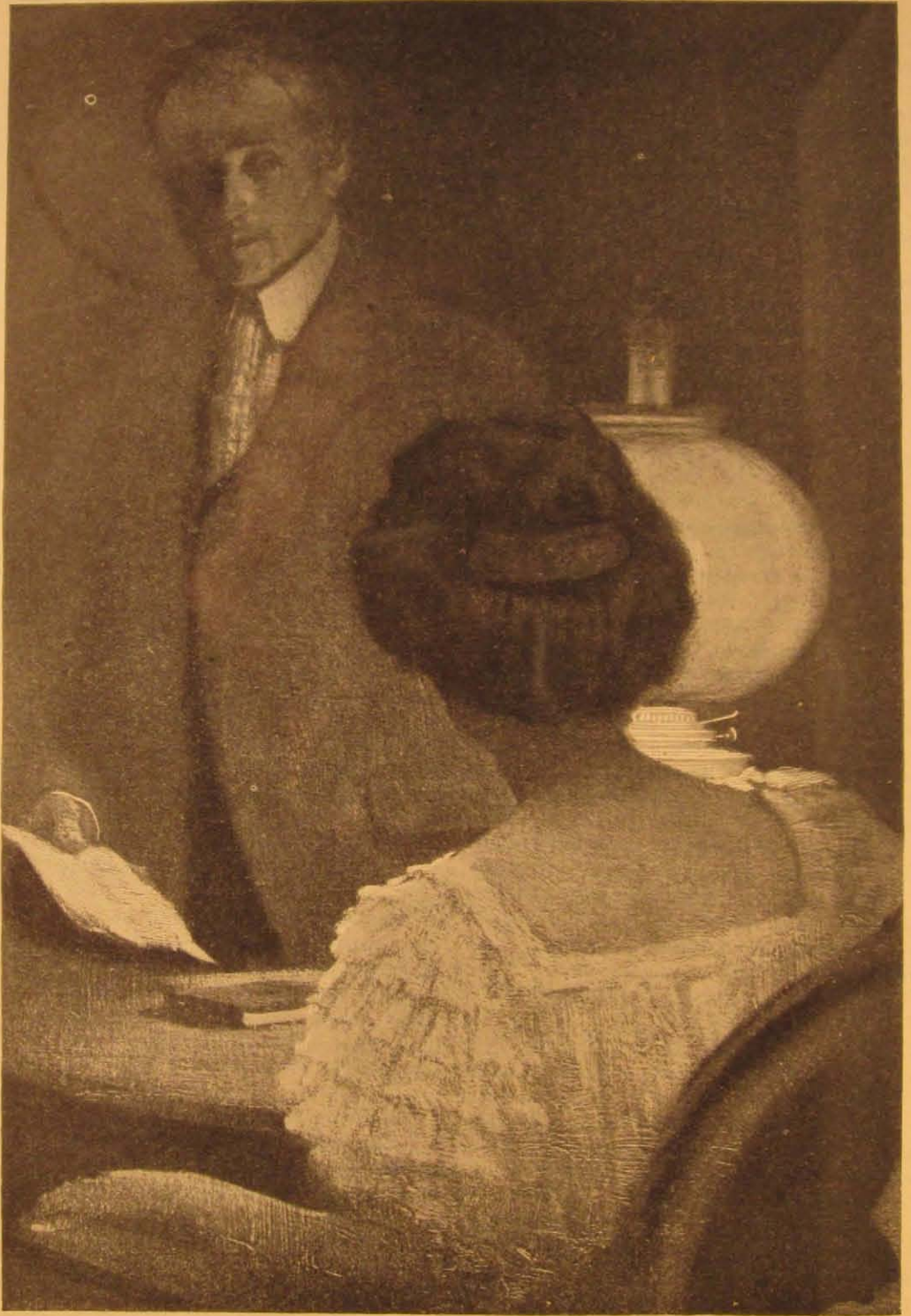
Jimmy flushed sheepishly. He rubbed his hand across his face. When he withdrew it he found it covered with blood.

"I must be a sight, Miss Kitty," he said.

Then he told his employer all about his connection with the riot of that night. He told the truth—all save his lust and longing for that secret process. But old Abercrombie knew just one thing—that in the event Jimmy Turnbull had saved Sampson's life; that Jimmy was true blue. That was enough.

Jimmy, temporarily, became superintendent. He wore a belt with two revolvers in it. But there was little to fear. The strikers were serving sentences in jail—light ones, for which they had to thank Sampson and their old man—Abercrombie.

"For one of these days," Abercrombie had smiled, "they'll be back here again, sorry as can be. They'll never do it twice. That's sure."



"This is the formula—I stole it from your father"

So Jimmy, temporarily, was superintendent—Jimmy, chemist-adventurer; Jimmy, the man who was patiently working night after night to accomplish one object.

"I've got to be about it, too," he told himself, "for Sampson'll be coming back."

And one night, in his little bedroom, with shades all drawn, he stood, and watched, and trembled.

"It's fresh," he whispered to himself; "it's bound to work to-night."

It did work. It was dawn when he stretched his hands out toward the rising sun and whispered gleefully to himself—for by this time he had learned how to talk—"Eureka! Eureka! I have it!"

The secret process was no longer a secret. It was his. He bowed low.

"To my friends, the night-schools," he exclaimed, "my many thanks."

He was a thief.

He didn't know it; didn't care. Jimmy Turnbull had become a chemist; he had broadened, he had educated himself. But his moral nature was as yet unawakened. He had instincts that were good: it was a proper instinct that had caused him to help Sampson out, that strenuous night, and save his life. But after all, that was merely a man's love of fairness; the tendency to help the under-dog.

He knew the secret process. That was the point. The rest was easy.

"I can force the old man into a partnership," he told himself, "I can—"

There was no limit to his future success.

But—he didn't force the old man into a partnership. He took his time. And while he was taking his time, something unexpected happened.

Abercrombie died.

And after Abercrombie died, Sampson drew Jimmy Turnbull to one side one day.

"I—I want to tell you something, Jimmy," he said hoarsely. "You know about the secret process, don't you? Every Abercrombie has handed it down from generation to generation. They've kept it in the family."

Jimmy smiled. It wasn't kept in the family now, he told himself.

"Go on," he said to Sampson.

"Well," went on Sampson, "there isn't any secret process any more. The old man tried to tell his daughter—you know the girl—the night he died. He never told her. He left no formula. The Abercrombie process is wiped out. That's all. And I wanted you to know it."

Jimmy Turnbull went back to his room. There was something that shouted aloud with triumph within him. He was the owner of the secret; he was the sole owner of the secret. He was the Abercrombie of the future.

He sat down after supper that evening—it was weeks after the funeral—and thought about it. He liked to think about it. He had striven hard to attain this end. Now that he had attained it—now that he had it at last—

At eight o'clock he rose, and donned a light overcoat, and climbed the hill. He was obeying some impulse—some new impulse. Some controlling instinct was guiding his feet.

He pushed the button at the entrance of the big house on the hill. A moment later he was in the presence of the girl—the daughter of Abercrombie, late of the licorice-business.

He pulled from his pocket a piece of paper.

"Miss Abercrombie," he said to her, "this is the Abercrombie formula. I stole it from your father. I give it back to you. It's yours."

Two months later Sampson, the superintendent, rushed up to Miss Kitty Abercrombie in the big house on the hill.

"Miss Abercrombie," he said, between gasps, "we've got that contract your father tried so hard to get; we've swung the big tobacco-people."

"No!" she gasped in return, for she had known her father's efforts in his life time. "No!"

"Sure!" replied Sampson. "But, Miss Kitty, I—I hope you won't feel offended when I say it. We didn't catch 'em with the Abercrombie formula at all. We got 'em with an improvement of it. You see, Miss Kitty, this here Abercrombie formula had been in the family for years—unchanged. That was the trouble. It needed improvement. We've fixed it up

to beat the band. And the tobacco-people—well, miss, they simply had to have it, don't you see? And they had to get it from us, too. For the new and improved process is like the other. It's a secret process still."

"Sampson," she answered, holding out her hand, "you always were a clever man."

But he shook his head. "The new process," he answered, "aint the Sampson process, miss. It's the Jimmy Turnbull

process—and, it's goin' to make you rich." He grinned. "But say," he ventured, "it's one that ought to be kept in the family, good and hard."

Jimmy Turnbull, chemist and all-around man, is the "old man" at Abercrombie's to-day. He's the whole show, almost, so Sampson says. And Abercrombie's daughter—she's Mrs. Jimmy Turnbull now. They were married a week ago to-day.

Marquise-Afraid-of-a-Mouse

BY LAURENCE CLARKE

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERICK DE FORREST SCHOOK

I.

WARM beams from a hearth of white and gold transformed the chamber in the Rue Monceau into an apartment of a palace of dreams. Evening was falling, and squares of chill gray light indicated the panes in the broad window overlooking the street. The candles were not yet lit, but the slender gilt legs of the furniture gleamed in the firelight, and the magenta silken coverings took on soft graduated colors, from the misty rose-pink of day-dawn to the purple shadows of night. The floreated crystal chandelier, a ghostly shape amid the half-darkness overhead, gave off tiny shards of rainbow-hued light.

In a tapestry covered chair before the hearth sat the *marquise*, her feet on a little gilt-clawed stool.

She was leaning forward, reading a brief note in the light of the fire. Her gown of pale green and cream stripes was the very height of the *mode*, and at her throat foamed a graceful cascade of lace and ribbon. Her feet were cased in golden slippers and scarlet stockings, and on her white fingers sparkled many jeweled rings. She refolded her note with a sigh, and glanced for a moment at the dreary mist beyond the unshuttered win-

dows. The ruddy light of the fire glowed on her cheeks, and the cool whiteness of her neck, yielding to its spell, grew softly roseate. The *marquise* was very beautiful, and slender and tall, very proud and high-minded, very tender and womanly. Within reach of her hand, on the corner of a green-topped card-table, lay a bouquet of six white, and six red roses, tied with a broad ribbon. A little drawer beneath the table-top lay open, displaying a twinkling medley of gold and silver trinkets—a snuff-box with a delicate-hued portrait on the lid, three quizzing-glasses, a strangely carved ivory head for a walking-cane, a paste shoe-buckle, smelling vials, and a score of further trivial *bijouterie*. The *marquise* looked dreamily at the trinkets; then folding the note, dropped it among them and closed the drawer.

A door-latch clicked, and her husband, the Marquis de la Ferronay des Cars, entered, and paused in the shadows.

The *marquise* did not turn, but took up her flowers from the table and pressed the cool petals to her cheeks. La Ferronay listened for a moment to a far-off sound, as of wind in the sere leaves of a forest, then advanced into the firelight, his face pale and anxious.

The *marquise* put down her bouquet.

"You are early, Armand," she said.

There was aloofness, coldness, and a note of reproach in her voice.

"It is very dark in here," said La Ferronay.

He pulled the bell, then moved forward and laid a hand on the *marquise's* shoulder.

"The Assembly," he said, "does not meet again until six o'clock. Come, Louise, aren't you glad to see me?"

The *marquise*, still unbending, again toyed with her bouquet.

"I see you so seldom," she said, "that this is quite an event."

La Ferronay still stood beside her but withdrew his caressing hand from her shoulder.

"What is it, Louise? You are quite changed to me of late?"

"Oh, no, *monsieur*; that is your imagination. Your mind is so occupied with the — Assembly."

He loved her well enough to forgive the cruelty of her speech.

"Louise," he said, "do not let us misunderstand one another. I have stayed away from you a great deal of late, but

believe me, it has been for your sake and for the sake of France."

The *marquise* raised her head slowly and half turned as if to look at him.

"Is—is she beautiful?" she asked.

"Beautiful? Don't misjudge me, Louise. For once I want you to listen seriously, to forget your frivolities, your scented notes, your roses."

Madame la marquise placed her bouquet on the green surface of the table at her elbow.

"My roses? *Monsieur*, as a dutiful wife, I obey your every command."

La Ferronay was stung. "Louise," he retorted, "there are serious things in life."

The *marquise*, who had never once looked at him, made scoffing answer:

"Indeed? Perhaps, *monsieur* will enumerate these serious things."

"It is serious," said Le Ferronay, "to find one's wife trivial and frivolous when the whole rabble of France is rising against us."

For the first time the *marquise* turned and looked him coldly in the eyes.

"Ah, then you have no doubt quarreled. I have heard that her temper is uncertain."

La Ferronay, whose mind was again occupied with that far-off sound, as of the rustling of the wind in the sere leaves of a forest, answered absently:

"*Madame la marquise*, there is no other woman."

He strode to the window and stared down into the street; then, raising the

catch, he flung open the casement. Somewhere in the far distance a man was beating a drum. La Ferronay turned and looked at his wife.

"*Madame la marquise*," he said, "can you hear that? Someone is beating a drum."

Louise was nestling her face in the bouquet of roses. She lowered the flowers



Madame la marquise

now, and arranged the disordered petals with caressing fingers.

"Certainly, I hear it, if it is your wish," she said.

He strode to her side and halted. Something of the precision of a soldier crept into his tones.

"Louise," he said, "there are grave doings afoot, and we—everyone of us—need our utmost courage and devotion! That drum in the distance means the people are rising."

"Then you as an officer, should see that the *Garde du Corps* is called to disperse them."

La Ferronay frowned and was about to speak, but at that moment a tiny gray mouse appeared from under the spinet. It paused beneath the gleaming chandelier, then ran swiftly across the polished floor.

The *marquise* saw it; her indifference and *hauteur* fled. Terror leapt into her eyes. She drew her gown about her ankles and scurried to a distant corner of the room.

"Armand!" she cried to her husband, "Armand! A mouse—a mouse Quick! Quick! Drive it away!"

La Ferronay's lips were closed tightly, and an angry light flashed into his eyes.

"*Madame la marquise*," he began, then paused and hesitated, for the *marquise* huddled against the wall, was indeed a beautiful picture. Her red lips were parted, and her shining eyes fixed themselves on a fluttering shadow beneath a chair. She clutched silken skirts about her ankles, and the light gleamed on her

golden shoes, and mellowed the scarlet of her purple-cloaked hose. She had the slenderest and most beautiful ankle in all Paris. So thought the *marquis* as he watched her, listening to her little, panting gasps of fear. But of a sudden there mingled with her breathing, the throbbing of the far-off drum. Perhaps the mouse moved in the shadow, for again the *marquise* screamed softly, and flung out an appealing white hand. La Ferronay's anger came to the surface, and he drew in his breath.

"*Mon Dieu, marquise!* Is that your courage? Afraid of a mouse, and that drum in the distance is beating! You scream at that when the whole of Paris is seething with revolt, when our very lives—"

The *marquise*, gathering her silken petticoats in one hand, and again pointed out the tiny shadow.

"Oh, I think it is under the chair, Armand!"

The white hand shook, and little points of light leapt and danced on her jeweled rings.

La Ferronay strode to the chair, lifted it impatiently and banged it down.

"Do—do you think it has gone?" cried the *marquise* appealingly.

The drum was beating in the distance.

"Yes, it has gone, and my respect for you has gone—"

The *marquise* released her gown, and arranged it very prettily, breathing meantime an air of vast relief.

"*Mon Dieu*," she said, "what a fright."

"I had hoped," continued La Fer-



"A mouse, a mouse! Drive it away!"

ronay, "to find you a brave woman in this hour of danger, but I find you a coward, afraid of a mouse, a coward!"

The *marquise* walked slowly to her tapestried chair.

"You are quite sure it has gone, Armand?"

La Ferronay, who was pacing the floor with his hands behind his back, stopped, exasperated.

"I have no patience with you!" he said.

"Nor I with you," retorted the *marquise* with a sudden change of tone, "and moreover, Monsieur La Ferronay, let me tell you, that when to infidelity you add abuse, you go too far."

"That is a lie!" cried La Ferronay, "I am not unfaithful."

"It is not a lie."

"I tell you there is no other woman!"

"If there was no other woman you would not call me a coward."

The *marquise* rose from her chair and continued with great dignity:

"You would not forget yourself, *monsieur*, and say that I lied."

La Ferronay paused in his walk, and for a moment their eyes met.

"I have never loved any woman but you," he said, "and in your heart you know it as well as I do."

"Perhaps, *monsieur*, you will not refer to my heart, which you have done your best to break."

La Ferronay made a step forward and held out his hands.

"Come, Louise," he said.

But the *marquise* turned her back.

"And you will understand, *monsieur*, that after what has occurred, I shall find my own company most agreeable."

"Then, egad, Louise, you shall have it!" he cried in a rage.

He strode to the door. For a moment he hesitated, then bowed quickly and went out.

II.

It was not given to men to read a woman's heart, and the *marquise* was what her husband had made her, a delicate, fragile thing, a brilliant butterfly to cher-

ish and protect. And so when France's time of travail had come, he hid his sober thoughts in his own heart, and she, as he believed now, had repaid his sacrifice by ceasing to love him, by flinging in his face a false charge of neglect and infidelity.

The *marquise* waited until her husband's footsteps had died away; then with a glance at the spot where the mouse had disappeared, seated herself in her



"I find you a coward, afraid of a mouse"

chair, placed her golden slippers on the footstool, and stared into the glowing depths of the fire.

Her husband's contempt at her terror had angered her more than a volume of cruel words. And, as she sat there staring into the blaze, she regretted her dismissal of him; she would have liked him back again—that she might wound him again, and again, with the sting of her tongue. In truth, he had escaped too cheaply and if—



De Bainville stood upon the threshold

Being a woman and a hundred fathoms deep, she was not aware that her anger was but a sham, a moving surface feeling, and that it served its purpose of obscuring the half-stifled promptings of her heart.

The door opened again, and this time the Chevalier de Bainville stood upon the threshold, his hat pressed upon his heart and his face wreathed in smiles.

He closed the door and advanced to the *marquise*. With obtrusive elegance he bent over her hand and kissed it.

The *marquise* permitted him to be seated.

"Your husband?" questioned De Bainville.

"Is out. He left me just now in a fit of temper."

"You received my note?"

The *marquise* drew out the drawer in the green-topped table, and pointed.

"Among your treasures," laughed De Bainville. "Let me see them."

He moved elegantly towards the drawer and took out a gold rimmed quizzing-glass.

"That was my father's," said the *marquise*.

De Bainville put back the glass, and inspected a pair of paste shoe-buckles.

"My wedding shoe-buckles."

"And this?" cried De Bainville holding up a necklace of chrysoprase.

The *marquise* shrugged her shoulders.

"A gift of La Ferronay's," she said.

"But look at this strangely carved ivory head."

She held it towards De Bainville, who seized her hand in both of his, and cried with sudden earnestness:

"Louise, what is your answer?"

The color deepened on the *marquise's* cheeks.

"Oh, Conrad, I cannot come!"

"But your husband no longer loves you."

The *marquise* raised her head again and looked at him.

"Ah, if I only knew that!" she murmured.

"But I have given you proof," urged De Bainville. "And you say he but now left you in a fit of temper."

"That is true," answered the *marquise*. "He called me a coward, and said I lied to him."

"He dared to say that, and yet you hesitate? Louise, say you will come now, and all my life I will be your slave. Oh, Louise, I love you! You know I would lay down my life for you!" He had been kneeling at her side, looking into her face; his voice broke. "And yet—and yet you hesitate!"

The *marquise's* hand moved towards him ever so slightly.

"Conrad," she whispered, "do you really—really love me?"

De Bainville was an accomplished courtier and he seized his opportunity.

Flattery, that unfair bait, was dangled subtly and seductively before her. The *marquis* had treated her ill, he had neglected the most beautiful woman in the world.

"Conrad," broke in the woman, "we are but a year married, and he used to vow he loved me just as you are doing now."

"I have given you proof that—that he has other interests," said De Bainville.

"And you will love me always?" whispered the *marquise*.

De Bainville seized her hands in his.

"Always," he answered.

After a pause the *marquise* spoke again: "Then I will come to-night."

But De Bainville was not satisfied.

"My carriage," he said, "is waiting in the street. You must come at once. Louise, say you will come now."

The *marquise* released her hands from his grasp.

"I will come," she whispered.

De Bainville moved forward eagerly.

"I will get my cloak," continued the *marquise*, holding him away from her.

She smiled at him and moved slowly and doubtfully towards the door.

When she was gone De Bainville arranged his neckcloth with minute care at the mirror over the mantel.

"Easier than I expected," he said. "*Ma chère Louise* has one of the prettiest private fortunes in France; the quarrel with *M. le Marquis* was opportune."

He began to walk up and down the room humming an air. He had fine cause to be satisfied with himself, for in his whole adventurous life he had never before achieved a *coup* of this magnitude.

Presently the door opened; and instead of the *marquise*, a sergeant of the *Garde du Corps* stood upon the threshold. The man brought his heels sharply together and saluted.

"Monsieur le Marquis de la Ferrouy?" he asked.

"He is out," said De Bainville, recovering from his astonishment. "What do you want?"

"*Monsieur*, he is required at the palace at once. The people are rising."

De Bainville had heard reports of this kind before, therefore he dismissed it with the arrogance of his class. He continued his walk.

"You are of the *Garde*. It is your place to put down the rising."

"I am afraid, *monsieur*, the people will be too much for us unless His Majesty can be persuaded to visit the Assembly."



"He called me a coward"

"But why do you seek the *marquis*?" asked De Bainville impatiently.

"He has great influence with the King," said the sergeant, "and has averted danger many times already."

He paused and listened for a moment. "*Monsieur*, do you hear that? They are beating the drums in the Champs de Mars."

De Bainville paused in his walk and looked sharply at him.

"There is danger?" he asked.

"Very great danger. Does *monsieur* know that the mob have murdered the Duc d'Aumale?"

"Murdered the Duc d'Aumale?" cried De Bainville, his eyes dilating. Of a sudden his easy nonchalance of manner forsook him. He paused, and listened to the beating of the far-off drum, and that rising murmur as of wind in the sere leaves of a forest. The sergeant, too, was listening. He half-turned to leave the room.

"They are coming this way, *monsieur*," he said seriously, "there is not much time to spare. I must find *M. le Marquis*."

He moved to the door, closed it behind him, and De Bainville heard his footsteps receding down the corridor.

A few moments the *chevalier* paused, intent on the rising wave of sound, still dominated by the incessant rattle of a drum.

"*Mon Dieu*, this is getting beyond a joke! What a time she is."

Suddenly a shot was fired. De Bainville started and looked about him, then hurried to the window, opened it cautiously, and peered out. The rabble was at the street-end. A roar of voices smote his ears.

"*Mon Dieu!*" he cried, recoiling with a colorless face, "they are firing at the Duc de Villeneuve's windows!"

A few stragglers from the mob ran down the Rue de Monceau. The rush of their footsteps put new terror into him.

"This is no time for a man to encumber himself with a woman," he muttered.

The mob had turned and was moving down the Rue de Monceau; more shots were fired. Like a flash De Bainville re-

membered his carriage, and seizing his hat, went stealthily towards the door. He opened it cautiously and stepped out without closing it behind him.

III.

He had been gone five minutes when the *marquise* entered, cloaked and ready for her journey. She crossed the threshold drawing on her gloves.

"I am ready, Conrad," she said.

A startled look crossed her face at finding the room empty. A roar of voices reached her ears from the street below.

Suddenly there was a crackle of glass, and a stone crashed through the window and rolled, bounding, over the floor almost at her feet. All the color left the *marquise's* face.

"Conrad, Conrad!" she called.

But there was no answer save the roar of voices in the street below.

Suddenly, for a moment, the crowd grew silent. She ventured to the window and peered out just as a rain of heavy blows resounded through the house.

The *marquise* fell back, swayed, and clutched at the window-curtains.

"*Mon Dieu*, the rabble!" she whispered. "They have stopped here—they are breaking in the door."

Something fell with a crash, and cries of exultation reached her. This time they were within the house, and running feet were mounting the stairs. For a few seconds the *marquise* remained at the window. Her hands were clasped together, and her dilated eyes were fixed on the door. They were about to enter. She knew already that it was too late; nevertheless, she made her way to the bell-rope, and pulled it with all her strength. Far away in the servant's-quarters the bell jangled impotently. There was a roaring in her ears; hammers seemed to beat on her head. A thousand warring sounds rent the air. Then after an eternity of suspense, the doors crashed open, and evil white faces stared at her from the threshold.

She covered her eyes with her hands, and became conscious that the room was full of people—a whistling, shouting,



"Who is going to make her drink?" he cried

jeering mob, the scum of Paris—let loose in that luxurious apartment. Big, blackened hands seized the *marquise's* wrists, and forced them away from her eyes. She saw a red bearded man thrust his face forward and call her endearing names. A lean, pallid youth, with prominent eyes was smashing the mirrors with a billet of wood, and screaming a gutter-ballad. A tattered old woman, peered close at the *marquise's* neck; then, with a scream, sprang up and tore away her locket on its golden chain.

Suddenly the leader of the rabble, a butcher with hair rubbed glossy with suet sprang forward, and seizing the pallid youth by the neck, hurled him backwards. He made a dash at the red bearded man, who retreated into the crowd; then he placed his own arm about the *marquise*. She tried to release herself but he broke into a coarse laugh.

The pallid youth resumed his ballad, and the rabble took it up. The *marquise* ceased to struggle, and her soul died within her, for the butcher was young and powerful, with evil features. The rabble began a wild dance, circling round and round the butcher and the *marquise*.

Just then there came a disturbance at the door; those nearest it ceased their singing and stared. On the threshold,

with a drawn sword in his hand, stood the Marquis de La Ferronay des Cars. The candlelight gleamed and twinkled on his blade, his bold calm glance sought the *marquise*. Something like a smile came into the corners of his mouth.

Then the red bearded man sprang towards him with uplifted weapon. The dance had ceased, there fell a minute's silence, and La Ferronay's blade entered the red bearded man's side. For a moment the rabble gazed, some at the wounded man now writhing on the floor, and some at La Ferronay cool and upright, but four paces nearer the *marquise*. Again he moved forward and another man fell, but now the crowd awoke to action, and a dozen men dashed at him together. His sword flashed amid a dozen weapons.

For an almost imperceptible space of time La Ferronay had the better of the fight against them all. The blood flowed again in the *marquise's* veins, but at that moment Pablo, the butcher, who had been holding her in his arms, seized his cleaver and made toward La Ferronay. With the strength of despair the *marquise* seized his wrist and held him. Then it was that the hag who had stolen the *marquise's* locket crouched forward and clutched La Ferronay's legs. He tottered, a man sprang in on him from behind,



La Ferronay had moved

and Pablo, who had released himself from the *marquise's* grasp, struck him with the broadside of his cleaver. La Ferronay's blade slipped from his grasp, he raised his hands, then came down face forward on the floor.

"He knew how to handle a sword, the *marquis*," said Pablo, pulling La Ferronay over on his back.

The *marquise* was clinging to the table-edge, swaying violently. The pallid youth, with a glass in his hand, staggered to La Ferronay's prostrate body.

"Your health, *monsieur*," he said.

Pablo was again at the *marquise's* side; she struggled, trying to beat him off, but he laughed in her face.

"Not yet, *ma mignonne*," he said, forcing her into the tapestried chair.

"Here," he cried to the pallid youth, "give me that glass."

He put it into the *marquise's* hands and closed her fingers upon it. "Now,

madame la marquise, you will drink a health with me."

He took a glass himself and raised it.

"Monsieur le Marquis de la Ferronay des Cars," he said, making a mocking bow to the prostrate body on the floor.

The *marquise* still held the wine in her hand. She was motionless as a statue.

"Drink!" commanded Pablo.

"Drink!" shouted the crowd closing round her chair.

The *marquise* released her fingers and let her glass drop to the floor.

The hag sprang at her, and received a blow from Pablo that sent her back into the crowd.

Pablo put his own glass in the *marquise's* hand, and again closed her fingers over it. He thrust his evil face close to hers.

"Now, drink!" he ordered.

"No!" said the *marquise*. "Never!"

She was very beautiful, despite her



"Oh," she murmured, "I can hold out no longer!"

deathlike pallor, and Pablo put a light hand on her arm, then rose and looked at the crowd.

"Who is going to make her drink?" he cried.

A roar of voices filled the room. "I will! I will!" Silence fell for a moment.

"We will cast lots for it," said Pablo.

He drew forth a dice-box and dropped the dice on the table.

A drunken bootmaker shook first and laughed when four came uppermost.

"Twelve to win," cried Pablo.

Then the pallid youth shook and fell short. Now followed first one and then another, but all failed to throw twelve, and for a time the *marquise* was forgotten. Irresistibly her eyes turned to where La Ferronay lay. She rose and made a step or two towards him, then stopped and drew a deep breath.

La Ferronay had moved.

The *marquise* slipped back into her chair. He was alive, and all her woman's courage and devotion mounted at the thought. He had fought for her; she, too, would fight for him.

Pablo threw twelve, and on the fringe of the crowd someone murmured that they were Pablo's dice. But the butcher did not heed them. He turned to the *marquise*.

"You have fallen to me. We will drink his health together—just you and me. No one shall see us."

Before the *marquise* could comprehend his meaning, he had cleared the room, locked the door, and placed the key on the table.

IV.

They were alone together, but the crowd was still outside the door.

"Five minutes, Pablo, five minutes," called the rabble, "not a minute more."

"Do you hear that, my beautiful?" said Pablo, standing before the *marquise*, decanter and glass in hand.

The *marquise* glanced furtively at La Ferronay; then taking her courage in both hands,

"I am glad you sent them away," she said.

Pablo thought he had not heard aright. "What is that?" he asked.

"I will drink his health," said the *marquise*, and she held out her hand for the glass.

Pablo stared at her in amazement.

"You mean that?"

"I hated him," replied the *marquise*.

Pablo's peasant-cunning made him hesitate.

"You are not lying to me?" he questioned suspiciously.

"Give me the glass."

Pablo handed it to her. She rose and held it aloft.

"To the Marquis de la Ferronay des Cars!" she said in a clear voice, and drank.

"*Sacré Dieu!*" cried Pablo. "I have seen you in the Bois in your carriage. You looked like a pretty Sévres figure. I never thought you were a woman with blood in your veins."

The *marquise* looked him steadily in the face.

"You were wrong, *monsieur*. I am a woman."

There was a bold light in Pablo's eyes as he returned her gaze. The *marquise* recoiled; then her sharp ears detected a sound behind him. At any cost she must keep his attention from La Ferronay.

"Ah, Monsieur Pablo, you flatter me!"

She motioned him to a chair, but he came and seated himself on the edge of the table near her. His manner was easy and familiar.

"Then you hated the *marquis*?"

"Like poison. Only to-day I charged him with loving another woman."

Pablo broke into a laugh.

"We men are all of a piece. Don't trust us, *marquise*."

In the background La Ferronay sighed, and opened his eyes. Pablo sprang to his feet.

"What's that? I thought I heard something."

"A mouse under that chair," answered the *marquise* quickly.

"It was more than a mouse," said Pablo uneasily.

"Ah, then your friends have found their way to the cellar, and are broaching the wine!"



"Time is up, Pablo"

La Ferronay drew himself up to a sitting posture, and passed his hand over his brow. He was dazed with his wound, but already the situation began to dawn upon him. He knew there would be no hope for them when the mob returned. For a minute he leaned heavily on his hands, and then began to drag himself towards the sword which lay beyond his reach.

The *marquise* still held Pablo's attention. His confidence had returned.

"Come, *marquise!*" he said, "you are prettily spoken, but you sit too far away."

He was seated on the edge of the green topped table; and as he leaned over to grasp her hand, he caught sight of the open drawer.

"Let me show you my treasures," said the *marquise* quickly. She took up the paste shoe-buckles. "My wedding shoe-

buckles. A carved ivory head from the Indies—my father's quizzing-glass."

For a minute Pablo's cupidity was aroused by the richness of the trinkets. Then he caught sight of De Bainville's letter, and seized it.

"A letter," he said, breaking into a laugh. "So you women are not to be trusted, either."

The *marquise's* gaze wandered to La Ferronay who had reached his sword. For a moment their eyes met. The *marquise's* ebbing courage flowed again. Pablo was turning the letter this way and that.

"Come, *marquise*, read it to me," he said.

"Read it?" questioned the *marquise*, taking it from his hand.

Pablo was looking over her shoulder. "Yes, read it to me."

"You see, he was a poet," said the *marquise*.

La Ferronay was crawling slowly towards them. At the least sound Pablo would have turned and seen him.

"What does he say?" persisted Pablo.

The *marquise* scrutinized the letter closely for a minute, and then began to speak:

"First he begins," said the *marquise*, pretending to read the letter, "My own angel from heaven: On Tuesday when the crescent moon hung low, I saw thee driving in the Bois. Thine ivory hand, within the carriage-gloom was gloved in silver light."

"The man is a fool," interjected Pablo.

The *marquise* continued: "'Then thou didst beckon me.'" She paused, faltered, and then again continued: "'And like a shining needle from the woods' black depths, I shot as to a mighty magnet.'"

"I' faith," cried Pablo, "he is the greatest fool in the world."

"All poets are mad," said the *marquise*. "I shot as to a mighty magnet—"

"What does the fellow mean?"

The *marquise* went on: "'Radiant against—'"

Then of a sudden her courage left her. "Oh, Armand," she murmured, "I can hold out no longer. I—"

With a supreme effort La Ferronay had raised himself into a chair.

"Armand" questioned Pablo.

"That's a man's name."

The *marquise* started: "Yes. Oh, this poet's mad."

"These men are all mad," said Pablo. "We have had a great deal of talk. Come, a kiss."

He breathed heavily for a moment, and then drawing her close against him, tilted her chin with his grimy hand.

Then it was that La Ferronay called out in a sharp voice.

Pablo sprang to his feet and stared at the wounded man, who was seated in a chair holding a sword in his hand.

The suddenness of the apparition, and something in La Ferronay's steady gaze, struck fear into his heart.

He glanced at the door and then turned to the *marquise*.

"Where is the key?" he whispered.

But the *marquise* was too quick for him. She seized it from the table, and ran to La Ferronay's side. "The key of the door, Armand," she said.

At last Pablo realized the part she had played, and he turned on her, his evil face distorted with rage.

"You she-devil, you shall pay for this!"

"No, my friend," said La Ferronay. "It is you who shall pay."

He placed a hand on his wife's arm, and drew himself to his feet. His face was very pale, and his sword appeared to hang somewhat unsteadily in his hand.

Pablo drew a breath of relief.

"You are wounded!" he cried, and made a savage rush.

"Stand back," called La Ferronay.

For the space of less than a minute he held Pablo at bay. Then the butcher raised his arm for a sweeping stroke, and La Ferronay's blade darted into his side.

A thrilling horror gleamed in the man's eyes. He staggered towards the door, calling as he went:

"Comrades, Citizens!"

When he had made four paces he halted, spun on his heels, and crashed to the floor.

The *marquise* did not heed him, for La Ferronay had fainted, and was lying unconscious, with one hand drawn up over his closed eyes.

"Armand," whispered the *marquise*, removing the hand and looking close into his face.

He was breathing faintly, and the *marquise* smoothed back his hair. There was a bleeding wound on the forehead; but she took his face in her slender white hands, and laid her lips lightly on his.

"Armand, you shall live," she murmured, "you shall live."

For a tender moment all remembrance of their danger had left her.

V.

Many more than five minutes had elapsed, and the rabble abandoned the cellars and began to clatter up the stairs towards the chamber. Outside the door a

party of them raised a good-humored shout.

"Five minutes, Pablo—five minutes."

The *marquise* leapt to her feet; then speeding to the door, very softly bolted it top and bottom. There was wine on the little green-topped table. She took some now and poured it between her husband's lips.

A shiver passed over him; she saw the color creep back into his cheeks and her own breath caught in her throat as she murmured a little prayer of thankfulness.

Another sound on the other side of the door caused her to start. Springing up, she ran across the room and stooped, her cheek pressed against the panel listening. The stillness without was ominous. She knew they were waiting, all patiently, the passing of the allotted time. Then a sigh fell upon her straining ears. Quickly gathering up her flowing robe, she glided over to Ferronay and kneeling, half-raised him. An age, it seemed to her, she waited, with bated breath for another sign of life, of which the sigh had furnished evidence.

Presently he opened his eyes, and found her caressing arms about him. Her face was close to his, and, very visible, there was a yearning, tender look that surprised him. He read the look. A cry escaped her lips:

"Armand, I loved you all the time—I loved you! But I was jealous; and it made me bitter and cruel. Oh, I was cruel to you—to you, who would have laid down your life for me."

"Louise, don't say that. Help me up. I—"

"You don't hate me?" asked the *marquise* searching his face.

Even in that moment La Ferronay found courage for a smile. He tried to raise a hand to draw her down to him.

"I wronged you terribly, more than you can ever know," confessed the *marquise*.

"Louise," said La Ferronay, turning to where Pablo lay in a heap, "you had the courage to keep that great fellow at bay. You have courage to stay here now,

and yet I dared to call you a coward."

All the time the crowd had been whispering and laughing outside the door. Now a voice cried:

"Time is up, Pablo."

The handle was turned and a rain of blows fell on the door.

"Open the door! Did she drink his health, Pablo? Did she drink it?"

A fellow put his mouth to the keyhole.

"If you don't open, Pablo, we will kick it down."

The *marquise* had helped her husband to a sitting posture. He was still too weak to stand. His eyes were fixed upon the door wondering how long it would hold. The *marquise* left his side and took up the pistol he had dropped when he entered the room. She put the weapon into his hand; then taking his sword in her own right hand, she stood up. La Ferronay was reclining weakly against her knee, her left hand was in his. She was standing very straight, but the sword would have been but poor avail in those unaccustomed fingers.

There was a diversion outside, and someone fired a shot.

"They are firing into the lock," said La Ferronay. "It wont last much longer."

Suddenly came a great rattle of shots, a rush of feet. The blows on the door stopped, and a crowd seemed to be struggling on the landing without.

La Ferronay looked into his wife's face, and she smiled down at him.

"We will die together. You will not let them take me alive, Armand?" she said.

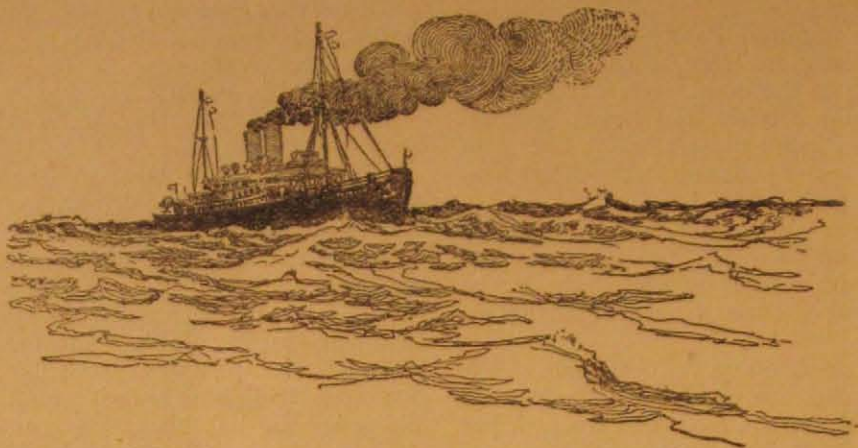
"Louise, I think it is coming now," said La Ferronay.

He laid his lips to his wife's hand, then waited, listening to the splintering blows that repeatedly thundered on the door.

A panel fell, and then another. The door crashed inwards, and a sergeant and twenty men of the National Guard stood grouped in the door-way.

The *marquise* did not understand, but La Ferronay looked into her eyes.

"Marquise-afraid-of-a-mouse," he said, "I think they have come—just in time."



When the Ship Comes Home

BY OLIVER SIDNEY READ

1.

MOTHER!
The woman looked from her work quickly, answering the youthful speaker with a smile.

"Bill Jones, next door, he's got a b'loon—a bloo one!"

The listener encouraged further confidences in another bright glance, plying the while, her needle the faster, as if fearful lest, in her interest in the boy before her, she should neglect for one instant her tedious task.

"An' he wont gimme a fly, mother," continued the other, tearfully.

"That is very, very greedy of him, Jack."

"I reckon I'd like a b'loon," hinted the boy hopefully. "A bloo b'loon."

The needle flashed, perchance, a trifle slower.

"We aint got no ole clo'es, mother, 'ave we?—nor no empty bottles?" persevered the tattered speaker.

"Old clo'es? Lor' bless the boy! whatever put the notion in yer untidy 'ead?" The woman sighed in sorry humor. "Only what ye stand in, chile," she said.

"If you on'y 'ad a empty bottle," sug-

gested Jack, unabashed, "I could get a b'loon. There's a man, mother, wid a barrellful o' b'loons down in the street, an' he's giving 'em away fer nothing—jes fer ole clo'es an' empty bottles."

There ensued a pause.

"Mother!" repeated the boy.

"Dear, dear, Jack! and what is it?"

"Kin I have a farden? I kin git a b'loon fer a farden. If you aint got no empty bottles an' ole clo'es the barrer man'll take fardens."

"The fairies fly away wi' the chile! But ye worrit the breath from a body, boy, with yer pesterings for farthings."

The earnest petitioner shifted his feet and kicked his ragged shoes together sulkily. Then, "Kin I 'ave a farden, mother?" he whined, with oft-successful cunning.

The woman stayed her needle with a shake of her thin features in reproof at the boy, groping the while with work-worn fingers amongst the many folds of her shabby skirt. The child eyed the appearance of a sadly shrunken leather purse with a wistful awe. What a worldful of wealth that tiny pouch had contained, he thought, to be sure. Ever since he could remember that little leather bag

had been the home treasury; had held the store of silver and copper whence came the daily bread and dripping, the weekly roast of meat—and the annual plum-pudding!

"I haven't got a farthing, Jackie, I'm much afraid."

"What's that under yer fumb?" suspected the boy, promptly.

It proved to be a silver sixpence, at sight of which the boy's eyes bulged bigger than before. Sixpence! six copper pennies silvered and compressed together: how many farthings were contained in such a stupendous sum? Assuredly sufficient to buy balloons of blue and every other hue; and enough over to secure sugarsticks of every known fanciful form and flavor.

"I have nothing less than a penny, Jack."

"Kin I buy yer some'ing wid it, an'—an' keep the change?" calculated Jack ingenuously.

"There's nothing we want, boy," said the woman, with unconscious humor, her gaze wandering reluctantly from her work and roving the mean room, to rest upon a corner-cupboard that did duty, in the ingenuity of its arrangement, for pantry, playbox, clothes-closet, and coal-cellar.

"Don't yer want *nothing*?" echoed the disappointed hearer, the whine verging upon a whimper: "blacking or—bread—or needles and thread—or butter?" added the boy, as with a happy inspiration. "You said we could have a treat for supper, mother," he reminded.

"And so I did, Jack, so I did." The scarred fingers fumbled again in the shallow depths of the lean purse. "Get a quarter-a-pound of throop'ny 'margarine from the grocer's. Can you remember it, or perhaps I'd best put it on a paper?"

"I got a good membry," was the indignant reply, the penny safe within his palm. "I got a good membry, teacher tole me. I kin say me alphabit back'ards up to aitch."

"Run along, then, Jackie boy. A quarter-a-pound of throop'ny 'margarine—don't ye forget."

And presently this small room, situate

in the sixth and topmost story of Muggs' Model Dwellings for the Poor, was grown again strangely still and silent, save for the incessant stitch-stitch of the woman's nimble fingers and the quickening flash of the shining needle.

(1)

The boy and the penny accomplished the steep descent to the street so far below, scorning to tread the stone steps, to slide, with a speed and dexterity born only of long practice, the slippery iron banisters. Arrived at length at the grocer's on the corner across the noisy way, the messenger delayed awhile his entrance to watch, with envy changed to anticipation, the merry flight of Bill Jones' balloon; as it soared aloft in a sudden gust of wind to dance above tall lamp-posts and, gamboling higher and higher, bounce about the cottage chimney-pots in a vain attempt to break loose from its hampering tail of string.

With a grin of great self-satisfaction in the direction of his balloon-blessed friend, Jack sauntered into the shop.

"And what can I do for you to-day, my little man?" inquired the grocer, from behind an enormous mound of tinned sardines and Stilton cheese.

"If yer please, sir, I want—I want—"

The customer stayed his lips to purse them in his predicament, and frown; and scratch his faithless head and turn his eyes upon the comprehensive nature of his strong-smelling surroundings in hopeless search for the missing want.

"'Twas some'ing—some'ing fer free fardens," he explained eagerly.

"Ah!" said the stout shopman; and raised his brows with the suspicion of a smile. "Ye was na' thinkin' o' buyin' me out, now was ye?"

Jack shook his head at the cheese in vigorous denial.

"Some'ing fer free fardens, it was," he repeated with a last covetous glance toward a family of intoxicated flies and a tin of treacle.

"Bless us! what could it ha' bin?" pondered the man behind the counter. "Run away 'ome, Johnny, ye'd better, an'

by the time ye return I'll have it wrapped up and ready for ye."

And this being undoubtedly the wisest plan, the would-be buyer turned to retrace, thoughtfully, his short steps.

"Ye've been a mortal whiles away, Jackie," reproached his mother. "The butter has surely melted back to milk, with the 'eat."

"I never got it, mother. I—I thought p'raps yer'd best put it on paper, 'cause —'cause p'raps the grocerman might fer-git it."

"Lor' bless the boy for a simpleton! Take the pencil, then, Jack, and a page of the calendar, and write it down."

"'Ow d'yer spell throop'ny, mother?" asked Master Jack, as he reached to tear the seventeenth day of the month of September from the depleted body of an almanack.

"Ye're dreadful backwards in your spelling, boy. Throop'ny?—Put a figger three and a d."

The pencil's point struggled laboriously along the smooth surface of the paper, its movements duplicated by the very red tip of a very rude tongue.

"'Ow d'yer spell 'margarine, mother?"

The speaker sucked speculatively the pencil point; and, there coming no reply to release him from his difficulty—"I know," he cried; "baby's name was Marjie, an' it's writ in the front of the family Bible."

Following on this lucky thought the boy began a strenuous search. The pantry was ransacked from bottom to top, and from top to bottom; the playbox peered into from shelf to shelf; the clothes-closet probed to the uttermost cobwebby corner; and even the coal-cellar not overlooked in the hunt for the absent Book: but all to no purpose.

"You aint a-settin' on it, I s'pose, mother, to make you 'igher, is you?" suggested Jack, at a venture.

"Well, I never!" exclaimed the woman, upon this remarkable discovery. "How did the Book get under there?" And turning tenderly the rubbed-cloth cover, she read softly aloud a sprawled inscription:

"Marjorie Miggins. Born, January the First. Nineteen-hundred-and-five.

Died, December the Twenty-fifth, Nineteen-hundred-and-six."

III.

A little later, the good-natured grocer across the way emerged again from the privacy of his back parlor to answer the summoning ring of his shop-door bell.

"So, so, Mister Free-Fardens! ye's back again, is ye?" he jocularly observed, taking a piece of paper from an outstretched grimy paw. "What's this?—'A thought for to-day,'" he read, with a disparaging sniff: "'The Road to Greatness through a desert winds (humph); the thirsting traveler, pressing on, the Oasis of Fame a mirage—'"

"If yer please, sir, turn over to the 'margarine, sir," advised the child.

"The 'margarine? Yes, yes, to be sure. This is more like it: 'A quarter-a-pound of 3d. Marjorien' (humph!)."

Jack, his purchase made, meandered again, past three scattered biscuit-boxes and two tempting apple-barrels, from the stout shopkeeper's smiling view. His farthing clutched tightly with the yielding packages, he came into the street, there to meet a woe-begone Bill Jones trailing, in deep dejection, a burst balloon.

This sad, if gratifying, scene gave rise to much thought in the nimble brain of the beholder; and the faint cries of "Ole cloe?—Any ole cloe,—Any bottles an' ole cloe?" from the now far-distant barrow-man floated less seductively to his ears.

The space between the perturbed possessor of the farthing and the "barrerful" of balloons had been lessened by but one-half when the boy paused to contemplate, in a rush of cloying memories, the window display of an especially well-favored sweet-stuff shop.

"Ole cloe?—Any ole cloe?—Any bottles an' ole cloe?" was wafted on the wind to where he stood, surveying endless big-stoppered bottles of brandy-balls and countless jars of sugar-sticks: curly sugar-sticks of brown clove; straight sugar-sticks of scarlet strawberry; striped sugar-sticks of red raspberry; spotted sugar-sticks of green gooseberry (was

even the first Ada n ever so tempted?). The childish mouth watered. The earthly substance of the sugar-sticks overcame the more ethereal fascination of the balloons. He went in.

"What flavor would you like, sonny?" questioned the dame in the dim interior, rising to forget her rheumatism in the fulfillment of the customer's request.

Jack's choice hovered between curly clove and straight strawberry, finally to fall upon the former. And the farthing being discovered in the act of pushing its way through the flimsy wrapping to immerse itself in the 'margarine, the oily coin and the cane of clove changed hands: the one to vanish with a demurring chink and a rattle of remonstrance into a cracked cup; the other to disappear slowly down into the darkness of a rapacious maw.

Alas for the fickleness of Human Desire! Within a minute from the consumption of the stick of peppery clove, a toy balloon on the end of a line of string seemed to Jack the most precious possession this poor world had to offer.

"Ole cloe?—Any ole cloe?—Any bottles, an' ole cloe?" was wafted once more, in a sing-song monotone, from the neighboring street. And heavy of heart and sick of stomach the hearer bent his feet again toward the six flights of steep, stone stairs (Oh, that man had made banisters for little boys to slide up!) that led to the topmost story of Muggs' Model Dwellings for the Poor—and home.

"Hey! Jack boy! And ye're here again, are ye, like a beggar at the back door?" cried his mother cheerily upon his breathless return. "But ye've made a fearsome mess of the 'margarine."

"It—it jes melted on me," mumbled the accused, "an'—an', mother," he continued, as the other closed the Book, which still lay open before her, "you know that farden? I—I lawst it!"

"Oh, Jack! Lawst it? Was ever such a silly boy? And where d'ye lose it? Or was it stole?"

"I—I don't know," mourned Jack with a gulp. "I—I was jes' going along an'—an' I lawst it."

And he commenced to cry.

"There, there!" soothed the listener,

in a sudden kindness of sympathy. "Come to yer mother, Jack boy." And she lifted the forlorn little figure to place him gently upon her knee. "Yer mother's own baby, aint ye?" she whispered, as he pressed his stained face against her bosom.

The muffled weeping dwindled to sobs, to die at last in generous sniffs; and then, ever so slightly, Jack lifted his head:

"Kin I—kin I 'ave—kin I 'ave another farden?" he brokenly begged.

"Mercy on us, chile!" exclaimed the mother. "D'ye think we're made o' money?—There, there, Jacky! But ye'll drowned yer prooty eyes if ye takes another spell o' bawling. Come, come, be a man; and you shall have a farthing, Jack—you shall have farthings and farthings—when my ship comes home."

"When the ship comes 'ome?" said Jack, with brightening eyes, foregoing his grief in an excitement of surprise.

"When the ship comes home!" repeated the woman in a whisper. "Tomorrow, perhaps, or the next day."

And she stayed her stitching to stoop and kiss away a single coursing tear.

"Oh, Jack!—Jack!"

But Jack was wise: he closed his eyes, and his snores told how he slept, whereupon the mother's reproach melted back to tenderness, and she kissed again the fragrant lips, that now were parted in the joy of a wondrous dream. The dream was of a ship with sugar-stick masts and balloons for canvas. It came sailing gallantly up Mr. Muggs' stairs, with the rheum-racked dame in command upon the quarter-deck and Bill Jones in gold-laced glory at the wheel!

IV

"Jack!—Jack!"

The sleeper stirred restlessly, to be awakened with a bump in a last unlucky roll of the dream ship.

"Oh, my!" he murmured, sitting up and digging his fists vigorously into his drowsing eyes. "Oh, my! I dremp we'd all felled overboard wid the fishes!" He yawned thankfully, and arose unsteadily on his stockingless legs. "I wonder," he

mused, "I wonder where's mother. She must ha' gawn a-Saturday-shopping. I wonder—"

"Jack—Jack!" Came again the low cry.

The child peered with quickening breath into the gloom of the fire-lighted room toward where, within the narrow doorway, loomed a strange and sinister form.

"Where's the missis, nipper?" asked a hoarse voice.

In a sudden fit of terror the child shrank back against the wall.

"Gar bless ye, son! I aint a-going to hurt ye," assured the dim shape.

"'Tis a sailorman from off the ship!" Jack suddenly bethought him; and as if to strengthen this suspicion and dispel his fears, the intruder approached with a true nautical lumbering, as if his heavy boots still trod the pitching planks of an unstable craft.

"Where's the missis, nipper?" came the question again. "She'll be a-shopping now, I'm reckoning; an' she wont be 'ome for quite a piece, I'm a-thinking, son?" added the stranger, with more of assertion.

And seating his square person clumsily upon the extreme edge of the couch, as if fearful of its limitations, or unused to such soft places, he heaved a great sigh and commenced, with minute earnestness, to scan his meager surroundings, dwelling at mysterious length on everything discernible in the dusk, and missing nothing.

"I—I kin' o' likes sailormans, an'—an' ships," stammered Master Jack, at a venture, timidly.

The man stared, aroused from his reverie.

"Bless the kid! If I hadn't clean forgot ye," he said. "Stand ye down, lad, and let's take a long, long look at yer. But yer a-growing, son, a-growing good y'are; top yer ole dad afore long, so yer will; top yer ole dad!" exclaimed the stranger, standing his subject off at arms' length. "An' yer every inch as sturdy, I'll be bound," he concluded, "ev'ry inch as sturdy."

And bending forward he grasped the lad by the ears, and hoisted him from

his startled feet to a place beside him on the sofa.

"Jus' as sturdy, ev'ry blessed bit!" he repeated admiringly. "Not another nipper twicet yer size in all London would ha' stood that wi'out a squeal."

"But it 'urt," said Jack ruefully, blinking his blue eyes and breathing very hard.

"In course it 'urt," said the man feelingly. "But ye're a plucky un', son, a real plucky un'! But what was yer a-saying about ships and sailormen?" he questioned curiously. "It's a-dreaming ye've bin, I'm thinking?"

"I drempt," confided Jack, as the man took him upon a very hard and very bony knee, "mother's ship comed 'ome, an'—an' it was luvly!"

"Ha!" murmured the man, and turned his close-cropped head. "So the ole gel's ship come 'ome, did it, son, in yer dreams? And yer took me, when ye see me, for a sailor, did ye? The cappin, mebbe, eh?"

"Yes," eagerly agreed the boy; "I knowed it—ye was the cappin. And did yer bring lots an' lots of fardens wid yer? Mother said as 'ow there'd be lots of fardens."

And with the contempt bred of close acquaintance, the speaker slipped five small fingers adroitly into the nearest pocket of the man's coat, to draw forth, with a whistle of astonishment, a monstrous jack-knife.

"What yer got, yer young beggar?" cried the dispossessed sharply. "Tut, lad," he continued more kindly, "I aint a-scolding of yer; I's afeared ye'd cut yer precious fingers, boy."

"That's what yer cuts yer bacca wid, aint it?" commented Jack, with returning smiles. "Let's see yer chew, Mister Sailorman," he pleaded, with an upward glance at the disappointingly motionless jaws, "like sailors chews."

"The same little innocent!" murmured the man, taking caressingly the pinched, upturned, tiny features between his rough palms. "The same little innocent as used to stan' on his 'ead for pots o' beer in the sawdust of the back parlor of the ole Red Lion—Gaw bless 'im! Ye can stan' on yer 'ead, can yer, Jack?" he added aloud.

"I reckon I kin," came the answer, proudly. "I kin do ye," deliberated Master Jack, "I kin do ye a stan'-on-me-'ead, if ye kin do me a 'ornpipe, Mister Sailor-man?" he bargained brightly.

But on his struggling to free himself for the boasted performance the stranger sealed the compact with a restraining hug.

"Another time, son," he said, "another time. Mister Sailor-man is too tired jus' now fer 'ornpiping. But tell us, lad, d'ye recollek yer ole dad? But no, yer would-n't, I'm a-thinking."

"I 'members a bit of 'im," reflected the boy. 'E's dead now, I reckon," he concluded, with cheerful resignation.

"Ah! An' he was like—what was he like?"

"'E was like—" The speaker, for a similitude, searched the apartment, the dinginess of its scant furnishings softened in the glow of the dying fire—"like you, some'ing," he remarked at last, dubiously, "on'y fatter, an'—an'—"

"Wit' whiskers?"

"Wit' whiskers."

Upon this followed a silence; and presently the boy traveled back into Dreamland and to the dangers and delights of his phantom-ship. Into the eyes of Mister Sailor-man, as he watched the course of the wondrous craft traced upon the sleeping features, crept a light of yearning love.

v

"Bill!—Bill!"

The stranger roused with a guilty start; and, placing the nestling form upon the couch, turned to confront the newcomer.

"I begs yer pardin, missis," he said, foolishly, "I—I've come from 'im—Bill."

And he shuffled uneasily a few steps into the deeper shadows of a corner.

"You've come from 'im?" repeated the woman, in tense whispering tones. "Sit yer down, sir." And she nervously placed a chair before the fire. Dropping her packages upon the table she moved swiftly to the cupboard.

"Ye'll take a drop o' beer?" she in-

vited, spilling the contents of a bottle into a glass. Returning, she seated herself before the stranger; untying with feverish fingers her bonnet-strings and watching impatiently the disappearance of the proffered liquor in her distressful anxiety to receive the stranger's news.

"Ah!" breathed the man, with more of composure, returning the emptied cup. "Yes, missis, I've come—yer very excellent 'ealth," he apologized, wiping his lips; "I've come from Bill. I've come from Bill to say—to say—"

"He will be free!" finished the woman. "And when?"

She laid a hand impulsively upon the stranger's sleeve.

"Free? Yes, he will be free. To-morrow, or the next day—maybe—he will be free."

"And you? You were in there, too?"

The man nodded, his eyes staring into the dull red embers of the grate. And, as he stared, the slim bars became the barriers that for long months past had looked down in silent mockery upon him and his misery; and in the dancing flames were fashioned the forbidding walls which had that day frowned upon his departure from the grim prison of Pentonville.

"We was near neighbors, me and Bill," he said, as if to himself.

"You were in the next—the next cell to him?"

"And times there were," he went on without noting the interruption, "when we used to talk together."

"With tappings on the wall?" urged the eager listener.

"For two years we was together; and we got to kind o' know each other, me and Bill. And times there was, at first when he was a-fretting his 'eart out; times when I used to set and wonder what a man could do to deserve it—two years in that 'ere hell!"

The stranger's toilworn hands gripped convulsively the sides of his seat in a sudden restraint of passion; and the woman shrank involuntarily from the lined face the fire-light revealed.

"Two years!" he resumed, muttering. "Two years o' having yer limbs shackled like a slave's and yer body fed like a beast's; until the irons ate into your soul.

and from a man yer grew—yer grew to a devil!"

The slumbering form upon the couch stirred, and at the sound the stranger turned.

"There was a little gel, a little baby gel, Bill used always to be a-telling of; she'll be abed, missis, in the other room, I'm a-thinking? If I could just take a peep at her—me being kind o' fond o' little gels—"

The speaker ceased speaking abruptly to clutch his silent companion by the sleeve.

"Don't say she's—that!" he gasped. "Don't tell me, missis, the little gel's gone?" In her eyes he read the truth and let fall his head between his hands.

As if to break the heavy stillness, there came from the lips of the dreaming boy a troubled muttering; and the man rose unsteadily to his feet.

"Don't ye be ninding me, missis," he went on apologetically; "don't ye be minding me. But I'd got to grow kind o' fond o' Bill's little gel. And there's times, missis, times a longing comes over me; times when I seems to see your Bill a-setting in his cell, and a-thinking, thinking on her—his baby gel; them's times, missis, times a longing comes over me to meet—to meet the man that sent him there." His hand stole to his pocket, and from the gleam in his eyes the woman shrank.

"But I begs yer pardin, missis," he went on, "I'd best be a-going, I'm thinking. And here—"

He drew from an inner pocket a small, full-shaped bag.

"Here's something I come nigh on forgetting. It's from Bill; and he asked me, missis, he asked me for to give it yer."

The woman's fingers closed in bewilderment upon the gift, as she faced the man fearfully, in the half-darkness; searching his shadowed features for signs to confirm or dissipate a growing dread.

"But Bill," she cried faintly, "he will be free; he will be home to-morrow, or—or the next day?"

"He—he is free, missis; he come out this day, did Bill, along o' me."

The man drew still further back beyond the circle of light cast in the glow

from the hearth, and his fingers sought the latch of the door.

"But yer don't understand, missis"—he continued huskily, "yer don't understand what it means to a man—two years in there. What is it, think ye, makes 'im take, wi' never a murmur, the kicks and curses of his feller men? Fear o' the gun—when a bullet through his 'eart 'ud be the biggest blessing the pore devil could wish? Or is it because he must live for the sake of the missis an' the kids? Or is because he must live to meet ag'in the man that sent him, with a word, from all he loved on Gawd's earth; to break their 'earts, and wreck his body—and his soul? What is it, think ye, missis, what is it makes 'im scratch a mark each night on the wall of his prison? Because it shows 'im another day nearer 'ome? Or another day nearer the reckoning with his Judge?"

The voice of the speaker died, in a sibilant whispering, to a hush. And with a moan the woman drooped her head between her arms, thrown wide across the table in an agony of disappointment and despair.

At the door, the man paused, and turned backward in seeming indecision, his fingers confusedly fumbling his coarse cap.

"Good-by!" he breathed, "Good-by."

Then he stepped a pace nearer the motionless figure at the table.

"Mister Sailorman, Mister Sailorman," came a complaining cry from out the darkness, "ye're a-going away an' a-forgetting of the 'ornpipe ye promised me."

"The nipper!" muttered the man. "I'd a'most fergot the nipper!"

His right hand was withdrawn reluctantly from his pocket.

"Gawd fergive me!" he murmured brokenly. Then, "I've come on board, mate," he said aloud, slipping an arm about the woman's bowed shoulders. "I've come aboard!"

"Bill!" she cried, "Bill." For then she knew.

And a minute later—"I reckon," mused the little wondering boy upon the couch—"I reckon as I aint the on'y one as kin' o' likes ships an' sailormans."



"I'm goin' to picket you out where the fodder is rich!"

Wedding Chimes at Red Dog

BY HARRY IRVING GREENE

ILLUSTRATED BY FRED WOODS

AT the time Alfalfa, Cheyenne Red, and I burst into the game, and became *particeps criminis* in the tragedy that followed, our conception as to how the affair had originated was immature and crude. However, that did not prevent us from helping boost the proceedings along to a delirious finish, for we are opportunists by nature and boosters by trade. Later on, however, we learned that the matter had had its inception in the dim past and somewhat to-wit:

For years old Peckaway Strong had been the sole possessor of the Golden Goose gopher-pocket mine up on Quartz mountain, and all that time it had been laying him a steady stream of nuggets; while down in the valley Wash Rideout had, for an equal period, claimed the ownership, with all its appliances, appurtenances, and hereditaments of a placer-mine that spread the bottoms of his pans with yellow dust thick as butter on flapjacks. As to which was the better

paying property, mine or placer, the world wotted not, for during all that time Peck and Wash had kept on pecking and washing and salting away their rake-off in a satisfied silence until, at the time their long-standing friendship blew up, each had *cached* away a pile of the yellow-boys that would have made the gold specie department of a national bank look like a spoonful of brass filings. Then came the beginning of their grief.

Instead of remaining meek and lowly, as befits those upon whom blind Fortune has become unduly smitten, as their bank rolls swelled and grew, rivalry and jealousy sprang up in their bosoms rank as fungus in a swamp. There came a time when the mere sight of one another curdled the last drop of the milk of human kindness in their bosoms and clogged their veins with hate and loathing. Then one day they met and fought.

It was an uncanny exhibition of hate

and incompetence, filled with weird swipes and swoops and picturesque posings, while the adjectives they used smelled as if they had been taken from a dead language. A sulphurous cloud of dust hung over the battle-ground as if a dynamite factory had suddenly become a nervous wreck, and gone into convulsions, and it was only now and then that the awe-stricken residents of Red Dog could catch a fleeting glimpse of dim, silhouetted figures prancing around in the midst of the murk, like Indian ghosts war-dancing in a fog-bank. The noise sounded like a ton of coal falling on a tin roof, and to a man, the rest of the population of the town turned tail and crawled under whatever came handiest. It was awful.

At the end of five minutes the worst of it was over, and with bated breaths the Red Dogites crawled forth to inspect the carnage. They hadn't expected to find anything left of the battle-ground but a hole in the earth, flanked by a few minor disjointed fragments of human vertebrae; so you can imagine their disgust when they saw how they had been buncoed. The hole in the earth was absent, and the carnage consisted of the utter destruction of two suits of raiment; while in the midst of the litter, too weak even to swear except in simple sentences, Peck and Wash lay glaring into each other's eyes in breathless impotence.

Yet it was a time for prompt action, for already sun-bonnets were appearing in the distance, and the male population of Red Dog met the emergency nobly. Moved by a common impulse they merged themselves around the gladiators and bore them into Pinto Charley's thirst-parlor and pulled down the curtains. That was the first time, in the brief but strenuous history of Red Dog, that a saloon had pulled down a shutter for anything or anybody, so the act in itself marked an epoch. Then they locked the door and plugged the keyhole, while Pinto went on a still hunt for first-aid garments for the sorely needful.

After awhile he came back and laid the result of his search before them. It consisted of half a dozen yellow, illustrated sporting-papers, and out of them

they constructed a *trousseau* for Peckaway that was little short of a creation. Then they opened the back door and regretfully but firmly shoved him out into the alley.

He was a garish spectacle as he stood there in the gloaming. The paper that formed his breastplate bore a life-size picture of a game-chicken challenging the universe, while on his back was a full length reproduction of a dancing lady, who balanced herself daintily with one toe resting on his lumbar-region. His legs were a glittering medley of snake-charmers, bull-dogs, and living-skeletons. He caught one glance of himself in the mirror, through the open door, and then went whizzing into the distance.

Then the crowd turned sympathetically to Wash. But the visible supply of gent's furnishing goods had vanished with Peckaway, so they had to head him up in an empty barrel and roll him home that way. The feud may now be said to have reached the acute stage.

Among other things it had come to pass that Wash was the father of a daughter. She was fifteen years of age, freckle-spattered and gum destroying, and the very day following the above tragedy, he assembled her in the front corral of his residence and began to hold heart to heart communion with her.

Said Wash:

"Daughter, up to date you have never been entered in the society hurdles, but now you have got to learn to be a thoroughbred and a high-stepper. Almost imperceptibly, I have come to notice that you have not been thoroughly broken to drawing-room manners, and I fear also that you are impairing your maidenly form by riding bucking bronchos *a la* natural. Now, the *scenario* of this performance reads about as follows:

"I've saved up enough gold dust to stuff an elephant's hide, and I'm going to squander it like a Death Valley promoter in my duty towards you as a fond parent. I've arranged, by telegraph, to grub-stake and outfit you for three or four years at an effete Eastern seminary, where they have a coat of arms and a guaranteed scandal every fortnight; and I'm going to picket you out there where

the fodder is rich, until you round into perfect form. In other words, you have got to become the similie for a true lady. That done, the subsequent proceedings will not be unlike the following:

"As everybody knows, I whaled old Peckaway into a grotesque caricature of a man yesterday, and I want you, as a dutiful daughter, to make his degradation absolute. Therefore, after you have been moulded into a society-queen, you will suddenly, some day, go glittering down our streets in your low-neck gown and aigrette, and flaunt your refined manners and perfect breeding under the noses of old Strong and that unbranded Siwash son of his, Edmund. Of course, Edmund will fall desperately in love with you. When you have encouraged him into the blind staggers, you will gently kick his feet out from under him and throw him down so hard that he will echo. The sympathetic shock will either wreck the remnant of old Peckaway's reason, or drive him to his grave in shame and humiliation, which will serve him right

for trying to pose as my equal. Everything is arranged, and all you have to do is get your pack ready and flag that mixed freight in the morning."

So Wash went to bed that night feeling better natured than he had for a year past, and chuckled through long dreams, wherein he poked Peckaway with a sharp stick through the bars of a lunatic-asylum.

But was he destined to do so? Listen!

Twenty-four hours after the mixed freight had borne Gladys Rideout over the horizon, Peckaway dragged Edmund

out of the Lucky Strike pool-room by his ears, and turned his vocabulary loose upon him.

Said Peckaway:

"Son, hearken! As all the world knows, I mauled old Rideout out of the least semblance of humanity the other day, and I am told that the awful humiliation of it is unsettling his reason. In fact, so morbid has he become, that he has shipped that unspeakable daughter of his away by freight to some cheap

boarding-school, where his shame will not kill her. And that has given me an idea that would only come to Genius.

"For twenty years I've been pecking away at the pachydermic cuticle of this here earth, as I gathered the red corpuscles from its veins, in order that my posterity might browse on *patty-de-foi-grass* and have their clothes built according to plans and specifications. And while, of course, I expect to make you my dissolute heir, you have first got to earn your patrimony. What you have got to do now is to go down East to some big college, where



He was a garish spectacle.

they have good trainers and rubbers, and get yourself curried into an imitation of a gentleman what would deceive anybody. Also, you have got to take some kind of a degree. I don't care whether it is a D.D., an M.D., or an LL.D. so long as it has capital letters and periods in it—and the more of them the better. Then I want you to come back here with courtly manners and your trousers pressed, and break the heart of old Rideout's female progeny.

"I don't cherish anything in particular against her, except her looks and man-

ners and ancestry, but when Wash gazes on her after the smash-up, he will realize what happens to upstarts of obscure lineage and depraved instincts when they try to break into the social environment of hereditary aristocracy. Incidentally, he will probably waste away to a shadow or commit suicide, which will be unfortunate for him, but none of my lookout. So, away you go, first thing in the morning."

So it came about that Peckaway, in his turn, rolled into bed that night, soothed and restful, and for the next four years he and Wash glared down at each other with scorn unspeakable as the plot simmered and thickened. It was at this stage of the affair that Alfalfa, Red, and I got under the limelight.

The three of us were camped one night about half a dozen miles from Red Dog, where the trail branched off towards Benedict, four miles farther on. Things that we had not been looking for had been coming our way fast during the last ten days, and we were tired out and disconsolate.

First it had been an itinerant committee of the whole from the Moral Suasion Association for the Uplifting of the Unregenerate by Physical Means, and they had carried the physical means looped upon their saddles. Next, a vagrant band of cavalry had sought our credentials, and it had been a long, stern chase. Yet, this night, we had scarcely banked our fire and rolled ourselves in our saddle-blankets, than the chug of horses' hoofs fell upon our ears and brought us to our feet fretful and peevish. Thirty seconds later, a couple of riders came galloping out of the gloom, and at the sight of our smoldering fire, pulled up and sat motionless in their saddles as they looked into the muzzles of our unmasked batteries.

They were a man and a woman, and as a tongue of flame licked up the sur-

rounding darkness, we could see their features just as if they had been cut cameo. He was a big young fellow, this man, a good two yards in the perpendicular and a yard in the horizontal across the shoulders, straight, square-set, and happy-go-lucky looking; as for the girl—well, just you call up the reddest lipped, roundest cheeked, shiningest haired queen you ever dreamed of, and imagine her in a long riding-coat and a cap, under which shone eyes that sparkled like dew on bunch-grass. Whew, but it was enough to make any man's hair pull to look at a woman like that, way out there in the very solar-plexus of that rim rock and cactus bejeweled Eden, and no wonder that, at first glance, Alfalfa began curling his mustache and that Red glued his forelock over his forehead and twisted and smirked idiotically. Our guns vanished



They had to head him up in a barrel!

quicker than we had ever pulled them, and the young fellow's mouth split an inch wider.

"Evening, boys! Better take care of yourselves sleeping out here with the gate open," he said through his grin.

Not a word did the queen say; she just sat there and smiled. No use of a woman doing anything else when she can

smile like that. It showed the tips of a lot of ivory-white teeth and dimpled her cheeks, and turned us weak from heart palpitation as three Chinamen after a smokefest. We all mumbled something.

"Fact is," he went on, in the same free and easy way, "this lady and myself are somewhat perturbed, finding ourselves of a sudden in a situation wherein we would not disdain assistance. Now, you fellows are strangers to me, and the first question is whether you would be willing to come to the assistance of this lady in our emergency. If you are willing to speculate unsight and unseen, I'll let you in on the ground floor of our secret; if not, speak up real loud and distinct and we'll bid you *adiós* and no harm done. So now, which is it?"

Red straightened up on his toes and began to bristle and grow hoarse. He made me think of a ten pound rat-terrier trying to out-bluff a mastiff, but even at that, if I hadn't known him, I would have got behind something at the mere sound of him.

"I'm with you and you are safe," he rumbled. "So what's the particular brand of your trouble?"

The man turned upon him.

"It's like this. My name is Strong—lineal descendent of Peckaway of that name. This lady is Miss Rideout, and she is the daughter of Washington Rideout, popularly and vulgarly known as Wash, and whose reputation may possibly have percolated thus far into the foothills."

He stopped speaking and cocked his ear over his shoulder, and in that instant my memory cleared. I had seen both Strong and Rideout, way back in the mildewed past, and now, as the cobwebs of time fell away, I saw their faces plainly with my mind's eye. There could be no doubt about it. These full blooded, curried and groomed fly-by-nights were their son and daughter, for I could see the family resemblances standing out like the eagle on a gold piece. But the difference was this: The ones before us were young and fresh-tinted and full of rich life, like a new oil painting, whereas Wash and Peck were but a couple of poor old battered tin-types.

The young fellow turned upon us again.

"The fact is, you are now gazing upon a man and woman who are soul-bent upon committing the heinous crime of matrimony, with malice aforethought and consequences be hanged, and that, too, in the very teeth of our parents' stern injunction. For, unreal as it may seem, while they encouraged us during our preliminary love-jockeyings, yet, when the lady and myself took the bits in our teeth for the hurdle of matrimony, they arose frothing at the mouth and swearing that they had been double-crossed and whip-sawed. Neither could we pacify them, for both seemed to feel that child-murder would be but an inconsequential misdemeanor compared with such a *més-alliance* as our marriage. Then came the open rupture and our present sprint for the altar.

"Now, of course, our parents are a couple of fine old boys in their way, but they are of the vintage of 1860 and have soured some. They have never seen a ninety horse-power motor-car on the rampage, and they don't realize that when one comes along, pack-mules have got to take to the timber or get mutilated. And, on the same principle, they don't seem to comprehend that a ninety horse-power car is but a baby-carriage beside Cupid's chariot, when the latter vehicle comes amuck down the highway. Now, I don't want to be compelled to take physical liberties with their anatomical structures, but I'm going to pull off this wedding as per schedule or tear up considerable natural scenery. Hence, I make this appeal to you, on behalf of this lady, who deplores bloodshed. Incidentally, I might mention that our pursuers are probably raging not over a mile behind us."

Red began to bloat.

"It's a shame and an outrage, and I won't stand for it," he gritted. "Just let me at the old griffins."

He dropped his hand on his holster, but Strong stopped him with a gesture.

"None of that. The help I need is not brute-force but strategy and diplomacy."

Alfalfa slid in front of Red and stood smirking before the queen

"Diplomacy is my long suit and strategy my pastime," he began with a simper. "Presidents have attended my night-school of statesmanship, and I still teach ambassadors strategy by correspondence. Now, if you will but give me the mere inkling of what you would like to have done, the arranging of details will be a mere mechanical function."

Strong's head had been turned backward again, and now he whirled upon us with his words pelting our ears like hailstones.

"Hear that! If they are not on this spot within three minutes, I'll eat a cactus. Now, listen hard.

"You, man," pointing to Alfalfa, "are about my height, and with my hat on, at fifty yards distance would be a passable counterfeit of me in the moonlight; while you," aiming his finger at Red, "in this lady's coat and cap and riding with your knee around the horn, might well humbug a pair of hate-blinded eyes to almost within arm's length. When we have made the alteration in our apparel, and you are streaking it across the flat and making your get-a-way from Peckaway and outriding Rideout, the lady and I will be hitting it up along the trail which ends in the box-cañon of matrimony at Benedict. This other friend of ours," meaning me, "will be the stool-pigeon and steerer.

"When our pursuers come along, he will point out you two fitting away in the shimmer, and, of course, they will go swooping away after you like a hawk after a June-bug. The result is a foregone conclusion. Your horses are fresh, and the pursuit will be a hollow mockery. After you have inveigled them hopefully along for a few miles, all you will have to do will be to use your spurs, and suddenly leave them friendless and alone in the midst of the howling wilderness. After that, it will be up to them to turn around and wander homeward, grievously disappointed, it is true, but with none of their vital organs missing.

"To-morrow I will send them a certified copy of the wedding-certificate, and sometime thereafter, the then Mrs. Strong and I will appear before them, penitent and remorseful, but neverthe-

less solidly married. Then, after they have gone into an eruption, boiled over, and cooled off a few thousand degrees, I will miss my guess if they don't kill the fatted calf like a pair of game losers. So quick now."

Sixty seconds later and they were gone down the branch trail, while Red, in the cap and flowing coat and looking coy and bewitching, was ogling me with coquettish glances as he sat with one knee crooked around the horn. Then, side by side, he and Alf loped into the open.

I rolled a cigaret and stood motionless and calmly expectant, while portentous events bore rapidly down upon me. A minute later two riders popped out of the darkness, and at sight of me standing there, they arose in their stirrups, and with one pull stood their cayuses upon their hocks like a couple of jackrabbits. They were Peckaway and Wash, all right, but they had forgotten me as completely as they had the ten commandments. For an instant they gazed suspiciously, then Wash fractured the silence.

"Stranger," said he, cold and cutting, "have you happened to observe a moon-eyed, goat-browed, depraved featured, male monstrosity upon a bay horse whizzing this way alongside of a perverse looking, weak-minded woman?"

Peckaway couldn't speak; he just choked up with language that gave him the heart-burn, and sat there glaring and futile. I threw the butt of my cigaret away and sneaked a glance in the direction Red and Alfalfa had taken. They were a quarter of a mile away by this time and in the moonlight the illusion was a thing to gloat over.

"That them?" I asked, jerking my thumb over my shoulder. "Seem to be going somewhere, don't they. Any little thing I can do for you?"

Well, you ought to have seen those two old parties. Peckaway began to pant like a donkey-engine, and Wash's breath sounded like a blizzard whistling through a key-hole. One look of hatred flared up in their eyes, and then they jabbed their spurs to the hilt. I made a flying leap onto my pony and was after them so close

the gravel from their hoofs pelted me like buckshot. In case they should manage to catch Alf and Red, I knew there would be scenes full of weird interest, so I hung onto their horses' tails like the witch behind Tam O'Shanter.

We split the moonlight like a torpedo-boat splits the foam, and left our shadows panting and discouraged in the distance. In front of me Peckaway and Wash were quirting and gouging, and at every jump they emitted remarks that

foot, made a bull's eye in a prairie-dog hole, and the way Red went through the atmosphere would have made a pinwheel dizzy.

"My girl!" gasped Wash as Red was still spinning. "Heavens, it will kill her."

But the next instant he let out a screech of joy and amazement, for the flying creature before us lit on the horse again like a circus-lady, and turning in the saddle, wafted us a kiss from its fingers with nonchalant elegance. But not



"I'm with you and you're safe," he murmured.

made my hair bristle and set my teeth on edge like a lemon. A quarter of a mile ahead we could see the fugitives gliding over the flat like a pair of stampeded ghosts, Red all in a flutter of flowing coat and Alf looming up tall and straight as he rode with one hand resting on his companion's shoulder in an attitude of lover-like fidelity and encouragement. The way Wash gritted his teeth at the sight reminded me of a quartz-crusher.

And then, in a twinkling, I saw something happen. Cheyenne's horse, with one

ten seconds more elapsed before the aspect of things began to alter materially. Red's horse had begun to limp, and gradually he and Alf were compelled to slow down to a mere canter. Seeing this, Peckaway and Wash began to ride as if insane.

Over the mountain-tops a black cloud had come crawling, and now, when we were within a stone's throw of the runaways, it snuffed out the moon as if somebody had rolled it up in a blanket. For a minute or two more we hurtled on blindly, until we were all riding in a

jostling bunch, with no one knowing his next neighbor; then I drew sharply back, with a presentiment strong upon me that something eventful was about to happen. And hardly had I done so when it happened.

From in front of me came a yelp of fear, close echoed by a wild chorus of yells and a wallowing splash. From out of the murk came sounds of choking and clawing, as if an army of wild cats were fighting on a mud bank, leaving me sitting inert and wondering and unable to do more than extend my sympathy. Then there came floating through the darkness the voice of Wash, and it was earnest and pleading.

"Suffering snakes, Gladys, let go of my whiskers and I'll surrender. I sent you to a seminary to learn delarte and ladylike deportment, and they have turned you out a Græco-Roman wrestler."

And hardly had Wash finished his wail than Peckaway's tones came to me pregnant with emotion.

"Unhand my ear-flaps, Edmund, and go take your lady. You have pounded my head against that rock until I fear the poor thing is fractured."

For a moment following all was silence and suspense; then the cloud whipped itself from in front of the moon, and I gazed down upon them.

Red was sitting astride of Wash at the bottom of a water-hole, both hands buried in his whiskers, while Alfalfa had Peckaway by the ears and was stretching them like rubber as he kneaded his anatomy. Both Wash and Peck were still struggling weakly, but as the bright moonlight fell on the faces above them, their arms dropped limply and they lay petrified in amazement.

"And all the while I thought you were Gladys," groaned Wash, wild eyed; "Gladys with the biceps of a gymnast and the grip of a bear-trap. Who in the Hozanna are you, anyway?"

"Who am I?" gritted Red. "I'll tell you. I'm a knight of the old school and the chosen champion of your daughter. And you had better savvy this, old party. When Cheyenne Red takes up his lance in behalf of the fair sex, it's time

for old land-crabs like you to burrow. And right now, while I am upon that subject, I want to ask you a question. Do you hereby consent to your daughter's union with her affinity, Edmund, or shall I proceed with the obsequies?"

He took another hitch of the whiskers around his hand and braced himself for an effort, but Wash's voice arose quickly.

"In the name of humanity have mercy. Unloose my whiskers and take her my blessing."

Red loosened up a trifle, and faced Alfalfa.

"Is your old victim agreeable?" he questioned.

Alf nodded.

"He's as tame as a house-cat and as gentle as a pet ewe. I guess we might as well postpone the death scene," he answered.

So they got on their feet and stood erect in the moonlight, smeared with mud and victory.

We all mounted and plodded along the back route. At the place where the trail divided I addressed them.

"Inasmuch as you two parents have consented to the union, and seeing that it is only five miles to Benedict, why not ride over and give the young people a send off?"

Nobody objected, so in half an hour we were in town.

Instead of finding the runaways safely double-harnessed, as we had expected, we located them moping on a bench in front of the Cattleman's Palace, wan faced and disconsolate. As we came in sight, young Strong jumped to his feet and began to bristle, but when I had briefly explained matters, he grinned a bit and thrust out his hand. Wash took it as if he feared it was red hot.

"Married, I suppose," he grunted with a sour smile. "Well, I guess it is too late to thwart it."

But Edmund's head only shook regretfully.

"What!" yelled Wash, hopping in the air like a cricket. "Do you mean to tell me you have run away with my girl and not married her? You horned toad. I'll shoot you."

In an instant Gladys had thrust herself between them.

"It isn't his fault, daddy. You see, the only justice of the peace here is down with the hydrophobia and the clerk of the court has taken advantage of the situation to elope with the justice's wife, so we couldn't even get a license, let alone get married."

Wash struck the earth again and shoved his gun back to place, and as he did so inspiration again hit me.

"Mr. Strong, I believe you are also a justice," I ventured suavely.

He nodded.

"And you, Mr. Rideout, are deputy-clerk of the court of this county."

He knew better than deny it, so I continued, comforting as soothing syrup.

"The solution of the problem is rudimentally simple. Mr. Rideout deals out the marriage-license and Mr. Strong pulls off the solemn ceremony. Alf, here, is the proud best-man, Red, in his flowing coat, the blushing bridesmaid, and I the competent witness."

Both Red and Alf became clamorous with enthusiasm, but the other two only looked gloomy.

"I haven't any license-forms with me except gambling-licenses," grumbled Wash, fumbling in his pockets.

I settled that difficulty instanter.

"Aint marriage a gamble? Just fill out one of them to suit the case and see how it reads."

So we all went into the Palace and borrowed the inkwell and went to work on that license. When we had finished, it was in words and figures just about as follows:

Permission is hereby granted, under the laws of the State of Nevada, for Edmund Strong and Gladys Rideout, partners, to operate the game of chance called matrimony until this license is canceled, conditioned only that the said game be operated upon the dead level by both parties, all crooked dealing, foul play, and four-flushing strictly prohibited. House rules to govern.

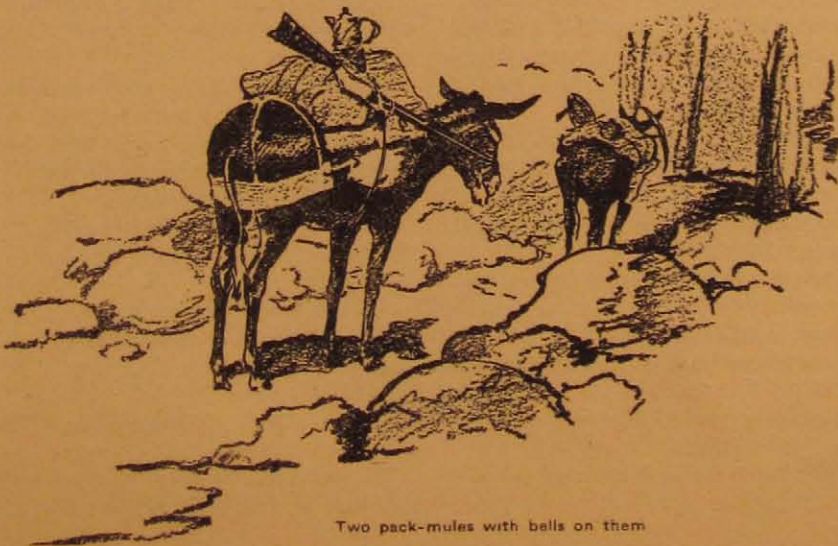
[Signed]

WASHINGTON RIDEOUT.

Deputy Clerk of the Court, Coyote Co.

We all stood up in the little office, while Judge Strong threw the diamond-hitch over them and cinched it, and then blessed them with a voice that rattled like a dice-box. The light from the one kerosene-lamp flickered over them and made a picture that I wish could be painted.

Edmund had ceased grinning and looked medium serious, but I noticed he still kept his arm around her shortest circumference. As for Gladys, well, she was smiling and crying at the same time, like mixed rain and sunshine, and I'll be hanged if old Wash wasn't snuffling around like a cub bear that has lost its mother. No sooner were the proceedings over, however, than he goes digging and fishing down in his pocket, scowling all



Two pack-mules with bells on them

the time, and eventually digs up a lop-eared check-book.

"I suppose everything is all set now, except the marriage receipt," he grumbled, picking up the pen as if it had been a pick-handle. "Haven't any regular forms for that either, but everything seems to go this unnatural evening."

So he scribbled out the certificate on the back of the check, wherein and whereby he served warning on "all men by these presents" that the within named had been duly spliced under him as foreman and daring anybody to deny it. Then the rest of us put our *aliases* on it, and Wash reached for it again and did some more thoughtful writing on the reverse

side and when he had finished that certificate was good at any bank in Nevada for ten thousand dollars. Neither was that the meanest thing he ever did in his hectic life.

There was a railroad-station three miles further on, and Mr. and Mrs. Strong were panting with impatience to catch the first train and get to some town where they could outfit for a little dash over to Europe, so we all rode over with them.

Just outside the town we fell in with a prospector, who was getting an early start into the mountains, and he had two pack-mules with bells on them. So we had wedding-chimes all the way over

The Real-Estate Lady

BY GELSTON SPRING

Author of "The Pernicious Policy of Permincan," etc.

GENEVIEVE WHITING wearily shook her head. "I can't do it, Billy," she said, "please don't ask me anymore."

Billy Prior started for the door. Once he reached it, however, he paused, turned suddenly, and came back.

"Why?"

That was what he had asked himself too often. Now he was asking her. Well, thunder! so he told himself, he had a right to.

"I'm a game quitter, Genevieve," he assured her, "but there must be a reason, and I've got to know it. See?"

Genevieve backed into a corner, and still shook her head.

"Is there somebody else?" persisted Prior.

Genevieve smiled. "No," she answered, "you know that. Who could there be?"

Prior gloomily seated himself upon a straight-backed chair.

"I'm right here until I know," he announced.

Genevieve hesitated for an instant. Then she crept softly into a chair facing him, and glanced squarely into his eyes.

"I guess you've got a right to know, Billy," she finally assented, "and I'm going to tell you."

"Tell me."

The girl drew a long breath. "It's because I love you—too much," she finally conceded.

Billy Prior rose and sprang toward her, his arms outstretched. Despair dropped from his face, and hope—no, certainty, stood there in its stead.

"Genevieve!" he cried.

But the girl merely drew back into her corner once more, and once more shook her head.

"You don't understand, Billy," she went on, "and I must make you understand. I love you too much to marry you."

"Too much to marry me?" repeated Prior.

She nodded briskly. "Love isn't enough for me, or for you, either, Billy. I must

admire the man I marry. If I can't, I shall not be happy, and my unhappiness is going to drag him down."

"And you can't admire me, can you?" sighed Billy Prior. He laughed. "Well, I don't blame you," he admitted.

"If I could make you understand," the girl answered him. "If I could only make you see things as I see them. You're a failure, Billy Prior. Now I've said it. And I mean it. And yet you don't understand."

"Will you put yourself in my place, just for once?" she went on. "My father—he's the man I've lived with all my life. He's a failure, Billy—a dismal failure. Oh, how sick at heart it makes me. Yes, I love him, but I can't admire him. I can hardly respect him. He's good, and he's good to me. But you can't understand. He hasn't got what I demand in men. He hasn't got success. And—the whole thing taints my love for him."

Prior had turned pale. "Genevieve," he said, "listen to me. If you love me, come with me. I know that I'm thirty-two years old. I know that I'm barely scraping together twelve hundred a year. But what of it? Let us start in two rooms. Let us—Don't sacrifice the happiness of two people like this!"

Genevieve stopped him. "It is just what I am not going to do," she answered. "I am not going to sacrifice our happiness. Oh," she burst forth, "can't you understand? What do I care about the money part of it. I could live in a hovel with the man who had—who had accomplished things; who had once, by his own efforts, been somebody. If you had twelve thousand a year I wouldn't marry you—unless that twelve thousand stood for something in your blood, something that I am looking for in men—Success. You don't know me, Billy. I'm starving for the thing I've never had. My grandfathers, my father, my uncles—look at them, think of them, shambling failures! I've watched you, Billy, hoping against hope."

Something belligerent mingled with the confused expressions upon Billy's face.

"Do you really understand what you're talking about?" he queried. "Don't you

know there's nothing in success but luck? Don't you believe there may have been ten or a hundred Abraham Lincolns who never had the chance to take first place? Don't you believe there are a thousand Theodore Roosevelts actually starving in obscurity to-day, who, were they placed in his high place, would do what he does, would be what he is? Don't you?"

She smiled sadly. "Luck!" she repeated. Her lip curled. It was the food her father had fed her. "Luck!" Every successful man was merely a "lucky" man; he had married a rich wife; he had had a rich father; somebody had left him a fortune; he had a political pull; there was always some explanation, and its name was—"Luck." It sickened her.

"It's no use, Billy," she went on, "you even have the patter of the unsuccessful man. 'Luck?' Why, to me there's no such thing as luck. I've read about successful men, and I can put my finger upon their every move, and show you how they created opportunity themselves. Look at me. Can't you see how I feel? Can't you see I am not sordid? I don't crave wealth or position or ease, but, Billy, I'm going to be very frank; I'm going to be unwomanly; I do want a man. I want to marry a man in whose veins runs the thing I'm looking for—Success. If he doesn't find me; if I don't find him; then I can't marry anybody else. If I should, then the man I'd marry would be unhappier than I."

She held forth her hand.

"Billy," she went on, very softly, "I like you too much to make you unhappy by marrying you."

"Let's take a chance, Genevieve," pleaded Prior, "if we marry I know it's going to make a difference. I know our luck will change."

Luck! There it was again. Yes, Billy was hopeless. He belonged to the great army of men who wait forever for something to turn up. And she kept on shaking her head until she shook Billy from the door. And Billy went in despair, digging his nails into the palms of his hands.

"By George, I'm going to marry her," he said aloud to himself at the corner of the street. If Genevieve could have seen

his face just at that juncture, she might have changed her views of Billy Prior. "I'm going to marry her," he declared.

The girl had told the man the truth. She had lain bare her soul to him. She knew she was right; she knew she was justified. She had lived with ciphers too long. Her father—she shuddered when she thought of him. Her father, with his old battered desk; with a cheap desk-room, in a cheap old building on a side street down-town; with his name printed on cardboard, tacked to his desk: "Alfred J. Whiting, Real Estate—Insurance—Loans. Notary Public. Commissioner of Deeds." She recalled, still shuddering, with what awe, as a child, she had realized that her father was a commissioner of deeds, a notary public. At the age of fifteen she had discovered that a notary got twelve cents for taking affidavits and a commissioner twenty-five cents for acknowledgments, and that their respective duties usually ended there. And her childish respect had dropped from her. It had never come back. She had soon found out that "Real Estate and Insurance" and "Loans" were quite as unimportant in their way, and that her father was the most unimportant thing about the whole business.

"Poor father," she would sigh, but without real tenderness. "Poor Billy Prior," she would add, and her eyes would slowly fill with tears. Oh, if she were only a man! She would show them. If she could go into business, now, and—

She was a teacher in the Bartlett Avenue school. She earned seven hundred and fifty dollars a year. They told her she was a success at teaching. She felt, indeed, that this was true. And she knew why. She loved children. She knew how to handle children. But teaching—it would never do for her.

"I'm a marrying woman," she would tell herself. She was right. She wanted to marry. She wanted to marry well. And she wanted to bring up children. Among the forty children in her class she could pick out about five whose mother she would like to be. The Warrener kids; twins, they were. Twins! She laughed to herself as she thought of it, and her

heated face broke into color all at once. The Warrener twins, with their neat blue and white linen and gingham, and their plump bare legs, popping out of the big red automobile in the morning, and scrambling into it again in the afternoon. And the little Skinkle boy. And Maisie Watterson.

"I'm a marrying woman," she would say, again, "who will never marry," she would add.

Why not? She well knew. Because there was nobody who wanted her save Billy Prior, and she would never marry him.

"You can marry anybody you want to," her fellow teachers told her, enviously enough; "of course you can. With your eyes, and your hair, and your figure, and the way you talk. Why, you can twist 'em around your little finger, woman."

But she only shook her head. "Marriage is a lottery," she told them. "It's all luck. Some of us marry, and some of us don't. That's all."

Luck! Miss Pope of the Third Room, who was engaged, simply snickered. "Get busy, girl," she said, "they wont come after you. You've got to go after them. That's the difference between the successful married women and the old-maid failures. The married women are the ones who nab 'em as they pass. That's all."

Genevieve shuddered once more. She vaguely wondered if they were right; wondered whether she might not be tainted with this disease of failure; wondered in her soul whether real women really did arrange these matters so that—Why, she had never had anybody but Billy Prior.

Her father died. And her father took with him into his grave, his daughter's love: not her admiration, not her genuine respect. Nothing but love and pity, that were genuine enough in their way, but still were incomplete.

"Poor father." That was all she could say. Not great father. Not strong father. Not well-known, well-liked, universally respected father. And he had left behind only his daughter, and the old battered desk with its old cardboard sign tacked

on—all that remained of the Real Estate, Insurance, and Loan business. The Notary Public and the Commissioner of Deeds was a thing of the past. Her father had lived his life; had married a woman, who had died. And he had left behind him nothing save his daughter—no name, no memory. To her it was awful, somehow. And again she would clench her hand and smite the window-ledge.

"If I were a man." And, then, of a sudden, it came to her. The idea! She would be a man! She would never marry, for there was nobody but Billy, and she was too much of a woman to do what her fellow teachers had suggested. Somehow, she couldn't nab 'em.

"But I'll show 'em," she told herself.

Her father had left a thousand dollars of life-insurance money. She had paid most of the premiums. To her this thousand dollars stood for something. It was a sign. It spelled "Opportunity." It was a command to do things. She proceeded to do them. She had her father's old desk sent up to her flat; she had it chopped up, and burned, along with its useless burden of pigeonholed papers. Failure was dead and out of the way, now, for good. Her course was clear.

"I'll be a man," she announced to herself, "a real-estate man."

She was as good as her word. She hired a room—not a desk-room—down in the Lawyers Building, and installed a new desk, and some new chairs, and had "G. Whiting," put in gold letters on the door. She shook her femininity from her. She tacked up a motto or two in her desk: "Do it NOW." "Do the HARDEST thing FIRST." And she added a home-made one of her own: "THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS LUCK."

Her motives were varied and still they were unique. She had to wipe the stain of failure from the name of Whiting. She had to found a new dynasty of success. She wanted to prove, somehow, that she knew how. She wanted to forget, too, that she was a marrying woman. She couldn't have those Warrenner twins under her nose every day without thinking. And, above all, she wanted to show Billy Prior that she was right and that he was

wrong. She was there to seize opportunity by the forelock with a grip that was the grip of death itself.

"Now!" she exclaimed, with the same gusto one at Gravesend might cry: "They're off!"

She sat and waited. Then she advertised a bit. Then she sat and waited some more. Then she advertised again. Business came creeping in. She took charge of collecting the rents of three houses whose annual income was \$900 for the three. Her commission was \$45 per annum for that service. She sat and waited. But she was not idle, like the failures. Not at all. She began to understand the real-estate business in all its length and breadth.

"I must get my cash to work," she assured herself. She still had five hundred dollars. Her trick was to speculate on her own behalf; not merely to get commissions for other people's sales. To buy and sell, herself; to get her own profits and to keep them; to buy at low prices and sell at high prices; that was the trick. To deal in equities; that was the great game, in which the fittest were sure to survive. She haunted sheriffs'-sales and foreclosure-sacrifices. She scanned the papers for business-troubles.

"Going at five hundred and twenty-five," the sheriff cried, "five hundred and twenty-five. This new, double-decker apartment-house, all improvements, near the trolley—five hundred and twenty-five—"

Genevieve paused for an instant. She did nothing in a hurry. There were a dozen real-estate men about the room. Billy Prior was one of them. He had been bidding insistently. But he had dropped out at four seventy-five. Somebody else was bidding against Genevieve; it was somebody who wanted the apartment-house, unquestionably. Genevieve smiled to herself. Yes, Billy was a quitter. It was the people who stayed in the game who won out, after all.

"Going at five twenty-five," exclaimed the sheriff.

"Five fifty," whispered Genevieve.

There was a deep silence. Somebody nodded to the sheriff. The sheriff asked for other bids. There were none. Gene-

vieve flushed with pride. The equity was hers—hers!

"Gone at five hundred and fifty, to G. Whiting," said the sheriff.

Prior came over to shake hands with Genevieve.

"You dropped out," said Genevieve.

Prior nodded. "If I could have had it at four fifty," he said, "I knew where I could dispose of it at a hundred dollars profit."

"A hundred!" gasped Genevieve. "Why I'm expecting to make half a thousand on this deal."

"Phew!" whistled Prior, "but you have luck."

"That's what you call it, Billy," she returned.

She flushed with satisfaction. She was a real-estate woman in dead earnest now. She owned an equity. She was speculating. And she knew. And Billy Prior had gone up there and done all that bidding just because he thought he might make fifty or a hundred dollars. And his nerve had forsaken him.

After six months' hard work Genevieve unloaded her bargain at a profit of twenty-three dollars and fifty cents. Things had gone wrong, somehow.

"It was one of Harrington's new houses, you know," other real-estate men told her, "and you know Harrington squeezes 'em dry before they leave his hands. Steer clear of Harrington. You were lucky to get out whole."

"Such darned luck," she thought to herself.

But it was all right. It was experience. And she had sold the house to Billy Prior. That was one satisfaction. If Harrington had stuck her, why, she had—well, not stuck Billy; but Billy was a fool for buying such an elephant.

"Gee," Billy informed her, after eight more months, "it took work, I tell you, for me to sell that place again. Only made five hundred on it, too. It kept me awake nights, I can tell you."

Genevieve investigated, and—wilted. Yes, Billy had made the half thousand all right. Why hadn't she held on? But she was through with new houses. Her eyes were wide open. New houses were built to sell. But old ones weren't. Peo-

ple wanted new houses. Nobody wanted old houses. Genevieve went, personally, into good neighborhoods, respectable side streets, where property was worth fifty dollars a foot, and picked out the most disreputable looking shanties she could find. She selected the big, roomy houses, that needed shingling and re-painting and plumbing. She bought one, the worst of the lot by its appearance, and put a carpenter and a plumber and a painter at work upon it. Inside of two months it looked new. Genevieve sold it at once, and made four hundred and thirty-five dollars on it—a quick turn. One week after she had received the money, her purchaser called on her.

"I aint no kicker," he complained, "but you've sold me a gold brick, all O. K. Look at this here." He exhibited a piece of clapboard, covered with new paint, but rotten as cheese. "They're all the same," he said. "I aint no kicker," he assured her.

He looked at her curiously, and at her sign.

"Whiting!" he mused. "You aint a girl of old Al Whiting's, are you? No; you don't say. Well, your old pop wouldn't have turned a trick like that. He was as honest as the day was long."

It was like a dash of cold water in the girl's face.

"Honest!" Her father? Yes, of course, he had been honest. So was she honest. She had bought the house on the same chance as had her purchaser, but still, that coat of paint was like charity; it covered a multitude of sins. But she knew the business—*caveat emptor*—let the buyer beware.

"I'm sorry," she began. "I'd like to take it back, but business is business."

"I don't want you to take it back," grumbled the purchaser. "I just sold it for five hundred profit myself. I could 'a' made eight hundred if these clapboards hadn't been rotten as mud. You see?"

Genevieve bit her lip with vexation. Why hadn't she made all that profit, instead of letting him do it? What was the matter? It seemed as if luck were against her. She had been in the business for two and a half years, and she hadn't made more than about nine dollars a week

But, of course, it all took time, and grit would tell.

She kept on buying old houses, for there really was good money in that line. She had no losses until finally she tackled the huge double Crater House on Jefferson street. It was a big thing and it looked good, but it threatened to swamp her. She held on to it like grim death for six months. Then Billy Prior—poor old, honest Billy, he was just pegging along—he helped her out. Took it off her hands, and she cleaned up even, barring loss of time and interest on her money. But she couldn't sympathize with Billy; it wasn't businesslike in him to do it, even for friendship. She called him up one day and asked him how he was getting along with the big house.

"I cleaned a thousand on it," Billy told her. A thousand! How? "Well, you see," Billy explained over the phone, "lumber and labor leaped up about thirty-three per-cent. the week I bought it from you, and—well, there's good lumber in that house, you know, and it's properly put together. Yes. I'm much obliged to you."

She rang off hastily. She saw. She had read in the papers long ago about lumber and about labor. And all that she had had to do was to hold on. She was terribly unlucky, somehow.

She was glad to see, though, that Billy was not forging ahead. He was a queer chap; always talking about his town, the beauty of the town, and what the town ought to do—always. He was too public spirited, a sort of crank, it seemed to Genevieve. She liked a pretty town, too. But it didn't seem to have much to do with success after all. But Billy kept pottering on, and pottering on. And pretty soon, he had made some headway, after writing letters to the papers. A big public park, athletic grounds, a brook running through it, all that sort of thing; that was what he stood for. The newspapers began slowly to take up the idea. The town had small parks, but this was something different. The schools took it up; the people talked about it.

"I guess," Billy said one day to Genevieve, "we're going to have that park, after all. If we do, it'll be the biggest

thing we've ever had. After that, we'll wake up. New county buildings; new city buildings; but the park first."

Genevieve smiled grimly. "If we get the park it'll be you who started it, wont it?"

Prior flushed. "Well," he admitted, eyeing the fringe on his trousers, "I have pushed it along all I could."

What did it amount to? He had had his name in the paper once or twice, that's all. And there was fringe on his trousers. And he was over thirty-five years old.

Finally the board of aldermen came out flat-footed. "We shall have the park."

That was final and conclusive. But what of it? Billy Prior's name was not even mentioned. He had been lost in the shuffle. Harrington and one or two other prominent citizens, the superintendent of schools, and a millionaire or two, were quoted in the papers. Yes, it was just like them. They were men of success, and Genevieve noted how, in this matter of merely public interest, these men came forward, with their shoulders, squeezing poor public-spirited Billy Prior into the background out of sight. Poor Billy and his fringe!

Then suddenly, it happened. The whole army of real-estate men and speculators rushed, with a wild whoop, toward the marshes at the eastern end of town, two miles away. Why? Because that was the logical site for the park.

"Option," was the cry. "Give me an option, hang it!"

Genevieve, figuratively speaking, also rushed with the crowd. She sniffed the air. This was real real-estate business. Here clear grit would count, not luck. But she, too, was shouldered out. She couldn't get a foothold. She fell back, and was only glad to see that Billy Prior was in the rear ranks, too.

"You?" she asked.

He shook his head dismally. "I haven't tried to get an option," he announced. "What's the use?"

He was right. There was no use. For Pease & Wilmerding, the big real-estate agents, who represented the owner of the marshy grounds, only shook their heads, and smiled.

"Not a foot of ground for sale," they said. Other agents fumed and swore. Harrington, who had been the first man in the race, fairly howled. "You've got to give me some," he clamored.

Genevieve sat back and watched. She was disappointed. Fortunes could have been made buying that marshy ground at a low price and selling it to the city at a high price for a park.

"Isn't there any way?" she pleaded with Pease & Wilmerding.

They were as adamant. "None," they told her.

The clamor was hardly stilled when the Common Council rose once more and announced that the marshy tract had been decided on.

"Just think," Genevieve said to Billy Prior, "of the luck of the man who owns that marshy tract. Luck. Where is my luck? Every thing is luck, it seems to me."

Billy Prior smiled. "I'm not so sure," he said. "I think you changed my views on that subject some years ago. I'm not so sure of luck."

And suddenly, the papers printed a name—"Prior"—"William Prior." Who was William Prior? Why, he was the man who had started the clamor for a park. Oh, to be sure, it had been passed along and strengthened by men like Harrington; Prior's feeble voice had only been heard at the start. But now, it was all Prior. For the city made the announcement that it had just purchased William Prior's marshy tract of meadowland at the east end of town for the great new public park. Did the papers sneer? No. Why not?

Because Billy Prior was a public benefactor, after all. There was not a real-estate man in town who would not appraise Billy Prior's meadows at two hundred and fifty thousand dollars for park-purposes.

"I shall give them to the town for one hundred thousand dollars," announced Prior.

And even Harrington admitted that there was more of a gift in it than there was a sale. For it turned out that Prior could have sold to speculators during

the big demand, for at least half a million dollars. But Genevieve was stunned.

"Billy," she exclaimed, "how did it all happen?"

Billy Prior looked down at the fringe on his trousers—the town had not as yet handed him his check.

"Oh, I don't know," he replied. "Just luck. I bought that tract—the whole thing—when I was twenty-three years old for five hundred dollars. I knew its time must come. I knew the town would need it, and it did. I just held on. That's all."

"One hundred thousand from five hundred," she gasped. "And yet," she added, "you might have had a half million, Billy." Suddenly she held out her hand. "Billy," she exclaimed, "I—I admire you. You're different from the rest. They're sharks—Harrington and his crowd. But you—you are more like father. Father, he was honest. He was decent. He was a man, was father."

Billy Prior ceased regarding the fringe.

"Genevieve," he said, "somehow, I've made good. It's in me. I know it now. It always was in me, I think. Only I never found myself until—until you showed me how. I want you to marry me when I get my check."

Genevieve's eyes moistened. She was not thinking of the hundred thousand. She was thinking of her father. She was thinking of Billy, and what she thought of him. She was thinking of the Warrenner children with their linen suits. She looked into his eyes and she saw love there. Love—love; it was everything. She had seen too much of successful men; what was success? She smiled into Billy's eyes.

"I want to marry you now, Billy," she said softly, "before you get your check—while the fringe is—is—still there."

The former Miss Pope, recently of the Third Year of the Bartlett Avenue School, passed the evening-paper across the table to her husband.

"Well, she nabbed her man, all right," she remarked. "I always knew she would. And such luck!" The one time Miss Pope whispered the last.

'Liza Ann's Baby

BY EDWIN A. LOCKE

Author of "The Cruise of the *Nancy Bemis*," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER J. ENRIGHT

EVER spin oakum?" asked Buddlefield, as I lounged on the beach near the overturned craft he was preparing to make water-tight. The deftness with which the old salt rolled long strands from the fluffy mass beside him, proved he was no novice.

"Sorry to say, Bud, I have had no experience in that line or I would help you."

"Ye needn't feel overly sorry," he rejoined, "the better a sailor-man spins oakum, the more 'e'll bear watchin'."

"How is that?"

"They puts short-term men mostly to oakum spinnin'. The more times 'e's been sent up, the smarter the workman, eh?"

He paused in his labor for a moment and cast a glance seaward. A trim, black schooner was making for the harbor, her white bellying sails and spurt of foam at the bow forming a picture Buddlefield evidently loved to gaze upon.

"She's a flyer," he observed.

"A beauty," I replied admiringly. "Who owns her?"

"That feller there."

Buddlefield flirted his thumb toward a chubby faced boy of four years or so, who, with a toy shovel and tomato-can was busying himself near us on the sand.

"The vessel was left to him, eh?"

"Not 'e. 'E made it all 'isself."

Hardly comprehending, I looked at the boy again. He had wavy hair, inclined to red, and large gray eyes; freckles showed through the grime on his snubby nose. A wholesome-looking little chap that any child-lover would take to. He had kicked off his shoes, one of which served as a pail to transport water in; the other he was using for a sand-cart.

"'E's took a great shine to me," said Buddlefield. "Plays 'round 'ere most of

his time and I looks after 'im, as I promised 'Liza Ann."

"Draw it milder, Bud. How could a child of his age make enough to buy a vessel?" I interrupted.

"Young man, they's things 'appenin' all the time out o' the ordinary," replied Buddlefield.

"Now, as to that 'ere little red 'ead.

"'E left 'is 'ome when 'e war sixteen months old—absconded, ye might say—and nobody know'd whar' 'e went. 'E was gone a matter o' three weeks and come 'ome to 'is widdered mother with twelve thousand two 'undred dollars to 'is credit in a Boston bank, part o' which is investid in that black schooner, the same bein' named after 'im, the *Billy Banks*. Think it over, young man, in the light o' a wonderful example of infantile henery."

Buddlefield's gnarled hand moved back and forth monotonously over the shiny surface of his tarry overalls, while the amber strands of oakum coiled deeper around his feet.

"Trooly a wonderful example of henery," he finally chuckled.

Awaiting his humor I listlessly watched the feathery lines which traced the break of gentle waves along the shore. The black schooner moved gracefully from view beyond the breakwater, while its irresponsible owner sat near us vigorously stirring the contents of his can.

"Tell us about it, Bud," I finally ventured, coaxingly. "Give me the whole story."

"Better not," he replied. "I wouldn't have ye change yer mind about me and conclud I'm a liar."

"Oh, Bud, Bud," I protested. "Noth-

ing you can tell me can ever change my opinion of your veracity."

"I'm glad to know it," he replied. "I mind o' tellin' ye some things as 'appened when I was mate on the *Nancy Bemis* and I fancied ye looked sort o' incredoolous. Now as to this 'ere," he nodded toward the boy.

"'Is father, Joe Banks, was a lobsterman, and drowned a couple o' weeks afore Billy left 'ome, but bein' washed ashore in good condition 'e 'ad a fine funeral, as is proper for a family-man. Joe's great failin' was laziness, and 'e

"Wall, in a way," replied Buddlefield thoughtfully. "Still, 'twas involuntary—altogether involuntary.

"You see, there was a sailor-man, Abe Sackett, 'Gloucester Abe' they called 'im, as was comin' afore the mast from Hayti to Portland on the *Flying Cloud*. One day Abe, bein' summat sprung with Jamaica rum, punched the fust mate's 'ead to an extent that the mate took to 'is bed, and when they tied up in Portland, Abe was jugged; they 'oldin' 'im over to be tried for mutiny or murder on



"'Old on, my boy," says the sheriff

left 'is wife, 'Liza Ann, summat straightened.

"'Long 'bout a couple o' weeks after the funeral, Pegleg Lummis' boy, Bobby, came around to 'Liza Ann's with 'is dog, Ebenezer, 'itched to a soap-box cart and wanted to give the baby a ride, which propersition 'Liza Ann 'ad no objection to, she knowin' Ebenezer was a well-intentioned critter o' good 'abits though stub-tailed and boney. And so it 'appened. 'Liza Ann, bein' busy, thought no more about the baby for 'alf an hour, and in that 'alf hour things was 'appenin' to 'Liza Ann's baby."

"Kidnaped?" I suggested, after a discouraging pause.

the 'igh seas accordin' as it turned out. Either way warn't jest satisfyin' to Abe, 'e bein' a particular sort, so the second night 'e got out o' the jug by the 'elp of a shipmate outside and took to the timbers, tall or short as 'e might 'appen to find 'em. There was a great to do in the mornin' and the sheriff started out to run 'im down.

"Abe steered southerly, nigh as he could, gettin' under way nights and tyin' up days in seclusion, the sheriff 'ot after 'im but never quite closin' in.

"A week went on like that, till one day, as Abe was takin' a *siesta* in a shady bower, dreamin' of some lady friends in Gloucester, 'e bein' quite a favorite with

the fair sects, sunthin' 'appened. 'E was waked from 'is pleasant dreams by yells and a sort o' rushin' over 'im. Sunthin' struck 'im on the chest, and as 'e sot up, dazed-like, a baby rolled off 'im that 'peared to 'ave been settin' on 'is stumick. For a minute the baby sot up a screech, then, of a sudden, stopped and looked at Abe solemn as an owl.

"'I've seen speckled crockydiles in Borneo and singin' toads in Barbadoes,' sez Abe, 'but 'ere I strikes a place where ripe babies fall from the trees. 'Ello, shipmate, where do you 'ail from?"

"'Papa,' sez the baby.

"'Certainly,' sez Abe, wantin' to humor 'im, 'but where's yer mother?"

"The baby snuffled a minute, then spoke up.

"'Billy,' 'e sez.

"'Reckon 'e don't understand English,' sez Abe. 'Parley voo Frankay?"

"'Dada,' sez the baby.

"Abe then tried 'im in Roosian, Holland, Dutch, and Chinook, 'e havin' a smatterin' o' many languages, but 'twar no use.

"'You must 'ave 'eard some kind o' language,' sez Abe. 'Ootchee kootchee. Where's the baby's mommy-pommy?"

"With that the baby's lip puckered and 'e breathed gaspy. 'Billy,' 'e sez in a sobby voice.

"'You wait 'ere,' sez Abe, 'mebbe I can find yer mother.' With that 'e took off 'is coat and lay it for a carpet to set the baby on.

"A tender-'earted man was Abe, when sober, but when drinkin' 'e 'ad a devil in 'im which was the cause of all 'is troubles.

"After makin' the baby comfortable, Abe put for the 'ighway, 'opin' to see some one goin' by—and 'e did. It war the Portland sheriff and a couple of 'is men on 'orses. Abe lay low till they passed, then 'e went back to the baby, which 'e took in 'is arms and plunged off into the thicket.

"Afore the sheriff 'ad got a 'undred rods further on 'is way 'e met 'Liza Ann, with 'er 'air streamin', and she follered by neighbors.

"'Oh, my baby. 'Ave you seen it in a dog-cart?' sez 'Liza Ann distracted

"'No baby's on this road,' sez the sheriff.

"With that 'Liza Ann fainted and 'ad to be carried 'ome. The others gathered round the officers. Old Peter 'Atch p'inted to Bobby Lummis, who stood rubbin' 'is nose and snivelin'.

"'That yer boy 'as done away with 'Liza Ann's baby,' 'e sez.

"'I didn't mean to,' wailed Bobby. 'Don't take me to jail.'

"'Ow did it 'appen?' sez the sheriff, soft-like, 'e bein' an easy-spoken man.

"'Twas a rabbit run across the road, then up rares Ebenezer and off. I couldn't 'old 'im, oh, I couldn't 'old 'im.'

"'You referrin' to a 'orse?' sez the sheriff.

"'A dawg,' sez Bobby still moanin'.

"'Look-a-'ere,' sez old 'Atch, private in the sheriff's ear, 'ask that boy if 'e didn't 'eave little Billy down a well. Look at 'im fierce-like and sez you, "Wot do you mean by 'eavin' 'im down a well?" Put it that way, fierce,' sez 'Atch, shakin' 'is 'ead mysterous.

"With that Ebenezer hissself came crawlin' out o' the bushes, a piece o' rope round 'is neck, draggin' part of a w'eel. 'E looked solemn and 'is 'ead was droopin' down, mortyfied.

"'Oh, Ebenezer,' sobbed Bobby, 'where's Billy?"

"Ebenezer rolled over on 'is back, 'is bony legs stickin' up, waitin' for a lickin'.

"'Jest as I thought. Ebenezer eat 'im up,' sez old 'Atch.

"With that, Bobby raised his foot to kick Ebenezer, when the sheriff grabbed him.

"'Old on, my boy,' sez the sheriff. 'In chasin' a rabbit the pore critter was oniy follerin' 'is nat'ral instincks.'"

Buddlefield paused for a moment, then added thoughtfully, "I've allers 'eld that was a werry 'andsome sentiment for a Portland sheriff.

"Well, every one went off lookin' for the baby, exceptin' old 'Atch, who said 'e'd go down and comfort 'Liza Ann; in consequence of which she, pore woman, went immejutely out of 'er 'ead for a week, which was no surprise to them as knowed old 'Atch.

"While the sheriff was nosin' 'round lookin' for the man 'e wanted, Abe, with Billy in 'is arms, was leggin' it through the bush. 'E 'ad to keep mighty shady to be shed o' the sheriff who was a keen un'. The baby slept in Abe's arms a share o' the time, but when 'e woke up 'e'd look in Abe's face, pucker 'is lip, and moan in jerks most dismal.

"'Now, look-a-'ere,' sez Abe, settin' down on a mossy bank with Billy in front of 'im, 'if you'll tell me wot's the matter, we'll fix it.'

"Billy stopped moanin' and looked at Abe.

"'That's you. Speak it out,' sez Abe. 'If so be it's a pin stickin' in ye, or a stomach-ache internally, I 'opes you wont take offense if I muss you up to find out.'

"With that, Abe looks the baby over careful, and finds a suspicious lookin' pin which 'e pulls out.

"'Ow is it now?' asked Abe.

"Billy drew a deep breath and smiled joyful.

"'Wot a senseless perwision o' natur', sez Abe, 'when a feller creetur can't tell when a pin is stickin' in 'im.' Abe gathered the baby in 'is arms again. 'I'm thinkin', mate, we'll get on famous now, eh?' Billy looked in 'is face and smiled again, which made the sailor 'ug 'im close and kiss 'im.

"'Yes, we'll get on famous,' sez Abe, 'for when I 'ug you close I feel I aint Abe Sackett but some better man. When babies cry, if mothers w'u'd jest think to pull the pins out on 'em, the world would be much 'appier.' And so Abe trudged on ag'in, praisin' hissself for findin' the pin and feelin' very superior.

"As the sun was settin', Abe looked for a fittin' place to 'ave supper, 'e 'avin' plenty of bread and cheese in a bag.

"Jest then, 'earin' distant voices, 'e reconnoitered very cautious, and saw two men sittin' by a bit o' camp-fire and a woman cookin'. A span o' bony gray mules was munchin' grass beside a cloth-covered wagon.

"'Gipsies,' sez Abe to 'isself. Jest then Billy sot up a wailin' and one o' the men jumped to 'is feet 'oldin' a gun.

"'Wildcat?' 'e sez.

"'Wrong,' sez Abe, advancin' cautious, 'but if you guess it's a sailor-man that's lost 'is latitood, you'll 'it it. 'Ow far to Gloucester?'

"'Quite a bit,' sez the man.

"The woman, as is nat'ral to women, was lookin' 'ard at Billy, who was wailin' dismaller than afore.

"'I don't wish to introod with fam'ly troubles,' sez Abe, 'but my 'eart's most broke with this infant and that's a 'eavenly trooth.'

"'Wot's the matter with it?' sez the woman.

"'E 'ad a pin a puncturin' 'is vitals a while ago. Wot it is now 'eaven only knows,' sez Abe.

"'The pore little thing is 'ungry,' sez the woman, all sympathy.

"'Travelin' as I am,' sez Abe, 'a-takin' of 'im to 'is grandfather, I aint been able to feed 'im reg'lar. 'E never eats cheese; I tried 'im.'

"'Cheese,' sez the woman, 'is 'e weaned?'

"Abe looked 'elpless and sez, 'I—a—yaas. No; 'is mother told me but I'm dinged if I don't forget about it. If you'd jest look to 'im, ma'm, in the way babies need lookin' to, I'd take it kindly.'

"The woman looked sorter mystified, but took Billy in 'er arms.

"'Where's its mother?' she sez.

"Abe 'ung 'is 'ead to 'ide 'is emotion. 'Dead,' 'e sez.

"'Pore little thing,' sez the woman, a tear in 'er eye.

"The man with the gun nudged Abe in the ribs with his elbow. 'She lost her own babby a while ago,' 'e sez. 'Leave 'im to 'er.'

"Jest then the other man, who 'adn't looked or took notice of anything, riz up. 'E was a big, shock-'aired man, with queer eyes and a fist to kill an ox. 'E walked off toward the 'ighway without a word.

"'Who's that?' sez Abe, lookin' suspicious.

"'I do' know. Queer actin' critter, aint 'e?' sez the man. 'E came along 'ere and said 'e smelt coffee. We gave 'im some and a smack to eat. Ever since, 'e sot lookin' at the fire without speakin'. I

was a bit afeared of 'im—that's why I kept my gun 'andy.' The man looked Abe over. 'Ad kind of a rough tramp, aint ye? She, over there, is my wife. My name's Bill Duttin. Wot's yourn?'

"'Bowline,' sez Abe, after thinkin'.

"'Sounds of the sea,' sez the man, 'moreover, very fishy.' And 'e grinned incredoolous. 'Howsomever, Bowline or Starline, you knows yer own business and tells what you chooses. I do the same. 'Ave a pot o' coffee?'

"'Shorely I will,' sez Abe.

"With that, Abe sot down and eat 'earty, as a 'ealthy man should, bein' easy in 'is mind through seein' Billy on a blanket before the fire, suckin' milk from a bottle and lookin' 'appy.

"After supper, Bill Duttin got out a fiddle and a jug o' rum, 'e sayin' 'e never could get over the death of 'is baby and havin' to drown 'is sorrer every night. After twistin' and turnin' the pegs of 'is fiddle for 'alf an hour, greatly to the interest of Billy, Mr. Duttin and 'is wife sung a 'ymn-tune, with the fiddle playin' a mournful sort o' tenor.

"'My wife and I is drefful fond o' music,' sez Mr. Duttin. 'Can't you sing?' 'e sez.

"'Not a mite,' sez Abe, 'but I'll try. Anything to be social.'

"So Abe sang a fo'c'stle song. They liked it so well 'e sang another, and afore the evenin' was over 'e danced a 'ornpipe to the tune of 'Old Zip Coon,' part o'

which Bill Duttin could play on the fiddle. Duttin drowned 'is grief to that extent 'e couldn't play any more, but 'e could talk and perceeded to deliver a long oration about the American eagle, which was drefful tejus, but they 'ad to humor 'im. Billy lay on 'is blanket, kickin' 'is legs and enj'yin' 'isself as much as any of 'em. And so Billy's first evenin' from 'ome passed very pleasant.

"'Long 'bout ten o'clock, Mrs. Duttin put 'er 'usband to bed in the wagon.

"'Pore man,' she sez, 'e'll never get over the baby's goin'.' Then she offered to take Billy in with 'er, but Abe said 'e might disturb 'er 'usband and 'e needed all 'is strength to overcome 'is grief. She fixed a bottle o' milk for the baby, tellin' Abe to give it to 'im when 'e woke in the night, then she crawled into the wagon, hove out a couple o' blankets, and told Abe to make 'isself comfortable.

"'A good woman,' sez Abe, 'but unfortunat in 'avin' a 'usband that's dyin' o' grief.'

"The night was fine and warm. Abe and Billy was comfortable as bugs in a rug before the dying fire. Billy slept bootiful, but Abe was oneasy and restless.

"'E got thinkin' o' the queer 'actin' man that left 'em so sudden. What did 'e do it for? Only one thing in the world that Abe could figure out. He war after the reward for Abe Sackett. The Portland sheriff couldn't be far off and the



"As he sot up, dazed like, a baby rolled off"

money was easy. 'E wondered if the mate 'ad died and if 'e war a murderer. The rustle of every breeze through the leaves was the officers stealin' on 'im. Once 'e dozed off and saw himself danglin'; he woke with a jump to find it war Billy's arms squeezin' 'im. Then 'e laughed and rose up softly. 'E put Billy's bottle o' milk in 'is pocket, then took a dead coal from the fire and wrote on the white wagon covering, 'Thanks For Horspitality,' then 'e pulled the jug from under the wagon. 'Ere's to Mrs. Duttin,' 'e sez, 'and 'er 'usband, the Man o' Grief.' 'E took a long pull, then gathered Billy in 'is arms, and stole softly away.

"Not ten minutes later, three men crawled from the bushes to'rds the fire. They looked the ground over careful, then turned attention to the wagon, from which proceeded 'eavy snorin'. The Portland sheriff poked the flap aside and peered in. By the light o' 'is bull's-eye, 'e saw a woman and a man sound asleep. The other two looked over 'is shoulder.

"That's not 'im,' whispered the sheriff.

"No,' sez one o' the men. 'That's Bill Duttin, drunk as usual.'

"Abe Sackett war here, dancin' a 'ornpipe, not two hours ago. I'll swear to that,' sez the other man.

"That war the time to nab 'im,' sez the sheriff.

"Ef ye knowed Sackett as well as I do, sheriff, you wouldn't advise it. They war two to one and a gun 'andy.'

"I'd 'ad a try at it, any'ow,' sez the sheriff.

"It's like this,' sez the other. 'E'll make straight for Gloucester, and there we nabs 'im, easy.' With that, they went away, southerly, in the direction Abe 'ad taken.

"But Abe war makin' good time and was a long bit ahead o' the sheriff. Bein' in a moosical humor, from 'is pulls at the jug, 'e amoused 'imself and Billy singin' sea-songs and spinnin' yarns, durin' the latter o' which, Billy mostly slept.

"Some'ow, shipmate, yer a great comfort to me,' sez Abe. 'I'd a notion o' leavin' you with the good woman, for I'm thinkin' she'd been a mother to you;

but when the time came, I couldn't do it. The feelin' o' yer arms 'angin' to me is werry comfortin'.'

"As the birds begun chirpin' for the dawn o' mornin', Abe built a fire, warmed the bottle o' milk, and they 'ad breakfast; then, on again, still keepin' to the 'ills and off the 'ighway. 'Twas a bit after sunrise they came to a railroad-track, and Abe conclooded to follow it, thinkin' p'raps 'twould take 'im quicker to some seaport-town where 'e could ship for distant shores. Afore 'e'd got a mile along the track, 'e see a long trestle bridge ahead of 'im, and 'e 'oped 'e wouldn't topple over with Billy, 'is 'ead not bein' overly steady.

"Jest then 'e 'eard screamin', and two women came flyin' toward 'im. One, 'e noticed, dropped a shawl, but was too scared to stop and pick it up.

"Oh, sir,' sez the youngest, 'a crazy man. 'E said 'e'd kill us. See, there 'e is.'

"She p'inted to a man busyin' 'isself on the track nigh the bridge.

"Abe took occasion to obsarve the young woman was 'andsome.

"Been botherin' ye, eh,' sez Abe, very polite. 'If you'll 'old the baby I'll go and intervoo 'im.'

"Oh, no, no, 'e'll kill ye,' sez the 'and-some one.

"Abe thought 'twas too soon to ax 'er if she'd care, so 'e sez, 'No partickler loss if 'e does, except to a Portland gent. Kindly 'old the baby and we'll see about it.'

"The young woman took Billy, 'er 'ands all trembly with fright, while Abe picked up a cudgel and started for the man, then stopped and came back to the women.

"'Is name is Billy,' 'e sez. 'I'm 'is father, 'is mother 'is dead.' 'E kissed Billy, who smiled at 'im, then walked away fast. 'E stopped to pick up the red shawl from the dirt and toss it on the clean grass. Soon 'e came to the man 'nd 'e saw it was the shock-'aired one with the queer eyes that 'ad left the fire at Bill Duttin's wagon. 'E was 'ammerin' at sunthin' with a 'eavy stone.

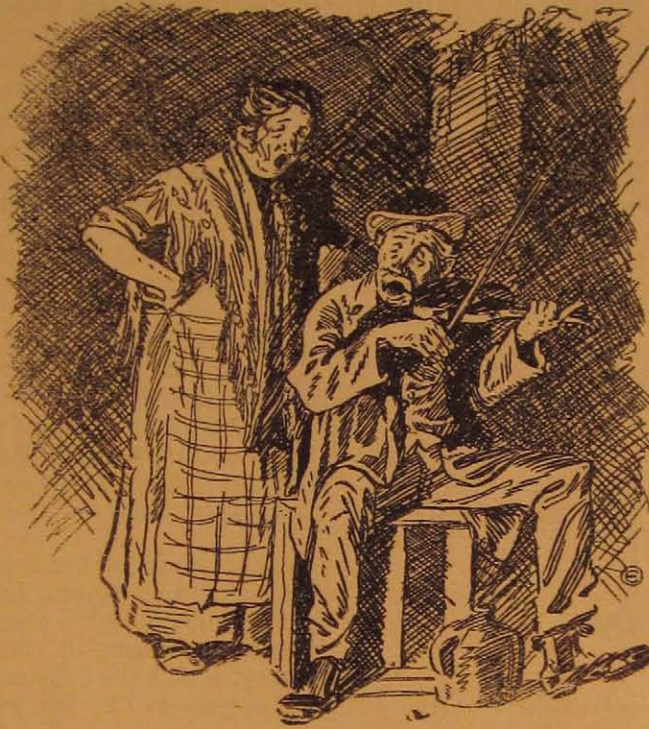
"Workin' 'ard?' sez Abe, but the man sez nothin' only to keep on 'ammerin'.

Abe didn't know much about railroads, but 'e see the man 'ad a switch pulled over that led down among jagged rocks to an old stone quarry; moreover, the man was spikin' the switch, solid.

"'Ere, stop it,' sez Abe, grabbin' the

at the switch but couldn't budge it. 'E tugged at the spike with 'is 'ands, but 'twas solid and the roar comin' louder.

"'Oh, God, 'elp me,' 'e yelled; then 'e saw the red shawl on the bank. In a minute 'e 'ad it in 'is 'ands, a wavin' it and



Mr. Duttin an' 'is wife sung a 'ymn-tune"

man's arm. The man riz up and looked at Abe with an eye green as a tiger's. 'E worked 'is great fists and was a 'ard look-in' customer. But when Abe 'ad lickin' 'e feared nothin' on earth, and clinchin' good 'old of 'is club, sez, 'Get out o' 'ere.'

"'Sh,' sez the man whisperin'. 'They're wantin' 'elp in the quarry, both men and women—and children.'

"Then Abe know'd 'e war crazy and took 'old 'is arm to draw 'im away, but the man grabbed 'im sudden with a 'and at 'is throat, and nigh broke Abe's neck with the twist 'e gin 'im.

"Like a flash, Abe brought 'is club down on the man's 'ead and over 'e toppled. The far off roar of a train comin' was 'eard jest at that, and it sent cold chills to Abe's heart. 'E pulled desp'rit

runnin' out on the bridge, and after 'im was runnin' the crazy man with 'is club, 'e 'avin' got summat over 'is stunnin'. As the train come 'eavin' on to t'other end of the bridge, Abe got a blow from behind that toppled 'im over and down to the waters below.

"The engineer 'ad seen it all and slowed up, stoppin' within ten feet o' the spiked switch. A crowd o' passengers swarmed out, thankin' 'Eaven for its marcy, and shudderin' when they looked down into the quarry.

"The crazy man, shoutin' and laughin', was p'inted out by the woman carryin' Billy as the one who did it all. In a minute 'e was tied with ropes and put in the baggage-car.

"'Who was it wavin' the flag?' sez the engineer.

"'A stranger; 'e looked like a sailor-man,' sez the woman.

"'Gone to 'is reward, pore feller,' sez



"'I 'eads the list with five thousand dollars'"

the engineer, lookin' back. 'The crazy man knocked 'im 'eadlong.'

"The young woman looked at the rushin' waters far below the bridge. 'Oh, 'e's drowned,' she sobbed 'an' 'e left this baby.'

"'What?' said a 'undred voices, and they crowded around the woman.

"'E said the baby's mother was dead,' she told 'em.

"'Dead? Poor orfin.' Some o' the more tender-'earted 'ad tears in their eyes when they looked at Billy, who was kickin' his legs and laughin' 'earty.

"'My friends,' sez a stout man, 'this baby's father lost 'is life in savin' ours. It's mother is dead. It's but justice the orfin should be 'andsome pervided for. Am I right?'

"'Yer all right,' shouted men and women together.

"'P'raps I've a little more interest than some on ye, bein' a director o' this road,' sez the stout man, 'but none among ye will be deprived of givin' vent to 'is feelin's in a substanshul way. I feel that my own babies would 'ave been orfins 'ad it not been for the prompt action o' this little one's father. I 'eads the list with five thousand dollars.'

"Then there war cheerin' for Billy, and in ten minutes 'e war worth more'n twelve thousand dollars in 'is own right, cause the thing war taken 'ot, right in the fever o' gratitood.'

"Then, when a lawyer-man went to take Billy from the young woman, Billy 'ung to 'er, and she began to cry, bein' tender-'earted and 'avin' know'd 'is fath-er, so to speak.

"Then the lawyer-man sez, 'The train is going. 'Ere's my address and twenty dollars. Bring the baby to me in Boston to-morrow or the day after.'

"So the train went off, with cheers for Billy, and as many women kissed 'im as could get at 'im.

"The young woman took Billy to the lawyer-man in Boston, as told.

"'Young lady,' 'e sez, 'I've been ap-'inted gardeen of the baby and 'is money. Bein's the baby is used to you and you appear to like 'im, you'll be allowed fair wages and expenses for lookin' after 'im, if so be you're inclined.'

"With that the young woman 'ugged Billy and 'e 'ugged 'er, cause she sommat favored 'Liza Ann in features, and seein' the 'uggin', the lawyer said 'e wished 'e war Billy, and the young woman said, 'Aint you 'orrid,' and every thing was jolly and pleasant-like.

"'Better take 'im back in the country, where the cows eat grass and give honest, every-day milk,' sez the lawyer, 'and you'll 'ear from me every pay-day reg-'lar.'

"The young woman said she 'ad a sister as was married to a mack-'ril-fisher on the north shore. They lived in a seclooded 'amlet that she thought would be 'ealthy for Billy and pleasant for 'erself.

"'Wonderful workin' o' Providence,'" said Buddlefield, after a reflective pause.

"The 'ouse o' that same mack'ril-fisher warn't two mile from 'Liza Ann's cottage, and that's 'ow it came that 'Liza Ann, settin' in 'er doorway peelin' turnips and lookin' dreadful wan and thin after the comfortin's of old 'Atch, saw a woman comin' along wheelin' a baby. The woman stopped and asked for one of 'Liza Ann's door-yard posies. As 'Liza Ann came out to get it for 'er, Billy kicked off 'is blanket and riz up.

"Oh, my 'eavings!"

"When 'Liza Ann seen 'im she jest screeched out and keeled over among the 'olly-'ocks. Pore woman 'ad a 'abit o' faintin'."

"It's all wonderful, Bud," said I, as the old man paused.

I glanced in the direction of Billy with renewed interest. A strange young man with sinewy frame and bronzed face, who had come along the sands unnoticed by us, was tossing the child in his arms much to the youngster's delight.

"All wonderful and interesting," I

resumed, "but what I don't understand is, how do you know all this? Billy could not have told you and Abe was dead—"

"The bridge war 'igh, but to offset that, the waters war deep," chuckled Buddlefield. "P'raps Abe war a swimmer. Some sailors 'as more lives than a cat. Moreover, Abe didn't care for too much society jest then, 'avin' 'is reasons. But the mate didn't die and the affair war settled. Now, young man, I'll put it this way. S'posin' you'd formed an idee of Abe's pussional appearance, does that feller tossin' Billy come nigh it?"

"Well, something like," says I. "Perhaps a little better looking."

"I told you 'e war quite a favorite o' the fair sects. When Abe told the young woman 'e war the baby's father, if 'e'd 'a' said, futur' father, 'e'd 'it it complete, for 'e's married to 'Liza Ann and captains the *Billy Banks*. As for dancin' 'ornpipes and drinkin' rum, that's all passed, as is proper for a sea-cap'n who must keep 'is 'ead."



She keeled over among the 'olly-'ocks



An Easter Entanglement

BY CLARENCE HERBERT NEW

Author of "Courage," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY R. J. CAMPBELL

IT was getting to be late in the afternoon, and Burton was thoroughly tired of having legal technicalities read to him, even more tired of affixing his signature to the various documents connected with his investments. In fact, these visits at the office of the lawyer who managed his affairs were always more or less of a nuisance to him—gotten through with as quickly as possible—and he was about to leave when the elderly attorney called his attention to a letter which had been, for the time, overlooked:

"It's about that Virginia mortgage," he said. "This came yesterday, from the colonel. Wants to increase the amount a couple of thousand—says he contemplates making some necessary improvements upon his plantation, and needs the money."

"Well—no objection, is there?"

"Why—yes. The fellow has managed to pay his interest promptly enough—but I've had inquiries made, down there, and my correspondent says the place wouldn't bring what he has already borrowed on it, even under favorable conditions. Same old story, you know. Last of a colonial family, going to seed—old ideas—lack of push—too easy going ever to make anything out of the place. Keeps open house, just as he used to before the war—without a spare cent to his name. I've been thinking you ought to foreclose without delay, in order to get anything at all out of it. But we're

in luck, it happens. The tobacco combine is gradually acquiring all the good land it can get hold of, and discovered I represented the holder of the colonel's mortgage. So the people made me an offer that is altogether too good to throw away. If you'll drop in before the end of the week, I'll have the papers drawn up, and you'll come out a little ahead of the game. Lucky I happened to think of it before you got away."

"Hm-m-m—I suppose my signature would be necessary?"

"Why, of course. You've never given me a power of attorney, you know—and the loan stands in your name, down there in Dinwiddie County. But it won't take five minutes to sign the transfer—they'll do the recording themselves."

"Suppose I should happen to die—would they be able to get hold of the property then—easily?"

"You mean if your heirs still held it? Why, they'd have to authorize your executor to make the transfer, if they agreed among themselves to sell out. I've never drawn up a will for you, that I remember, and I've no idea how many heirs you may have."

"What I was getting at is the fact that the tobacco people couldn't very well get that particular piece of property if I happened to care about holding on to the mortgage, but that a little anxiety about the safety of my investment, just at this moment, would be likely to throw it into their hands without the owner's having

much say in the the matter. As you put the case—considering your information as to its value—my mortgage would hold it even if the place were put up at auction. Is that right?"

"Surely. But I'm telling you I consider it a mighty poor investment, even now. I naturally thought you would tell me to sell out at once. But if you haven't confidence in my judgment—why—"

The younger man had walked over to the window and was looking down at the ships in the bay. In his mind there was the vague suggestion of a face he had once seen in Virginia while on a brief visit to a family of friends—a pair of wondrous dark eyes, under a mass of soft black hair; red lips, a witching dimple, and an accent that lingered in his memory, though he had seen the girl but once and could not recall her name. Suppose now, that these Tobacco people had begun to look with greedy eyes upon her home? He turned slowly from the window to the lawyer.

"It isn't that, at all. Graham. It wouldn't hurt me if I lost every cent I've loaned on the place—and the point which sticks in my crop is the selling out an old home where the family may have lived for generations. Whom did you say the owner was?"

"Colonel George Campbell. He commanded a troop of cavalry under Lee, and from what I've heard, his people have lived along the James River valley for a couple of hundred years, in one county or another. But really, Burton, while your idea is a good-hearted one and all that, it isn't business, you know. The

old fellow can't hang on much longer; if he doesn't borrow from you he will from someone else, and sooner or later the place will get away from him."

"Not necessarily—his wanting to make improvements looks as if he were perking up a bit. No, I've been thinking of spending the Easter holidays with friends in that locality, and I'll look up the old chap while I'm there. It's a rather pretty country through that section—might want to build a country-place myself. I wont part with the mortgage until I've looked around a bit, anyhow.

You tell the tobacco people there's nothing doing—for the present, at least."

On the following Thursday he started for Norfolk, on the *Jefferson*, and during the short run down the coast, found himself thinking more than once of the sweet face which had persisted in remaining in his memory ever since his last visit to the Old Dominion, some years before. As the ship steadily covered the miles



Jinny

to Cape Henry, he began to speculate a little upon his chances of running across the girl again, whom she might prove to be, and the probabilities of her having married since he last saw her. He was practically alone in the world, and from inclination had been a wanderer ever since his inherited fortune enabled him to come and go as he pleased.

The Fairfaxes, who lived in a quaint old mansion upon the Chesterfield bank of the Appomattox, had been friends of his family ever since he could remember, though Burton seldom found the time or opportunity to visit them, so, now,

when he rode over from Sutherland, where the Norfolk & Western train had dropped him, they immediately sent one of the stable-boys for his luggage, insisting, with their usual hospitality, that he should make their home his headquarters whether he had business elsewhere or not. In fact, they made him feel one of themselves so much that it was several days before he reached the point of making inquiries about the Campbell plantation. But when he finally did so, the general at once gave orders to have him driven over the odd twelve miles beyond the river—though the ladies cautioned him, laughingly, to see that "Jinny" Campbell didn't capture him for the rest of his stay when he arrived at "Sunnyside." It was a delicious Spring morning, earlier in its warmth and greenness than the Northern season, and he lazily gave himself up to the enjoyment of it—questioning black Sam, now and then, concerning the plantations they passed, and the neighboring families throughout the section.

Presently, as they were driving up a hill not far from Namoxine Creek, there was a clatter of hoofs down a wood-road which led to theirs, and in a moment two spirited horses cantered up to them—one, ridden by a lovely, dark-haired girl who sat her saddle, *en cavalier*, as if she were a part of her mount; and the other, by a middle-aged man who grasped the pommel of his saddle tightly with one hand while he tried to seem unconscious that he was being tossed an inch or two into the air at every bound. Sam chuckled, audibly, as he watched him—but when he turned to the girl, his expression was a mixture of adoration and wholesome respect. Burton was studying her face with an intentness of which he was altogether unconscious, but which brought a touch of color *into* her cheeks.

"Why, howdy, Mis' Jinny—howdy! Yo's er lookin' right peart, dis mawnin'."

"Howdy, Sam. Reckon Ah ought to—Prince feels so good that it's catchin'."

"Am de kunn'l eroun' de place, dis mawnin', Mis' Jinny?"

"Why—Ah reckon so. 'Less he's oveh looking at the Creek patch. Bring the gentleman along right smaht, Sam. Ah'll

be theiah befo' yuh, and Ah'll look him up."

A touch of the little silver spur, and she was off like a whirlwind—her escort pounding after her as best he might, in a way that spoke better for his grit than his horsemanship. Sam watched them out of sight with the absorbed expression of one who has been raised among horses and unquestionably knows a good thing when he sees it.

"Dat 'Prince' hoss was er colt frum ow' stawk, sah." The Fairfaxes had been noted stock breeders for generations. "Mis' Jinny done raise him an' bruck 'im, huhse'f—an' Ah reckon ef ennyone else done try to mount 'im, dere'd be trouble fo' sho'. But dat Absum man, he make me laff. He cyan't go eroun' wid Mis' Jinny, less'n he on er hoss—so he say he done ride mos' all him life. Look laik hit, fo' sho'! Dat 'Samson' hoss'll have 'im off befo' de week out—hope he bruk 'im blam' neck, too! He aint no kin' o' good—dat Absum man aint. He done mix up wi' de Lynchbu'g an' de Richmon' 'baccy folks, an' Ah reckon he look-in' eroun' fo' ennyt'ing he kin lay 'im han's on."

"Is he—er—staying at the colonel's, Sam?"

"Not oveh night, sah. He done stop eroun' wi' Mahrs. Pickett, oveh Chu'ch Road way. But he ride wi' Mis' Jinny er lot, w'en she done let 'im. Odder times, he tawk wi' Mahrs. Geo'ge 'bout de craps."

For the next two miles, Burton had food enough for thought to keep him busy. The face which had haunted his dreams and the beautiful girl on the bay horse were identical—though the possibility of such a thing had never occurred to him. The name of "Jinny" Campbell had been mentioned often enough in his hearing, at the Fairfaxes', but he had never associated her personality with that of the young girl who had been so much in his thoughts since their brief meeting, three years before. And for awhile, the wonder of it—the fact that he was in a fair way to know her intimately—occupied him to the exclusion of everything else. Then—the situation concerning her father's plantation began to intrude it-

self as something which might affect her, vitally.

To a business-man with the inside information he possessed, it became evident that the big tobacco companies were trying to obtain the colonel's property and were willing to pay something more than it appeared to be worth. Why? Was there some underlying reason which had not come to light? Was it minerals they were after—or what? This man, Absum, for instance—infatuated with Virginia Campbell, by the look of him, but none the less probably sounding the colonel upon every weak point he could find, in order to get hold of his land—was undoubtedly acting in their interest, and with a man of Campbell's presumably unsuspecting nature, seemed in a fair way to succeed in his efforts. Burton determined to wire Graham that night to advance the colonel an extra two or three thousand on his mortgage, if he wished, and to make it a point that he should borrow of no one else.

Now, Miss Virginia, when she met, so frankly, the direct look of Sam's stranger on the buckboard, had been conscious of an unexplained desire to know him better—to stand well with him. Burton was not pretty, in the sense of being dainty or effeminate, but his six feet of superb manhood compelled liking and respect at the first glance. The lines of his face were strong and determined, and his clear brown eyes inspired confidence in the man or woman who looked into them. So, not finding her father on the porch when they arrived, she galloped down to the creek after him, and he was just sauntering along to the house when Sam drove around.

An elderly negro, the colonel's body-servant, came down the steps as Burton sprang from the buckboard, and grinned as he caught sight of the stranger's face.

"Dah, now—ef hit aint Majo' Buh-ton, frum oveh to Gin'ral Faihfax, fo' sho!"

"Why, hello, Clem! Glad to see you. I didn't know you lived over this way. That must be the colonel, himself, coming up the drive, isn't it?"

"Yassuh, yassuh; dat's Mahrs. Geo'ge. 'N' he be po'ful glad to see yo', too."

Burton stepped forward to meet the gentleman—a typical Southerner, frock-coat, soft hat, white mustache, and all.

"Colonel Campbell, I suppose I ought to introduce myself, though the Fairfaxes said it would be hardly necessary."

"Not in the least, suh—not at all, majo'. We heah'd of yuh three yeahs ago, when yo' stopped with them. Let me have a look at yuh, suh—theiah. Yuh favo' yo' motheh right smaht, suh."

"Why, colonel, I believe I've been told there is some resemblance to her. But, really, I was not aware—"

"Yo' motheh, suh, was a Culpepeh—from 'Gray Oaks,' on the Rapidan Riv-eh. Or ratheh, she was bo'n theiah—they lived in the No'th when she was mah-ied. Yo' fatheh, Ah neveh had the pleasuh' of meeting—though he was in 'Libby' when Ah commanded a troop in Lee's ahmy."

"Still—I don't quite see how you could have been sure I was one of the same family?"

"Ah noticed yo' grandfatheh's ring, with the Culpepeh ahms on it, when Ah took yo' hand, suh. Ah heah'd mah boy, Clem, call yo' by name—and Ah looked into yo' face. A Vuhginian could scahcely mistake yuh, afteh that, suh. Now, majo', wheah is yo' luggage? Oveh to Gin'ral Faihfax's? Well, suh, as soon as yuh can leave theiah without being disco'teous, Ah shall hope yo'll spend the remaindeh of yo' stay in Vuhginia at oueh house. Mah daughteh, 'Jinny,' will see that yuh ah well taken caiah of, Ah'm suah of that. Ah believe she has just brought oveh a friend from Colonel Pickett's to dine with us. Come in, suh; Ah can scahcely express to yuh the pleasuh' it gives me to see one of yo' family, again. Yo' motheh was one of the most chahming women Ah eveh knew, majo'."

During the meal, Burton's liking for his delightful host and hostess increased as rapidly as his aversion to Mr. Absum—a smooth, keen man of affairs whose efforts to seem excessively courteous gave an indefinable impression to the New Yorker that a strong personal object lay behind them.

With the idea of diverting suspicion

from his own purpose, in the other's mind, he dropped a few remarks which indicated that he was a rich young fellow, with impractical ideas as to business-matters, who was looking for investment; and during the conversation he stated, with apparent frankness, that he was thinking of putting a few thousands into good tobacco-land, having been told by the Fairfaxes that Colonel Campbell was in position to give him considerable information upon the subject.

Absum smiled indulgently at this—though he shot a rather searching glance at the Northerner, as if trying to fathom some hidden motive—and said, carelessly:

"There is always a satisfaction, Mr. Burton, in raising one's own tobacco for personal consumption, but I think the colonel, here, will agree with me, that it re-

quires an experience of years to produce a crop which is profitable, commercially. It seems to be a generally accepted belief, up North, that one has only to plant a few acres with tobacco, and then sit down and enjoy the money that is bound to roll in from the crop; just as people think that oranges, in Florida, will bring a comfortable income without much trouble in growing them. But most any disinterested person in Virginia will say that you'll get more of a run for your money in Wall Street."

Seeing from his expression that the colonel was upon the point of differing somewhat from this point of view, Burton adroitly changed the subject to horses, upon which Absum was as unfamiliar as the others were conversant. He feared

that if the topic became absorbing, it might bring the speculator to making an offer which could not be ignored by any planter in straitened circumstances.

Later on, while Miss "Jinny" detained him at the house—acting upon an impulse which she, herself, scarcely understood—the old gentleman asked Burton

to stroll over a part of his ground which lay along the bank of Namoxine Creek. When they were half a mile from the house, the colonel took from his case a home-made cigar, which he passed to his guest without comment. Burton lighted it, took a whiff or two, examined it closely, and, in some wonderment, asked:

"Do you find it profitable, colonel, to import Cuban tobacco as a filler?"

"No, suh. That leaf was grown right heah on mah own place."

The younger man took a few more puffs in silence, as they walked along by the creek. A glimmering of the situation was beginning to dawn upon him.

"Hm-m-m—may I ask if our friend, Mr. Absum, has tried one of these cigars? I rather imagine he is a pretty good judge of tobacco."

"Why—ah—no, suh. Ah'm afraid Ah've been somewhat lacking in the co'tesy due Misto' Absum. He is not, as Ah might say, one of oueh own people—and ah—well—those plants wah mo' o' less an expehiment of mine. Only mah field-hands know just wheiah that leaf is planted, and it is so fah from the road that a strangeh would scabcehly happen upon it. Yuh come from oueh stawk, majo'. To be frank with yuh, Ah find it



Colonel Campbell

difficult to give Misto' Absum mah entieh confidence, though Ah've no ground whatever fo' such a feeling."

"Well, as I said at the table, colonel, I am thinking seriously of investing, down here, and while I don't suppose you would care to part with an interest in your land—I know too little of planting to attempt it on my own hook—I would consider it a personal favor if you'd give me a first option in case you should ever decide to increase your cultivating."

"Yuh shall suht'nly have it, majo'. In fact, Ah will say that nothing would please me betteh than to have yuh associated with me if Ah should consideh putting mo' hands on the place and raising a lahgeh crop."

Burton had picked up a handful of the loam, and was examining it carefully.

"Do you know, sir, this earth looks to me very similar to that in a certain district of Minar del Rio. It seems to have a peculiar, oily softness. Isn't it partly due to this soil that you have been able to grow such a leaf as I find in your cigar?"

"Ah have no hesitation in admitting it to yuh, majo', though Ah trust yuh will not mention it. Thet theiah soil does not extend mo'n fo' hundred feet from the creek, suh, and Ah've not seen it eitheh above o' below mah land, on this heah bank. It has never been possible, befo' mah expehiments, to get the propheh flavo' out of Cuban seed in this state—o' anyweeah else."

"That being the case, if I may offer a suggestion, I would not attempt to sell a pound of it until you have a full crop ready for market," Burton replied. "Then, it seems to me, that you will do much better with it in London than in New York. Your success with Cuban seed is likely to antagonize the interest and by trumping up a report that you were actually smuggling in Havana tobacco, they could get the government to make a whole lot of trouble for you."

The colonel stood for a moment in deep thought, an expression of disgust and discouragement lining his handsome features.

"Do yuh know, suh, that neveh ocuh'd to me. It may be that yuh'ah right.

Ah've had the feeling fo' some time that mah facto's in Richmond wah not dealing with me in the manneh in which gentlemen ah accustomed to conduct theiah affaihs. The times ah changing, suh. A gentleman's wo'd was sufficient fo' any statement he caiah'd to make, in mah fatheh's time; and any planteh, of good stawk, conducted his affaihs without in-tehfeh'ance from outsidehs. But in oueh dealings, to-day—well, suh, Ah can scahcely admit it to yuh, but theah ah times when Ah almost doubt the honesty of ma business-acquaintances."

Knowing from his acquaintance with Virginian people that the colonel's promise of an option would block any underhanded attempt that Absum or the syndicates back of him might make, Burton thought it better not to wire Graham when he returned to the Fairfax place, that evening. But during the next few days he got the general to make a few cautious inquiries, which resulted in his acquiring, through a third party, some three hundred acres of wood-land in Amelia County, upon the bank of the Namoxine directly opposite to the Campbell plantation and extending beyond it, up and down the creek, having satisfied himself that the soil was exactly the same as that upon the colonel's land. That Absum had not forestalled him was only explainable by the supposition that he had as yet only a suspicion as to the value of the old gentleman's experiments, based upon the general high quality of his former crops.

At the end of the week he dropped a confidential hint to General Fairfax concerning his holding the Campbell mortgage, as an excuse for leaving his hospitable friends, and moved over to "Sunnyside," where he was received with a friendliness which left no doubt as to the genuineness of his welcome. Then followed a succession of warm Spring days in which he gave himself up to the mere enjoyment of living in such congenial surroundings. The business-side of the situation he kept in hand with little effort; the matter drifting along in such a way that he found it unnecessary to give it much thought, though he was aware of sundry interviews between Ab-

sum and the colonel which evidently failed to give the former astute gentleman much satisfaction. But Absum was persistent, fully as much from his infat-

of this appeared in their manner or in the little household attentions which added to his comfort. The family silver—every piece of it an heirloom—and the colonial glasses, sparkled as brightly upon the dinner-table as they had in the old *régime*, when the Campbells of other generations had counted their slaves by the hundred. The old house was scrupulously clean, and the linen beautifully laundered, in a way that would have made a city matron green with envy. The meals were abundant, and the sherry of a richness which lingered in the memory. But



Sunday morning found them in the pew

uation for Miss Virginia as from the valuable property that seemed almost within his reach. And it was the social side of the matter which aroused every ounce of Burton's determination to get the better of him. The thought of a woman like "Jinny" Campbell being bought by a creature of Absum's caliber—through force of grinding circumstances and her love for her father—made him grit his teeth.

It became evident to him, from little things which came under his observation, that as far as ready-money went, even the pocket-money for little necessities—both the colonel and Miss "Jinny" were seriously embarrassed. Not that any sign

the colonel's carefully brushed coats were shiny at the elbows, and Miss Virginia's gowns were more limited in variety and

number than a woman likes to have noticed by the stranger within her house.

He came upon her, one day, in her favorite nook on the side veranda, busily stitching upon an inexpensive muslin gown, which she laughingly admitted was destined for her Easter appearance in the old church where the Campbell pew had been a prominent one for upwards of a hundred and fifty years, and where the colonel never failed to seat himself each Sunday morning. That same afternoon, Clem—who had promptly classed the New Yorker as old Virginia stock and, consequently, almost one of the family—confided to him that a new and most becoming hat, which she had admired in Petersburg, would probably materialize if he could persuade a neighboring planter to buy his pet Gordon setter, which the old body-servant had raised from a pup. And Burton, then and there, entered into a conspiracy with him, which resulted, not only in Clem's retaining possession of his beloved dog, but also the purchase of a lovely India silk gown which she was known to have had in mind.

"Yo' see, majo'," he explained, in their whispered confab, "Mis' Jinny would er bin all right, dis Easteh, but de int'rus on de mo'gidge done come eroun' jes' erbout dis time, 'n' Mahrs. Geo'ge, he couldn't git de 'vance he done 'spexted, on de crap. Dem yeah Richmon' 'baccy folks done gittin' meaneh en meaneh, eve'y yeah. Ef Mahrs. Geo'ge on'y hab de money to w'uk fo'ty o' fifty han's ober de place, he done git rich, fo' sho'."

"Never mind, Clem. I reckon I know a way to help him out on the crop a little, and you can think up some kind of a yarn that'll sound all right about the dress. Of course, you know, she wouldn't accept it from me."

"No, sah—o' cou'se she wouldn't. Mis' Jinny en Mahrs. Geo'ge am quality—dey am."

Presently, Absum dropped along, mounted on one of the more sedate Pickett mares, and when Virginia rode off with him there was a self-satisfied expression upon his saturnine face that caused Burton some uneasiness. Nor was it lessened, upon her return, when she ap-

peared strangely preoccupied and went almost immediately to her room, leaving her escort to sprawl comfortably in one of the veranda-chairs and speak, patronizingly, to the colonel of his many promising investments. That he had brought some pressure to bear upon the girl seemed almost certain to the Northerner, and the fact that she hadn't dismissed him, finally, looked ominous. Scarcely conscious of what he was doing, he got up and walked off toward the rear of the house to do a little quiet thinking, and almost ran into Clem, who was muttering to himself behind a clump of laurels.

"Clem!"

"Yassuh."

"I believe that fellow has been bothering Miss 'Jinny' about something."

"Yassuh. Ah bruk him gizzard, fo' long, fo' sho'!"

"Humph! I'd like to, myself. But I can't as long as she lets the fellow come here without objecting to him. Look here, Clem—I want you to do something for me, and do it quick. Will you?"

"Yo' bet yo' life, Ah will, majo'! Yo's all right, yo' is. Ah reckon Mis' Jinny, she t'ink so, too."

"Well, you go to her at once—make her listen to you, no matter whether she wants to or not—and tell her you know about something that you can't explain, but which is going to fix the colonel all right, about money matters—going to put him on easy street. Don't you dare breathe a word to her of this, but I'm going to help him, myself. I've got enough cash to live without working, and he isn't going to worry any more for the rest of his life. Understand?"

"Ah—Ah reckon so, majo'. Bress your haht! Look heah, suh—why don' yo' tek er ride wi' Mis' Jinny, eve'y mawnin'—before dat scallywag done come eroun'? Dat brack mah' am jes' erbout right fo' yo'."

"You mean 'Bess'? She's a beauty. I didn't think the colonel would care about having me ride her. How do you know she wont break my neck?"

"How Ah know dat!"

Clem doubled up, and chuckled.

"Fo' de lan, majo'! yo' mek me laff! Aint Ah done see yo' laigs, an' de way

yo' walks! Yo' jes' lemme put dat ahmy saddle on huh in de mawnin', an' try huh. Mahrs. Geo'ge, he be pleased to deff to hab yo' ride huh."

Clem hurried off to act upon his instructions, and after breakfast, in the morning, Burton appeared in breeches and puttees as "Prince" was led around to the door for the girl.

"Ah yu' reahilly going with me, ma-jo'?" she cried. "Oh, Ah'm so pleased! Yu' neveh said yu' liked to ride"—reproachfully—"And on 'Bess!' Do be caiahful when yuh mount, or she'll bolt with yuh."

Just to carry out the joke, he put on a serious expression when he took the reins and started to put his foot in the stirrup. The mare looked at him, mischievously, out of one eye and, as he had been warned, reared as if she were about to run, but with a quick and steady pressure on the off rein, he pulled her head around almost to the cinch knot, and swung easily into the saddle before she knew he was off the ground. For a second or two she went up in the air and tried to unseat him, then, with a shake of her pretty head, gave it up as a bad job, and cantered daintily up the road.

For several minutes, Miss "Jinny" watched him curiously. In the general scheme of her ideas, this Northerner, this Yankee—masterful and attractive though he certainly was to her—had no business to ride like that. Raised among horses as they are, the people of the South have nice conceptions of what constitutes horsemanship—and this man sat his saddle as if he had been reared in one. The mare, too, with the sympathetic instinct in all highly-bred animals, seemed to accept him both as friend and master, obeying the touch of his knees quite as quickly as his light grasp of the reins.

That ride was one she never forgot. In her after years, as wife and mother, she often looked back to it as the time when she first seriously questioned herself concerning the place he had won in her heart. Cultivated beyond the point that most women reach—by the daily companionship with her father in his library—she found herself wondering, appreciatively, at his rich fund of infor-

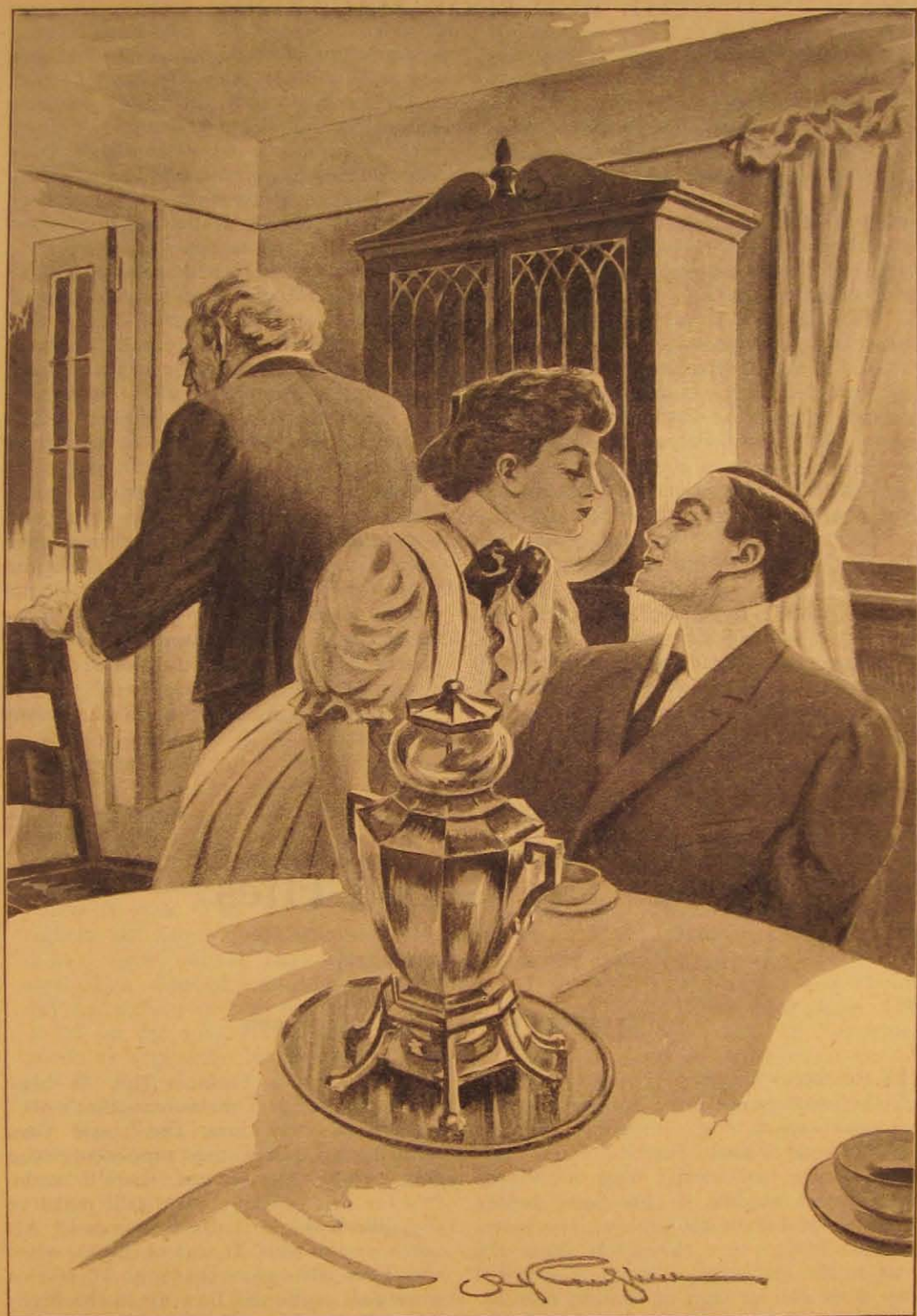
mation and anecdote. He had seen the world as few young men see it, intelligently, absorbingly. He knew horses, and books, and plants, and men, and the world's eternal cities, intimately. And with it all was a comprehension of woman's ways that he, himself, never realized.

At luncheon time they found themselves miles away from the plantation, in another county, and dropped in upon a family of friends to eat. Then, through the long afternoon, they rode over the Virginia hills in the warm Spring sunshine, stopping once to gather a bunch of the first violets—through patches of woodland, along the banks of the sluggish Namoxine, perfectly content to be alone with each other and their horses.

That was the beginning of it. Absum had no other rides with her, nor could he get an opportunity to speak with her alone. The contrast between the two men was too great, in her mind. And somehow, against her better judgment, she found herself relying upon the vague but emphatic hints which Clem had dropped about the apparently impossible assistance which in some mysterious way was coming down through the air to help her father.

Each day's ride drew them closer together and as Easter Sunday approached he found himself quite naturally assisting, with the friends and neighbors he had come to know so well, in the decoration of the old church. The great Catharine-window at the back of the chancel had been the gift of some Campbell of other days, and his artistic taste was given free rein in the bordering of it with palmettos and lilies.

On the morning after Good Friday, two mysterious boxes arrived from Petersburg, and though Clem was put to a most searching cross-examination, he lied like a gentleman and managed, in a great measure, to satisfy her suspicions. The colonel's best coat was brushed and sponged until only a close examination would have revealed its years of honorable service. And on Sunday morning the opening hymn found the three of them, clothed in something better than outward respectability, in the Campbell pew, while the family servants, in their best



Virginia slipped around to the arm of Benton's chair

array of holiday colors and shining black faces, filled their own traditional benches in the transept.

Whether it was the spell of the Easter music or some inward consciousness of a psychological crisis that brought matters to a focus, Burton could not have explained. But as they were standing close together during the recessional, his hand gently closed upon hers—and received a responsive pressure.

Next morning, he sat in his accustomed place at her left, while the sunbeams played hide and seek among the pieces of gleaming silver upon the breakfast-table—and when Clem had removed everything but the coffee and cigars, he smilingly looked across at the colonel while he slipped a ring upon the finger which she confidingly reached to him.

"Perhaps it isn't exactly your way, colonel," he said, "but up North, we like to be sure of the girl before we speak to her father. I hope, however, that you have no serious objections?"

"None whateveh, suh. Ah think Ah may say, majo', that Ah recognized some of the symptoms befo' this mawning. Yo' motheh's son will be a most welcome ad-

dition to mah family, suh. But—Ah trust yuh will pah'don mah cu'iosity—"

Burton had drawn from his pocket a somewhat imposing looking document and, first holding it over the spirit lamp which heated the coffee-urn, was deliberately lighting his cigar with it.

"I hope yuh ah' destroying nothing of value to yuh by mistake, majo'?"

"Nothing of any further value, sir. It's merely the old mortgage on your plantation—and—er—it occurred to me that this was a fitting time to make a sort of barbecue of it. I'm going to give 'Jinny' three hundred acres on the other side of the creek for a wedding-present. Altogether, it ought to make a nice little property for us."

Twice, the old gentleman tried to speak—tried to express himself in a fitting and a dignified way. But as Virginia slipped around to the arm of Burton's chair and pressed her lips softly upon his, the colonel, resting his trembling hands upon the table, could only bend toward them with one of his courtly, old-fashioned salutations—and slowly step through one of the long windows out upon the sunny veranda.

As the Goose Flies

BY HUGH KENNEDY

ILLUSTRATED BY SIDNEY H. RIESENBERG

IF this keeps up, there'll be three feet on the level by mornin'. It's the storm of '93 over again, 'cept it's comin' in late May, 'stead of early June."

Old Gus had looked long out of the one-paned window of his bunk before turning to deliver his opinion. His mates of the bridge-crew, lounging about the car in the attitudes of boredom, pricked up their ears at sign of Gus in reminiscent mood.

"Three days she's kept us penned up here, like dogies in a shippin'-corral,"

grumbled lanky Ontario Ike. "I hope she'll go quicker'n she's come, that's all."

"If she ever does, Ike," said Gus, pointing an admonitory pipe-stem, "you take an old-timer's word: there'll be doin's fer this bridge-crew that'll make ye feel like a dogie that's just crossed Alberta on the hoof. It was so in '93, when the Twin Bridges went out, an' if this snow-fall sends the Bow up to the high-water mark she made that year, I doubt if the new steel spans'll fare much better. You 'member them old piles stickin' "

out of the water just up-stream from the bridge? Them's the remains of the identical trestle we built over the river, temporary, that year. Right on that trestle did Doodie drive home his last spike as a bridgeman.

"You've heard me speak of Doodie, mebbe, more times than enough. There was a boy! Six feet in his stockin's, straight as a Douglas fir, soople an' thin in the flanks as a mountain-lion, deep-chested as a Shorthorn bull—my eye, but he was the number to put your money on! He could lift a load that big Jim, here, couldn't budge. Runnin', jumpin', wras'lin'—it was all the same: he was the king-pin. No two men on the job could move him out of his tracks, an' him laughin' all the time they was tuggin' at him. Laughin' an' kiddin'—that was him from sun to sun. Kind-hearted as a pony, he wouldn't hurt a sandfly; but look out fer that iron-grip of his when ye started in to rough-house him. He wouldn't be beat, that boy, in sport or earnest. Them was the jolly days, when Doodie bunked right here beside me in this car."

Big Jim, the "straw-boss," was galled by the reflection on his strength.

"How," he asked, "did a real man ever come to git a fool name like 'Doodie'?"

Gus was quick to the defense of his favorite.

"That was nothin' against him, no more'n 'Ontario' is against Ike, here. First, it was 'The Dood,' before we rightly got acquainted with him, fer it didn't seem nat'ral that a man that washed an' combed himself three times a day, an' put on his coat to come to meals, could be cut out of the same piece of goods as a genuine bridgeman. 'Doodie' it was, though, when he'd sung his first song. Sing? Like a bird. He had songs an' stories on tap, same's Irish Mike keeps Calgary beer. That boy had enough fun in him to make a chain-gang stuck on its job.

"Fer six weeks after that flood of '93, we was at it night an' day; fer six weeks we did our ten hours overtime—no time-an'-a-half allowed them days, neither, fer that was years before the strike—doin' our double time, as I said, an' not a man

so much as beefed at the hours. Not even Grouchy Jake so much as threatened to call fer his card.

"That was all Doodie's doin's. He was like a man made of steel cables: ye couldn't see a sign of wear in him. His laugh an' his joke an' his song an' his story was like one of them shows that begins as soon as it stops. We was havin' the time of our lives."

"Curious," remarked Ike, in a spirit of friendly inquiry, "how a man like that ever come to be on a bridge-crew."

Gus' thought hunted readily down this trail.

"Curious it was, Ike, an' curious it stayed. When Doodie wanted to close that square, ironwood jaw of his, you couldn't pry it open with a spike-bar. Close it he did, anyway, about the p'tic'lar trouble that had side-tracked him in a bridge-outfit.

"Him an' his old man'd had words. I made sure of that afterwards. There was a petticoat somewheres in the stew, too. I knew that, fer the boy used to get letters, an' often of a Sunday afternoon he'd be off with his writin'-pad to some spot where he could talk to his girl with nothin' but the mountains to look over his shoulder. The girl, I had it figgered, didn't suit the old man; an' my guess, as it turned out, wasn't a mile wide. There must 'a' been a cute little family-jar, the day Doodie had to make his choice between the old man's coin an' the girl's red cheeks. The cheeks won with furlongs to spare, if I know Doodie, an' another picture was turned to the wall.

"The boy'd had two years in a trainin'-school of some kind back East. The 'Teck,' I think he called it. 'Structural Engineer'—I mind that's what he said he'd been trainin' fer, an' a dandy trainin' it must 'a' been. There wasn't a girder nor a brace in a hull truss-span but he could tell to a pound what strain it ought to bear. He knew bridgin' by the book from A to Z. Not much wonder he took to the real thing when he found himself up against it in the West. Scotty Erskine himself—Scotty was foreman in them days—picked up many a new wrinkle from Doodie's book-learnin'.

"'Pears to me, though, I'm gettin' at

this yarn both ends to once, like a pig of-ferin' battle. The start of it all was that June snow-storm.

"We was standin' on the Gap sidin', just where the iron dives into the Rockies, an' the snow penned us in like hens in a thunderstorm. A storm like that was a new thing to Doodie. He watched it like a kid with a new toy. He kept tab on the snow creepin' up the trunk of a stunted cottonwood, an' weightin' down its branches, till he vowed it was like nothin' but an overgrown mushroom. Down, straight down, come that snow fer three days an' nights, hiss'n' gentle as it settled, same way it's doin' now.

"Doodie had words fer everythin': the sky was lead; the foothills, rollin' away fer miles, was the ocean-swells, froze stiff an' white. Seemed as if he just felt fer everythin', whether it was alive or not. Them range-cattle, bunched on the lee-side of a hill, an' hunchin' their backs into the storm, was the only thing I ever saw that made him right downhearted. Many a bone the coyotes picked on that hillside when all was over.

"First day, the 'Transcon.' came in from the East a-kickin' up clouds of snow, fer all the world like a kid wadin' through maple leaves in October. Next day, she came under a double-header, followin' a snow-plow, an' eight hours late. The third day, she was stalled a hundred miles back on the prairie.

"'Let the sun come out to-morrow,' says I to Doodie, 'an' this outfit'll be the busiest gang of bridge-builders this side the River Jordan.'

"Come out it did, fer fair. My eye! That snow sure walked away. Doodie's frozen-sea broke into islands, where the hill-tops poked through; then into peninsulas and continents an' all the names in the g'ography. The hull prairie was one shinin', sloppy mess of muddy water huntin' fer the low spots. The Kananaskis began tumblin' over the fall with a roar you could hear clean to the sidin', an' you know how far that is. We was up against the real thing.

"A mud-slide at Shaganappi, a wash-out at Gleichen; culberts here, trestles there—they high-balled us from end to end of the division. We was next in im-

portance them days to old Bunch Grass Whiskers himself. We kept the line open. The schedule was knocked crazy, to be sure, but everythin' was gittin' through.

"Doodie was like a trout winnin' upstream: he was havin' the time of his life.

"'Man!' says he to me, 'this is life. This is where real men are doin' things. I'm goin' to hold down this job as long as it'll stay with me.'

"I grinned an' said nothin', knowin' too well that when the boy's right life called to him he'd go to it like the goose heads north in the Spring. I was right, an' the call wasn't long comin'.

"The thing happened when the Twins went out. That was the last hand the Bow had to play, an' she sure caught us all four-flushin'. We was down at the east end, polishin' off the small jobs, an' thinkin' a hull night's sleep'd go good, when Scotty got the message.

Snow-slide in mountains. Bow above high-water mark, an' risin'; Twins in danger.

"That was the finish of the sleep-question fer another two weeks. No. 450, ahead of a silk-special, dropped her string at Moosejaw an' whipped us over the prairie till our teeth rattled with the joltin'. At Calgary, we found out what we was up against: it was pilin' across the Bow in floods. The Twins was out. One span was piled up on the bank a mile down-stream; the other was hangin' with one end on the river-bottom, collectin' a jam of driftwood.

"It was midnight by the time we was droppin' down the grade to the river. Me an' Doodie sat on a car of piles, takin' in the hull lay-out. My eye! There was a mess. They had headlights from dead engines in the Calgary roundhouse stuck up on every high spot, an' the glare of 'em just cut a jagged hole in the dark round where the men was workin'. It was like turnin' a searchlight into hell—that was Doodie's way of puttin' it.

"Every man on the division that could be let loose on the job, from old Bunchy himself to Scab Egan with his 'extra gang' of Douks, was chasin' his own shadow like a demon gone batty. Across the river was Mose Gregson from the Pacific-division thuddin' away at a pile



"Hanging by one hand and swinging a ten-pound hammer with the other"

with his old drop-hammer driver. Him pilin' from the west an' us from the east, our trestles was to meet mid-stream.

"Mid-stream. My eye, but that was a place fer flesh an' blood to be! The old Bow'd got up over her banks till the main current looked like a river tearin' its way through a lake. Rushin', swirlin', back-eddyin' in the glare of them headlights, she seemed to be just laughin' at what she'd be doin' to us an' our little pile-drivers; an' just to show what she could do, she'd send every minute a log or a tree shootin' like a bolt from a catapult through the yawnin' hole where the first span used to stretch. From the far bank, the twisted timbers of the second span was hangin', like a wrecked cage with the wild beast broke loose. Sure, a fiercer proposition was never put up to a bridge-gang.

"Doodie," says I, 'what'd the books tell ye to do with a hole like that?'

"The brakes was grindin' beneath us, but he had time to answer.

"'Books?' says he. 'I guess this is a place where nothin' counts but horse-sense and iron-grit.'

"So it was; but I aint goin' to tell how we piled that stream. Them of you that's been through the like knows all about it; them that hasn't is like to know before they're many days older. We met old Mose at last, an' steel joined steel again.

"The day we drove that last bent, a curious thing happened.

"On the east side, a dinin'-car drew up; on the west, we heard the whistle of the east-bound 'Transcon.,' the first in four days. 'Twasn't long till we saw what old Bunch was up to: Them passengers'd been tied up in the mountains till they was well nigh famished, an' here was their first chance fer a square. Nothin' short of starvation would 'a' drove some of them over that half-finished trestle on foot. To see them stringin' across was pay for all the hard work an' lost sleep.

"So many glad rags I never look to see on a bridge again. Dainty women'd leave their dood men an' put their white-gloved hands in the grimy paw of a bridgeman an' cling to him so they'd clean fergit to hold up their flummery

skirts out of the black oil. Many a man turned back, willin' to go hungry, rather than risk his precious neck. Bunch Grass was here an' there amongst 'em all. You know his way: polite as pie to a passenger, but crusty as a shell-crab to every one else.

"I was right in mid-stream while the procession was passin'. I was holdin' one end of a rope snubbed round a rail. Doodie was hangin' to the other end of the rope, just a foot from the water, spikin' a brace to a pile. Just then, along comes an old chap—a swell old party he was—pickin' his steps like he was wishin' himself on a good ashfelt pavement, but comin' just the same, like nothin' could stop him gittin' that dinner at the road's expense.

"That's where I was on the wrong sidin'. The old gent stops in front of me, an' says he,

"'Can you tell me,' says he, 'if there's a young man named David Graham in this crew?'

"That came mighty nigh bein' the end of Doodie's story right there. I was that flabbergasted I was only brought to by the rope slippin' through me hands. It wasn't what the old gent said; it was the look of him. Fer all his dood fixin's an' his iron-gray hair, it was Doodie himself speakin' to me—Doodie grown older, heavier, sterner lookin', but still Doodie. It was the same voice, the same clean, square jaw, the same compellin' eye.

"'Graham?' says I, when'd I'd got sand on the rails, 'Graham? Search me,' says I. 'Better ask Scotty, there.'

"'Graham?' says Scotty. 'Sure thing. Where's Doodie, Gus?'

"My eye! You should 'a' seen that man lookin' down at Doodie. The boy was hangin' by one hand an' swingin' a ten-pound hammer in the other, with the current swirlin' round the piles an' sendin' up dashes of spray at him like wolves leapin' up at a man hangin' to a limb. It's nothin', of course, to you that's done it, an' Doodie was doin' it like it was nothin'; but fer a man that can't pick his steps over a trestle without it seemin' to slide up-stream from under his feet, it was a soul-twistin' place to find his boy. There was never a word from the old

man's lips, but there was a look in his eyes that minded me of the eyes of a range-cow when they're brandin' her calf.

"Hand over hand came Doodie up at last.

"'Dad!' he yells, an' jumps fer the old man's paw. There was just nothin' in his voice but surprise an' welcome.

"It was the dad that seemed to be gittin' the worst of it, somehow. Talk didn't seem to come easy to him. He hangs to Doodie's hand, an' says he, like he was talkin' to a bigger man than himself.

"'Davy,' says he, 'come home—wont you?'

"That 'wont you?' at the last, he kind of tacked on, like he felt he hadn't been humble enough.

"Doodie draws back. He looks at the old man like a father that's denyin' somethin' to his child—denyin' it because he can't come by it honest an' clean.

"'There's Emily, dad. I haven't changed about her,' he says.

"David Graham, senior, was his right self fer just one second o' time: he'd swallowed about all the humble-pie he

was guaranteed to hold. He pranced a step towards Doodie, till all at once it occurred to him that that bridge was no place fer fancy steps.

"'Drat you, boy,' he yells. 'How could I have located you up an' down a thousand miles of railway if I hadn't gone hat in hand to her to find out where you'd got to? Isn't that enough? Boy!'—he fair sputtered it this time—'boy, come home!'

"Doodie turned away. He looked at the white line of the mountains, just showin' through the blue; he looked at the unbroken prairie, rollin' away without bounds to the sky-line. Bein' free—that's what these things had meant to him. He was at home with them: they gave him the feelin' of havin' elbow-room. He sniffed the air like an antelope on the crest of a rise. He looked at the men, gapin', as if the road had nothin' fer them to do. He looked long at me, his partner, his bunk-mate. He gulped hard.

"'Scotty,' says he—an' the hammer he'd been holdin' slipped from his hand an' clattered on the bridge—'I guess I'll have to ask you fer my time.'"

How the Way Was Opened

BY CHARLES McILVAINE

ILLUSTRATED BY BLANCHE V. FISHER

EVERYBODY in Plumtown, though qualifiedly aristocratic and notably endowed with self-respect, called Josiah Patton "Old Hickory" when speaking of him; when speaking to him he was Josiah, or Friend Patton, or Cousin Josiah; for Plumtown was a Quaker settlement where, in consequence, all other than social titles were eschewed. Even the King's Highway, laid out when William III was sovereign of England, lost its royal name and became plain Penn Street between where it entered and passed out

of the Town. Josiah Patton's face, angular, clean-shaven, shellbark in hue; his small head seemingly bearing the marks of a segmented mould, bore semblance to a hickory-nut and won him his *sobriquet*. The very corrugations of his kindly smile but varied the similitude.

He was below average height, thin, erect, active, wearing the exciting mystery of an empty sleeve. The long pointed tails of his brown coat, the upright collar, the wing shape cut to its front, gave him a bird-like aspect. When he and

Lydia Ashmead for the first time walked arm-in-arm upon the sidewalks of Penn Street, she with the point of her gray shawl centering her drab skirt low down upon its border, and with the plaited back of her narrow, sugar-scoop bonnet directly above the fold of bobbinet about her neck, they resembled a pair of spar-

of what their own devotion would ever be in strength and lasting quality.

Sixty years before the memorable day when the two walked for the first time arm in arm on Penn Street and were with smiles, and tears, and united hearts of gladness dubbed "The Sparrows," they were fond lovers, giving to each other



rows for the nonce at peace and with intent above forage. One would not have been surprised to see them hop to an overhanging branch and to hear them twitter lovingly therefrom.

The sympathies of Plumtown's people, and of all others along the widespread ramifications of its family and sect interests, were actively with the couple. Lovers pointed to them as glowing examples

of their first love and troth, happy in both and in the formal sanction of parents and Meeting. With that quiet deliberation which rules among Quakers, they but waited a "suitable opportunity" at which to go through the semi-religious ceremony and sign the contract in the presence of family and Friends, which would unite them as man and wife. Lydia, *petite*, rounded, brown-eyed, with

the plain lines of her hair lying to her face as leaves to a peach or the wings of a tanager to its dazzling breast, was busy stitching her happiness into the best of household linen and choice stuffs of regulation excellence for her wear. Josiah, then sturdy, ruddy, with the joyous energy of a terrier after a rat, was priming the farm and roomy mansion his grandfather had bequeathed him, into neat readiness for the competent sway of Lydia, as Lydia Patton.

In the long, low, Plumtown meeting-house and everywhere in the Society of Friends, a theological storm was brewing. It broke with full force on Plumtown. Families were divided, old friends were parted, intolerance was rampant. The broad-brimmed hats in Plumtown Meeting trembled with anger upon the heads of those who believed themselves governed by "Inward Light" only; and fists were handled with a directness and vigor that gave evidence of other than noncombative control. The father of Josiah Patton mashed the hat and scattered the teeth of the father of Lydia Ashmead, as they headed the nearly equally divided factions. Tradition hath it that the *mêlée* was preceded by such personalities as "Thee's a liar," and "Thee be damned," but it is not so set down in the 1827 "Minutes of Plumtown Meeting."

The tide of difference was too obstinate for words to stem or blows to backen. A formal separation of the factions was agreed upon. So strong was family adhesion among the Pattons and Ashmeads, that when the Meeting property was divided equably, as it was at Plumtown, Josiah retained his seat on one side of the board partition erected to divide the meeting-house into two meeting-rooms, and Lydia Ashmead took her seat on the other.

The day of the separation, the factions left the meeting-house by different doors. In the meeting-house yard the general old-time clasp of hands, welcoming smiles, loving greetings, were no more. An invisible line was drawn between the parted groups across which even eyes were too stubborn to venture. Josiah's head was bowed, his face was drawn by sorrow. Once he raised his eyes and

looked piteously across the yard for Lydia Ashmead. Her face was flushed, radiant with purpose. She was looking directly at him, lost to all about her. Her brown eyes shone with love, her arms half left her side in supplicating reach, her body leaned towards him with a yearning slope. When their eyes met Josiah felt an incoming of strength. His blue eyes flashed his very soul. He saw Lydia start toward him; he met her halfway. There, on the sward between the two glaring crowds, they stood locked in each other's arms; the broad-brimmed hat of Josiah closing, like a lid, the flaring face of Lydia's deep-mouthed bonnet. She gently separated herself from him, but kept her hand upon his shoulder. Her face was trustful, happy, as she spoke to him; her tone was firm, full of staunch promise:

"Be strong, Josiah. Keep thy trust in thy Heavenly Father. Let us do our duty as it is shown to us. Let us be cheerful and helpful. I will love thee until death shall separate us."

"I will love thee until death shall separate us," he echoed, but his voice trembled. "I will love thee always as I do now. We shall wait. Farewell."

"Farewell, Josiah."

They parted. Lydia went back to her mother. Josiah walked out of the gate, head up, mounted his horse, and rode away. Friends on both sides watched them with softened faces; the spirit of sympathy waved factional enmity back. Women sought their reticules for handkerchiefs; men turned their faces from one another.

After the fray, in his home, Lydia's father—Thomas Ashmead—called her to him.

"Lydia," he spoke firmly, "to-day, William Patton overpowered me by blows when I withstood him somewhat violently with words. Perhaps I should not have allowed even the spirit of right to prompt my various movements of wrathful significance. The flesh is weak. Thee is a good daughter, a comfort and light to thy mother and myself. My heart goes out to thee; nevertheless, Josiah Patton—son of William—must never again enter this house. Put away all

thought of him as speedily as thee can. I feel it within me that thee has the strength to do so. There can be no happiness, no unity in your marriage. He has strayed from our fold. Does thee fully understand my wishes? Thee has been an obedient daughter?"

Steadfast purpose in Lydia was not rebellion. No rush of temper or indignation or protest disturbed the calm womanliness of her face or gave a quiver to her mellow voice as she replied:

"Yes, father, I understand thee. I will not seek Josiah's company; neither will he seek mine, when he knows of thy objections. My love for him I cannot, will not put away. Thee has taught me to obey the Inward Light. It tells me to love Josiah."

"Is thy conscience clear in that, Lydia?"

"Yes, quite clear."

"Then I exact obedience in the separation only. In thy love thy conscience must be thy guide."

Lydia's mother, in the quiet of her room, pressed her daughter to her breast in long, fond silence:

"My dear daughter, thy father knows the strength of a woman's love. Thy Heavenly Father will direct thee in the right way," was all she said.

Josiah's father—William Patton—was made of more militant stuff than Thomas Ashmead. His ancestors had fought with Ireton at Naseby and Marston Moor; had withstood, in buff and helmet, the fierce charges of wild Prince Rupert's dashing cavaliers on many a hard fought field; had gloried in the title of "Cromwell's Roundheads," and after the Restoration, had dared, for conscience's sake, to lay aside worldly things and array themselves with the followers of George Fox in bearing testimony against war, titles, church forms and ministry, and all that fettered human liberty in body or conscience.

"Josiah," he snapped viciously, after riding to his son's farm without tarrying long enough at his home to press the dents from his beaver hat or have repairs made to his broken braces, "if a man tells thee that thee lies, thee is justified in defending thyself against aspersion

with such natural might as has been given thee, even if thee damages his raiment, disfigures his features, or, as in my opportunity with Thomas Ashmead to-day, exposes his deception in teeth not naturally abiding in his own head.

"I came to speak to thee of Lydia, the enraged man continued, "a pearl among swine—I except her mother. Thomas Ashmead will endeavor to estrange Lydia from thee. Be of good cheer. Thee is Lydia's choice; Lydia is thy chosen one. Thee have proclaimed thy intention to be joined in wedlock. Thee have formally 'Passed Meeting.' She is thine. Take her, Josiah, even if thee has to smite Thomas Ashmead hip and thigh."

"That I will not, father; enmity enough has been aroused. Friends have this day shamed their principles. Lydia and I are wedded in our love. We are in unity. We will wait our Heavenly Father's time to be wedded in the flesh. We cannot be joined in marriage according to the good order of Friends unless in the presence of a united Meeting. Lydia and I understand each other. We will not be cast down. We will so love, that should the time come when we can be united, we can look into our hearts and into each other's eyes as we did but to-day."

William Patton gazed at his son steadfastly for a moment. He saw his own strong determination there, and that the fire in Josiah's eyes was kindled from trust, not from human impulse that calls for "An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth."

"Thee is right, Josiah. The old Adam abides in me still. It is an unruly tenant. I will wrestle with it. I will return to my home and get thy mother to sew on some buttons. Farewell."

He slowly rode away, battling with himself.

Josiah was twenty-two, Lydia was eighteen at the time of the Separation in the Society of Friends. Years passed. Josiah skilfully managed his farm, generously gave of his ample means where help was needed, carried his genial presence everywhere that assistance required it or courtesy demanded it. He ripened



into sterling manhood. Lydia, living in the town, relieved her mother of home-duties, blossomed in her brain and beauty, and was the most winsome, thoughtful woman of her many circles. They saw each other when accident fa-

vored or common duties brought them together. It became a part of Plumtown's creed that a wonderful prescience selected these duties with the infallible certainty of a meeting. Cheering smiles, loving assurances in glances, were all that passed between them on these occasions.

Plumtown became excited, filled with wonderment, when Josiah Patton rented his farm for a long term of years, bought a commodious house on Penn Street, four blocks from Lydia, brought an old family servant to care for it and him, and took up his abode therein. Still greater was the surprise, and many the knowing smiles, when early one morning a quickly moving team stopped at Josiah's door and the driver carried in two sizeable rolls.

Shortly afterward, Josiah himself, with a bundle of newspapers under his arm, visited each house in the town to obtain subscribers for a daily delivery of them, explaining as he did, that the stage carrying the mail from Philadelphia arrived but three times a week at Plumtown, too seldom for such an enlightened and progressive place, and that he had resolved to give it daily knowledge, rain or shine, First Days excepted, of what the world was doing beyond Plumtown's limits.

At 1:30 p. m.—Josiah timed his arrival carefully, having knowledge of Thomas Ashmead's napping-hour—he raised the iron knocker on his front door and sounded a brave peal. An old colored servant, turbaned, aproned, neatly-shawled, opened the door in response. She threw up her hands joyfully:

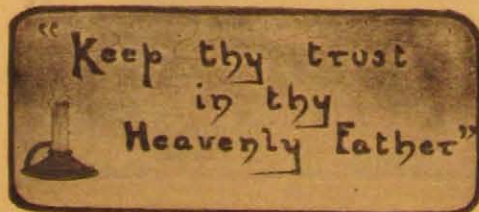
"Thank de Lo'd, it's thee again, Josiah!" she exclaimed.

Josiah smiled. In a perfectly business-like tone he addressed her:

"Rachel, tell thy mistress, Lydia—Lydia, thee understands—that I desire her annual subscription for either *The Public Ledger* or *The North American*, or both, which I will deliver at this door, daily, First Days excepted, at ten o'clock precisely, by the town-clock's bell, beginning to-morrow morning."

"I will tell her—Lydia."

The old servant's eyes twinkled. She



leaned toward Josiah and said half in fun, half in confidence:

"I don't believe old Rachel'll ebber hab to open de do' to dat knock."

Josiah smiled again. "That will relieve thee, Rachel. Farewell."

The years began afresh for the lovers, each day made young to them by a single touch of voice and eye. Every morning, at the stroke of ten, Josiah sounded the knocker. Every morning, never failing, Lydia, neat, smiling, her eyes brimming with love, responded to the call. The daily salutations never varied:

"Good morning, Josiah. Is thee well? Thank thee for the paper. Farewell."

Josiah, answering her, handing her the paper, had his eyes and thoughts as far from it as utter obliviousness to business warranted.

"I am well, thank thee, Lydia. Thee is fair and dear to me as ever. Farewell."

Lydia, light-hearted, went about her duties; Josiah, light-stepping, threw crumbs from his pocket to the birds which followed him, and whistled gayly as he threw.

Twice in each temperate season, Lydia, with her maiden neighbor, Abigail Townsend, walked to Josiah's property and paused to look over his fence at flowering plants, well-kept borders, distant pigeon-cotes, and choicely filled chicken-yards.

Two or three days afterward, Friend Abigail was sure to call from her side stoop:

"Lydia, will thee come over? I have some flowers for thee."

When Lydia, blushing prettily, received them from Abigail's hands, she always heard the expected words:

"They grew in Josiah's garden, dear."

The anxious days of '61 came. Friends were in a dilemma. Their "Testimony" had ever been borne against war; ever against slavery. As stirring Abolitionists, as active manipulators of "The Underground Railroad," they had done much to rouse Southern animosity and Northern firmness. They were devoted Unionists. Their principles prevented them from taking up arms; nevertheless, their hearts, their sympathies were with those of their countrymen who went to battle,



"Thee is dear
to me as ever"

believing that their precious ends would be attained. Josiah Patton had hard struggles between the horns.

One morning his knock at Lydia's door was answered by old Rachel. Josiah paled. The sight of another face than his

loved one shocked him with apprehension.

"Where — where is Lydia?" he stammered.

"She been gone yesterday afternoon to keer fo' de sanitary exhibition at Philadelphia, what takes keer ob de soldiers. She done tole me fo' to ax yo' fo' to leab her paper nex' do' with Abigail Townsend. Lydia sot with her a long time befo' she went off."

Josiah drew a breath of relief. His eyes flashed. He pulled himself up and together. He flushed with high resolve. Walking rapidly to Abigail Townsend's door he knocked, handed two papers to the servant, but did not enter.

Well he divined the purpose of Lydia's request; no need for Abigail to tell him why she, Lydia, was giving help to those in arms. The way from his dilemma was solved: it was for him, a man, to defend his principles with his own hands, to take his share in the struggle, to bear his share of the burden. Lydia had seen her duty was in the fulfillment of it—caring for the soldiers, ministering to their comfort, bolstering them to the fight, repairing them when wounded that they might fight again. He was in unity with her.

In an hour he had placed his newspaper-contracts in the hands of a reliable man; in another he was mustered as a private soldier. Before the sun went down, his Quaker uniform was exchanged for that of a United States cavalryman, and he swung his saber in the "awkward-squad" drill with as resolute vigor as did his ancestors in the days when Oliver Cromwell led his men in prayer and carnage.

Never did knight of old go forth more fearlessly, more devotedly, into battle, his shield blazoned with "*Für Gott und für Ihr*," than did Josiah Patton with the treasured promise of his love: "Until death shall separate us," ringing through his brain. Never, from the day he donned the brass shoulder-scales of a private, until he wore the dual bars of a captain, did he fail in a duty or hesitate in an act of mercy.

Often, when with carbines leveled or sabers uplifted, his command held the

enemy in his power, his voice had called warningly, almost pleadingly, to its commanding officer: "Will thee surrender?" intent on preventing the needless slaughter of men, true, and brave as his own.

His men respected, loved him. "The Fighting Quaker" earned the title from both North and South.

At home, Lydia Ashmead was among the foremost in aiding the soldiers, carrying cheer and comfort to their families, consoling those who mourned for the fallen; but so many were the willing voices and hands of women to do this work, that Lydia, by her sweet impressiveness, Quaker garb, and brave brown eyes, won her way to the field-hospitals at the front and there, even in the roar of battle, calmly, skilfully did her noble duty nobly.

The war over, Josiah Patton, scarred, maimed—an arm buried in the hallowed ground of Gettysburg—erect, gray, his face mobile to every graciousness or set to every right, clad in Quaker colors and form, strapped newspapers to his armless shoulder, and on his daily round, as the town-clock struck ten, sounded the knocker of Lydia's door.

The same loving eyes, the same welcoming met him:

"Good morning, Josiah. Is thee well? Thank thee for the paper. Farewell."

Regularly, as of yore, Josiah made response, his blue eyes, trusting as a baby's:

"I am well, thank thee, Lydia. Thee is fair and dear to me as ever. Farewell."

When Lydia looked over Josiah's lawn-fence for the first time after his return, she saw his sheathed saber stuck upright in the ground and trained about it was the sweet briar, whose floral motto reads, "I wound to heal."

The Meeting "dealt" with Josiah Patton, as it did with several of its members, for "Taking up arms in violation of the testimony of Friends," and sent a committee to wait upon him.

He rested his case upon a single defense:

"People who live in glass-houses should not throw stones."

The committee reported itself as "satisfied."



Arm in arm Josiah and
Lydia walked down
the street.

During after years, on First Days and Fifth Days, Josiah and Lydia had looked across the meeting-house yard and given each other loving eye-greeting. The long rows of low white head-stones within the burial section recorded the names of many who were most active in the "Separation," among them the parents of Josiah and Lydia.

In the meeting-house, although the board partition was still between the factions, the rancor had greatly subsided. In the partition there was a small door, fitting closely, without moulding, knob or latch, to mark it. It was fastened by an old-fashioned lock. No one could remember having seen the key. No one had ever explained the presence of the door, save by the custom of having a similar door in the swinging partitions of country schoolhouses. The building carpenter had followed the custom in partitions.

On a May morning, Lydia Ashmead, with more color upon her fair cheeks than usual, with happy promise love-blended in her brown eyes, added to her usual daily greeting:

"The way will open soon, Josiah. Watch for it. The Heavenly Father hath shown it to me."

Josiah pondered over her words. Suddenly a great light shone in his face. He walked to his home with that determination upon it which in war-times had set it firm for charge or battle.

On Fifth Day morning he took his seat in Meeting with his accustomed calm. After eyeing the partition door steadily for a moment, he smiled; then settled himself for silent communion. There was a slight rustle upon the loosely cushioned wooden seats, and a slow turning of hats and bonnets when he rose and walked to the door in the partition.

Without hesitation or difficulty he lifted it from its place. The lock-bolt drew from its socket. He set the door to one side and stood at its opening. The surprise was great, but the suppressed excitement was greater when Lydia Ashmead quietly left her seat in the other Meeting, and took stand by his side within it. Thus they stood facing the Meetings for five minutes, ignoring all but an inner consciousness.

Josiah turned to Lydia, took her offered hand. In tone, round with love and solemnity, he said:

"In the presence of the Lord and this assembly, I take thee, Lydia Ashmead, to be my wife, promising, with Divine assistance, to be unto thee a loving and faithful husband until death shall separate us."

Lydia turned to him the same sweet face he had loved for over three score years, now lighted with the dignity of a righteous act, and clearly repeated the same words, substituting Josiah's name for her own, and "wife" for "husband."

Josiah unbuttoned his coat, took from under it a broad parchment, browned by the years of its waiting, upon which were inscribed the words of the marriage-ceremony after the manner of the Society of Friends. From convenient pockets he brought an inkstand and pen. Upon the back of an empty seat they signed it: Lydia, as Lydia Patton. Josiah filled in the date.

The ceremony was complete. Josiah handed Lydia the signed certificate. Afterward, there was not a person present in either Meeting who did not in full joy and willingness sign as witness.

Lydia quietly resumed her seat. Josiah went to his own. After a short silence, Friends in the gallery shook hands and Meeting "broke."

In the yard Lydia joined her husband upon the spot where long before they had sealed their pledge with a parting-kiss. Many crossed the dividing line for the first time since the "Separation" to speak to bride and groom, and, in the general good feeling, to mingle in amity as Friends of old.

Arm in arm Josiah and Lydia walked down the street. A rosy Quaker lass, made merry by the similitude, called them "The Sparrows." The *sobriquet* flew, voiced in affectionate admiration and heart-felt relief.

At Lydia's door, she turned to him, beaming with happiness, and asked:

"Is it well with thee, Josiah? Will thee walk in?"

"It is well with me, Lydia. Thee is fairer and dearer to me than ever. I will enter."

"Lydia," asked Josiah in an after talk, "I have a concern upon my mind to know who took the screws from the hinges of the partition-door, and eased it so that it might be readily lifted out."

Lydia laughed, then, demurely let fall her eyes.

"Josiah, if thee will go up-stairs to our room and look in the front right-hand corner of the upper drawer in my bureau, thee will find a small box labeled: 'How the way was opened,' and thee will find that it contains the screws."

Sandstorm and the Black Hand

BY BARTON WOOD CURRIE

ILLUSTRATED BY DAVID ROBINSON

WHEN a strong man's step lags as if he were reluctantly pulling his heels out of a slough; when there is a sad, introspective vacancy in an eye usually lambent with animation, and when his jaw slumps so that his chin bobs, it should be manifest, even to the most casual regard, that gloom is heavy upon him. So it was with Sandstorm Jones as he dragged his listless weight over the tessellated

floor of the anteroom to his Cousin Jim's Wall Street office.

The Cerberus at the portals of Jones, Smith, Brown & Co's. palatial suite—a freckled lad with big ears—was curved over his little desk, his brow bent upon the sporting-page of a pink "extra." Sandstorm regarded him morosely for a few moments, coughed apologetically, and then booted the youth a little bit up in the air to rouse him. He smiled wanly as the boy extracted himself from the scrap-basket, and followed the thoroughly chastened youngster to Jim's sanctum.



Sandstorm Jones

Removing his flap-brimmed panama and taking off his cuffs, which were weighted with buttons resembling gilt sinkers, he attempted to smile. But the smile retreated behind his features and his eyelids drooped as if to dam a gush of tears.

"Been to a funeral?" asked Jim Jones, turning away from the ticker with a condensed smile of greeting—the market was sagging.

"I'd kinder like to start one," responded Mr. Jones, of Rampage, Utah.

"Say, Jim," he went on, "but this berg gets on an active man's nerves. Nothing doing, nothing happening. To think that I came all the way from Rampage for the excitement of 'Gay New York.' They told me that if I stood out anywhere on Broadway I'd see people mowed down by trolley-cars and automobiles like wheat in a cyclone.

"Smoking tallow and tar! But didn't the boys and newspapers fill me with a wadding of lies!

"Didn't I read that big huskies were employed in the subway to collect passengers by the ears and hurl them into the cars through windows and doors. Yes, I did. So I stood for three hours on the platform of a tunnel express-station waiting for one of the burleys to lay a hand on me. No, I wasn't going to shoot him. I thought a tap or two on the back of the neck with the butt of a .44 would jar a little manners into him if he got fussy. I was as close as I could get to a party in uniform with a megaphone-voice, standing almost on his shoes in an inviting attitude.

"But scalping Piutes, he was as mild as custard-pie, and said 'Please,' and 'Yes, sir,' and 'Yes, madam,' as pretty as a floorwalker.

"Also I rode in the cars where they told me the guards clubbed folk into their seats, or strapped 'em to the roof like sides of bacon. Huh! Why, I sat close to the door, laying for a big, red-whiskered cuss with a cross-eye and jutting-out jaw. Was just itching to have him start something. Did he? Yes, he did not. He was one of those overgrown butter-mouths, and spoke like a blunt-nedded phonograph:

"'Now, gentlemen, kindly don't crowd. Be nice now, and don't push. Step a little forward, please, so I can open the gates!' Jim, it was disgusting, considering what I had anticipated. If men had walked over me the way they did over that mealy-tongued cyclops I'd have dissected them down to a shin-bone.

"Then I'd read about the possibilities of the tube-expresses running off the track and killing thousands of people. Well, I rode about eighty miles, and the smooth, easy motion of the train put me to sleep. There's a three-legged mule in Rampage that's got more danger in her in a minute than those trains will develop in a century. There's not a man alive dare ride on or behind that mule, notwithstanding her one impotent fin, more than six seconds with his eyes shut. Several good men have tried it, and the coroner's jury always returned the same verdict: 'Inattention as to Mary Jane's disposition.'

"Jim, it's an outrage—the stories that

go out to the innocent, believin' West. Since I was as tall as a gopher I've had it dinned into me that the Bowery was one of the wildest, wickedest, most sinful streets in the world. Beginning at Baxter Street, where the stories and pictures show giants sluggin' people in dark alleys and Chinamen swinging hatchets, up along to Steve Brodie's and Eat-'Em-Alive-Jack's, my mind had formed a picture of disorder and riot. So when I set out I packed three guns and a set of brass-knuckles.

"It fair makes me weep to recall it—three guns and brass-knuckles! What I needed was a feather fan and a bottle of cologne. First I tackled Baxter street, with the tails of both eyes skinned and my fists on my batteries. Oh, yes, there were bad men there all right. The first was a big young chap with an undershot jaw and curly hair. I halted and waited for him to attack me. Nothing doing, so I stuck out my chin and said 'Boo!'

"Under an awning of the next shop was a doddering old man who's been cheating the undertaker these many years. Then on for half a block I passed a lot more who would shiver with fear if small boys made faces at them.

"All this was mighty irritating, when I was looking for trouble with a searchlight. But thinking of Steve Brodie's I perked up. Though I'd read he was dead, I expected to see the old place overflowing with the 'bad men' of the Bowery, smarting like untamed Zulus for a scrap. And what did I find? Nothing but a pink-whiskered bartender with a soft voice, and a Salvation Army girl collecting nickels in a little tin box.

"I was so plumb sore and disappointed I tried to get a rise out of that mixer by insulting his whiskers, remarking that they reminded me of the tail of a cat the boys had dyed red one Fourth of July, and that six months after had faded a streaky pink.

"Did he foam? Did he reach for me with a sandbag and whistle for the gang in the rear room? Nay, Jim, nay. He leaned his elbows on the bar, smiled pleasantly and said:

"'How amusing. How curious the cat must have looked.'



Carmelita

"Then I hunted up the place I'd heard called 'Suicide Hall,' thinking to see men and women carrying in carboys of acid and drinking it; expecting to find the atmosphere thick with gun-smoke. Bubbles of gold, but I was the untutored cub! I found a Volunteer of America in a neat gray uniform delivering an armful of tracts and singing hymns for the edification of a dopy-looking butcher's boy, who was dissipating horribly with a tumbler of sarsaparilla. Besides him, the only human biped in the place, excepting a pair of sad-eyed waiters, was a collar-button peddler operating on a 'stein' of beer so as not to lose the foam. Do you blame me for glooming?"

"Somehow hope continued stubborn and I made the round of the dime museums. Shocking! I saw a fat girl who shed

little clouds of sawdust every time she took a breath; a three-legged boy, whose third leg squeaked on a rusty hinge and a mermaid with a misfit fin.

"At last I boarded a cab and told the driver to go as far as he liked and as fast as he knew how, thinking the horse might run away, or an auto wing us whose choffer would be mobbed by a frenzied crowd, into which I should plunge heroically and rescue him. What happened? We hadn't gone six blocks before an Anti-Cruelty Society officer stopped us and declared our Pegasus an hapless derelict, fit only to pasture in pleasant fields of clover.

"I tried a second cab, and really got a little excitement out of it when my charioteer tried to charge me \$6 for an hour's run. I tickled his ribs with my

gun and argued with him. But he was another spineless metropolitan and became as calm and floppy as a jelly-fish, begging my pardon in three dialects and weeping about his wife and eighteen children.

"The limit had been reached. I gave up thrill-hunting then and there, Jim. This town is hard-boiled. I'm going to check my kick back to Rampage, where there's still a little life left, for we're forty miles off the railroad and all digging gold. It is not a big tempestuous community, but there are fourteen thirst-stops and twenty wheels, which Peter Graves, the camp-undertaker, makes the rounds of twice a day regular. Peter's a shrewd business-man, too, and he don't do all that walking for physical culture."

Sandstorm Jones fell silent and gazed wistfully out of the window across ten thousand roofs and the shimmering waters of the Hudson.

"It's a whale of a town," he said softly, half to himself, "but not what it's cracked up to be in thrills and shudders."

"Don't give up yet, Sandy," laughed his cousin, turning again to the ticker. "Take a whirl off the beaten paths. A deal happens down behind those roofs where nobody goes but those who dwell under them—a lot that the Argus-eyed newspapers never see and the rest of the world never dreams of."

A few days later, as Jim Jones was ruefully estimating the damage done to his finances by the recent slump, a tad of a messenger-boy burst in upon him and thrust a letter under his nose. He spread the missive out before him and read the following message written in a stiff, feminine hand:

DEAR JIM:

Thanks to the beautiful young woman who is slaving away her life in this human repair-shop, I am able to acquaint you with the fact that I am in Ward B of the Harlem Hospital. Run up and give me a peep when you get a chance.

YOURS,

SANDSTORM.

As fast as an electric-hansom could take him young Mr. Jones made the journey to the hospital. He was ushered

into Ward B by the "beautiful young woman" and directed down a long aisle of cots to No. 261. He halted before the bed and for a moment sought vainly to identify its occupant. All he could see was a long, uneven mound beneath the coverlet, and resting on the pillow was what at first appeared a huge golf-ball wound in white tape.

"Hello, Jim!" came to him in smothered, sepulchral tones.

In a flash Jim made out an eye, sparkling through an interstice in the bandages, which he felt could be none other than the steady, brilliant orb of his cousin. No other feature was distinct, but where the mouth should have been was a narrow slit through which the voice had fluttered to him.

"Pull up a chair and sit down, Jim," continued the hoarse, distant voice. "I'll tell you how I happen to be here."

"That afternoon, when you suggested that I yaw a little off the big trails, I steered for the deep, east side of Harlem. It sure swarms. I trekked around through divers and various colonies, listening to as many foreign languages as you get in a Cook's tour, until finally I hove into Spaghetti Flat and shaped my course along Noodle Alley. It was hard not to step on the little 'greasers' that rioted about my legs—big-eyed little chaps with piping voices in which you, now and then, make out an American cuss-word.

"I tossed them a handful of coppers with powerful results. The word throbbed 'round that a Dago Santa Claus was in Little Italy's midst. *Bambinos* came down the fire-escapes and belched from the doorways like ants scrambling to a bug-funeral. Women stuck their heads out of windows and smiled till the air was dizzy with teeth.

"Sandstorm Jones was being suffocated by leaping and climbing brown babies and looked wildly around for an angle of escape. Spying a little shop draped with macaroni and strings of garlic, I sidled into it and dodged the avalanche of kids. I shut the door on them and after a bit they melted away.

"Then I looked about the slit of a shop and my gaze fell upon as handsome a pair of black eyes as the Lord ever put

in a pretty face. And talk about pearls—there never were any precious pebbles that could shine beside those rows of little teeth! She was smiling on me, too; don't forget that, and I felt silly down to my toes and blushed a flamingo-tint. I stood there, tongue-tied, looking as foolish as an Angora goat after a breakfast of railroad-iron.

"While I was looping up my belt to get a pose, in blows a black-whiskered little bandit. He was there with the *jet-tatura*, and turned the gleam of one of his bad little lamps on the girl. She shrunk back as if he had hit her in the

when I saw a big, misty tear roll down from one of those black eyes. I just picked up the little pirate with a grip just about the mid-ribs and passed him through the door into the middle of the street. He rolled over and over several times and then scrambled up. Turning to the shop he shook his fists in the air and foamed a little. Then he scudded away into a red brick hive.

"I thought the girl would be pleased, but she wasn't. She wrung her hands and sniffed. She told me to run for my life; that I had only a minute. The gang would be after me with their needle-



"I went through that bunch like a sand-spout"

face, when he began to pour a flood of loose-labial Italian at her. Naturally I grew hot all the way up to the ears and felt around in my pockets for the artillery. I touched the little brigand on the shoulder and said:

"Copper that, son, or you'll be served with a lead-numbered deuce in less'n two seconds."

"He shook off my hand with a snarl as if he'd bite, and went right on with his browbeating. I learned later he was trying to blackmail her into giving him money. I could hear him saying with a nasty emphasis, '*Mano Nero*,' and '*Commoristi*.'

"But I didn't wait for any diagram

knives and blue-nosed guns. Laughing, I patted her hand, which was trembling on the counter. But she was right, for looking out of the door I saw a flock of dusky, mustached little men rushing across the cobbles, frisking *stilettoes* out of their pockets, and waving their nickel-plated pop-guns in the air.

"Well, Jim, here was one grand chance for Sandstorm Jones of Rampage, Utah, to show his mettle. So I unlimbered my ordnance and bounded out into the street, emitting a good old wild and wooly whoop. Letting one gun go off in the air I used the other as a club. I went through that bunch of wicked pigmies like a sand-spout through a cluster

of dead sage-brush, and those I didn't slam good and proper winged away to their caves. Except for a few asleep on the pavement the full band had vanished in six ticks, leaving the women-folk to come out and gather up the slumberers. They were just *out*, not dead, you know.

"That little mix-up was surely a treat, my somber cousin, and when I went back to the hotel, after trying to comfort Miss Black Eyes, New York began to look promising.

"But honest, Jim, I couldn't get any sleep that night, for a pair of black eyes with a tear in them kept roaming through the shadows, making me feel strange, nervous chills I'd never felt before. 'Twas the same the next night, and feeling the call of Noodle Alley mighty strong I ambled back to her shop.

"At the head of the street I faced up against the little brigand. He had a rare patch over his right eye and a mile or so of bandages about the top of his head. He jumped out of my way as if he'd stepped on a row of sword-points. I went along smiling, but after the evil look he gave me, the grip of my .44 felt cool and pleasant.

"She was there behind the counter, all right, all righty, and the smile she gave me was the most refreshing thing I'd seen since I opened the Rainbow Pocket in Chloride Gulch. Your esteemed cousin smiled a few himself, and we were having the rarest kind of a little confab, she going around from box to box, showing me funny shaped noodles, big and little

onions, macaroni, and spaghetti in twenty different shapes and sizes, and scarlet peppers as big as dwarf-pumpkins. Yes, we were just having as cosy a little chat as ever was, when something happened.

"I didn't know what until some brief time after, when I opened one eye and looked up into the classic countenance of a young surgeon. All around were pieces of wreckage—glass, wood, spaghetti, onions, a section of counter, little mounds of brick and plaster. There were policemen moving about and reporters asking breathless questions. As fragmentary things began to shape themselves in my mind I addressed the surgeon:

"Say, pal, what came off?" said I.

"Bomb," he replied and went on stitching and patching.

"And her," I added, choking up.

"Oh, she's all right," he said, smiling. "Some of her black tresses singed, but otherwise hardly scratched. You got the most of it and sort of shielded her when you came back here with the shop."

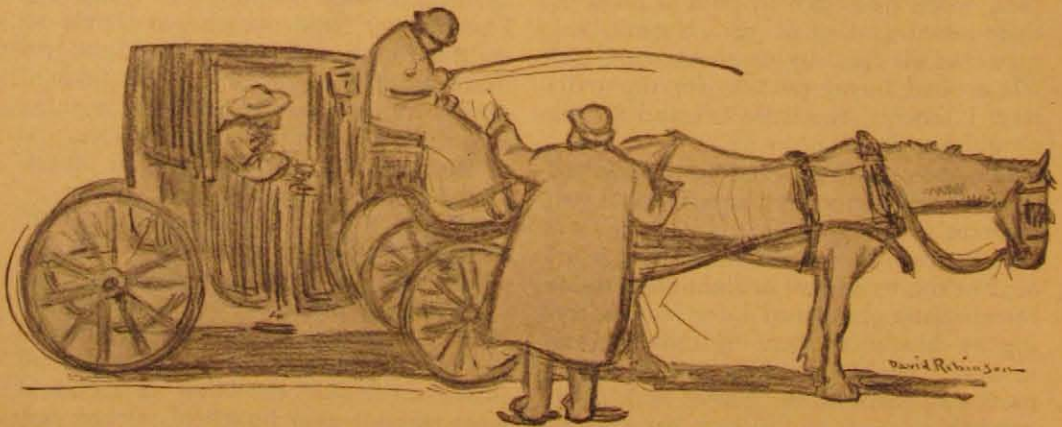
"Say, Jim," whispered Sandstorm Jones after a brief pause, "she's been here twice."

"Who?" asked Jim, who was a trifle dazed by the strange narrative.

"Who! Carmelita, you chump!"

"Carmelita?"

"Yes, Carmelita. When I knit together and get my features out of this cordage she's going back to Rampage with me. We're going to be married here in the hospital to-morrow, and I want you on the job as best man."



An anti-cruelty officer stopped us



Parisian Fashion Model XLI B

FROM LIFE

By special contract with
REUTLINGER, PARIS

Maison Doucet: - Evening coat of amaranthe mousseline trimmed
with bands of lace and fur.



Parisian Fashion Model XLII B

FROM LIFE

By special contract with
REUTLINGER, PARIS

Maison Drécoll:—Visiting costume of brown crêpe de chine; the skirt trimmed with bands of plaited mousseline and Venetian lace.



Parisian Fashion Model XLIII B
FROM LIFE

By special contract with
REUTLINGER, PARIS

Maison Ney Sœurs:—Afternoon costume of velvet finished with
cords and soutache embroidery.



Parisian Fashion Model XLIV B

FROM LIFE

By special contract with
REUTLINGER, PARIS

Maison Beer:—Evening costume of black satin trimmed with jet.



Parisian Fashion Model XLV B

FROM LIFE

By special contract with
REUTLINGER, PARIS

Maison Ney Sœurs:—Evening costume of white mousseline trimmed with Pompadour lace and silver spangled flowers.



Parisian Fashion Model XLVI B

FROM LIFE

By special contract with
REUTLINGER, PARIS

Maison Béchoff-David:—Afternoon costume of smoke grey trimmed with passementerie, the collar and cuffs of embroidered white tulle.



Parisian Fashion Model XLVII B

FROM LIFE

By special contract with
REUTLINGER, PARIS

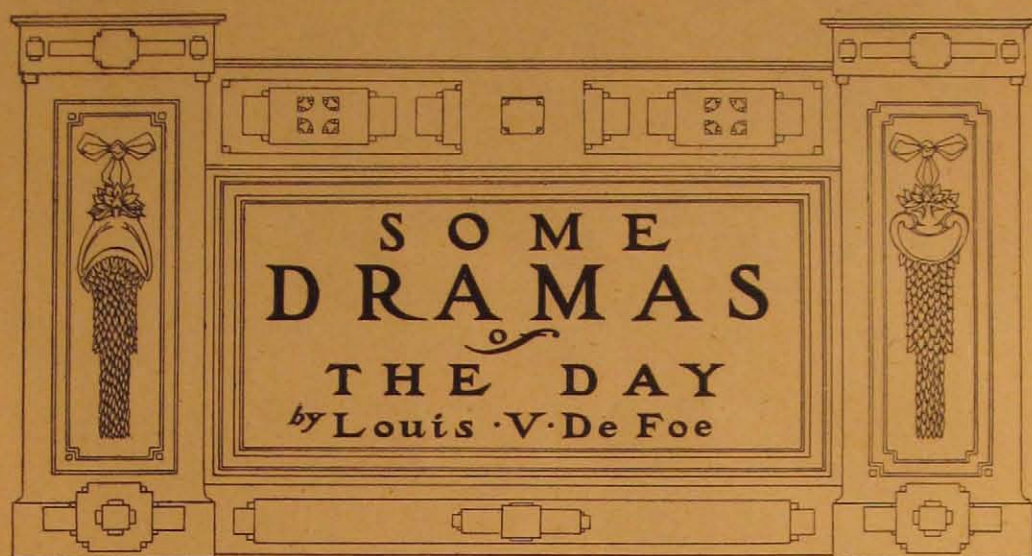
Maison Drécoll;—Tailored costume trimmed with passementerie.



Parisian Fashion Model XLVIII B
FROM LIFE

By special contract with
REUTLINGER, PARIS

Maison Rondeau.—Evening costume of sea green satin trimmed
with pearls embroidered on mousseline.



S O M E
D R A M A S
 THE DAY
 by Louis V. De Foe

THE magnetic, eerie quality in Miss Maude Adams' personality, so simple and unaffected and yet so potent in its charm, which has endeared her to the thousands throughout this broad land who admire purity and delicacy on the stage, and which has endured with undiminished beauty through the wear and tear of the eighteen years since, in "The Midnight Bell," she took her first timid step into the coveted circle of celebrities of the drama, asserts itself again and with all its peculiar force in "The Jesters," her latest play.

I do not intend to go into the details of Miguel Zamaçois' poetic but fragile little play. To do so would be like pulling apart a rose to find its perfume. Sarah Bernhardt first acted it in Paris. Then John Raphael translated it into rhymed hexameters of not very superior grace, and *Chicot* at length found lodgment in Miss Adams' gallery of parts. It is not a drama that will be greatly admired, I suspect, by those who want acting by the yard or pound; but it will be loved by all who appreciate beauty and who understand the thin veneer of histrionic clatter that often passes for acting.

One thing the play surely does. It reveals Miss Adams' art in a clearer and mellower aspect than ever before. It shows how marked has been her advancement as an elocutionist and how subtle have become the touches with which she builds up character. Miss Adams has not only been playing *Peter Pan* during the last three years; she has been assimilating *Peter Pan's* spirituality.

The scene of "The Jesters" is a mouldy, crumbling feudal castle of the Middle Ages in France where dwells the *Baron de Mautpré*, impoverished but proud, and struggling to keep up a pretense of his former wealth. His retainers, a noisy swaggering crew, are clamoring for their pay, and only *Oliver*, his faithful *major-domo*, remains loyal. *Solange*, the baron's beautiful daughter, has arrived at that romantic age when young girls yearn to love for the mere sake of loving. She does not know of her family's poverty; she cannot understand the troubled mood which oppresses her father. But *Oliver* makes a sacrifice which brings about peace for a time. He pays the wages of the swaggering Italian bravo, *Vulcano*, out of his own slender





MISS MAUDE ADAMS
as "CHICOT" in "THE JESTERS"

Photo by Hall, N. Y.

savings, and with his tale of hidden treasure within the castle, which is soon to be found, harmony is restored.

For all, however, but *Solange!* A sorrow oppresses her. Her heart yearns for something all unknown. She turns to her books and reads to *Oliver* the lines:

'Tis John the Jester's tale, who by his
capers wild
Gladdened King Phillip's Court until in
love he fell.
A jester here would make—were we but
rich.

A happy thought strikes *Oliver*. He will persuade the baron to procure a jester to win *Solange* back to happiness.

About this time three peddlers visit the castle. One is a merchant, but the other two are noble youths in disguise, who have had a glimpse of *Solange* and have fallen in love with her at sight. One, *Robert de Belfonte*, fair-haired and fine of limb, is determined to win her by his grace; the other, *Rene de Chancenac*, quick of mind and keen of tongue, will try to woo her by his wit.

These young gallants learn of *Oliver's* project and depart. But as *Narcissus* and *Chicot* they soon return with a crew of motley buffoons in answer to the call for jesters. A contest is arranged which will last a month. At the end *Solange* is to decide which shall be the successful candidate for jester of her court.

The fateful day arrives and all the contestants are summoned and bidden to extemporize on "The Breeze." *Jack Pudding*, the country lout, fails. *Baroco*, the swaggering Florentine, gets drunk. *Hilarious*, the funereal misanthrope, moves his audience not to mirth but tears. *Narcissus* moulds his verse to glorify his physical grace.

Then comes *Chicot's* turn. The poem which Miss Adams recites marks the point of highest interest in the play. It is a fancy as delicate as a butterfly's wing. But up this gossamer web she mounts to heights of true poetic fervor. The breeze is personified as a lover who, careening around the earth, comes upon a maid sitting upon the battlement of a castle. He returns again and again to woo her, bringing the perfume of flowers and new-mown hay, fanning her cheek, and caressing her golden hair.



MR. E. H. SOTHERN AND MISS GLADYS HANSON, IN 'OUR AMERICAN COUSIN' Photo by Hall N.Y.

But one day when he comes, he finds a human lover by the maid's side. Then he rushes off in jealous rage, hurling himself against the castle walls and turning the marriage-bells to funeral knells. At last, in despair, he goes away to carry destruction over the earth for three years. There comes a day when he steals back to find his lost love sitting on the battlement, tending her baby. His heart is softened and, returning to his gentlest mood, he softly rocks the cradle in which the sleeping infant lies.

With his poem *Chicot* wins the victory and presently he captures *Solange's* heart. Then he pays the baron's debts and restores the castle. Thus the story ends as happily as a beautiful fairy tale should.

It is hard to find, at any time in the theatre, a play which is so pure in its fancy or so delicate in its unfolding. And I cannot recall another actress who could impart to the rôle of *Chicot* the poetic fervor, charm, and beauty which Miss

Adams lends to it with so little apparent effort. I admit the frailty of the play but, with most other theatre-goers, I revel in its refreshing spirit.

Queerly enough, the biggest laughing hit of the dramatic season in New York is Tom Taylor's old ramshackle "Our American Cousin," which Laura Keane produced for the enjoyment of theatre-goers just half-a-century ago, and out of which Edward A. Sothorn evolved the celebrated character of *Lord Dundreary*, which afterwards became the cornerstone of his fame. The lisping lord with the "Piccadilly weepers," vacuous stare, funny little hop-step, and asinine density of intellect still remains in the Sothorn family, for it was recently the happy thought of Edward H. Sothorn to bring the famous progenitor of all the stage silly-asses of two generations back to life.

And with what wonderful fidelity, great dexterity, and perfect spirit Mr.



E. A. Sothern, the father,
as *Dundreary*

Sothern acts the part! I was still a child in arms when *Lord Dundreary* had reached his artistic maturity, so I have none of the advantages of a previous acquaintance. But old theatregoers, who have grown hoary in their attendance on the passing show, declare that the new *Dundreary* is the

living image of the old. It reveals Mr. Sothern in his most brittle comedy-vein, and if his audiences had their way, they would not allow him to depart from the Lyric Theatre until the close of the season.

I wont attempt to tell the story of "Our American Cousin." Indeed, - I couldn't. With all the rest, my mind, on the first night, was too much absorbed with *Dundreary* to tax itself with such a small matter as a plot. Yet I must add, in passing, that it is the humor, not the intended pathos of this old play, which has survived the ravages of time. Thus is the usual experience both of narrative and dramatic literature reversed.

In the first act *Dundreary*, visiting at the country-home of *Sir Edward Trenchard*, his uncle, is introduced with song. The second act brings about his midnight meditations, which are rudely interrupted by the impromptu pistol-practice of his cousin from America, *Asa Trenchard*. The third act reveals him as a lover, and portrays him in his rambling proposal of marriage to the unresponsive *Georgiana* in the dairy-yard. In the final act takes place his side-splitting reading of *Brother Sam's* letter! Where is the playwright now who can make audiences laugh until they weep!

Now for one serious comment. If this monument of astounding mental vacuity were not every inch a good fellow, if his virtues were not as many as his absurdities are great, if he were not a perfect gentleman as well as a perfect fool, he

would never have lived so long in the lore of the stage. *Dundreary*, travesty of British density that he is, wins and retains the goodwill of every playgoer who makes his acquaintance. So the elder Sothern drew him; and so the younger Sothern draws him now. The hoopskirts and

the crinolines, the brass-buttoned swallow-tails, pot-hats, and flaring bonnets in the costuming give the old play a quaint and pretty effect. I would not want to say that the interpretations of the lesser characters amount to much in the present revival, but it makes no material difference. Everything on the stage dwindles into insignificance when *Dundreary* treads the boards. Long may he prosper and may his coal-black whiskers never grow less!



E. H. Sothern, the son,
as *Dundreary*

With the recent production by Miss Viola Allen of "Irene Wycherley," a new dramatist of quite unusual promise has come into view. He is Anthony P. Wharton, an instructor in Dublin University, and his first play, written for Miss Lena Ashwell, the English emotional actress, who carried it to much success in London, shows that he has a divination of character, a sense of dramatic proportion, and a literary fluency which, with a little more experience, should carry him far toward the goal of his ambition.

The plot of "Irene Wycherley" is developed along the three sides of the familiar sexual triangle. The problem it raises bears upon the obligation of a wife, bound by the tenets of the Catholic Church, to an unhappy marriage with a husband who has been proved in every way unworthy of her respect or love. After stating the issue squarely, and showing the wreck of happiness which must result from such religious scruples, Mr. Wharton escapes from his complica-



MISS VIOLA ALLEN & WALTER HAMPTON
IN "RENE WYCHERLEY"
Photo by White NY



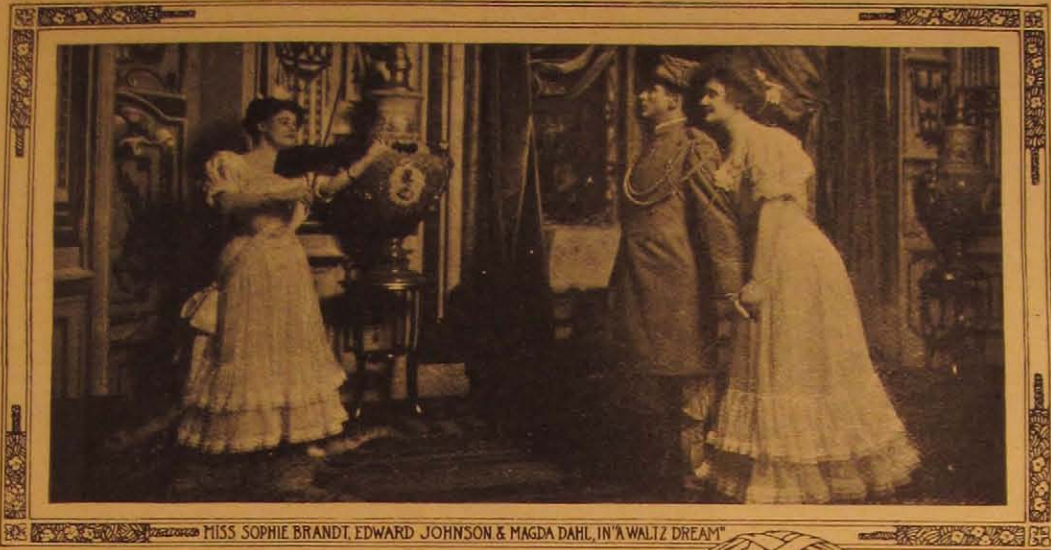
tion by bringing about the death of the offending husband. But, in the meantime, he has created some effective situations which open the way to much fine acting.

When the curtain rises, *Irene*, the wife, has been living for six years apart from her husband, whose cruelties, it appears, have culminated in a personal assault. She has the sympathy of his family who, nevertheless, are anxious that a reunion be brought about, partly that an heir to the family may be made possible. *Irene* has resisted vigorously, and, meanwhile, has found in *Harry Chesterton*, a friend of her youth, a man who measures up to all her high ideals of masculine nobility. Yet she resolutely blocks his ill-concealed attachment.

Presently word comes to her that the unworthy *Wycherley* has been blinded and horribly disfigured in a shooting-accident. Casting her hatred aside, *Irene* goes to his aid. She finds that affliction has only intensified the man's petulant

disposition and evil nature. He brutally repels her attentions until, brought to a realization of his utter helplessness, suddenly changes his attitude, promises amends, and begs that the honeymoon begin again. The wife submits to his caresses in silence; she even smothers her disgust when his fingers detect the scar upon her face left by the lash of his riding-whip. But when she becomes conscious of the carnal passion which lies behind his caresses she can no longer hide her revulsion.

The husband, newly enraged, decides upon a crowning indignity. There is a *Mrs. Cave* who, at one time, had been in his life, but who, having subsequently married *Charles Summers* in South Africa, is unknown to *Irene*. It was while hunting with *Summers* that *Wycherley* received the gunshot wound which caused his blindness, and now it is intimated to the audience that the occurrence was not an accident, as first



MISS SOPHIE BRANDT, EDWARD JOHNSON & MAGDA DAHL, IN "A WALTZ DREAM"

Photo by Hall, N.Y.

supposed, but *Summers'* willful act on discovering his wife kissing her old par-amour.

Circumstances in the final act conspire to make *Mrs. Summers'* identity known to *Irene*. This brings about a strong scene in which the wife orders her from the house. *Summers*, naturally resenting the summary dismissal, makes a heated demand for an explanation, only to be brought face to face with the story of his wife's immoral past. Two pistol shots presently sound from an adjoining room. The unhappy husband has taken both *Wycherley's* life and his own.

As this brief outline contains only the essential facts of the drama it makes the story seem more bitter than it really is. Much of the embroidery of subsidiary incidents is light and interesting. Some of the minor characters are sketched with excellent satirical effect. The piece, on the whole, has power to move the sympathies and hold the interest. Though it deals largely with immoralities, its undertone is highly moral. From any point of view it is a decidedly remarkable piece of writing.

Miss Viola Allen has not often been seen to better advantage than in the rôle of *Irene*. There is a ring of conviction in her expressions of emotion, and the harsh note, so often noticeable in her acting, has quite disappeared. Edwin Arden, by



MISS ADELINÉ GENÉE
IN "THE SOUL KISS"
Photo by Otto Sarony Co. N.Y.

his exaggeration of the physical disfigurement of *Wycherley*, injects an unnecessarily repellent note into the play,

gives, otherwise, a performance that is effective. A dozen more express with fidelity all that their parts contain. Unusually solid and handsome are the settings of the three scenes.

When Adeline Genee recently left England, the staid old *London Times*, protesting hotly against her going, remarked that her slippers should be preserved in the British Museum. At an earlier time its critic wrote, "If I could dance a criticism of Genee I might do her justice. Unfortunately, one cannot dance a criticism. Yet, after all, there is no need of criticism."

Such is the fame which this rival of Terpsichore and reigning queen of the dance enjoys in London, where she has been literally worshiped for ten years.

And now, in New York, where the art of the dance has been all but lost for three-quarters of a generation, but where memories of Morlacchi and Bonfanti and Kahi Lenner and Emily and Betti Rigl still endure, Adeline Genee has set up a new kingdom over-night, to reign over as she wills.

No one, except celebrities of grand opera, has created a greater furore than did this amazing fluff-ball of femininity, who touches only the high places in her flight, when she made her debut in "The Soul Kiss" a few nights ago. Poising like a fairy on a sunbeam, winging about the stage like a hummingbird above a honey-suckle blossom, bringing with her the bubble's buoyant freedom and the lark's exultant joy of living, she produced an effect that words can scarcely describe. Perfection such as hers resists all at-

tempts at comparison with other dancers of the present day, dwarfs the agile figures that glide in memories of the past, and lifts her, high and apart, into a class by herself.

The greater pity it is, therefore, that this genius should have been placed in a setting of garish extravaganza and vulgar vaudevillians which can only inspire disgust. If Florenz Ziegfeld, Jr., who devised the show, aspired to create a sensation, he overshot his mark. Those to whom his powder-encrusted, half-naked show-girls, leather-lunged clowns, and prancing *coryphees* will appeal are not the ones whose opinions an *artiste* of Genee's caliber will be likely to value.

Tens of thousands of fiddles, which have been vibrating unceasingly through the last six months with the waltz-song from "The Merry Widow," may now vary the monotony by scraping out Love's roundelay from "A Waltz Dream."

For "A Waltz Dream" has come from Vienna—where, in fact, all the waltzes worth while come from—to New York, where it is dogging the footsteps of "The Merry Widow" and rolling up a wonderful popularity for itself.

The principal disadvantage which "A Waltz Dream" suffers from "The Merry Widow" is that it was the last to arrive on the ground. Its melodies are just as languorous and enticing, the waltz-song which makes its fame is just as beautiful, and I am inclined to think that the whole score would bear quite as close critical inspection. Yet I doubt if Oscar Straus would have written it, had not the success of Franz Lehar's piece furnished the idea and incentive.





Two of the world's most useful and valued necessities to protect our women and keep them happy.

OF ALL SCENTED SOAPS PEARS' OTTO OF ROSE IS THE BEST.

"All rights secured."

In writing to advertisers it is of advantage to mention THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE

Meatless Dishes with the Meat Flavor for Lenten Season Days

By MARY JANE McCLURE



APRIL, all mud and slush underfoot and frowning, weeping skies overhead, presents a somber setting for the season of sackcloth and ashes. Fasting and penance would not be bugbears if the forty days of Lent fell in Midsummer,

when skies are bright and gush of bird-song and fragrance of flowers distract the mind from such a material thing as longing for a good square meal--and meat. But, falling as it does in the spongy month, the time of retirement from frills and frivolity and roast beef is doubly hard to bear.

It requires a stronger character than is possessed by the average mortal to deliberately put aside meat for forty days, without compromising in some way. Nature and training force the stomach to cry out in an insistent demand for 'the fleshpots of Egypt.' Some sort of a crutch is required upon which to lean in moments of weakness. Put something into the stomach that tastes like the food it is craving, and it quits crying and goes to sleep like a satisfied baby. By taking advantage of this propensity it will be possible to slip through the Lenten season without much discomfort or effort at self-denial.

No better compromise could be imagined at this juncture than Armour's Extract of Beef. With its help, substantial meatless dishes may be prepared with the rich flavor of roast beef, as well as tasty tit-bits that may be eaten without the slightest qualm of conscience.

The possibilities contained in the tiny jar of Armour's Extract of Beef are limited only by the ingenuity, originality and daring of the cook, and the ingredients at hand. All the delicious juices of rich, red, lean beef are concentrated in an aromatic, savory essence, delicately seasoned and full of palate-captivating properties.



Macaroni Loaf

In buying beef extract it is necessary to specify "Armour's" if you want the best. Most other brands not only are lacking in quality, but they contain a certain percentage of water, which makes it necessary to use, in some cases, four times as

much as would be required if Armour's was employed. For this reason, while other brands at first sight may appear to be less expensive, Armour's, in the long run, is the cheapest, because only about a quarter as much of it will be needed to produce the same results, and thus it will last four times as long as the "bargain" brand.

Meatless Beef Loaf. Soak $\frac{1}{2}$ pound of stale bread in warm water and squeeze it dry. Put a piece of butter the size of an egg in a stew-pan and when hot, mix in it a large onion, finely chopped. As soon as the onion becomes a golden color, put in the bread and a tablespoonful of chopped parsley, and salt to taste. Stir it until it leaves the sides of the pan, then add two eggs in which has been mixed $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful of Armour's Extract of Beef dissolved in 1 tablespoonful of boiling water. Put in a baking dish and bake for ten minutes. Serve with brown sauce made as follows:



Meatless Beef Loaf

Brown Sauce. Melt 1 heaping teaspoonful of butter. Into this stir 1 tablespoonful of flour. Add boiling water to make the gravy the proper consistency. Season with pepper and salt and stir in 1 teaspoonful of Armour's Extract of Beef.

Macaroni Loaf. Cook the macaroni in salted water until it is tender; then drain free from the water and blanch in cold water, and place in a basin in alternate layers of grated cheese, bits of butter, salt and pepper until the basin is filled; then cover with milk and bake in a moderate oven for half an hour. Slip a knife around the edge and unmold onto a dish, covering with a sauce made as follows:

Devil Sauce. Press through a sieve the hard-boiled yolks of two eggs. Have the whites chopped fine and add to them a teaspoonful of minced parsley, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonful of paprika, 1 chopped Spanish sweet pepper, and a teaspoonful of grated onion. Add all these ingredients to a sauce made from 1 pint of hot water to which has been added 2 teaspoonfuls of Armour's Extract of Beef, 1 tablespoonful of flour mixed in a paste with 1 rounding tablespoonful of butter, then stirring it into the hot water and cooking until creamy. Sprinkle the egg yolk over the top, and serve hot for luncheon or as an entree for dinner.

FREE. A most unique and useful cook-book, "My Favorite Recipes," by Mary Jane McClure, published by Armour & Company, Chicago, free upon receipt of return postage.



Trout with Shrimp Sauce



Do You Realize?

In the Poison Cupboard of the Drug Store, "Caffeine" (the alkaloid from coffee and tea) is alongside of Cocaine, Morphine, Strychnine, etc.

This drug, put in coffee by Nature, may be alright as a medicine when skillfully handled by a physician, but was never intended to be used as a beverage.

In many persons this constant drugging sets up disease—such as nervousness, indigestion, weak eyes, palpitation, liver and kidney troubles, etc. You may be sure a day of reckoning will come, when ailments become chronic.

If there are signs of trouble in you, and if you care to feel again the old-time "go" of physical and mental poise—the luxury of being perfectly well—try a 10 day's change from coffee to

POSTUM

This will bring relief from the poison—caffeine—and you'll know

"There's a Reason"

Postum Cereal Co., Limited, Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

AN INCOME OF \$1000 A YEAR

SECURED BY SMALL MONTHLY PAYMENTS

The Less Money you have, the Greater is the Need to place it where it will
Work Hard and Fast for You

If you can save five to twenty-five dollars per month for a few months, here is the fairest and best safeguarded and most practical plan ever offered you to make these savings produce an assured income. And remember your money goes into real estate, the foundation of all values, the recognized measure of all conservative securities.

We are developing a thousand acres of fertile land to a product which possesses an enormous capacity for profit-making and we are offering to you an interest in this investment which will increase enormously in value, and will bring you a splendid annual income.

JUST FACTS

Bearing peach orchards are worth \$300.00 to \$1,000 an acre. Why? Because an acre of Elberta peaches will net its owner \$100.00 a year. Let us send you the written testimony of many conservative bankers more than corroborating these figures. We can prove them absolutely.

The locations in which peaches grow and fruit to perfection are limited, and this is one of the reasons why they pay so enormously in such locations. Our land is in one of those rare locations, where the soil and climate conditions are just right and where the trees are loaded year after year to the breaking point with luscious fruit, bringing the highest market price.

There is nothing about the following figures that you cannot understand or verify. 130 peach trees to the acre, one bushel to the tree at \$1.00 per bushel, means \$130.00 per acre. Less than 20% of this will care for the acre and all expenses of harvest. You may, until the present series of 200 shares is sold, secure these shares (each representing an undivided acre of developed orchard) for only \$120.00 of your own money, paid in small installments of but \$5.00 per month. The profits from this acre should average \$100.00 or more a year. Is this not worth investigating?

There is already a splendid orchard of 70,000 peach trees on our property.

WE PROVE EVERY STATEMENT

Write for our plan and make your own investigation. Do this.—Do it now. It costs you nothing. Look up our officers and directors. You will not find their names used for ornamental purposes, but you will find them to be men who know their business, who are accustomed to earning their money by "delivering the goods"—all men whom you can very easily find out about.

Don't take our word for these things. Look us up. Start now upon the road to success and at a pace that will make saving a greater pleasure than spending. Let us show you what \$5.00 per month will do for you.

Ten of these shares will at maturity yield you a sure and certain annual income of one thousand dollars

ONLY A FEW SHARES

There are only one thousand of our shares altogether, and they are selling above par right now. You pay one-half the cost of these shares out of your own money; the rest is earned by the property itself. And more, every dollar you pay is deposited with a responsible Trust Company, which acts as trustee, and this money is all used for development of the investment and for nothing else.

Not a dollar of the money you pay in is a profit to us, and no one gets a profit until you do. It is only by making the investment profitable to you that we can make any profit. The men who make you this offer are practical hard-headed business men, who own large interests in this same line, and have received, and are now receiving, large profits from them. We would like to give you bank references.

SAFEGUARDS

Every possible safeguard surrounds this investment. A responsible and well-known Trust Company holds title to the property as trustee. We deposit with them the money you pay to us, and we are compelled to file with them sworn statements as to the development of the property. (Look up this Trust Company.) You are fully protected from loss in case of death, and you are given a suspension of payments, if desired. Examine into our safeguards.

This investment opens the door, not to wealth perhaps, but to what is far better, a competency for future years when you may not be able to earn it.

Our literature explains everything fully and concisely. It is free. We want to send it to you. Write for it now.

—SEND THIS COUPON TO—

Security Elberta Company, 119 Milk Street, Boston, Mass.

Please send me [free] full information as to your plan of investment.

Name _____

Address _____

Bath-room comfort

“Cleanliness is next to godliness,” but requires a well-warmed bath-room for its full enjoyment, for only the hardiest men or women can bathe in a cold bath-room without endangering health.



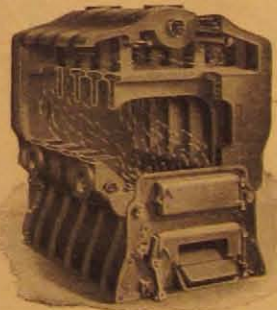
AMERICAN & IDEAL RADIATORS & BOILERS

make the bath-room comfortable, healthful, and inviting—give to the whole house a Florida-like climate. Bathing in a bath-room warmed by an AMERICAN Radiator is a pleasure—not a punishment.

In IDEAL Boilers you can use any kind of coal—slack or screenings—wood, coke, gas, oil—*anything* that will burn. These outfits for Hot-Water or Low-Pressure Steam heating save so much in coal and cleaning, in time and temper, that they soon pay for themselves.

The house is changed into a home, the family health is protected. As the outfit will not rust out or wear out, you get your money back if you sell your property, or 10% to 15% increased rental. Money put into these outfits is therefore an investment, not an expense.

Quickly put into OLD buildings, cottages, houses, stores, schools, churches, etc. — on FARM or in town, without tearing floors or walls or disturbing occupants. Prices now usually rule the lowest of the year—and in these less hurried months you get the services of the quickest, most skillful fitters. Don't put it off! Write us kind of building you wish to heat. Sales Offices and Warehouses in all principal cities of America and Europe. Valuable catalog sent free.



ADVANTAGE 13: The joints of an IDEAL Boiler do not come in contact with the fire—nor will they rust. Hence, an IDEAL Boiler outlasts the building—yet because built in sections it is easily increased or decreased in size if building is later altered.

Dept. A32.

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

CHICAGO



CARTER'S



¶ The beauty, durability and finish of Carter's Underwear makes it unapproached for fit, comfort and permanent satisfaction.

¶ The elegant, long staple cottons, wools and silks used are found only in underwear of superfine quality, and Carter's is knitted by skilled operators, on the latest and most costly machines in the world.

¶ The demand for Carter's Underwear is increasing daily. Quality counts. It leads customers to reorder Carter's year after year.

¶ Ask your dealer to show you these special grades: Women's two-piece and Union Suits, No. 475 white lisle, No. 480 Sea Island mercerized. Men's Union Suits, No. 575 white lisle, No. 580 Sea Island mercerized. You will like them very much. If you cannot get Carter's Underwear at the stores, write us and we will forward you samples.

Made in Union Suits and two-piece suits for women and children. Union Suits for men. Also Infants' shirts and bands.

For sale by nearly all first-class dealers. Insist on the genuine. Refuse all substitutes. Send for sample fabrics.

LOOK FOR THIS TRADE-MARK



NEEDHAM HEIGHTS (HIGHLANDVILLE) MASS.

THE WM. CARTER CO. DEPT. V

Fine-Form

TRADE MARK

MATERNITY SKIRT

Registered in U.S. Pat. Office

of great interest to
Every Prospective Mother.

Something new — only scientific garment of the kind ever invented. Combines solid comfort and ease with "fine form" and elegant appearance in the home, on the street, and in society. — Always drapes evenly in front and back — no bulkiness — no draw-strings — no lacing — no ripping or basting. — Can be worn the year round.

Made in several styles, and at prices lower than you can buy the material and have them made at home.

FREE Send for our Fine Illustrated Book — "Fine-Form Maternity Skirt" — It's FREE to every woman writing for it. Tells all about these skirts, their advantages, styles, material, and cost. Gives opinions of physicians, dressmakers, and users. **10 Days Free Trial.** When you get our book, if your dealer has not yet been supplied with Fine-Form Maternity Skirts, make your selection of material and style, and we will make the garment to your order. When you get it, wear it ten days, and if you don't find it exactly as represented, send it back and we will cheerfully refund every cent paid. Other Skirts — If not in need of a maternity skirt, remember our famous B & W dress and walking skirts will positively please you — same guarantee — Illustrated book free. Which book shall we send? Write to-day to
Beyer & Williams Co., Dept. X, Buffalo, N. Y.

No. 4711

AFTER REFLECTION

WHITE ROSE

GLYCERINE SOAP

Inspect, reflect and use your judgment — then you will always insist on having No. 4711 White Rose Glycerine Soap.

This is true because it has a delightfully soft and soothing effect, and because of its exquisitely delicate and refined aroma.

FERD. MÜLHENS, Cologne o/R, Germany.

U. S. Branch
MÜLHENS & KROPFF,
298 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Send 15 cts. in stamps for a full size sample cake.



**WRINKLES
ARE SIMPLY A HABIT**

Your muscles involuntarily portray your feelings until every emotion leaves its wrinkle. You can get rid of these lines and make your face smooth again by using

**D. & P. WRINKLE ERADICATORS
AND FROWNERS.**

They overcome this habit by developing and training the dormant facial muscles.

They are quickly and easily applied, and should be worn at night and while dressing.

Sold under a money back guarantee at department and drug stores or by mail on receipt of price. 25c, 50c and \$1 the box.

Send 25c today for a trial box and receive with it a dainty purse-size booklet, "Dressing-Table Hints," which gives a simple and effective treatment for the face.

THE B. & P. CO., MRS. IDA H. YAEGER,
56 Kirk St., Cleveland, Ohio.

Do You Know this Woman?
You Do Know She is Stylishly—Beautifully Dressed—and Her Suit Fits Perfectly

YOU will agree with us that it is what a woman wears that gives her the charm of being well dressed. It is wholly a matter of her clothes—How and Where She buys them. And so with this woman, Who she is does not matter—she is beautiful, because beautifully dressed—and

**IT may be anyone
can be you**

Our Style Book shows sixty-three New Spring Suits as handsome as the one pictured here. And you may have any one of them as YOUR suit this Spring. Have it made to your own measure, of your own choice of over 400 materials. Think of it. Wouldn't you like to see the fashion plates of these suits? Wouldn't you like to see samples of these materials?

We want you to see them both. We want to send them to you free. We ask you NOW to write for them TODAY. And remember, too, you will take no risk in having your suit made by the "NATIONAL" because

"If any garment you buy from us does not please you, send it back at our expense, and we will send your money back to you."

So you take No Risk At All in having your suit made at the "NATIONAL" and besides you save money.

Spring Suits

Made to - Order
New York Styles

\$6 to \$33

Our Fashion Guide and Catalogue shows Fashion Plates of 63 New Spring Styles as worn by New York Women. It is the handsomest Style Book ever issued. And so we say to every reader of this magazine—we say to you.

**Here is YOUR Fashion Guide
and YOUR Samples
Free**



**Won't You Write
for Them Today?**

We prepay postage or expressage on anything you order from us to any part of the United States.

Write today for your copy of our Fashion Guide and Wearing Apparel Catalogue, and if you desire samples for a Tailor-Made Suit, state the colors you prefer and we will send the Fashion Guide and samples to you FREE by return mail.

NATIONAL CLOAK & SUIT CO.
225 West 24th St., New York City

Largest Ladies' Outfitting Establishment in the World
Mail Orders only No Agents or Branches

Do
You
Know
This
Woman?



We want every American woman—we want YOU to write for these samples and this guide to New York Fashions—right now. Just give us your name and address and the samples and book will go to you quick—Free.

**READY-MADE
DEPARTMENTS**

This Fashion Guide and Wearing Apparel Catalogue (sent free) also illustrates and describes a complete line of Ladies' Ready-Made Wash Dresses, Silk Coats and Suits, Skirts, Raincoats, Jackets, Waists, Underwear, Petticoats, Hosiery, Kimonos, Corsets, Misses', Children's and Infants' Dresses, etc.

DENTACURA



A CHAIN of testimonials from dentists in practice attests the unequalled excellence of Dentacura Tooth Paste. It cleans the teeth, destroys bacteria, prevents decay. It is applied to the brush without the waste attending the use of powder. That you may know by experience its value, we will send you free a sample tube of Dentacura and our booklet, "Taking Care of the Teeth" if you write immediately. Dentacura may be had at most toilet counters. Price 25c. If your dealer does not have it we will send it on receipt of price.

DENTACURA CO., 100 Alling St., Newark, N. J.



DESSERTS

Like these
Easily
made

from

Jell-O

in a few
minutes

A 10-cent
package makes
enough dessert
for the family.
Everybody likes

JELL-O

Sold by all Grocers.
Illustrated Recipe Book Free
THE GENESEE PURE FOOD CO.,
Le Roy, N. Y.

A Mellin's Food Boy

*"We are Advertised by
Our Loving Friends"*

Mellin's Food Co. Boston, Mass.

FRECKLES REMOVED

We can positively remove any case of freckles with

STILLMAN'S FRECKLE CREAM

This is a strong assertion, but we will refund your money if not satisfied. Our remedy is prepared for this one ailment. Write for particulars.

STILLMAN CREAM CO.,
Dept. "1" Aurora, Ill.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR CURED

Electrozol Massage Cream is made to destroy hair—and does it. Effects only the hair, whitens and beautifies the skin. Nothing compares with it. Composed of two ethers which are applied by massage a few moments. This causes atrophy of the hair bulb; thus the hair dies. Contained in collapsible tubes. Full treatment \$1.00. Guaranteed under the pure food and drug act. Money back if unsatisfactory.

ELECTROZOL CO., Dept. 7-D DETROIT, MICH.

A SKIN OF BEAUTY IS A JOY FOREVER.

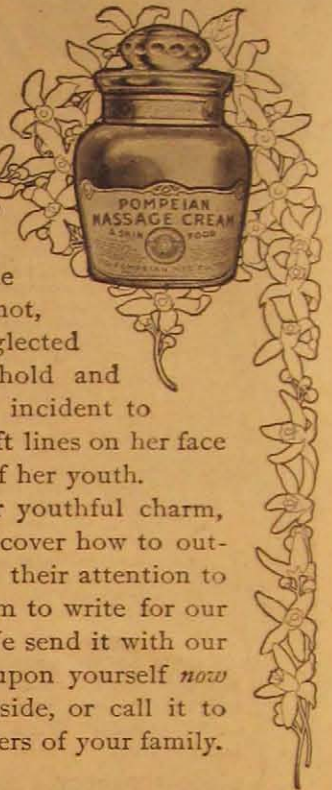
DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM, OR MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER.

Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash, and Skin diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of 68 years, and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the haut-ton (a patient): "As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the Skin preparations." For sale by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers in the U. S., Canadas, and Europe.

PURIFIES AS WELL AS BEAUTIFIES THE SKIN. No other cosmetics will do it.

FERD. T. HOPKINS, Prop'r, 37 Great Jones St., N. Y.

Your Wife?



Is she as fair and fresh as the day you were married? If not, it is probably because she neglected to care for her skin. Household and social cares, and family duties incident to the rearing of children, have left lines on her face and robbed her of the bloom of her youth.

She can regain much of her youthful charm, and your daughters also can discover how to outwit Father Time if you will call their attention to this advertisement and ask them to write for our 16-page illustrated booklet. We send it with our free sample. Either fill out coupon yourself *now* before you lay this magazine aside, or call it to the attention of the other members of your family.

POMPEIAN Massage Cream

It Gives a Clear, Fresh Velvety Skin

Wrinkles and crow's-feet are driven away, sallowness vanishes, angles are rounded out and double-chins reduced by its use. Thus the

clear, fresh complexion, the smooth skin and the curves of cheek and chin that go with youth, may be retained past middle age by the woman who has found what Pompeian Massage Cream will do.

This is not a "cold" or "grease" cream. The latter have their uses, yet they can never do the work of a massage cream like Pompeian. Grease creams fill the pores. Pompeian Massage Cream cleanses them by taking out all foreign matter that causes blackheads, sallowness, shiny complexions, etc. Pompeian Massage Cream is the largest selling face cream in the world, 10,000 jars being made and sold daily.

TEST IT WITH FREE SAMPLE

Also our illustrated book on Facial Massage, an invaluable guide for the proper care of the skin. 50 cents or \$1.00 a jar, sent postpaid to any part of the world, on receipt of price, if your dealer hasn't it.

The Pompeian Mfg. Co., 19 Prospect St., Cleveland, O.

Pompeian Massage Soap is appreciated by all who are particular in regard to the quality of the soap they use. For sale by all dealers—25c a cake, box of 3 cakes, 60c

CUT OUT ALONG DOTTED LINE. FILL IN AND MAIL OR SEND POSTAL TO-DAY

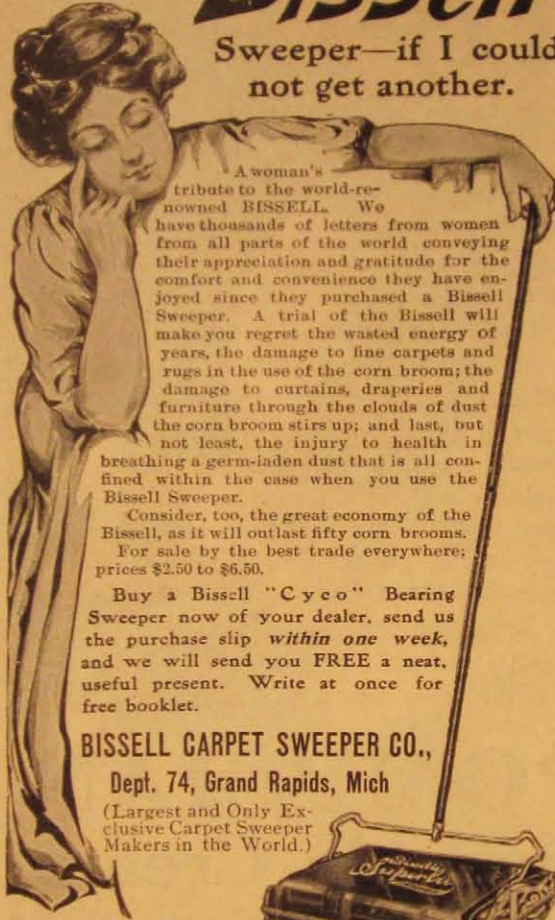
Pompeian Mfg. Co.
19 Prospect St.
Cleveland, Ohio

Gentlemen:—
Please send, without cost to me, one copy of your book on facial massage and a liberal sample of Pompeian Massage Cream.

Name.....
Address.....

I would not take \$50.00
for my **Bissell**

Sweeper—if I could not get another.



A woman's tribute to the world-renowned BISSELL. We have thousands of letters from women from all parts of the world conveying their appreciation and gratitude for the comfort and convenience they have enjoyed since they purchased a Bissell Sweeper. A trial of the Bissell will make you regret the wasted energy of years, the damage to fine carpets and rugs in the use of the corn broom; the damage to curtains, draperies and furniture through the clouds of dust the corn broom stirs up; and last, but not least, the injury to health in breathing a germ-laden dust that is all confined within the case when you use the Bissell Sweeper.

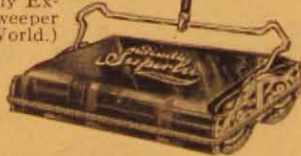
Consider, too, the great economy of the Bissell, as it will outlast fifty corn brooms. For sale by the best trade everywhere; prices \$2.50 to \$6.50.

Buy a Bissell "Cyclo" Bearing Sweeper now of your dealer, send us the purchase slip *within one week*, and we will send you FREE a neat, useful present. Write at once for free booklet.

BISSELL CARPET SWEEPER CO.,

Dept. 74, Grand Rapids, Mich

(Largest and Only Exclusive Carpet Sweeper Makers in the World.)



ELECTRIC LANTERNS, BATTERY LAMPS, NOVELTIES. Catalog of 200 Free. If it's electric we have it. Big cat. 3cts. **OHIO ELECTRIC WORKS, CLEVELAND, OHIO.** The World's Headquarters for Dynamos, Motors, Fans, Toys, Batteries, Belts, Bells, Lamps, Books. Undersell All. Want Agents



**Better Light
Less Cost**

The
Angle Lamp

The Angle Lamp is not merely an improvement on the old style lamp, but an entirely new principle of oil lighting. It has made common kerosene (or coal oil) the most satisfactory of all lighting methods. Safer and more reliable than gasoline, or acetylene, yet as convenient to operate as gas or electricity.

The Angle Lamp is lighted and extinguished like gas. May be turned high or low without odor. No smoke, no danger. Filled while lighted and without moving. Requires filling but once or twice a week. It floods a room with its beautiful, soft, mellow light.

WRITE FOR OUR CATALOG "H" and our proposition for a **30 DAYS' FREE TRIAL**

Write for our Catalog "14" listing 32 varieties of The Angle Lamp from \$2.00 up, now—before you forget it—for it gives you the benefit of our ten years' experience with all lighting methods.

THE ANGLE MFG. CO., 159-161 W. 24th St., New York

**"A Kalamazoo
Direct to You"**
TRADE MARK REGISTERED



More than 100,000 satisfied customers have each saved from \$5 to \$40 by buying a Kalamazoo stove or range on

360 Days Approval

direct from our factory at actual factory prices. No stove has a higher reputation or gives greater satisfaction. **We pay the freight.** You save dealers' profits.

Send Postal for Catalog No. 373

Kalamazoo Stove Co., Mfrs.

Kalamazoo, Mich.

**We Pay
The Freight**

Our oven thermometer makes baking easy.



A New Complexion in 60 Days

Sixty Days' Use of the World's Greatest Remedies will Restore Complexions to the Beauty and Purity of Youth.

No woman whose complexion is imperfect, whose face is disfigured with pimples, blackheads or other blemishes, and who is sensitive about her appearance, should wait another day to get Dr. Campbell's Safe Arsenic Complexion Wafers and Fould's Medicated Arsenic Complexion Soap, the world's greatest complexion beautifiers. Delay is dangerous; while you wait your troubles increase.

You who have experienced failure after failure trying to overcome your troubles, may be assured of the most gratifying results. These remedies are absolutely safe. The prescription has been used over twenty years by Dr. Campbell, the great skin specialist, and he has made thousands of women happy in the possession of a pure, spotless complexion.

SPECIAL LIMITED OFFER All women who desire beauty may embrace this opportunity to secure 30 days' treatment of Dr. Campbell's Safe Arsenic Complexion Wafers and 30 days' treatment Fould's Medicated Arsenic Soap for **ONE DOLLAR.**

The above will be sent on receipt of price. Address all orders to

H. B. FOULD, Room 43, 214 Sixth Avenue, New York.

My new book, containing valuable suggestions on Beauty mailed free.



Do You Want to Save Money?

Then Deal With Siegel Cooper Co., New York's Greatest Store

NOTE THE BARGAINS OFFERED HERE.

THEY ARE TYPICAL OF ALL OUR VALUES.

GUARANTEE

Siegel Cooper Co.'s Liberal guarantee is absolute and goes with each article purchased from this advertisement or from our catalogue. If your purchase does not prove SATISFACTORY IN EVERY DETAIL, if it does not prove the best value you ever secured, return it to us at our expense and YOUR MONEY AND ALL CHARGES WILL BE PROMPTLY REFUNDED. The advantages are all yours—New York's latest styles at bargain prices.

No. 6900 H
PRINCESS
JUMPER
DRESS
\$7.95

Guaranteed
to Fit
Perfectly



THE
RISK
ALL
OURS.



No. 7050 H
WAIST
\$1.50

No. 7050 H—A Dressy Lingerie Waist, made of fine soft white batiste; the full blouse front is beautifully fashioned with tucks; rows of handsome open work embroidery and Val lace insertion combined; a panel down center of Val lace insertion and edged either side with a full lace edged ruffle, further enriches the beauty of the blouse; tucked back; the sleeves are three-quarter length; collar and cuffs are tucked and edged with Valenciennes lace; lace edged bow on collar; fastens in back. Sizes, 32 to 44 bust. A regular \$2.00 value, **Special Price \$1.50**

No. 7000 H—This is the new popular Jabot Waist; it is made of good quality white lawn; the full blouse front is trimmed with clusters of tucks, giving a tailored effect; the back is tucked to match; three-quarter length sleeves, finished with tucked and lace edged turn-back cuffs; tucked collar, with full lawn detachable jabot, edged with dainty Valenciennes lace; waist can be worn with or without jabot; fastens in front. Sizes, 32 to 44 bust, **Price \$1.00**

No. 7900 H—This is an Attractive New Model Skirt, made of excellent quality chiffon Panama cloth; the front panel is trimmed with a double box-pleat; the side gores are side plaited and stitched to below hips, terminating in full flare; box-pleated back; the bottom of skirt is trimmed with stitched strapping of self material and cloth covered buttons; colors—black, blue and brown. An \$8.00 value **\$5.50** specially priced at.

No. 6900 H—Stylish Princess Jumper Dress, to be worn over guimpe or shirtwaist; is made of excellent quality Panama cloth; the waist is made with blouse front and is finished at yoke with fold of self material, kimono effect sleeves, trimmed to match; the skirt is plaited and is trimmed at bottom with loose folds of self material; the waist and skirt fasten in back with large self covered buttons, giving a very Frenchy effect. A stitched belt joins the waist and skirt. Colors—medium grey, black, navy, blue, brown and Copenhagen blue. Sizes, 32 to 44 bust; skirt length, 38 to 43 inches. This dress would be low price at \$10.00 **Our Price \$7.95**

SEND FOR OUR FREE CATALOGUE NOW READY

Having a Siegel Cooper Co. Catalogue in your possession means that no matter where you live you can deal with New York's Greatest Store with the same ease and comfort New Yorkers do. Our new Spring and Summer Catalogue contains thousands of illustrations of New York's latest and most approved styles for men, women and children, and all the latest novelties and household supplies. The prices quoted in this catalogue are identically the same as quoted over our counters—prices acknowledged everywhere to be the lowest in America. We tell in our catalogue how we can save you express and freight charges. It is sent FREE everywhere.

Address
Dept. J100.

No. 7000 H
WAIST
\$1.00

No. 7900 H
SKIRT
\$5.50



THE BIG STORE A CITY IN ITSELF
SIEGEL COOPER CO.
J. B. GREENHUT, PRES.
SIXTH AVE. NEW YORK CITY 18TH & 19TH STS.

WE
EMPLOY
NO
AGENTS

HAVE
NO
BRANCH
HOUSES

R. H. Macy & Co.'s Attractions Are Their Low Prices
Macy's NEW YORK
 34th to 35th St.
 67th to 68th Av.

SEND FOR OUR CATALOGUE

400 pages showing new styles in everything, while they are new. Wearing apparel, household supplies, at a saving of one-third. Your dollars will go further at MACY'S than anywhere, because MACY'S styles are better, stocks larger and prices lower than any mail order house. Fashionable New York trades at MACY'S as well as mail order customers and you have the same choice as New York shoppers. Buy your Spring clothes from the largest Dry Goods and Department Store under one roof in America.

Made to Measure Suit Department

\$11.74 to \$34.74

Strictly man tailored garments, made of authoritative fabrics in Spring Material. Accuracy of tailoring, uniqueness of design, and perfection of finish are the features of our Made-to-Measure suits. Our models are distinct and correct, and outline the latest styles for Spring and Summer. **Send for Free Samples.**

OUR GUARANTEE

Remember, you take no risk; we fit you, satisfy you or refund your money.

\$1.98

Postage 12c



No. 366 Waists of Batiste, yoke made of cluny and valenciennes lace finished with wide filet lace, trimmed elaborately with lace below, lace trimmed back and sleeve. Postage 12c. **\$1.98**

Send for the new MACY Spring Catalogue To-day.—IT'S FREE.—IT'S INSTRUCTIVE.—IT'S INTERESTING.

It Tells How Macy Pays the Freight

R. H. MACY & CO., Dept. 59, NEW YORK



Samples of materials sent FREE upon request

Let Us Send You This **SWITCH** ON APPROVAL or any other article you may select from our large new Catalogue, illustrating all the latest

Paris Fashions in Hair Dressings

Our immense business, the largest of its kind in the world, enables us to buy and sell at big money-saving prices. These switches are extra short stem, made of splendid quality selected human hair, and to match any ordinary shade.

- 2 oz., 20 in. Switch, \$.95
- 2 oz., 22 in. Switch, 1.25
- 2 1/2 oz., 24 in. Switch, 2.25
- 20 in. Light Weight Wavy Switch, 2.50
- Our 28 in. Wavy Switch, 5.65
- Featherweight Stemless Switch, 22 in., natural wavy, 4.95
- Coronet Braid (accompanying illustration shows how this beautiful piece is worn to get the very latest effect) 2 3/4 oz. Finest Hair Crown, 6.75
- 200 other sizes and grades of Switches, 50c to \$25.00
- Pompadour, Natural Curly, 2.85
- Wigs, Ladies' and Men's, \$6.50 to \$60.00

Send sample of your hair and describe article you want.

We will send prepaid On Approval. If you find it perfectly satisfactory and a bargain, remit the amount. If not, return to us. Rare, peculiar and gray shades are a little more expensive; write for estimate.

Our Free Catalogue also contains valuable directions on "The Proper Care of the Hair." Write us today.

PARIS FASHION CO.

Dept. 224 209 State Street, Chicago

Largest Mail Order Hair Merchants in the World.

HAIR GROWS!

when our Vacuum Cap is used a few minutes daily. Sent on 60 days FREE trial at our expense. No drugs or electricity. Stops falling hair, cures dandruff. A postal brings illustrated booklet.

MODERN VACUUM CAP CO.
 597 Barclay Block, Denver, Colo.



DO YOU LIKE TO DRAW?

That's all we want to know. Now we will not give you any grand prize—or a lot of free stuff if you answer this ad. Nor do we claim to make you rich in a week. But if you are anxious to develop your talent with a successful cartoonist, so you can make money, send a copy of this picture with 6c. in stamps for portfolio of cartoons and sample lesson plate, and let us explain.

THE W. L. EVANS SCHOOL OF CARTOONING,
 411 Garfield Bldg., Cleveland, O.



16 Ft. Steel Launch with 2H.P. Engine complete \$96

18-21-25 foot launches at proportionate prices. All launches fitted with two cycle reversing engines with speed controlling lever; simplest engine made; starts without cranking, has only 3 moving parts. Steel rowboats, \$20.00. All boats fitted with water-tight compartments; cannot sink, need no boat house. We are the largest manufacturers of pleasure boats in the world. Orders filled day they are received. We sell direct to user, cutting out all middlemen's profits. Free catalogue.

MICHIGAN STEEL BOAT CO.
 1317 Jefferson Ave.
 Detroit, Michigan



Espey's Fragrant Cream

Will relieve and heal chapped hands and lips, rash, sunburn chafed or skin rough from any cause. Prevents tendency to wrinkles or aging of the skin. Keeps the face and hands soft, smooth, firm and white. It has no equal. Ask for it and take no substitute.

Package of Espey's Court Plaster

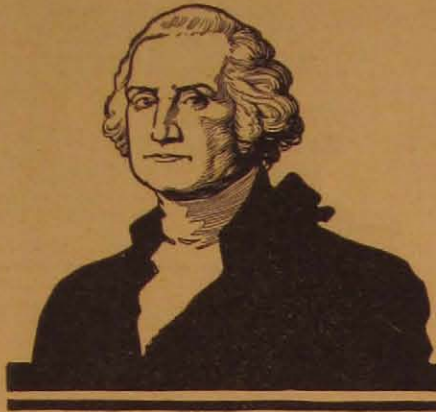
Sent FREE on receipt 2c to pay postage.
 P. B. KEYS, Agt., 111 So. Center Ave., Chicago.

Dr. Scott's Electric Hair Brush



Est. 1878

Pure Bristle Not Wire
 This brush promotes blood circulation in the scalp, thus not only keeping strong and healthy the hair you have, but stimulating the growth of more. The mild continuous current of electricity infuses new life and vigor into the hair. The hair-roots are fed with nourishing blood as a result. Cures falling hair, dandruff and scalp disorders; relieves nervous headaches. The price, \$1. \$1.50, \$2, \$2.50, \$3, according to size and power, postpaid, with the understanding that your money will be refunded in 30 days if not satisfactory. Compass free to test power. Don't accept a substitute, but write direct to us. Get our free booklet on Magnetism. We have an interesting proposition for agents.
 PALL MALL ELECTRIC COMPANY, 870 Broadway, New York



GEORGE WASHINGTON

UNTO every generation of Americans George Washington is justly held to be the purest figure in history—a superb example of the perfect citizen—a just and righteous ruler and “a light for after time.”

This commanding personality had a magnificent physique. He stood over six feet in his stockings, was remarkable for horsemanship, agility and strength—the finest gentleman and athlete of his day.

His constitution was of iron and he knew how to keep it so. His biographers declare that in eating and in drinking as in all things he was normal; enjoying the juice of the malt all the days of his life. He drank it around campfires, as well as in his own home and upon social and state occasions.

Furthermore, upon his Mount Vernon plantation he had a brew house, as was the regular custom of wealthy Virginians.

“In Virginia the richer colonists brewed beer from malt imported from England.”—Nat'l Mag. Hist., vol. 16, page 150.

Ford's Biography [1900], page 193. Quotation from Samuel Stearns *ibid.*”

History of Virginia by Roger Beverley. Colonial Liquor Laws [Thomas], page 60.

Budweiser

IT shines like liquid gold—it sparkles like amber dew—it quickens with life—a right lusty beer—brewed conscientiously for over fifty years from barley and hops only.

It prolongs youth and preserves physical charm—giving strength to muscle, mind and bone—a right royal beverage for the home.

THE KING OF ALL
BOTTLED BEERS



Budweiser is Sold in all First-Class
Clubs, Hotels and Cafes

Bottled Only at the
ANHEUSER-BUSCH BREWERY
St. Louis, Mo.

Train Load of Books Bankrupt Book Bargains

Books to be closed out at 10 cents to 50 cents on the dollar. I sell more books than any other man in America. Why? Because I sell them cheaper. I buy more bankrupt stocks, job lots and publishers' overstocks of new books than any other man in the U. S. I close these big stocks out quick at a slight advance over cost to me.

SAMPLE PRICES: Late copyright books were \$1.50, my price 38c. The 38c list includes Beverly of Graustark, Masqueraders, Port of Missing Men, Half a Rogue and hundreds of new titles at from 38c to 45c each. New Encyclopedia Britannica, half morocco binding, regular \$30, my price while they last \$9.75. Charles Dickens' Complete Works, regular \$15, my price \$3.75. Millions of Books, Thousands of Titles. Books on all subjects at same big reduction. Following are the De Luxe Editions Complete Works, Half Leather, Pure Gold tops and stamping.

Complete Wks.	No. vols.	Reg. Price	My Price	Complete Wks.	No. vols.	Reg. Price	My Price	Complete Wks.	No. vols.	Reg. Price	My Price
Ruskin.....	15	\$7.50	15.75	Dickens.....	13	\$30.00	14.25	Irvings.....	8	\$18.00	7.60
Smollett....	12	30.00	12.60	Scott.....	12	30.00	12.60	DeFoe.....	16	40.00	16.80
Fielding....	12	30.00	12.60	Dumas.....	12	30.00	12.60	Rende.....	12	30.00	12.60
Poe.....	11	27.50	11.55	Thackeray..	10	20.00	9.50	Balzac.....	16	40.00	15.20
Carlyle.....	10	25.00	10.50	Hugo.....	8	16.00	7.60	Bulwer.....	15	30.00	14.25
Hawthorne..	8	20.00	8.40	Tolstoi.....	12	30.00	12.60	Guizot.....	8	16.00	7.60

BOOKS SHIPPED ON APPROVAL subject to examination in your own home before paying. Every book guaranteed new and satisfactory, or subject to return at my expense. Write for my big Free Bargain List of this stock before ordering. It costs nothing. Will save you money. Postal card will bring it.

DAVID B. CLARKSON, The Book Broker,

470 Bosh Building, Chicago.

STUDY High Grade INSTRUCTION By CORRESPONDENCE.

LAW Prepares for the bar of any State. Improved method of instruction, combining the Text-Book, Lecture and Case Book methods. Approved by the bench and bar. Three Courses: College, Post-Graduate and Business Law. Uniform rate of tuition. Send for Catalog.

Chicago Correspondence School of Law, 512 Reaper Block, Chicago.



Strong Arms

For 10c. in stamps or coin



I will send, as long as they last, one of my charts showing exercises that will quickly build up shoulders, arms, forearms and hands without any apparatus. They are beautifully illustrated with twenty half-tone cuts. Regular price, 25 cents.

PROF. ANTHONY BARKER

143 Barker Bldg., 110 W. 42d St., N. Y. City



Arthur Duffey

The World's Champion Sprinter \$1.00 Offers to train you by mail for

Be your own trainer. Thousands of athletes all over the country owe their success to my system of athletic training. Any young man can become an athlete. My correspondence course is the only successful system taught by mail. Sprinting, long distance running, physical

culture and all athletics. Name the course you want. Each complete course, \$1.00. Now is the time to start training. Start by sending in your dollar and enrolling at once.

Each individual receives my personal attention.

Address Arthur Duffey, Room 1724, Knickerbocker Bldg., N. Y.



HOW TO BREATHE

For Health, Strength and Endurance

Send for my 64 page illustrated book.

LUNG AND MUSCLE CULTURE

the most instructive treatise ever published on the vital subject of Deep Breathing—Correct and Incorrect breathing clearly described with diagrams and illustrations.

The information given in this book has led thousands into the correct path to health and strength. Over 200,000 already sold. Sent on receipt of 10c. (stamps or coin.) Address,

PAUL VON BOECKMANN, Respiratory Specialist,

744 Bristol Bldg., 500 5th Ave., NEW YORK.

LEARN TO SING

We teach by correspondence. Pleasant and profitable profession. Particulars FREE. ILLINOIS CONSERVATORY, 207 Lakeside Bldg., Chicago.

YOU CAN BE AN ARTIST

Fascinating Work—Easily Learned
—as an Illustrator, Designer, Cartoonist. Practical, personal Home Instruction by mail. Graduates everywhere filling high-salaried positions. Write for handsome Art Book FREE. SCHOOL OF APPLIED ART C 61, Fine Arts Bldg., Battle Creek, Michigan.

CORRESPONDENCE PAPER

Die Stamped With Your Monogram

50 Envelopes, 35c; 50 Double Sheets Paper, 35c; Fine Linen stock, Latest Shape. We don't charge for die. 50 Visiting Cards, Printed, 35c; 50 Visiting Cards Engraved in Script, 75c; 100 for \$1, all postpaid.

IMOGRAVED CARD CO., Detroit, Mich.

SHORTHAND IN 30 DAYS

We absolutely guarantee to teach shorthand complete in only thirty days. You can learn in spare time in your own home, no matter where you live. No need to spend months as with old systems. Boyd's Syllabic System is easy to learn—easy to write—easy to read. Simple. Practical. Speedy. Sure. No ruled lines—no positions—no shading as in other systems. No long lists of word signs to confuse. Only nine characters to learn and you have the entire English language at your absolute command.

The best system for stenographers, private secretaries, newspaper reporters and railroad men. Law firms, ministers, teachers, physicians, literary folk and business men and women may now learn shorthand for their own use. Does not take continual daily practice as with other systems. Our graduates hold high grade positions everywhere. Send to-day for booklets, testimonials, etc.

CHICAGO CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
940 Chicago Opera House Block, Chicago, Ill.

Diamonds on Charge Account

To You at Cash Prices

58—Tiffany Ring	\$50.00
59—Fancy Engraved Ring	20.00
60—Tiffany Belcher Ring	27.50
61—Engraved Belcher Ring	42.50
62—Belcher Ear Screws, per pair	50.00
63—Flat Belcher Ring	65.00

Drop us a line and say what you WANT. We'll send it PROMPTLY.—NO expense to you whatever.—Examine it carefully. If you like it, pay a fifth down; balance in small payments of one-tenth monthly.

WRITE TODAY for Free Catalogue of Diamonds, Watches & Jewelry

The Walker-Edmund Co., 115 State Street, Chicago



“Send for **MURPHY** **HE Knows**”

Are *you* the man that is sent for when *expert information* is wanted?

Such a man is *always* in demand at a big salary, because he *knows*, because he's **TRAINED**.

Training is the one great essential to success. Nowadays, no ambitious man need remain in the “dollar a day” ranks. So long as you have the ambition to rise *and can read and write*, there is no limit to the success to which you can attain through the help of the International Correspondence Schools.

If you want to be the man “sent for” get in touch with the I. C. S. Lack of capital need not hinder; it doesn't matter how little schooling you have had; age is no barrier; it is immaterial where you live or what you do; you don't have to leave home or lose a day's work; there are no books to buy.

The attached coupon will lead the way. Cut it out. Mark it—mail it now. There's no charge for the advice it will bring.

During January, **607** students *voluntarily* reported salary increases and promotions secured wholly through I. C. S. training.

*The Business of This Place
is to Raise Salaries.*

International Correspondence Schools,

Box 850, SCRANTON, PA.

Please explain, without further obligation on my part, how I can qualify for a larger salary in the position before which I have marked **X**

Bookkeeper	Mechanical Draftsman
Stenographer	Telephone Engineer
Advertisement Writer	Elec. Lighting Supt.
Show Card Writer	Mechan. Engineer
Window Trimmer	Surveyor
Commercial Law	Stationary Engineer
Illustrator	Civil Engineer
Civil Service	Building Contractor
Chemist	Architect's Draftsman
Textile Mill Supt.	Architect
Electrician	Structural Engineer
Elec. Engineer	Banking
	Mining Engineer

Name _____

Street and No. _____

City _____ State _____



Brown Your Hair

SEND FOR A TRIAL

"—You'd never think I STAINED my hair, after I use Mrs. Potter's Walnut-Juice Hair Stain. Every single hair will be evenly stained from tip to root. I apply it in a few minutes every month with a comb. The stain doesn't hurt the hair as dyes do but makes it grow out fluffy."

Stain your hair any shade of brown from a rich golden brown to almost black, so it will defy detection. It only takes you a few minutes once a month to apply Mrs. Potter's Walnut-Juice Hair Stain with your comb. Stains only the hair, doesn't rub off, contains no poisonous dyes, sulphur, lead or copper. Has no odor, no sediment, no grease. One bottle of Mrs. Potter's Walnut-Juice Hair Stain should last you a year. Sells for \$1.00 per bottle at first-class druggists. We guarantee satisfaction. Mrs. Potter's Hygienic Supply Co., 458 Groton Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

TRIAL PACKAGE COUPON

Cut out this coupon, fill in your name and address on dotted lines below and enclose 25 cents (stamps or coin) and we will mail you, charges prepaid, a trial package, in plain sealed wrapper with valuable booklet on Hair. Mrs. Potter's Hygienic Supply Co., 458 Groton Bldg., Cincinnati, O.



A Perfect Complexion Beautifier and Remover of Wrinkles, Will Develop or Reduce.

DR. JOHN WILSON GIBBS' THE ONLY

Electric Massage Roller

(Patented United States, Europe, Canada.)

"A new beautifier which is warranted to produce a perfect complexion, removing wrinkles and all facial blemishes. Will develop or reduce, as desired.—Chicago Tribune.

"This delicate Electric Beautifier removes all facial blemishes. It is the only positive remover of wrinkles and crow's-feet. It never fails to perform all that is expected."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Trade Mark Registered.

"At one stroke the art of acquiring beauty has become simplified. Any woman may achieve beauty at home and unaided. She will discharge the army of beautifiers she employs to exercise their arts upon her, and buy an Electric Massage Roller. The Roller will do the rest."—N. Y. World.

FOR MASSAGE AND CURATIVE PURPOSES

An Electric Roller in all the term implies. (Rollers magnetized or attached to batteries are not Electric Rollers.) A most perfect complexion beautifier. Will remove wrinkles, "crow-feet" (pre-mature or from age), and all facial blemishes—POSITIVE. Whenever electricity is to be used for massaging or curative purposes, it has no equal. No charging. Will last forever. Always ready for use on ALL PARTS OF THE BODY, for all diseases. For Rheumatism, Nervous and Circulatory Diseases, a specific. The professional standing of the inventor, with the approval of this country and Europe, is a perfect guarantee. PRICE: GOLD, \$4.00; SILVER, \$3.00 each. Mail or office. Book Free.

GIBBS' CO., 1370 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

THE ONLY ELECTRIC MASSAGE ROLLER.

Is guaranteed in every way.

Improve Your Figure!



You will be surprised and delighted at the difference in your appearance when you wear

Nature's Rival

Inflated as you wish, it fills the hollows and rounds out the curves—in fact, is the only sensible article of its kind ever offered. Its thousands of satisfied wearers are its best endorsement. **Nature's Rival weighs only 4 ounces**, and though simple in adjustment, remains in a graceful and natural position under all conditions, whether exercising or in repose. It is **absolutely sanitary**, is easily laundered and is worn effectively with or without corset.

Nature's Rival makes the Princesse or Empire gown a possibility and the cut of your tailor-made no longer a problem. Even your dress-maker could not detect the secret of your perfect figure.

Write at once, enclosing a 2c stamp, and we will send you free our handsomely illustrated booklet containing ten beautiful half-tones of the same model in various costumes.

Reliable agents wanted for new territory.

NATURE'S RIVAL COMPANY, 916 Tacoma Bldg., Chicago, Ill.



EYESBRIGHT

An Eye Tonic and Beautifier

Bright Eyes kept so, others made so. Adds strength and brilliancy to the Eyes, giving them a DARK, LIQUID and SPARKLING effect, and causes the lashes to elongate. Used by stage artists and Society Ladies. Also relieves Weak and Watery Eyes, Eye Strain and Itching Lids. Outside application only, and ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS. Price 50 cents by mail. Send P. O. Ex. Money Order or Currency. Stamps not accepted. ELITE TOILET CO., Box 163, Indianapolis, Ind.

GROW YOUR HAIR AND EARN \$500.

To advertise our wonderful HAIR GROWING preparations where they are at present unknown, we offer 50 cash prizes—\$500 in GOLD; FREE. Whether you are entirely bald, or have just begun to lose your hair; or never having had much, now wish it luxuriant. YOU HAVE AN EQUAL CHANCE to earn a small fortune and in any case will GROW LUXURIANT HAIR to pay you for your trouble. We find that each new patient is the means of sending us so many others that we can easily afford to pay large sums for new patients. Write today! The particulars are free, but if you will enclose 5c. to help us pay postage, we will send you a trial treatment consisting of a bottle of Hair Grower, box of Dandruff Cure, a Bar of Tarshen Soap and a book on the care of the hair which will enable you to become a Hair Specialist yourself. All this sent free in sealed package if you will send 5c. to help defray postage. Address A. E. RHODES CO. HAIR AND SCALP SPECIALISTS, LOWELL, MASS.

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

Shake Into Your Shoes



Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It relieves painful, swollen, smarting, nervous feet, and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight-fitting or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for ingrowing nails, sweating, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. We have over 30,000 testimonials. TRY IT TO-DAY. Sold by all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Do not accept any substitute. Sent by mail for 25c. in stamps.

FREE TRIAL PACKAGE sent by mail.

MOTHER GRAY'S SWEET POWDER, the best medicine for Feverish, sickly Children. Sold by Druggists everywhere.

Trial Package FREE. Address, ALLEN S. OLMSTED, Le Roy, N. Y.

"In a pinch, use Allen's Foot-Ease."

Richly Embroidered



Petticoats

Never before were Heatherbloom Petticoats so popular; never were they obtainable in such rich designs and handsome embroidered and lace effects as just now.

Those conspicuously stylish Heatherbloom Petticoats at your dealer's are exact counterparts of the latest \$12 and \$20 silk petticoats. In Heatherbloom these designs cost but \$5 to \$8. .

As you will see at a glance, they possess the same exquisite sheen and finish, the same rustle and swish as silk, but wear fully three times longer.

Now ready in browns, greens, grays, smoke, wine, and the other shades so much in vogue. Remember there's but one grade of Heatherbloom.

If not at your dealer's, write us.

Heatherbloom is one of the famous Hydegrade Fabrics. Send for Booklet.

A. G. HYDE & SONS, New York—Chicago. *Makers of Hydegrade Fabrics.*



See this label in black and white on waistband of each petticoat



By the Yard—Heatherbloom is sold at the lining counter in 150 shades; 36 inches wide; 40c. yd. Leaders of fashion endorse it for linings, drop skirts and foundations. Find trademark Heatherbloom on selvage.

Insist upon Linings of known merit — the Hydegrade kind. Every weave, shade, quality, price.

Send for free Booklet, "The New Idea in Linings," A. G. HYDE & SONS, New York.

Advantages of New

There is no sport that inspires one with more confidence, coolness and self-reliance than shooting. To be a good shot is a rare accomplishment. But it is within the province of every man and woman. The New Target Grip herewith illustrated in connection with the H & R Revolver fits the hand naturally — insures a secure hold — prevents slipping and twisting — affording a steady aim and greater accuracy in shooting.

H&R REVOLVERS

The FIRST combination of a medium priced revolver with a perfect full grip.



\$8,000 to \$10,000
YEARLY



Make Money Out of Others Fun

Pleasing the Public Pays Big Profits and owners of our famous Merry-Go-Rounds frequently make from \$8,000 to \$10,000 every year. They seat fifty-six people on galloping horses or in comfortable chariots and whirl away to the accompaniment of enchanting music. Bring in hundreds of dollars daily. It is a delightful, attractive, big paying, healthful business. Just the thing for the man who can't stand indoor work, or is not fit for heavy work.

Just the business for the man who has some money and wants to invest it to the best advantage. We make the finest appearing and easiest running Merry-Go-Rounds manufactured. They are simple in construction and require no special knowledge to operate. If you want to get into a money-making business, write to day for catalogue and particulars.

HERSCHELL-SPILLMAN CO.

Park Amusement Outfitters 301 Sweeney St., N. Tonawanda, N. Y., U.S.A.

2 H.P. Engine **14 FT. Launch**
\$9450



Let us send you testimonials from people who are using them. 16-18, 17.5 and 20 footers at proportionate prices. Boats and engines guaranteed one year. Shipments made the day we receive order. Motor the simplest made, starts without cranking, anyone can operate them. We are the largest builders of pleasure boats in the world and sell direct to user. Free catalog.

DETROIT BOAT CO., 1317 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich.

Money Made Easy

Agents wanted in every county to sell the popular Novelty Knives with name, address, photo, lodge emblem, etc., on handle.

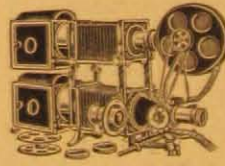
AGENTS EARN \$75 to \$300

A MONTH. (We show you how.)

Big profits—quick sales—exclusive territory. Write quick for our liberal money making special offer to agents. Our new self sharpening scissors are the quickest sellers for lady agents.

NOVELTY CUTLERY CO., 84 BAR STREET, CANTON, OHIO.

IT PAYS BIG To Amuse The Public With Motion Pictures



NO EXPERIENCE NECESSARY as our instruction Book and "Business Guide" tells all. We furnish Complete Outfit with Big Advertising Posters, etc. Humorous dramas brimful of fun, travel, history, religion, temperance work and songs illustrated. One man can do it. Astonishing Opportunity in any locality for a man with a little money to show in churches, school houses, lodge halls, theaters, etc and operate **Five Cent Theatres** in store rooms. Motion Picture Films and Song Slides rented. Profits \$10 to over \$100 per night. Other

do it, why not you? It's easy: write to us, we'll tell you how. Catalog free. AMUSEMENT SUPPLY CO., 470 Chemical Bank Bldg., CHICAGO.

Oppenheimer Treatment

FOR ALCOHOLISM

No detention from business. No hypodermic injections.

Remedies administered by
YOUR OWN PHYSICIAN.

If you will fill out this coupon we will mail you, in a plain envelope, full particulars. All correspondence strictly confidential.

I **OPPENHEIMER INSTITUTE,**

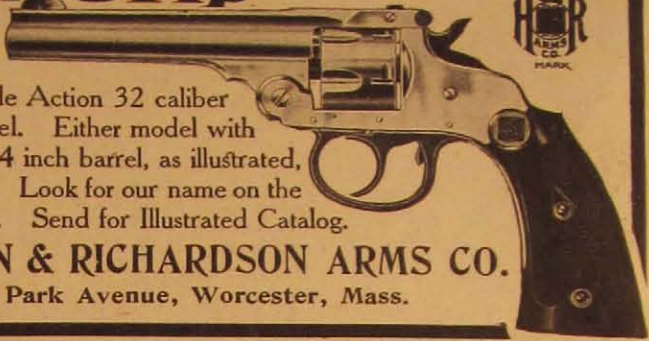
159 W. 34th Street, New York City.

Name _____
Address _____

Morphinism and all drug addictions successfully treated at the Institute in New York, in about three weeks' time.

H&R Target Grip

H & R Premier Automatic Double Action 22 caliber 7 shot, or 32 caliber 5 shot, 3 inch barrel. H & R Automatic Double Action 32 caliber 6 shot, or 38 caliber 5 shot, 3 1/4 inch barrel. Either model with Target Grip, finest nickel finish, \$7.00. 4 inch barrel, as illustrated, 50c. extra. Sold by all first class dealers. Look for our name on the barrel and target trade-mark on the handle. Send for Illustrated Catalog.



Rather than accept a substitute order from us direct.

HARRINGTON & RICHARDSON ARMS CO.

495 Park Avenue, Worcester, Mass.

TRY IT YOURSELF FOR 10 DAYS WITHOUT DEPOSIT

If not satisfactory, return it and no questions asked. Daus Improved Tip Top Dupliator is the result of 25 years' experience, and is used and endorsed by thousands of business houses and individuals. 100 copies from pen-written and 50 copies from typewritten original—Clear, Clean, Perfect. Complete Dupliator, Cap size (prints 8 1/4 x 13 inches). Price **\$7.50**

Felix O. Daus Dupliator Co., Daus Bldg., 113 John St., N. Y.

9,059-Word Business Book Is Free

Simply send us a postal, and receive free our illustrated, 9,059-word Business Booklet which tells how priceless business experience, squeezed from the lives of 112 successful men, may be made yours—yours to boost your salary, yours to increase your profits. Securing for this free Booklet binds you to nothing, involves no obligation; yet it may be the means of starting you on the road to better things. Surely you will not deny yourself this privilege when it involves only the risk of a postal—a penny! Send to **SYSTEM, Dept. 82, 151-157 Wabash Avenue, Chicago**

\$3,000 TO \$10,000 A YEAR IN THE REAL ESTATE BUSINESS.

We will teach you by mail the Real Estate, General Brokerage, and Insurance Business, and appoint you

SPECIAL REPRESENTATIVE

of the oldest and largest co-operative real estate and brokerage company in America. Representatives are making \$3,000 to \$10,000 a year without any investment of capital. Excellent opportunities open to YOU. By our system you can make money in a few weeks without interfering with your present occupation. Our co-operative department will give you more choice, salable property to handle than any other institution in the world. A Thorough Commercial Law Course Free to Each Representative. Write for 62 page book free.

THE CROSS COMPANY, 1211 Reaper Block, CHICAGO, ILL.

WHAT IS MECHANOTHERAPY?



Mechano-Therapy is the most successful system of Drugless Healing. It is the advanced idea in the scientific treatment of disease.

A SUCCESSFUL TREATMENT. Mechano-Therapy is scientific. It is successful. Those who have resorted to Mechano-Therapy have great confidence in it. It is simple in the extreme and you can learn it by mail in six months.

The course of instruction of the American College of Mechano-Therapy is complete and thoroughly fits our students for active practice immediately after graduation. We have trained by correspondence hundreds of ambitious men and women to practice Mechano-Therapy and they are doing well. Many have a practice that brings them from **\$3,000 to \$5,000 a year.**

You can take up Mechano-Therapy with an ordinary education and no special preparatory training is necessary. The work is exceedingly interesting and an authorized diploma is given all our graduates.

A PROFESSION FOR YOU. Every ambitious person should have a profession to realize the best that is in him. Mechano-Therapy is a profession that is dignified and socially uplifting. It puts you in touch with the best people in the community.

HIGHEST INDORSEMENTS. Doctors in general are favorable to Mechano-Therapy.

Our course is endorsed by prominent judges, lawyers, bankers, ministers and physicians, who give our course of instruction unqualified praise.

WE ARE OFFERING SPECIAL TERMS RIGHT NOW. WRITE TODAY FOR PROSPECTUS—FREE.

The American College of Mechano-Therapy, Dept. 442, 120-122 Randolph Street, Chicago, Illinois

DIAMONDS ON CREDIT LOFTIS SYSTEM

BUY YOUR EASTER GIFTS ON 8 MONTHS' TIME

Send for our handsomely illustrated 1908 catalog containing 1500 beautiful reproductions of all that is correct and attractive in Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry. Then, in the privacy of your home or office, select whatever you desire.

We Send on Approval the goods you wish to see. If you like them, pay one-fifth the price on delivery and the balance in eight equal monthly payments. We make your credit as good as the millionaire's and give you the advantage of the lowest possible prices. We make \$5 or \$10 do the work that \$50 does in a cash store, and give a written guarantee of value and quality. Catalog free. Write today.

Invest in a Diamond. It will pay better than stocks, bonds or savings bank interest, for Diamonds increase in value 10 to 20% annually, and your security is absolute. If considering a Diamond or Watch as a gift, you will find the Loftis System a great and timely convenience on anniversaries, birthdays, weddings, holidays, etc. Descriptive catalog is free. Write today. Do it now.

LOFTIS BROS. & CO. 1858 The Old Reliable, Original Diamond and Watch Credit House Dept. D 81, 92 State St. Chicago, Illinois, U. S. A.



In writing to advertisers it is of advantage to mention THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE

THE TRUE STORY

OF A WONDERFUL BOOK

The Splendid Story for Short Men that Breathes Happiness Through Every Page.

For a limited time, the Cartilage Company will distribute absolutely free of charge, a copy of the very book that has fascinated and inspired thousands of readers.

A small fortune is to be spent by the noted scientist, K. Leo Minges, of Rochester, N. Y., for the publishing of a second issue of his marvelous work—"How to Grow Tall."

This is the famous publication on the Cartilage, that is today responsible for the success of thousands of former short people—throughout the civilized globe.

This is the book that tells of the grand work accomplished by his marvelous system in assisting men under 5'1-2 feet, to attain their proper health, height, poise, broad shoulders and personal appearance.

This interesting book is the most comprehensive, valuable work on Cartilage ever published. Profusely and handsomely illustrated—full of vivid descriptions—true illustrations and marvelous evidences—printed in clear type on high grade paper.

It will make clear to you the grand possibilities for your future physical, social and commercial welfare. Possibilities that show a better turning point in your life. This book tells what has been accomplished in 27 different countries. It is a remarkable record of remarkable results! It tells plainly what you should know about yourself.

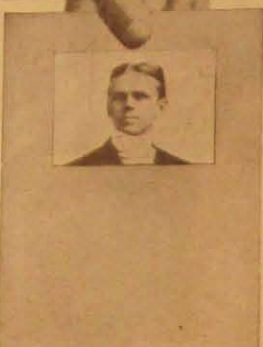
Mr. Minges' own story is in this book. Read it.—It's authority on the human Cartilage.

If you want more inches and influence; if you seek more popularity and prestige; command it by first improving your appearance. Increase your height and broaden your shoulders—walk erect—strengthen your back—breathe success by feeling successful—make in me—make an impression.

A minute and a penny post-card brings you the free book that's worth its weight in pure gold.

Address at once, in confidence.

The Cartilage Company,
13K. Unity Bldg.,
ROCHESTER, - N. Y.



RHEUMATISM

Don't Take Medicine, but Try Magic Foot Drafts, the Great Michigan External Remedy which is Curing Thousands—
Let us send you a

\$1 Pair on Free Trial

Magic Foot Drafts are curing every kind of Rheumatism without medicine, no matter where located or how severe. Muscular, Sciatic, Lumbago, Gout—chronic or acute—all yield quickly to these wonderful Drafts, which have brought comfort to hundreds of thousands, including cases of thirty and forty years standing.

Magic Foot Drafts are today in use all over the civilized world. They are curing where doctors and baths and medicines fail.

Magic Foot Drafts are the only American external remedy ever protected by the courts of England, the worst rheumatic country on earth, where Magic Foot Drafts have become a universal household remedy.

Magic Foot Drafts are always sold on free trial, their world wide success having been accomplished on the "pay after satisfied" plan. Only a true cure could succeed on our plan.

If you have Rheumatism, let Magic Foot Drafts cure you. Simply send your address. You will get a \$1 pair of Drafts by return mail. If you

are satisfied with the benefit received, you can send us one dollar. If not, keep your money. We take your word and trust you for a square deal. Our new illustrated book on Rheumatism comes free with the trial Drafts. Magic Foot Draft Co., 432 M Oliver Bldg., Jackson, Mich. Don't delay, but write today.

VENTRILOQUISM

Learned by any Man or Boy at Home. Small Cost. Send to-day 2c stamp for particulars and proof. O. A. SMITH, Room 608 2040 Knoxville Ave., Peoria, Ill.

ASTHMA CURED TO STAY CURED

No relapse. No return of choking spells or other asthmatic symptoms. Whetzel system of treatment approved by best U. S. medical authorities as the only system known to permanently cure the disease. **FREE TEST TREATMENT** including medicines, prepared for anyone giving full description of the case and sending names of two asthmatic sufferers. Address **FRANK WHETZEL, M. D.** Dept. P. American Express Building, Chicago.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

Dr. Rhodes' New Hair Remover will instantly and perfectly remove undesirable hair from the face, neck, etc. Price, \$1.00.

Free Trial We are not afraid to have you try this wonderful preparation, and you may do so FREE. If you will send us 10c. to cover cost of postage and packing we will send you a trial bottle; not a dollar bottle, of course, but sufficient to remove considerable hair and furnish a good test. Address

A. B. Rhodes Co., Lowell, Mass.

PURE WHISKEY

4
FULL QUART
BOTTLES

DIRECT
FROM
DISTILLERY
TO YOU

\$ 3.20
EXPRESS
PREPAID

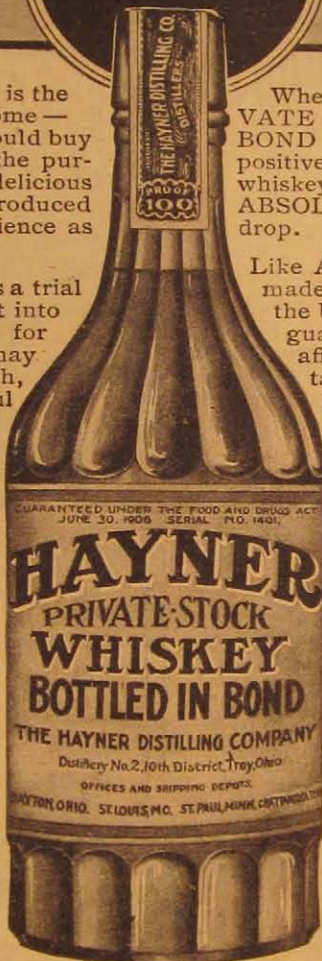
HAYNER WHISKEY is the ideal whiskey for the home—the finest whiskey you could buy for medicinal purposes—the purest, richest and most delicious whiskey we have ever produced in all our 42 years experience as distillers.

We want you to send us a trial order—want you to take it into your home and try it for yourself—so that you may KNOW what a smooth, mellow and delightful whiskey it is—and what a great saving our "Direct from Distillery" plan of selling means to you.

Order it at our risk—on our positive guarantee that you will find it just as we say—or it will not cost you one cent of your money.

HERE'S OUR OFFER

We will send you FOUR full quart bottles of HAYNER PRIVATE STOCK BOTTLED IN BOND WHISKEY for \$3.20—in plain sealed case with no marks to show contents—and we will pay the express charges. When it arrives, open one, two or all of the bottles—try it—let the quality speak for itself. Then if you don't find it up to your highest expectations—send it back at our expense and we will return your \$3.20 by first mail.



When you order HAYNER PRIVATE STOCK BOTTLED-IN-BOND WHISKEY—you know—positively—that it is as fine a whiskey as can be produced—and ABSOLUTELY PURE to the last drop.

Like ALL Hayner Whiskies, it is made in strict conformity with the U. S. Pure Food Law, and is guaranteed pure by our sworn affidavit filed with the Secretary of Agriculture at Washington—Serial No. 1401.

It MUST be of the finest quality and highest standard of purity to withstand the strict analysis of the Pure Food Commissions of the various States in the Union.

And—most important of all—it is BOTTLED-IN-BOND under the supervision of the U. S. Government officials—and each bottle is sealed with the U. S. Government's BOTTLED-IN-BOND STAMP—the most trustworthy assurance in the world that the whiskey is fully aged, full 100% proof and full measure—and a guarantee that it comes to YOU in its original state of absolute purity.

Orders for Ariz., Cal., Col., Idaho, Mont., Nev., N. Mex., Ore., Utah, Wash. or Wyo. must be on the basis of 4 Quarts for \$4.00 by Express Prepaid or 20 Quarts for \$15.20 by Freight Prepaid.

ORDER TODAY — NOW — while you think of it — and address your letter to our nearest Shipping Depot.

THE HAYNER DISTILLING COMPANY, Division 2502

DAYTON, O. ST. LOUIS, MO. ST. PAUL, MINN. CHATTANOOGA, TENN.
 192 DISTILLERY AT TROY, O. ESTABLISHED 1866. CAPITAL \$500,000.00

CRYSTAL Domino SUGAR

5lb Sealed Boxes Only! • Best Sugar for Tea and Coffee! • By Grocers Everywhere!

USEFUL HINTS TO HOUSE-KEEPERS.

A COAT of Natural Jap-a-lac applied over old or new linoleum or oil cloth will double its life, by preserving the original coat of varnish which would otherwise soon be washed or worn off.

WEATHER BEATEN front doors are revived and beautified when coated with Jap-a-lac, and "newness follows the brush". It is best to use the color nearest that of the old finish.

WINDOW and DOOR screens should be coated with Jap-a-lac each spring, using the Brilliant Black on the wire, and the Mahogany, Oak, Cherry or Walnut on the frames. It gives them new life and the wire cloth is protected from rust.

PORCH FURNITURE should be protected and beautified each spring with Jap-a-lac. It is best to use the color of the old finish; but if you wish to change the color, use Red or Green Jap-a-lac.

JAP-A-LAC is a household necessity, and can be used in a hundred and one ways, from "cellar to garret", and is especially adapted for finishing old or new floors and woodwork. Ask your paint dealer.

MENNEN'S
Borated Talcum
The Box that Lox
TOILET POWDER

At Easter Tide

when custom decrees that men, and especially women, should look their best, the raw spring winds cause much damage to tender skins and complexions.

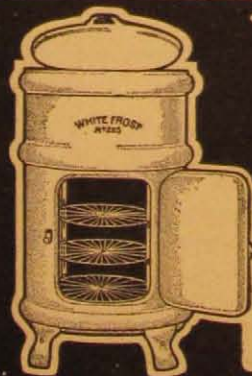
Mennen's Borated Talcum Toilet Powder

is then doubly necessary. It soothes and heals the skin, prevents Chapping, Chafing, Prickly Heat, Sunburn and all skin troubles of summer. After bathing and shaving it is delightful, and in the nursery indispensable.

For your protection the genuine is put up in non-refillable boxes—the "Box that Lox," with Mennen's face on top. Guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act, June 30, 1906, Serial No. 1542. Sold everywhere, or by mail 25 cents. Sample free.

GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.

Try Mennen's Violet (Borated) Talcum Toilet Powder—it has the scent of fresh-cut Parma Violets.



White Frost Refrigerators

Do you want the Neatest, Sweetest, Cleanest, Handsomest Refrigerator made, one that will always remain clean and sweet?

SEND POSTAL CARD TODAY FOR FREE BOOKLET

and learn all about the **White Frost**, with its Revolving Shelves and pure Sanitary Construction, Exclusively Metallic. Finished in spotless White Enamel inside and out. No wood in its make-up. High Art and Low Price.

We will sell you one, freight prepaid to your station, at trade discount if your dealer doesn't handle them.

METAL STAMPING CO., 512 Mechanic St., Jackson, Mich.



Dear Bob: I want you to buy me a White Frost Refrigerator

THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE ADVERTISING SECTION

THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE'S CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

Rate—\$1.50 per line—cash with order. No advertisement of less than 4 or more than 12 lines accepted. Forms for the May issue will close April 7th, by which time order, copy and remittance must be in our hands.
THE RED BOOK CORPORATION, 158-164 State Street, Chicago, Ill.

ADVERTISING SPECIALTIES

FOR LIVE ADVERTISING NOVELTIES AND Premium Goods, Business Souvenirs, Calendars, Signs, "Letter Enclosures," Post Cards, Read THE NOVELTY NEWS, Official organ of the mfgs. Told in pictures. "Selling" goods and methods presented—not theories. \$1.00 a year; trial 3 mos. 25c. Sample copy, 10c. stamps. Suite N 171 Washington St., Chicago.

AMUSEMENTS

MOTION PICTURE MACHINES, Film Views, Magic Lanterns, Slides and similar Wonders For Sale. Catalogue Free. We also Buy Magic Picture Machines, Films, Slides, etc. Harbach & Co., 809 Filbert Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

AUTOMOBILES

"LARGEST DEALERS OF AUTOMOBILES. New and Second-hand, in the World." \$2,250 Auto for \$1,250. Saving \$1,000 on a new car. We have purchased and have on sale the surplus stock of new '07 28-30 H.P. 4 cyl. "Queen" touring and runabout cars. Guaranteed. Other bargains in new autos at 40 to 60% reductions. Over 500 second-hand autos all in first-class condition at low prices. Our prices are so low on tires, sundries, and apparel, it will pay you to write for catalog and latest price list No. 203. The Times Square Auto Co., 1599-1601 Broadway, New York, 309-311 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. After April 15, Chicago address 1332-34 Michigan Ave.

100 LATE MODELS—White Steamers and other standard automobiles for quick sale. Some choice bargains in list A. Write for it. \$200 and up. Automobile Clearing House, 240 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

\$3000.00 CLEAR PROFITS each year waiting for any energetic man who will start the operation of the "Thurman Portable House-cleaning Machine." We proved it to many last month—let us prove it to you now. Over 300 operators all over the U. S. The "Dustless Method" is quick, thorough, sanitary. Pays in towns of 5000 population or more. Amount necessary to start business, \$2500 upwards. We own the patents and are prosecuting infringers. We also make the most efficient stationary residential cleaning plants \$650 up. Send for catalog and testimonials. Address GEN'L COMPRESSED AIR VACUUM MACHINERY CO., 4429 Dept. A, Olive St., St. Louis, Mo.

PUT YOUR MONEY IN A NEW COUNTRY. Move to the growing West and get a farm or store of your own. Unusual openings are offered the farmer, stockman and merchant in the Dakotas and Montana along the Pacific Coast extension of the CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE & ST. PAUL RY. Rainfall and climate insure good crops; markets are assured by the completion of the line; land now sells at reasonable prices; some may still be secured under the homestead laws. Descriptive books free from F. A. Miller, General Passenger agent, Chicago.

\$3,000 to \$10,000 yearly easily made in real estate business; no capital required; we will teach you the business by mail, appoint you special representative of leading real estate company, list with you readily salable properties, co-operate with you and assist you to permanent success; valuable book free. Address, The Cross Company, 1220 Reaper Block, Chicago. See display advertisement of this firm in this issue.

WANTED—MAN

Must be willing to learn and capable of acting as our local representative. No canvassing or soliciting. Good income assured. Address,

NATIONAL CO-OPERATIVE REALTY CO.,
Dept. 113 DBT, Washington, D. C.

"SUCCESS IN THE STOCK MARKET." Our little book gives interesting details. It's yours for the asking. Write for it. JOHN A. BOARDMAN & CO., Stock Brokers, 53 Broadway, New York.

I MADE \$50,000 in five years in the mail order business; began with \$5. Anyone can do the work in spare time. Send for free booklet; tells how to get started. Manager, Box 570, Lockport, N. Y.

START MAIL-ORDER BUSINESS. Sell goods by mail; cash orders, big profits. Conducted by anyone, anywhere. Our plan positively successful. Write for Free Book. Central Supply Co., Kansas City, Mo.

A STEADY INCOME of \$2,500.00 to \$3,000.00 a year assured with one of our Aero Vacuum House Cleaning Wagons. Cleans carpets, rugs, upholstery, draperies, etc., quickly and thoroughly, without removal from floors or house. In big demand by hotels, churches, residences, etc. A legitimate, permanent business paying over 100% profit to hustling men with about \$3,000.00 capital. Exclusive territory given. Free literature sent to responsible parties. American Air Cleaning Co., Dept. N. Enterprise Building, Milwaukee, Wis.

BE YOUR OWN BOSS: Start Mail-Order Business at home; devote whole or spare time. We tell you how; very good profits. Everything furnished. No Catalog outfit proposition. For "Starter" and FREE particulars address, R. B. Krueger Co., 155 Wash. St., Chicago, Ill.

HORACE GREELEY'S advice "Go West, young man!" holds good. Big Horn County, Wyoming; near Yellowstone Park is the place. Great climate; fine soil; excellent business opportunities. Lands going fast. Write us at once. Representatives wanted. THE TENSLEEP AND BONANZA CANAL CO., 718 Journal Bldg., Boston, Mass.

IF INTERESTED IN BONDS OR STOCKS send for market letters fully describing the leaders, also giving market conditions and quotations. R. H. GOODELL & CO. (Stock Exchange Brokers.) Dept. 94, First Natl. Bank Bldg., Chicago.

A MANUFACTURERS PERMANENT BUSINESS OFFER. An exceptional opportunity in operating direct sales parlors for the most attractive and comfortable shoe for men and women ever offered the public; many special features. Every person a possible customer. Kushion Komfort Shoe Co., 11 F South St., Boston.

PUBLISH A MAGAZINE IN YOUR TOWN under your own name. We supply handsome cover and 64 pages illustrated stories to which you may add local reading and advertising. Particulars and samples for postage (10 cents.) INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE COMPANY, Wright Building, Saint Louis.

WE start you in a permanent business with us and furnish everything. Full course of instruction free. We are manufacturers and have a new plan in the mail order line. Large profits. Small capital. You pay us in three months and make big profit. References given. Sworn statements. Pease Mfg. Co., 361 Pease Bldg., Buffalo, N.Y.

BIG MONEY any locality operating or selling our Combined Mintalets and Crystalets Vending Machines. New Idea. Lawful. Fine side line. Machine sent on trial. Crystal Vending Co., R. Monypeny Bldg., Columbus, O.

COINS, STAMPS ETC

\$5.75 Paid for Rare date 1853 Quarters. Keep all money coined before 1875, and send 10 cents at once for set of 2 Coin and Stamp value Books, size 4x7. It may mean your fortune. C. F. Clarke & Co., Dept. 41, LeRoy, N.Y.

CONCRETE BUILDING BLOCKS

CONCRETE BUILDING BLOCKS—Made with our Wizard Machine at one-half the cost, one-half the labor, one-half the trouble, of much higher quality, making double the profit of any other. Our Wizard Machine sold by us at about one-third the price others ask for inferior machines; a wonderful opportunity guaranteed. If you are interested, see what our Big Catalogue says about cement block machines. Consult your own or your neighbor's book, or else write us a postal and say, "Mail me your Free Book about the Wizard Block Machine." Address, Sears, Roebuck & Co., Chicago, Ill.

EDUCATIONAL

\$100 TO \$150 MONTHLY IS PAID OUR GRADUATE CHAUFFEURS AND REPAIR MEN. 600 men of intelligence and mechanical bent needed for Spring demand. Resident or Correspondence courses in construction and repair—practical road and shop work—at any of our branches—teaching each man just what he needs—tuition accordingly.

AUTO SCHOOL OF AMERICA,
1676 Michigan Ave., Chicago.

PROMINENT AMERICAN DRAMATIST will give Practical Instruction in Professional Playwriting by Correspondence, and place available Plays for Students. Address,
DRAMATIST,
Key T, 930 Colonial Bldg., Boston, Mass.

THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE ADVERTISING SECTION

FOR THE DEAF

THE ACOUSTICON MAKES THE DEAF HEAR INSTANTLY. No trumpet, unsightly or cumbersome apparatus. Special instruments for Theatres and Churches. In successful use throughout the Country. Booklet, with endorsement of those you know, free. K. G. TURNER, Pres't., General Acoustic Co., 1267 Broadway, New York City.

TO THOSE HARD OF HEARING—An efficient aid sent for trial, no expense, no risk, no contract, no money unless device be kept. Address A. E. Tiemann & Co., 107 Park Row, New York.

FOR THE FEET

MY new "FOOT-EAZER" relieves foot troubles immediately. A scientific foot-arch cushion. Actually carries your weight. Worn in any shoe. Eases feet, rests the body, makes walking a pleasure. Write for circular. WM. M. SCHOLL, Foot Specialist, 92 Market St., Chicago.

FOR PHONOGRAPHS

"FREE 1000 Petmecky Multi-tone talking machine needles absolutely FREE on TRIAL. Each needle plays 10 records. Improves tone 50%. Restores worn Records. Millions sold weekly. Try them. If satisfactory, next day send me \$1 (regular price \$2.50) otherwise return needles. Write now giving name machine you own. This offer without precedent."

PETMECKY, Patentee, 348 Broadway, New York.

FOR MEN

ARE YOU A MASON? Get charms and emblems at factory prices. If you want anything in Masonic jewelry, from a lapel button to a solid gold K. T. or 32 degree charm, write for prices. Ralph N. Cole, Attleboro, Mass.

GAMES AND ENTERTAINMENTS

PLAYS, Vaudeville Sketches, Monologues, Dialogues, Speakers, Minstrel Material, Recitations, Tableaux, Drills, Musical Pieces, Entertainments. Make up Goods. Catalog Free. T. S. Denison, Pub'r., Dept. 31, Chicago.

HELP WANTED - MALE and FEMALE

EXCEPTIONAL OPPORTUNITY FOR energetic solicitors with grit and selling power. Article absolutely new and guaranteed. Tremendous seller. Everybody buys if shown. 60c. to \$2 profit each sale. Virgin field awaits hustlers everywhere. Write to-day. Sanitax Co., 2356 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

PORTRAIT AGENTS: Pillow Tops, 50c. Portraits 30c.—Frames 15c. Our new "Pearliole" Portrait is a winner. Prompt shipments; Work guaranteed. Samples and catalogue free. Berlin Art Association, 65-152 Lake Street, Chicago.

AGENTS WANTED. Big money making and selling MEDALLIONS; Make up your own goods; "it's Easy." We teach how; write for full particulars and catalog; free. Fred B. Resag & Co., 374 W. Randolph St., Chicago.

\$75 WEEKLY EASILY MADE fitting eye-glasses. Write for free "booklet-53." Easy mail course. Diploma. Reduced tuition. Big demand for opticians. We start you in business. National Optical College, St. Louis.

LADY SEWERS wanted to make up shields at home; \$10 per 100; can make two an hour; work sent prepaid to reliable women. Send reply envelope for information to UNIVERSAL CO., Dept. 103, Phila., Pa.

AGENTS—\$25 A WEEK EASILY MADE selling our 14 new patented articles. Each one a necessity to every woman and a rapid seller. No scheme. Sample free to hustlers. A. M. Young & Co., A47 Howland Bldg., Chicago.

WANTED—Reliable correspondents in every city to sell stocks on a brokerage basis. I have a high-class proposition; one that will make good. Write for prospectus and terms. G. W. CLAWSON, Kansas City, Mo.

OUR Condensed Food Flavors, tube form, originated by us (patents applied for) offer big possibilities for ambitious agents. Send 12 cts. for 25c tube, equaling a pint of ordinary extract, and get General Agent's terms. C. H. STUART & CO., 8 Stuart Block, Newark, N. Y.

LADIES, to make Sanitary Belts. Material all cut ready to sew, \$15 per hundred. Particulars stamped envelope.

HYGIENIC NOVELTY CO., Dept. A.R., Chicago.

PRIVATE SECRETARY: Young college man who understands stenography to act as private secretary to president of leading magazine, salary to start \$936. Hapgoods, 305-307 B'dway, N. Y.

\$100 PER MONTH AND TRAVELING EXPENSES paid by an old established house for salesmen to sell goods to dealers. Experience unnecessary. New plan, rapid selling line. Purity C. J. Co., Chicago, Ill.

\$5.00 PER 100 PAID our subscribers to address adv. Post Cards. Can work evenings. Send dime for subscription, cards and particulars. Economic Pig. Co., Tum-water, Washington.

AGENTS Portraits 35c.; Frames, 15c.; Sheet Pictures, 1c.; Stereoscopes, 25c.; Views, 1c.; Portrait Pillow Tops, 50c.; English Art Plates, \$1.00. 30 days' credit. Samples and free catalogue. Consolidated Portrait Co., 290-158 W. Adams St., Chicago.

AGENTS: Here's the chance of your lifetime. Flat iron shoes; something new; sells in every home. \$5 daily easily made. For particulars address, Dexter Supply Co., Dept. RA, Caxton Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

YOUNG MEN to prepare for Exam. for RAILWAY MAIL and other GOVT. POSITIONS. Superior instruction by MAIL. Estab. 14 years. Thousands of successful students. Sample questions and "How Gov't Positions are Secured" sent free. Inter-State Schools, 533 Second Ave., Cedar Rapids, Ia.

A NEW ART and a fascinating, rapid money maker. You can decorate China, glass, porcelain, pillow tops, anything, in colors or not, from photographs. No talent or experience required. More popular than hand painted china. Cost small, profits large. Send stamp for information. A. K. Vallance Co., Elkhart, Ind.

CIVIL SERVICE EMPLOYEES are paid well for easy work; examinations soon. Expert advice, sample questions and Booklet L 12, describing positions & telling easiest and quickest way to secure them free. Write now. Washington Civil Service School, Washington, D. C.

AMBITIOUS men who want to better their lot and make big money will do well to let us hear from them at once. We are establishing general agencies and have an unusual proposition. No experience needed. Address, Junior Typewriter Co., 92 Worth Street, New York.

"UNCLE SAM" wants 10,000 Railway Mail Clerks—City Carriers; Clerks immediately. Salary \$1000.00. Rapid advancement. Examinations everywhere soon. Common education sufficient. Preparation free until appointed. Franklin Institute, Dep't BX, Rochester, N. Y.

AGENTS MAKE 150% selling our goods. No trash, standard article used in every home city or country. Send dime for sample, particulars and catalogue of quick selling agents goods. Write to-day. Union Selling Co., Box R, Unionville, Conn.

SALESMEN: Enamel Ware, \$2000; Metal Goods, \$2500; Leather Belting, \$3000; Embroideries, \$1800 up; Pharmaceutical, \$1500-\$2500; Jewelry Supplies, \$1800; Paper, \$1800. Hapgoods, 305-307 B'dway, N. Y.

Active man or woman wanted in each town to demonstrate & advertise well-known article. Experience unnecessary. \$2 a day & extra commissions. Permanent advancement. Address "Wholesale," 16 Parkman Bldg., Boston, Mass.

GREATEST AND LATEST AGENTS' PROPOSITIONS. Everybody buys our \$1.50 toilet combination containing perfume, talcum powder, dentifrice, and soaps at 35c to 50c. Can't resist it. Unusually large profit. A score of other Sellers, all our own manufacture. Illustrated circulars free. Davis Soap Co., 23 Union Park Ct., Chicago.

CUSHION TOPS, we make them from any Photo on any color Silk Faced Satin. Any man or woman can sell ours and make \$5 to \$10 a day. Write to-day for free booklet and samples. Jap Photo Cushion Co., 216 St. Clair, Cleveland, O.

LADIES and men earn \$10.00 to \$30.00 per week handling one or more of our 30 useful articles—No traveling. Devote spare time. \$2.00 free. Fair Mfg. Co., 6911 Fifth St., Racine, Wis.

MACHINERY

WE have a well equipped shop and skilled mechanics. We manufacture accurate, difficult and complicated dies and tools for almost any purpose. We make models, novelties, patent articles, hardware specialties, all sorts of devices, Automatic or special machinery manufactured for any purpose. 500 second hand dies, round and square at a bargain.

AUTO MACHINE WORKS CO., Dept. A, 214-216 South Clinton St., Chicago, Illinois.

MINES AND MINING

Harriman's New Railroad, completed to our mines. Smelter built, thousands of tons of ore blocked out. Control seven silver mines, eight gold mines and five copper mines. An interest in these properties will make you rich. Get in now, write for agency. Sonora Central Mines Co., owns the Santo Domingo, the great silver mine. This mine alone will pay quarter of a million a year profit. References any bank in Chicago. Continental Securities Co., Auditorium Building, Chicago.

Agents wanted in every town.

In writing to advertisers it is of advantage to mention THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE

THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE ADVERTISING SECTION

MONUMENTS

MONUMENTS—Granite and Marble Tombstones and Monuments, \$4.20 up to \$309.00, direct from quarry, carved, polished and lettered for one-fourth prices asked generally. Look for Tombstones in our Big Catalogue, your own or your neighbor's book, or write us a postal and say, "Mail me your new Tombstone Catalogue," and get a wonderful book and wonderful prices by return mail. Address, Sears, Roebuck & Co., Chicago, Ill.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

Genuine Bargains in High-Grade Pianos. Slightly used instruments; 7 Steinways from \$300 up; 6 Webers from \$250 up; 7 Knabes, \$250 up; 3 Chickering's, \$250 up; also good second-hand Uprights, \$100 up. Easy payments. Lyon & Healy, 40 Adams St., Chicago. Write today.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

Long Kid Gloves, 16 Button (24 inches), Black or Whites, \$2.50; Colors, \$2.75. 12 Button (20 inches), \$2.25. Silk Gloves, 16 Buttons, black, white and all colors, \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50. Send for catalogue. The Long Glove Co., Dept. R, 94 Warren St., New York.

PATENT ATTORNEYS, PATENTS, ETC.

PATENT YOUR IDEAS. \$100,000 offered for one invention; \$8,500 for another. Book "How to Obtain a Patent" and "What to Invent" sent free. Send rough sketch for free report as to patentability. Patent obtained or Fee Returned. We advertise your patent for sale at our expense. Established 15 years. Chandlee & Chandlee, Patent Attys., 923 F St., Washington, D. C.

PATENTS THAT PROTECT. Our 3 books for inventors mailed on receipt of 6 cents stamps. R. S. & A. B. Lacey, Washington, D. C. Established 1869.

PATENTS SECURED or fee returned. Send sketch for free report as to patentability. GUIDE BOOK, WHAT TO INVENT, and List of Inventions Wanted, sent free. \$1,000,000 offered for inventions. Patents advertised free in the World's Progress; sample free. EVANS, WILKENS & CO., 851 F St., Washington, D. C.

"U. S. LETTERS PATENT"—is the name of our book giving full information in patent matters. We will mail publication free to those interested in patents, also 2 little booklets containing suggestions to inventors and an interesting history of successful inventions. Write for them. Valuable patents quickly obtained. WOODWARD & CHANDLEE, Attorneys, 1206 F St., Washington, D. C.

PATENTS obtained and Trade Marks registered. Moderate charges for careful work. Our booklet "Concerning Patents" mailed free. Calver & Calver, Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C. (Formerly Examiners U. S. Patent Office).

PATENTS. Advice and books free; rates moderate; highest references; best service. Patents are advertised at my expense. Send for book. Watson E. Coleman, Registered Patent Attorney, Washington, D. C.

PATENTS SECURED and Sold under \$20,000 Bond. Send for Free book and list of what to invent for profit. Keystone Law and Patent Company, 1314-G Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

PATENTS procured or Fee returned. Send your inventions to EVERETT DUFOUR & CO., (members of the U. S. Supreme Court Bar and expert mechanical engineers.) Opposite U. S. Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

POPULAR MUSIC

MELODIES SET TO SONG POEMS for publication by James B. Mullen, Composer of "Eva," "Man Behind" and other "Hits;" Mullen's latest Broadway successes "Lollypops," "Dear Old Comrade," "Dutch Colleen," "Pete Daily's" "Rosy," 15c. each, 4 for 50c. Write for particulars and catalogue. Mullen Music Co., 536 W. 145th St., New York.

I Print and Publish Music, Compose, Arrange, etc. Send stamp for Sample Copy and all particulars. Frank Harding (Established 1860), Music Printer and Publisher, 14 Christopher St., N. Y.

Send me your Song-Poems. I make honest offer. Music composed. Free booklet brings success to Authors and exposes fake "composers" and free "publishers." Write today. Arthur A. Penn, Studio G, Dalys Theatre Bldg., N.Y.

SHEET MUSIC. Latest popular hits. "School Days," "Honey Boy," "Dreaming," "Merry Widow Waltz," 15 cents each postpaid. Catalogue for stamp. WALTON & CO., Dept. 48, 1133 Broadway, N. Y.

"WHEN YOU SMILE," "If I Had You," "Cherry Pie," "Florette March," "Carmencita Waltz," 5 copies 30c. Free Bulletins of all the popular and latest hits.

SEMPLÉ MUSIC LIBRARY,
Norwalk, Conn.

POST CARDS

PUBLISH YOUR OWN POST CARDS. We manufacture post cards for you, from photographs, sketches or designs of individuals, hotels, buildings, residences, animals, or landscapes, plain or colored, and print your name on as publisher. Quick delivery guaranteed. Send for samples and prices. Advance Studio, 61 Murray St., N. Y.

25 NEW HIGH-GRADE POST CARDS 10c. No trash, no Comics or Black and White. All different, worth 2c. to 5c. each. Satisfaction guaranteed. L. E. LEE, 72 Canal St., Chicago.

Publish your own Post Cards. From Photographs, Designs, Sketches, Your name as publisher. Write for samples and prices. Buy direct from manufacturers. Press of Brooks & Porter, 153 & 154 Lafayette St., N. Y. City.

Beautiful Easter, Birthday, Floral Post Cards, all different, embossed, 8 for 10c; 20 for 25c; 100 for \$1.00. Direct from Mfrs. & Importers, postpaid. Catalog free. Star Post Card Co., 112 So. 8th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

SOUVENIR Postal Card Collectors—For 25c we send names and addresses of 30 persons from all sections of America who desire to exchange Souvenir Postals. Postal Card Exchange Co., 7503 Detroit Av., Cleveland, Ohio.

REAL ESTATE AND LANDS

A FIVE ACRE TRUCK FARM AND A TOWN LOT fronting on beautiful Copano Bay, Refugio County, Texas, for \$200—\$25 down, \$25 monthly; no interest. Ideal Climate, bathing, fishing, hunting, sailing. All year resort. Deep, rich, fertile black land, grows Oranges, Figs, Grapes, Vegetables. Farmers net over \$200 per acre. Send for free booklet. Burton & Danforth, Dep't A. 341 Moore Building, San Antonio, Tex.

"LAND" is a free magazine that tells how you can make money in New York real estate. It gives fascinating facts about the wealth that is being made and tells how you can share in it. With as little as \$10 you can secure a piece of land that will multiply in value with the wonderful growth of New York City. Send me your name, address and occupation on a postal card, and I will send you "LAND" free for six months.

W. M. OSTRANDER, Inc.,
Suite 441, 437 Fifth Ave., NEW YORK.

GARY, INDIANA.—The coming Steel Manufacturing Center of the World. Enormous fortunes made in real estate and investments. Prices rapidly advancing. Write for our free booklet, maps and plats. WALTER S. ROSS & CO., 17th Ave. & Broadway, Gary, Ind., or 702-108 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

TELEGRAPHY

TELEGRAPHY taught at home in the shortest time. The Omnigraph Automatic Transmitter combined with Standard Key and Sounder. Sends you telegraph messages at any speed just as an expert would. 5 styles \$2 up. Circular free. Omnigraph Co., 39C Cortlandt St., N. Y.

TYPEWRITERS, OFFICE SUPPLIES, etc

CLEARANCE SALE—Remingtons, Densmores, Jewetts, Blickensderfers, Williams, \$12.50; Franklins, Hammonds, Postals, Daughtertys, \$10; Underwoods, Olivers, \$35. Orders filled or money back. Standard Typewriter Exch., 23 Park Row, N. Y.

CALIGRAPH, \$8; Hammond, Yost, Franklin, Densmore, \$10; Remington, Williams, \$12; Smith Premier, \$17; Oliver, \$30. Years guarantee. Send for catalog C. Harlem Typewriter Exchange, 217 W. 125th St., N. Y. C.

LET us help you select the right machine—Mistakes are costly. We advise our customers and show them machines before they buy. All kinds. CENTRAL TYPEWRITER COMPANY, 1160 Caxton Bldg., Chicago, Ills.

WHY DON'T YOU BUY a time-saving, Brain-resting "LOCKE ADDER?" Rapid, accurate, simple, durable. Capacity, 999,999,999. Price, only \$5.00. Booklet FREE. C. E. LOCKE MFG. CO., 54 C St., Kensett, Iowa, U.S.A.

Typewriters, every make each entirely rebuilt and re-finished, guaranteed satisfactory or may be returned. Illustrated list free. Agent's discounts. Commercial Typewriter Co., 257 William St., New York City.

WEDDING INVITATIONS

WEDDING, COMMENCEMENT and ANNIVERSARY INVITATIONS in the newest forms for 1908. Samples ready. 50 Fine Visiting Cards, name and address 35c. Agents wanted everywhere. S. K. FORMAN, 10th & Arch Sts., Philadelphia.

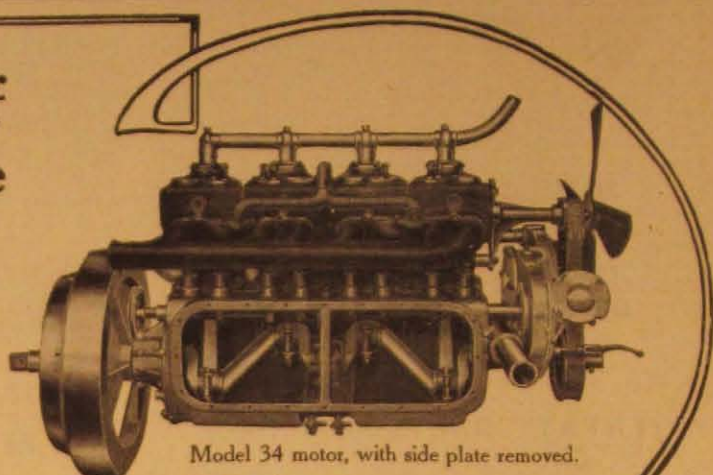
MISCELLANEOUS

HAIR GROWS when our Vacuum Cap is used a few minutes daily. Sent on 60 days FREE trial at our expense. No Drugs or Electricity. Stops falling hair. Cures dandruff. Postal brings illustrated booklet. Modern Vacuum Cap Co., 596 Barclay Bldg., Denver, Colo.

In writing to advertisers it is of advantage to mention THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE

A Detail of Convenience

Accessibility to every working part from above, is a notable feature in the construction of the



Model 34 motor, with side plate removed.

Rambler

For example, the motor, shaft and bearings are usually reached by removing the lower half of the crank case. This necessitates the removal of the boot or mud apron under the motor, a tedious and unpleasant job.

The Rambler crank case is not built that way. The entire side is removable, leaving an opening 8x23 inches that affords ample access to the entire crank shaft and cam mechanism without removal of or interference with any other part of the mechanism.

Transmission gears, differential and all other parts are equally accessible.

This is one of the little things that in the aggregate make the Rambler the leader of American cars. Our catalog tells the rest. Write for it or see our nearest representative for demonstration.

Thomas B. Jeffery & Company

Main Office and Factory, Kenosha, Wisconsin.

Branches and Distributing Agencies:

Chicago, Milwaukee, Boston, Philadelphia, San Francisco.
Representatives in all leading cities.



Model 34,

32 H-P,
Selective
Transmission,
Shaft Drive.

\$2,250.



\$108,000,000 SPENT FOR AUTOMOBILES IN 1907

From the statistics prepared by the Association of Licensed Automobile Manufacturers, it is learned that over \$108,000,000 was spent for pleasure automobiles in the United States in the year ended December 31, 1907. The figures are divided as follows: American manufactured machines—47,302 gasoline-cars, costing \$96,169,572; 5,000 steam and electric-cars, costing \$7,500,000; total of 52,302 cars; cost \$103,669,572. In addition there were 1,017 imported cars, costing, including duty, \$4,396,288. The grand total for the year is 53,319 cars; aggregate cost, \$108,065,860. There has been a steady increase in the growth of the industry each year since 1904, when the total output of cars was valued at \$26,645,065.

The figures relating to the number of people employed in the automobile industry and the amount of capital invested in the business are also of great interest. The total number directly employed in the manufacture of cars was 58,000, and the total capital invested, \$94,200,000. In the manufacture of such products as tires, rims, lamps, speedometers, drop-forgings, and other sundries closely allied to the manufacture of the vehicles, there was a total capital investment of \$36,700,000, and 27,000 people were employed therein.

Unlike many other manufactured products, the sales-end of the automobile industry is exceedingly expensive. At the close of 1907 there were 2,151 sales and garage establishments employing 21,500 people, with a capital of \$57,500,000 invested. This includes real estate, rentals, insurance, bonds, and inter-

est charges. The total capital employed, is, therefore, \$188,400,000, and the aggregate number of employes, 106,500.

A FALLING OFF IN IMPORTATIONS

The year 1907 shows a material decrease below 1906 in the number and value of the cars imported into the United States. Whether the American people are coming to realize that domestic cars are as good, if not better than the imported vehicles; or that after paying nearly \$11,000,000 *ad valorem* duty in the past six years, a doubt has arisen that they may or may not have received an equivalent return in the quality of the cars, is yet to be determined.

In 1907 there were imported 1,017 new cars which were dutiable and 283 used and second-hand cars on which no duty was paid, a total of 1,300 cars as against 1,433 for 1906, or a decrease of 133 cars. The value of the 1,017 cars imported in 1907 was \$2,930,859, as against \$5,500,000 for 1906, a decrease of \$2,569,141. These figures do not, however, include taxicabs and busses, as up to the first of January, there were 231 taxicabs, 10 busses, and one amphibious automobile imported, the latter being bonded against its return. Of the 1,300 cars brought into this country last year, one company imported 225, another 214, and the third 139, leaving 722 cars, or an average of sixteen cars each, to forty-five other makes. The output of American manufacturers for the corresponding years shows the enormous strides being made by the home-producers. In 1903 the American product was valued at \$16,000,000; 1904, \$24,500,000; 1905, \$42,000,000; 1906, \$59,000,000; 1907, \$103,669,572.

MOTORING

THE COST OF OWNERSHIP

An important question arising in the minds of prospective owners, and often indeed with the actual owners of an automobile, is the cost of maintenance. Many owners, who do not look personally to the up-keep, do not realize the cost and are often at a loss to give details of the amount spent in this way. The four salient points of the up-keep of a car are: How long will the car last; What does it cost to operate it; What is the mileage per gallon of fuel; How long is the life of the tires.

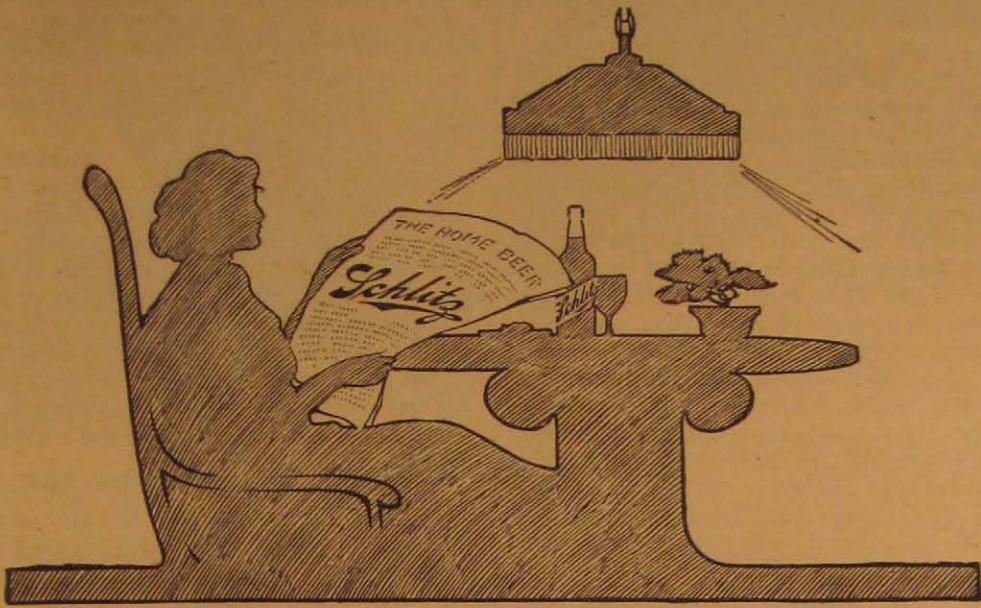
In the first place, a machine in the hands of a competent driver will give a great deal more satisfaction at a minimum cost than the same car in the hands of a less experienced man; but some interesting data just compiled shows that with judicious handling and ordinary care the amount required to maintain an automobile is not nearly so great as most people believe. Statements and statistics, in the form of affidavits, from one hundred and sixty-one owners and dealers of single cylinder cars in thirty different states have been compiled. They give the records of cars that have been used on all kinds of roads and under all sorts of conditions.

There was considerable variance in the mileage obtained—ranging from 850 to 3,200 miles. Many cars show over 20,000 miles traveled, and nearly fifty per cent over 10,000 miles. The total mileage of the one hundred and sixty-one cars was 1,555,427, or an average of 9,671 miles to a car.

The consumption of gasoline was a point of great interest. It was shown that some cars ran as low as 9 2-3 miles per gallon while others covered as high as 32 miles per gallon. Forty per cent of the number reported over twenty miles per gallon, while the average was a trifle over 18 1-3 miles. As the price of gasoline varies in different parts of the country, the average price of gasoline is placed at eighteen cents. This makes the average cost of operation one cent per mile per car for fuel, or less than one-third of a cent per mile per person. In this connection it should be stated that in the recent economy fuel-test held by

Start of the New York Paris Race February 12th, 1908.





YOUR HOME will be healthier when you keep bottled Schlitz. The barley is a food—the hops are a tonic. And the drinking of liquids flushes the system of waste.

Every doctor knows that most people drink too little. On this account, their systems become clogged with waste.

There lies the main good of watering places. They induce the drinking of water.

That is one reason why the drinking of beer is good for you. It leads you to drink more liquid than you would drink without it. And that liquid is both a food and a tonic.

The sturdiest peoples of the earth drink the most of it.

But be sure that the beer is aged, so it will not cause biliousness. And be sure it is pure.

Schlitz beer is all healthfulness.

Ask for the Brewery Bottling.

See that the cork or crown is branded Schlitz.

Schlitz

The Beer That Made Milwaukee Famous

THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE

the Long Island Automobile Club the winning car showed some interesting results. In running 242 miles with five passengers it consumed but thirteen gallons of gasoline and one and one-quarter quarts of lubricating oil. The total cost, allowing twenty-five cents per gallon for gasoline and one dollar per gallon for oil, was \$3.56. The per capita of expense is, therefore, 77½ cents for the total distance, which is cheaper than any other means of conveyance.

The cost of repairs ranged from practically nothing to several hundred dollars. The total repairs, not including tires, for all the cars was \$6,881.29, or an average for each car of about \$42. As the average length of time the cars had been used was one year, seven months, and twenty days, the average cost of repairs was \$2.17 per month, or fifty-one cents per week. On the basis of distance traveled, the showing is very low. The one hundred and sixty-one cars have a total mileage of 1,555,427 miles, and with the total cost of repairs \$6,881.29, the cost of the up-keep averaged .0049 per mile; or in other words, only forty-four and one-quarter cents per one hundred miles traveled. This certainly is cheaper than walking.

The average number of passengers carried on the one hundred and sixty-one

cars was three and one-half persons, making the expense less than thirteen cents per hundred miles for each passenger.

It was very difficult to arrive at a basis of the cost of tires, owing to the different road conditions throughout the country. However, the reports seem to be very satisfactory. It was found that a set of tires ran from 400 to 15,000 miles, but the majority seem to show that the life of the tire was between 6,000 and 9,000 miles. Probably the wear and tear on the machine due to erratic driving is more noticeable at the tires than at any other point.

It certainly is gratifying to find, after a canvass of over one hundred and sixty-one automobile owners, that the up-keep of a carefully operated car demonstrates that the cost of transportation per mile is less by automobile than any other means of locomotion.

STANDARDIZATION OF TUBING

Durability of construction combined with a reduction in weight, has been one of the governing principles of automobile building. Through the efforts of the Association of Licensed Automobile Manufacturers much progress has been made. It has been able to secure a reduction in weight of steel tubing while still



Convicts working on roads in preparation for the big Savannah race.

The HOLSMAN Automobile

SIX
YEARS
OF
SUCCESS

Rides
Like a
Carriage



1907 Sales Over \$600,000.00

THE STANDARD of high-wheeled automobiles and the pioneer of this type. The only high-wheeled automobile manufactured that has a record in a public contest—and Holsman records date back to 1902.

Suitable for all seasons and all kinds of roads. Solid Rubber Tires. Economical and Efficient. Air-cooled motor. No live axles, friction clutches or differential gears. Exceptional hill-climbing power.

Manufactured and Sold by

The Oldest and Largest Manufacturers of Carriage Automobiles in the World.

THE HOLSMAN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY

470 Monadnock Block

CHICAGO, ILL., U. S. A.



which earned 10% during the season of 1907, is offered as proof that



has less pressure on its crank hanger bearings than any ordinary bicycle built; therefore, that it pushes easier and runs faster with less energy and will climb hills easier. The explanation is found in the special Crank Hanger construction and large Sprockets of the Racycle. 1908 Models are built with drop forged steel heads, crown and seat post clusters and the frames are made of English cold drawn weldless steel tubing made especially for us. We build Racycles as near non-breakable as money, materials and workmanship will permit.

Write for 1908 catalog and pamphlet—"The Three Reasons", which contains our offer. We make no cheap RACYCLES but you can secure yours cheap if you secure us an agent.

The Miami Cycle & Mfg. Co., Middletown, O., U.S.A.

Do Your Own Printing
 \$5. press prints cards, labels, etc. Circular, book, newspaper press \$15. Money saver, maker. All easy, rules sent. Write factory for press catalogue, type, paper, etc.
THE PRESS CO. Meriden, Conn.

2 H.P. Detroit Engine

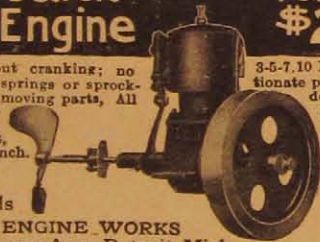
For \$29.50

Starts without cranking; no cams, valves, springs or sprockets. Only 3 moving parts. All bearings babbitted. For your Row Boat, Sail Boat, Launch, 10,000 in use.

Send for testimonials

DETROIT ENGINE WORKS

1317 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich



3-5-7, 10 H. P. Proportionate prices. Cylinders and pistons ground. Crank shaft—drop forged steel. All sizes ready to ship

SEND FOR FREE CATALOG.

PERFECTION Marine Motors



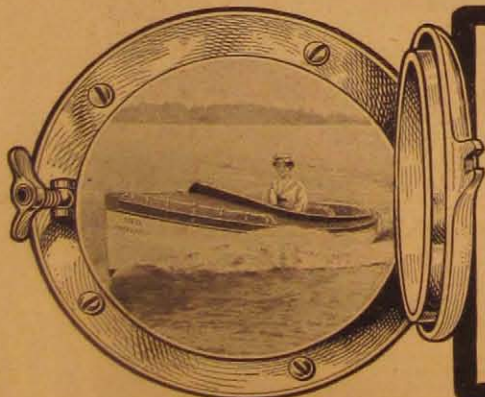
Reliable, easy starting, speedy, perfect control. Light enough for canoe or rowboat, and powerful enough for 16 to 18 ft. launch.

Clean to operate; starts with quarter-turn of flywheel; every part accessible; no vibration, almost noiseless. Built from finest material, and better finished than any other engine sold. All brass-work polished; enameled in wine color, handsomely striped, and baked on. We guarantee satisfaction, or free replacement, and always take care of our customers. Send for Catalog 2 to 12 H. P.—one, two and three cylinders.

2 H.P. \$45

Complete with full boat equipment.

The Caille Perfection Motor Co., 1316-2nd Ave., Detroit, Mich.



Send Us Your Name

and let us mail you our large illustrated catalogue which tells all about the celebrated Mullins Motor Boats, Marine Engines, Row Boats, Hunting and Fishing Boats. Investigate the Mullins before you buy any boat.

Mullins Steel Boats

Are the Fastest and Safest Boats Built

They are built of smooth, pressed steel plates with air-chambers in each end like a life-boat, and don't crack—leak—swell—dry out—wear out or sink. They are strong—safe—seaworthy—indestructible and much lighter, more buoyant and faster than wooden boats. Every boat is guaranteed. The ideal boats for sportsmen, families, boat liveries, resorts, parks, etc.

The W. H. Mullins Co., 326 Franklin St., Salem, Ohio
 H. C. Squires' Sons, (N. Y. Sales Agents,) 44 Cortlandt St., New York.

MOTORING

retaining the same strength; the guaranteeing of a better quality, the standardization of sizes, and the arrangement for better delivery from steel tube makers. Until this time the theories of many of the engineers have been at variance. Some have advocated some particular size and thickness, while others have had ideas entirely different, while the manufacturers of tubing have held still other views. The situation has, therefore, been in a chaotic state, and necessarily, the manufacturers of the tubing, as well as the automobile manufacturers have been getting very unsatisfactory results. It is estimated that at least twelve hundred sizes of steel tubes, with varying diameters and thicknesses were being used, whereas, if an agreed standard could be reached and proper material used, this number could be reduced to a minimum.

A canvass was made of the engineers of the association, asking for the maximum number of diameters and gauges each one needed. The data showed that instead of over twelve hundred various diameters and gauges, the maximum number required was not over three hundred, thus eliminating the necessity of manufacturers carrying the other sizes.

ACTUAL HORSE-POWER

Advanced ideas in construction and design have now materially minimized

the loss of efficiency in the transmission of power from motor to rear wheels.

Many early experiments showed that the loss of power due to friction in the engine was so great that radical changes in the weight and size of both piston and rings were necessary. Then the problem of conveying to the rear wheels as much as possible of the power developed in the engine offered itself. The combination of these deficiencies was a loss of power from the time it leaves the motor until it is applied that was lamentable. Naturally the owner wants to know why. He may be truthfully told that the motor develops 25 or 30 horse-power, but when he is speeding or attempting to climb a stiff grade and he finds that only 14 or 15 horse-power is delivered at the point of propulsion, he is dissatisfied.

Some manufacturers, particularly it is true in the case of the makers of the *Rambler*, have overcome to a large degree this loss of efficiency by the employment of the straight-line drive, that is, by transmitting the power in a direct line from the crank-shaft to the rear axle, thus avoiding any loss by deflection. The wear due to the use of a universal joint is minimized by the straight-line method, and not only is the power exerted at the rear axle, greater, but the chances of breaking the joint as a result of friction is almost eliminated.



Touring Cuba—For miles and miles the road either crosses the mountains or it drops into lowlands which are a succession of rivers and swamps



Handy size
and exact
style of
wrapping.
Look for
trade mark
face on
each box.



Photo of
dollar outfit
when
opened.
Count the
12 blades.
Avoid bad
imitations:

'Ever-Ready' 12 Bladed Safety Razor



**EXTRA
Ever-Ready
BLADES**
10 for 50¢

The Ever-Ready Safety Razor will *shave you best of all safety razors. This is a guarantee.* The best test of the Ever-Ready is its use and the best proof of its value is its preference over \$5.00 makes by men who have tried both. The Ever-Ready blade is the Ever-Ready razor's overwhelming success. No other razor blade is as capable of as good a shave. There are 12 of these intensely sharp "Ever-Ready" blades in each dollar set together with handsomely nickelled safety frame, handle and blade stopper all in a fine case.

Extra "Ever-Ready" Blades 10 for 50 cents — or else you can strop back the keen edge or exchange 10 dull blades for 10 new ones upon payment of 35 cents.

Sold by Hardware, Cutlery, Department Stores, Jewelers and Druggists throughout America and the World. Ask any local dealer.

Mail orders prepaid upon receipt of \$1.00
AMERICAN SAFETY RAZOR CO., Inc., 320 Broadway, New York
Canadian Agents, International Distributing Co., 591 St. Catherine St., Montreal, Canada



**Guaranteed
BEST with
BEST of
Guarantees**

Are You Getting Stout?



You can have as good a figure as any woman if you wear one of my **Ewing Reducing Garments**

and you need not diet, take drugs, or tiresome exercises. I make the Ewing Hip and Abdominal Reducing Band, and the Ewing Bust Reducing Garment. They are beautifully made of light materials, lined with thin medicated rubber, ventilated, cool and comfortable to wear. No buckles, straps, or steels. They will reduce you 4 to 14 inches the first time worn, and without the slightest harm or inconvenience. I make them to your measure to reduce just the parts you wish. Every garment guaranteed. No corset can reduce you permanently, and no other Reducing Garments are hygienic and comfortable—I know because I have tried them all. The Ewing Reducing Garments do not bind or distribute the flesh to other parts—they draw the fat completely away. The Ewing Hip and Abdominal Reducer weighs only 5 oz. Sold and recommended by the leading dry goods stores in Chicago. Endorsed by eminent physicians and hundreds of men and women wearers.

Send 2-cent stamp for my illustrated booklet and measurement blanks. Don't go a week longer without knowing what I can do for you. Society women, leading women of the stage, and men and women in all walks of life are my satisfied and grateful patrons.

Elizabeth Ewing, Dept. C H, 1002 Sheffield Ave., Chicago.

FREE TRIAL TREATMENT



Superfluous Hair permanently removed at office by latest scientific method; registered Washington. Cure guaranteed; no electricity or poison; \$1.00 package will convince you of my positive cure. Mme. Mayme, Face Specialist, Dept. 19, 320, 5th av., 32d st., N. Y.

LABLACHE

FACE POWDER

"PREVENTS OLD AGE"

"Is perfectly pure and makes the skin beautiful." So writes a delighted user of **LABLACHE** from Peables, O. Besides eradicating wrinkles, **LABLACHE** keeps the complexion of its users smooth, velvety and free from chaps, redness and roughness. Endorsed by thousands of women.



Refuse substitutes. They may be dangerous. Flesh, White, Pink, or Cream, 50c. a box, of druggists or by mail. Send 10c. for sample.

BEN. LEVY CO., French Perfumers
Dept. 8, 125 Kingston St., Boston, Mass.

POST-PAID All colors

THIS 14½ IN. PLUME \$1.25

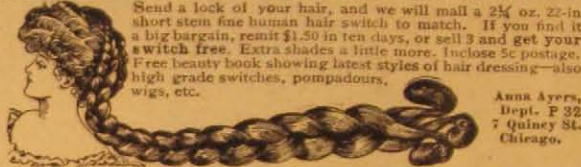
Write today

You Buy at the Wholesale Price

for this genuine 14½ in. Ostrich plume, richly curled black or any color. If not exactly as advertised, your money cheerfully and promptly refunded. You save dealer's profit—easily 70%. An extraordinary offer to get you acquainted with this wholesale house which sells direct to consumers. If you wish one, write at once. Orders filled as received—everybody treated alike. Other wholesale prices: 17 in. \$2.50; 19 in. \$3; 20 in. \$4; 21 in. \$5; 24 in. \$7.50.

Chicago Feather Co. Dept. 17, 233 E. Jackson Bv. Chicago

Sent on Approval. Send No Money. WE WILL TRUST YOU TEN DAYS. \$1.50 HAIR SWITCH



Send a lock of your hair, and we will mail a 2¼ oz. 22-in short stem fine human hair switch to match. If you find it a big bargain, remit \$1.50 in ten days, or sell 3 and get your switch free. Extra shades a little more. Inclose 5c postage. Free beauty book showing latest styles of hair dressing—also high grade switches, pompadours, wigs, etc.

Anna Ayers, Dept. P 32 7 Quincy St. Chicago.

Near-Brussels Art-Rugs, \$3.50

Sent to your home by express prepaid.

Sizes and Prices	Beautiful and attractive patterns. Made in all colors. Easily kept clean and warranted to wear. Woven in one piece. Both sides can be used. Sold direct at one profit. Money refunded if not satisfactory.
9 x 6 ft. \$3.50	
9 x 7½ ft. 4.00	
9 x 9 ft. 4.50	
9 x 10½ ft. 5.00	
9 x 12 ft. 5.50	
9 x 15 ft. 6.50	

Beautiful and attractive patterns. Made in all colors. Easily kept clean and warranted to wear. Woven in one piece. Both sides can be used. Sold direct at one profit. Money refunded if not satisfactory.



New Catalogue showing goods in actual colors sent free. Oriental Importing Co., 901 Bourse Bldg., Philadelphia

FOR OVER SIXTY YEARS An Old and Well-Tried Remedy.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over SIXTY YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING, WITH PERFECT SUCCESS. IT SOOTHES the CHILD, SOFTENS the GUMS, ALLAYS all PAIN; CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHOEA. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP, AND TAKE NO OTHER KIND. Guaranteed under the food and drugs act, June 30th, 1906. Ser. al number 1098



Can take a pound a day off a patient or put it on. Other systems may temporarily alleviate, but this is sure and permanent."—N. Y. Sun, Aug., 1891. Send for lecture, "Great Subject of Fat," and Blanks

DR. JOHN WILSON GIBBS' OBESITY CURE

For the Permanent Reduction and Cure of Obesity. Harmless and Positive. NO FAILURE. Your reduction is assured—reduce to stay. One month's treatment \$5.00. Mail, or office, 1370 Broadway, New York. A PERMANENT REDUCTION GUARANTEED. "The Cure is positive and permanent."—N. Y. Herald, July 9, 1895. "On Obesity, Dr. Gibbs is the recognized authority."—N. Y. Press, 1899. Beware of Imitators.

HARTSHORN SHADE ROLLERS



Bear the script name of Stewart Hartshorn on label
Wood Rollers Get "Improved," no tacks required Tin Rollers

In writing to advertisers it is of advantage to mention THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE

To every man and woman there comes the occasional need for a beverage slightly stimulating and altogether harmless. That is the time to

Try a "Split" of Evans' Ale or Stout

A Small Bottle for a Short Drink
FOR 122 YEARS

EVANS' ALE and STOUT have been regarded as potent factors in health regaining and health retaining—a "food stuff" of high nutritive value, infusing strength into every nerve, fibre and muscle of the body.

Clubs, Hotels, Restaurants, Saloons and Dealers or write to

C. H. EVANS & SONS

ESTABLISHED 1786

Brewery and Bottling Works, HUDSON, N. Y.



You Can Dress Well— On \$1.00 A Week.

MEN'S FASHIONABLE CLOTHES

made to order after latest
NEW YORK DESIGNS

ON CREDIT BY MAIL

We will trust any honest man. We guarantee a perfect fit. Send for samples and book of latest New York Fashions, FREE. This explains our plan and system of easy payments fully.

EXCHANGE CLOTHING CO.

MAILER & FROBISHER, Props.

Importers and Merchant Tailors.

239 Broadway, New York City



Estab. 1885

Strops Itself



Auto Strop
THE PERFECTED
SAFETY RAZOR

**BLADE NOT REMOVED
TO CLEAN OR STROP**

AT DEALERS ON TRIAL

AUTO STROP SAFETY RAZOR CO.
345 FIFTH AVE., N. Y.
WRITE FOR FREE BOOKLET

Solid Color Silk Barathea

Woven on our own looms, fashioned in our own shops. The only neckwear in the world sold direct from Weaver to Wearer. None better at 50 and 75 cents.

If the merit of

SHIBBOLETH NECKWEAR

doesn't "stick out" all over it return the ties and we will cheerfully refund your money.

Harvard, a reversible four-in-hand.

Columbia, a square end, graduated club tie—to be tied into a bow. (Mention collar size.) Both styles in black, white, brown, garnet, purple, navy. Choice of ties in colors to suit.

FOR EASTER

\$2.00 the Half Dozen, postpaid,
SHIBBOLETH SILK CO., 464 Broadway, NEW YORK

Send money order, check or five-cent stamps.
Write for catalogue K.



NERVOUSNESS Exhausted or Debilitated Nerve Force from any Cause

Cured by **WINCHESTER'S HYPOPHOSPHITES OF LIME AND SODA** (Dr. J. F. CHURCHILL'S Formula) and **WINCHESTER'S SPECIFIC PILL**

They contain no Mercury, Iron, Cantharides, Morphia, Strychnia, Opium, Alcohol, etc.

The Specific Pill is purely vegetable, has been tested and prescribed by physicians, and has proven to be the best, safest and most effective treatment known to medical science for restoring Vitality, no matter how originally impaired, as it reaches the root of the ailment. Our remedies are the best of their kind, and contain only the best and purest ingredients that money can buy and science produce; therefore we cannot offer free samples.

Price **ONE DOLLAR per Box** No Humbug, C. O. D., or Treatment Scheme.
by Sealed Mail.

PERSONAL OPINIONS: Dear Sirs: I have used a bottle of your Hypophosphites of Manganese for liver and kidney complaints in my own person and received much benefit. I will enclose five dollars and will ask you to send me as much as you can by express prepaid for that amount, until we can get it through the regular channels. I am confident it is just what I have been in search of for many years. I am prescribing your Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda, and am pleased with the preparation.

Yours sincerely, Dr. T. J. WEST.

I know of no remedy in the whole Materia Medica equal to your Specific Pill for Nervous Debility.—ADOLPH BEHRE, M. D., Professor of Organic Chemistry and Physiology, New York.

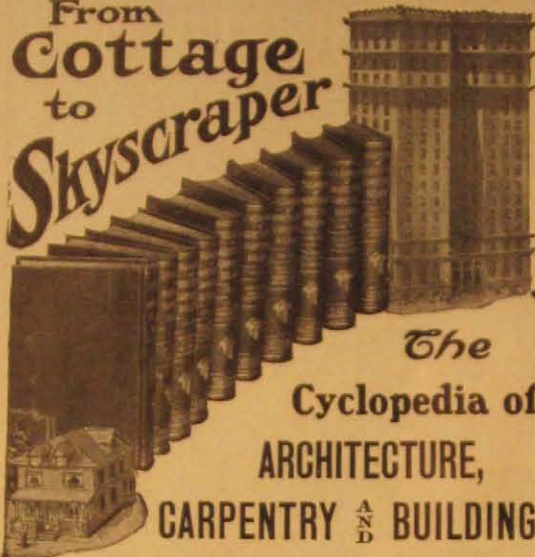
Send for free treatise securely sealed.

Winchester & Co., Chemists, 761 Beekman Bldg., N. Y.

Established 1858

In writing to advertisers it is of advantage to mention THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE

From Cottage to Skyscraper



The Cyclopedia of ARCHITECTURE, CARPENTRY AND BUILDING

Covers everything pertaining to building from the modest two-story cottage to the towering skyscraper! Ten Volumes; page size 7x10 inches, bound in half red morocco; over 4,000 pages; 3,000 illustrations, valuable tables, etc.

\$19.80 Instead of \$60.00
FREE FOR EXAMINATION

Sent by prepaid express upon receipt of coupon. If you wish to keep the books, pay \$2 within five days and \$2 a month until the special price of \$19.80 has been paid; otherwise notify us to send for them at our expense.

There are over 200 plans of artistic, moderate-priced houses, chosen by a staff of architects as typical of the best work of the best architects of the entire country—invaluable to anyone contemplating building or alterations. Also over forty practical problems in construction.

Hundreds of hints and suggestions to house builders and house owners. The chapters on estimating cost, reinforced concrete, plumbing, heating, including furnace, steam, hot water and exhaust steam, and ventilation, are especially complete.

Partial List of Contents:—

Reinforced Concrete—Estimating—Contracts and Specifications—The Law of Contracts and Liens—Building Superintendence—Building Materials—Masonry—Carpentry—Stair Building—Hardware—Plastering—Painting—Heating—Ventilation—Wiring for Door Bells—Burglar Alarms—Steel Construction—Elevators—Sheet Metal Pattern Drafting—Mechanical, Architectural, Freehand and Perspective Drawing—Lettering—Blue Printing—Shades and Shadows—The Greek and Roman Orders of Architecture—Rendering in Pen and Ink and Wash—Water Color Hints for Draftsmen

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CORRESPONDENCE CHICAGO

..... COUPON Clip and mail to-day.....

Red Book, 4-08

American School of Correspondence:—
Please send set Cyclopedia Architecture, Carpentry and Building for 5 days' free examination. I will send \$2 within 5 days and \$2 a month until \$19.80 is paid if I keep the books; otherwise I will notify you to send for the books.

Name.....
Address.....
Occupation.....
Employer.....

Music Lessons Free

IN YOUR OWN HOME

A wonderful offer to every lover of music whether a beginner or an advanced player.

Ninety-six lessons (or a less number, if you desire) for either Piano, Organ, Violin, Guitar, Banjo, Cornet, Sight Singing, or Mandolin will be given free to make our home study courses for these instruments known in your locality. You will get one lesson weekly, and your only expense during the time you take these lessons will be the cost of postage and the music you use, which is small.

Don't say you cannot learn music till you send for our free booklet and tuition offer. It will be sent by return mail free. Address, U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC, Box 69, 225 Fifth Ave., New York City.

Be AN ACTOR or Actress An ACTOR or Orator

Learn a profession that Pays \$25 to \$200 weekly. Write for FREE booklet on Dramatic Art by correspondence. Chicago School of Elocution, 225 Chicago Opera House Block, Chicago.

I Teach Sign Painting

Show Card Writing or Lettering by mail. Only field not overcrowded. My instruction is practical, personal and thorough. My graduates are successful. Easy terms. Write for large catalogue.

Chas. J. Strong, Pres.

DETROIT SCHOOL OF LETTERING
Dept. 83, Detroit, Mich.

"Oldest and Largest School of its Kind."



Self and Sex

The information in these books will insure marital happiness and save mankind untold suffering.

The Sex Series

The only complete series of books published on delicate subjects. Written in a manner understood by every person and information given which should not be hidden by false or foolish modesty. Commended by medical authorities everywhere.



Four books to boys and men: "Young Boy," "Young Man," "Young Husband," "Man of Forty-five."
Four books to girls and women: "Young Girl," "Young Woman," "Young Wife," "Woman of Forty-five."

\$1 a copy each, post free. Table of contents free.
Vir Publishing Co 1118 Land Title Bldg Philadelphia Pa

YOU CAN BE A NURSE



You may become independent and in a short time be in a position to earn from \$15 to \$30 per week in a pleasant profession by our simple home study course, requiring small expense and a part of your spare time each day. Our school is the oldest in America, and is affiliated with one of the largest hospitals in this city. Our Medical Staff has entire charge of all correspondence and are men of long experience. Our diplomas are recognized by leading physicians and hospitals in the U. S. Send today for booklet telling all about nursing. Sent free. CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING, 1206-46 VAN BUREN ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

The First Real Safety Revolver

THIS revolver is not like the ordinary "Safety Revolvers"—"made safe" by devices added on in the hope of securing safety. It is built safe. Its basic construction (patented and exclusive with this revolver) absolutely guarantees safety.

THERE are three distinct movements of the hammer: First, the cock with finger or trigger (same as a double action revolver); second, the discharge, straight and hard to the firing pin (same as a double action); and third and last, the rise of the hammer to a position of safety above the firing pin, not in line with it as is the case with every other revolver. This last is an action no other revolver has or can have, because it is patented; and it insures for the HOPKINS & ALLEN an absolute safety no other arm has ever possessed or can possess.

THE
**HOPKINS
& ALLEN**
Triple Action
"SAFETY
POLICE"

38 cal.—3¼ in.
Barrel, or 32 cal.
—3 in. Barrel.

A popular type of the
"Safety Police"—for
pocket or house use.

SENT DIRECT FROM
FACTORY AT ABOVE PRICE **\$7.50**
—BY REGISTERED MAIL POST-
PAID IF YOUR DEALER DOES
NOT KEEP IT.

OUR CATALOG AND GUN GUIDE FOR 1908 SENT FREE. Send or this book. It not only gives a complete description of all "Safety Police" revolvers, but also gives much useful information about firearms, the care of them—illustrates and describes our entire line of revolvers, rifles and shotguns.

THE HOPKINS & ALLEN ARMS CO., - 29 Chestnut Street, Norwich, Conn.

32 or 38 Cal.

4 in. barrel, \$8.00

5 in. " 8.50

6 in. " 9.00

Blued Finish, 50c Extra

YOU CAN EARN \$2000 TO \$10000 A YEAR AS A TRAVELING SALESMAN We will teach you to be one by mail in eight weeks and secure you a position with a reliable firm. No former experience required. Write for our free book, "A Knight of the Grip" today. Address letters to National Salesman's Training Ass'n., Dept. 520, Monadnock Bldg., Chicago, Ill., Lumber Exchange, Minneapolis, Minn., or Scarritt Bldg., Kansas City, Mo. Write nearest office; mention this paper



Geisha Diamonds
THE LATEST SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY
Bright, sparkling, beautiful. For brilliancy they equal the genuine, standing all test and puzzle experts. One twentieth the expense. Sent free with privilege of examination. For particulars, prices, etc., address
THE R. GREGG MFG. & IMPT. CO.
Dept. R, 52-58 W. Jackson Boul., Chicago, Ill.




COMFORT FOR THE FEET
can be had by using
DR. COGSWELL'S FOOT TONIC



This marvelous remedy cools, soothes, rests and quiets hot, aching, tired, nervous feet. Allays inflammation, reduces swelling and keeps the feet in healthy and comfortable condition at all times.
SENT POSTPAID ON RECEIPT OF \$1.00
All sufferers from foot ailments should write Dr. Cogswell, who treats successfully all diseases of the feet.
DR. E. H. COGSWELL, SURGEON CHIROPODIST,
12 W. 29th St., New York.

STYLE NEATNESS COMFORT
THE IMPROVED
BOSTON GARTER



The Name is stamped on every loop—Be sure it's there

THE *Velvet Grip* CUSHION BUTTON
CLASP
LIES FLAT TO THE LEG—NEVER SLIPS, TEARS, NOR UNFASTENS

WORN ALL OVER THE WORLD
Sample pair, Silk 50c., Cotton 25c.
Mailed on receipt of price.
GEORGE FROST CO., Makers
Boston, Mass., U.S.A.

INSIST ON HAVING THE GENUINE REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES

Crooked Spines Made Straight



Try The Sheldon Appliance

30 Days at MY Risk

You need not risk a penny. No matter how serious your case is, no matter what other methods you have tried, I know the Sheldon Appliance will bring you relief. I want you to know it, and I will gladly give you a 30 days' trial to prove it at my risk. Write at once for my book and learn about my scientific method, and how to try the Appliance without risk or obligation on your part.

Don't let Spinal Weakness or Curvature destroy your happiness or ruin your child's life. The Sheldon Appliance has corrected thousands of cases in both old and young. You can do away with bungly, heavy casts and supports. The Sheldon Appliance is light and cool and gives a feeling of strength and activity as soon as you put it on.

You need not suffer a day longer the inefficiency that comes from a weak or deformed back—you need not see your child grow up weak and illshaped. Send to me today for my book and learn how to get the style of Appliance your particular case needs, and how I give you a 30 days' trial. You owe it to yourself or to the afflicted one in your family to write me now. Address Mr. Sheldon, President.

PHILO BURT MFG. CO.,

246 16th Street.

Jamestown, N. Y.

Be a Shapely Woman.

I will make to your measure "A Parisian Perfect Form" which will fill out your back and give you **WELL ROUNDED HIPS** which defy detection—even by your dressmaker. It is light, cool, sanitary, soft and flexible.

We also make **Bust Forms, Bust Supporters** and made-to-measure **Corsets** to wear over our "Parisian Perfect Forms."

Send 2 cent stamp for my free book "A Slight Thing," with chart for self measurement, in plain sealed envelope.

ELLEN REED, PARISIAN MFG. CO.
271 Erie Building, East 9th Street, Cleveland, Ohio



BURRITT'S BEAUTY BATHS



Here is a new luxury for women of refinement. Dissolve a sack of **Burritt's Beauty Powders** in your bath and you will experience a new delight in bathing. They soothe and comfort the tired and nervous, invigorate the body, and give the skin that soft velvety texture which makes you beautiful and healthy. They are delicately scented and give a delightful odor to the skin.

BURRITT'S BATH POWDERS are sold by mail only in packages containing four sacks each at 50c a package, or ten sacks for \$1.00, charges prepaid.

If you want to be beautiful and healthy, write today for beauty package, enclosing stamps or money order.

Burritt Bath Powder Company,

23 Sumner Park,

Rochester, N. Y.



FOLDING BATH TUB

WEIGHT 16 POUNDS COSTS LITTLE
Requires little water.

Write for special offer
S. K. IRWIN, 103 Chambers St., N. Y. City

Reduce the Flesh

Improve Your Figure

By using Dr. Jeanne Walter's

Medicated Rubber Undergarments

Will positively reduce flesh exactly where desired, without the slightest discomfort. Endorsed by physicians. Made for ANY part of the body.

Write for Booklet R.

Dr. Jeanne Walter
(Patentee)

Alpine Building

55 West 33d Street,

New York

Agencies in large cities.



KILL THE HAIR ROOT

PRIVATELY BY ELECTRICITY



You cannot permanently rid yourself of disfiguring hair on the face, neck or arms, by burning off the exposed part. You must kill the hair root, so that it cannot grow again. The only sure and safe way to do this is by electricity. This is the method employed by all reputable physicians and dermatologists. **THE MAHLER APPLIANCE** is an electrical apparatus embodying the standard recognized method of electrolysis—simplified for home use. This kills the hair root by a steady, constant galvanic current of electricity, which is so faint that it cannot cause the slightest shock or scar, but is sufficiently strong to destroy the papilla or life of the hair, so it can never grow again. You can use it with absolutely no danger or risk of any kind. No knowledge of electricity required to operate. Send today for our book which fully describes the **Mahler Appliance** and contains evidences of the results achieved by women who have used it. This book is sent free on request and we prepay postage in full. **D. J. MAHLER, 314 K Mahler Park, East Providence, R. I.**

MODENE

**HAIR ON
FACE
NECK
AND
ARMS**
INSTANTLY
REMOVED
WITHOUT
INJURY TO
THE MOST
DELICATE SKIN



IN COMPOUNDING an incomplete mixture was accidentally spilled on the back of the hand, and on washing afterward it was discovered that the hair was completely removed. We named the new discovery MODENE. It is absolutely harmless, but works sure results. Apply for a few minutes and the hair disappears as if by magic. **It Cannot Fail.** If the growth be light, one application will remove it, the heavy growth, such as the beard or growth on moles, may require two or more applications, and without slightest injury or unpleasant feeling when applied or ever afterward.

Modene supersedes electrolysis.

Used by people of refinement, and recommended by all who have tested its merits.

Modene sent by mail, in safety mailing cases (securely sealed), on receipt of \$1.00 per bottle. Send money by letter, with your full address written plainly. Postage stamps to ken.

LOCAL AND GENERAL AGENTS WANTED.

MODENE MANUFACTURING CO.
DEPT. 125, CINCINNATI, OHIO

Every bottle guaranteed.

☞ We Offer \$1,000 for Failure or the Slightest Injury.

Grow Mushrooms

For Big and Quick Profits.

Ten years experience enable me to give practical instructions that will add \$5 to \$50 per week to your income without interfering with regular occupation. For full particulars and free book, address **JACKSON MUSHROOM FARM,** 3243 N. Western Ave., B-243, Chicago.



BARODA DIAMONDS

Flash like the genuine—at 1/30 the cost.

SOLID GOLD MOUNTINGS

Stand acid test and expert examination. See them first, then pay. Catalog FREE. Patent Ring Gauge included for 5 two-cent stamps. The Baroda Co., Dep. A, 230 North State St., Chicago



STAMPS 100 all different. Venezuela, Uruguay, Paraguay, Peru, Japan, Mexico, 10c

Cuba, Philippines, India, etc., with album only

1000 FINELY MIXED 20c. Large album 30c. 1000

hinges 8c. Agents wanted 50%. New list free.

C. A. STEGMAN, 5945 Cote Brillante Ave., St. Louis, Mo.



THE GIRL GRADUATE HER OWN BOOK

Contains 200 pages in two colors which are blank except for the ornamental headings and decorations. There is a place for everything dear to the girl graduate's heart and memory, such as class colors, autographs, photographs, officers, teachers, class prophecy, her invitations, social events, press notices, the presents, jokes and frolics, etc., etc. A beautiful and dainty gift volume.

Bound in White Vellum, paper sides, postpaid \$1.50
Edition de Luxe, full morocco leather, postpaid 3.00

STEARNS BROS. & CO.,

383 La Salle St.,

CHICAGO


SKIN HEALTH



Promoted by Exercise and Cuticura Soap

In the promotion of Skin Health, Cuticura Soap, assisted by Cuticura, the great Skin Cure, is undoubtedly superior to all other skin soaps because of its influence in allaying irritation, inflammation, and clogging of the pores, the cause of disfiguring eruptions. In antiseptic cleansing, in stimulating sluggish pores, in emollient and other properties, they have no rivals.

Sold throughout the world. Depots: London, 27, Charterhouse St.; Paris, 5, Rue de la Paix; Austria, R. Towns & Co., Sydney; India, B. K. Paul, Calcutta; China, Hong Kong Drug Co.; Japan, Maruya, Ltd., Tokio; Russia, Ferrein, Moscow; So. Africa, Lennon, Ltd., Cape Town, etc.; U.S.A., Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston. ☞ Post-free, Cuticura Book on Care of the Skin.



Vinol

THE
COD LIVER
PREPARATION
WITHOUT
OIL

A famous reconstructive tonic improved by modern science

Especially Valuable for Old People and delicate children, weak, run-down persons, after sickness, and for all pulmonary troubles

Vinol is a delicious *modern* Cod Liver preparation without oil, made by a scientific extractive and concentrating process from fresh Cod's Livers, combining the two most world famed tonics, peptonate of iron and all the medicinal, healing, body-building elements of Cod Liver Oil *but no oil*. Vinol is much superior to old-fashioned cod liver oil and emulsions because while it contains all the medicinal value they do, unlike them Vinol is deliciously palatable and agreeable to the weakest stomach.

FOR SALE AT YOUR LEADING DRUG STORE
Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded by all agents
Exclusive Agency Given to One Druggist in a Place
If there is no Vinol agency where you live, send us your druggist's name and we will give him the agency.

TRIAL SAMPLE FREE

CHESTER KENT & CO. Chemists Boston, Mass.

THE INTERNATIONAL DENTIFRICE

**Strong's Arnica
Tooth Soap**

antiseptic, preserves while it beautifies—sweetens the breath—hardens the gums—whitens the teeth—
A leading dentifrice for a

THIRD OF A CENTURY

The metal package is most convenient for travel or the home. No liquid or powder to spill or waste.

25 Cents—At All Druggists

(Sent postpaid if yours hasn't!)

STRONG'S ARNICA JELLY

Ideal for sunburn, keeps the skin soft and smooth; nothing better for chaps, pimples, burns, bruises and all eruptions. The collapsible metal tube is convenient and unbreakable. If your dealer hasn't it, send to us. Sent postpaid for

25 Cents

**ARNICA
TOOTH SOAP**

Guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act, June 30, 1906; Serial No. 1612.

**C. H. STRONG
& CO.
CHICAGO, U. S. A.**



SPIRITS! SPOOKS! GHOSTS!

Make Them Walk and Entertain Your Friends

Bushels of fun for both old and young. Turn out the lights, make the room pitch dark and then the Stars and Cross will appear in plain sight, and disappear before your very nose. The Spirithand will float in the air, touch the heads of your amazed audience, disappear and re-appear anywhere you wish. Half hour of startling, entrancing entertainment. Easily done by a child. Will last forever. Operated anywhere without previous preparation. Will mail prepaid this \$1.00 secret, complete with Stars, Cross and Spirit-hand on receipt of \$1.00. Offer good for few days only. Order Today.

H. A. VOGEL & CO. 643 E. Fullerton Ave. CHICAGO.

If you can whistle a tune, you can play it on the



Played with keys like a piano

DOLCEOLA

A Miniature Grand Piano

The DOLCEOLA'S captivating harmony and original construction give it instant popularity. and the hearty endorsement of musical experts everywhere. It appeals to the larger number because of its low cost.

Free, handsome catalog. Special large carrying case if wanted. The Toledo Symphony Co. 486 Berlin Block, Toledo, O.

BEAUTIFUL IN FIVE MINUTES



Many a woman with features disfigured by superfluous growths of hair would be beautiful if the unfortunate defect were eradicated. It is the simplest thing in the world to accomplish this wonderful and most desired result. Use X. Bazin's celebrated Depilatory Powder. Invented in Paris over seventy years ago, it has been in use by leading society women and those of the profession ever since. It's the standard. It will never fail to perform its mission. Will remove the hair from the surface of the skin three or four minutes after application. Directions accompany each bottle.

For sale at all first class toilet counters, or by mail, in sealed packages, free from advertising matter.

Price, including postage, 50c.

HALL & RUCKEL - - 215 Washington St., N. Y. CITY
Makers of SOZODONT

NO MORE GRAY HAIR



Send for the "Book of the Hair," a 32-page illustrated booklet, containing valuable hints on the care and dressing of the hair, and full information about the

IDEAL HAIR DYEING COMB

The most practical device for restoring gray, faded or streaked hair to its natural color or to any desired shade. Used like an ordinary comb. Absolutely harmless. Not sold in stores. Write direct to

H. D. COMB CO. Dep. K. 35 W. 21st ST. New York

\$3 a Day Sure

and teach you free, you work in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business fully, remember we guarantee a clear profit of \$3 for every day's work, absolutely sure. Write at once.

ROYAL MANUFACTURING CO., Box 923, Detroit, Mich.



John H. Woodbury's New Wrinkle for Wrinkles
Clears the Skin of Wrinkles, Frowns, Freckles, Moth. Tan. Lines, Scars, Pittings, and keeps the Skin young. By mail, including instrument. 2 composite stones and creme. \$1.00

Woodbury's Colorosis.

Up-to-Date One Application.

Hair Coloring, 2 oz., \$1.00; 6 oz., \$2.00.

Woodbury's Ingrowing Nail Cure, \$1.00.

Instant relief. Booklet of 101 Remedies free.

The Facial Cultivating Co., 30 W. 22d St., N. Y.
John H. Woodbury, Pres., 37 years' experience.

Superfluous Hair Cure

A Lady Will Send Free to Any Sufferer the Secret Which Cured Her.

From childhood I was distressed and humiliated by an unwelcome growth of hair on my face and arms. I tried all the depilatories, powders, liquids, creams and other rub-on preparations I ever heard of, only to make it worse. For weeks I suffered the electric needle without being rid of my blemish. I spent hundreds of dollars in vain, until a friend recommended a simple preparation which succeeded where all else failed, in giving me permanent relief from all trace of hair. I will send full particulars, free, to enable any other sufferer to achieve the same happy results. All I ask is a 2c stamp for reply. Address. **MRS. CAROLINE OSGOOD, 704 F Custom House St., Providence, R. I.**



Auto-Masseur

REDUCES

No Drugs
Diets or
Exertion

So confident am I that simply wearing my Auto-Masseur will permanently reduce superfluous flesh—face, chest, back, hips or abdomen, that I mail it without a deposit for a

FREE 40 DAY TRIAL

When you see your shapeliness speedily returning I know you will wear it until your figure is just as perfect as it ever was—therefore try it at my expense. Write for Auto-Masseur to-day—proof costs nothing.

Prof. Burns, 1300 C, Broadway, New York.

Orangeine

Acts quickly, thoroughly, normally on

**Colds, Grip, Headache,
Neuralgia, Indigestion,
Brain Fog, Common Ills.
Offsets Chill and Exposure.**

**Prevents Sickness!
Secures Good Health!**

**Distinctive Features Described
by a Chronic Sufferer.**

**How Orangeine Dispels Pain and Ailment,
Takes the Place of Opium, with Only
Beneficial Results.**

MEMPHIS, TENN., Jan. 24, 1908.

I am afflicted with an obscure pain in my side, which physicians in New York, Boston and Memphis have failed to find the cause of. When I call physicians, in extreme pain, they give me quieting powders. I tell them not to give me morphine, and they promise not to, but I can read on the prescription, "Opium," and opium makes me feel as morphine does, with all its after-effects.

During the past years I have taken a great deal of Orangeine, which quiets my pain, without any bad after-effects. I reserve it expressly for pain. Of course, if I have a "cold," or a tendency to "grip," I take as many as six powders a day (I have done that ever since it came out), but that is only maybe once in a winter. It is *marvelous* for that.

If I lose Orangeine I am bereft, for *it does not wear out*, and nothing I have found is so good. I simply cannot take doctors' opiates, and the moderate use of Orangeine keeps me comfortable, and, as above expressed, I cannot see any bad after-effects.

FORMULA Since 1892

ACETANILID . . . 2.4 Gr.
Soda Bi-Carb . . . 1 "
Caffeine6 "
Homeopathic Trituration of Mandrake, Blue Flag and Nux Vomica 1 "
Total only . . . 5 Grs.

Guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act of June 30, 1906. Serial Number 959.

SALES

As a result of public appreciation, from the past ten years' experience, the Orangeine sales for one week were \$16,000.00—over one million powders.

25c Package FREE for Honest Test

Send postal for prominent experience and testimony, with 25c PACKAGE FREE FOR HONEST TEST. Orangeine is sold by all druggists, or mailed on receipt of price. 10c package (2 powders); 25c package (6 powders); 50c package (15 powders); \$1 package (35 powders).

The Orangeine Chemical Co., 15 Michigan Ave., Chicago



For Liquor and Drug Using

A scientific remedy which has been skilfully and successfully administered by medical specialists for the past 28 years

AT THE FOLLOWING KEELEY INSTITUTES:

Hot Springs, Ark.
San Francisco, Cal.
2930 Sacramento St.
Denver, Col.
West Haven, Conn.
Washington, D. C.
211 N. Capitol St.

Dwight, Ill.
Marion, Ind.
Plainfield, Ind.
Des Moines, Ia.
Crab Orchard, Ky.
Lexington, Mass.

Portland, Me.
Grand Rapids, Mich.
265 S. College Ave.
Omaha, Neb.
Cor. Cass & 25th Sts.
North Conway, N.H.

Buffalo, N. Y.
White Plains, N. Y.
Greensboro, N. C.
Fargo, N. D.
Philadelphia, Pa.
812 N. Broad St.
Harrisburg, Pa.

Pittsburg, Pa.
4246 Fifth Ave.
Providence, R. I.
Waukesha, Wis.
Toronto, Ont., Canada
Winnipeg, Manitoba
London, England

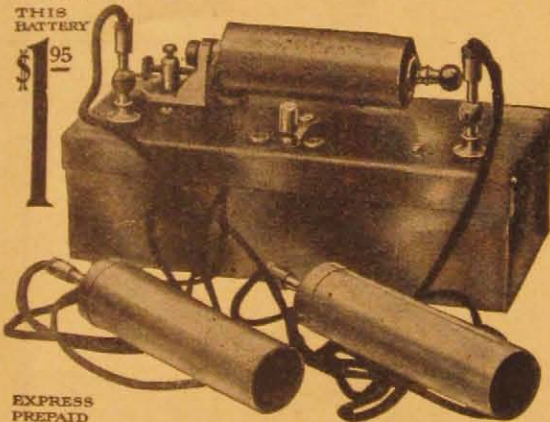
ELECTRICITY BOOK FREE

Profusely Illustrated with Photos from Life. Write for it today.

This splendid book is compiled from the best authorities in the world. Explains how electricity as supplied by inexpensive batteries cures Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Insomnia, Liver and Kidney Trouble and all nerve affections and diseases due to poor circulation. Explains how to enjoy the famous electric baths and beauty and health massage at home at little cost.

THIS BATTERY

\$1.95



EXPRESS PREPAID

This book also lists the latest improved Batteries (Prices \$1.95 to \$19.50), which we send Prepaid and allow 10 days free trial.

DETROIT MEDICAL BATTERY CO.
491 Majestic Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

Write today for our free book.



(Established 1879.)

"Cures While You Sleep."

Whooping-Cough, Croup, Bronchitis, Coughs, Diphtheria, Catarrh.

Confidence can be placed in a remedy which for a quarter of a century has earned unqualified praise. Restful nights are assured at once.

Cresolene is a Boon to Asthmatics.

ALL DRUGGISTS.

Send Postal for Descriptive Booklet.

Cresolene Antiseptic Throat Tablets for the irritated throat, of your druggist or from us, 10c. in stamps.

The Vapo-Cresolene Co.
180 Fulton St., N. Y.
Leeming-Miles Bldg., Montreal, Canada.



The Greatest GOLD Dredging Enterprise in the World

THE YUKON BASIN GOLD DREDGING COMPANY is an international company organized under the territorial laws of the United States, registered and sanctioned by the strict laws of the Dominion of Canada. Its properties are 105 miles river frontage, or more than 10,000 acres on the famous Stewart River, the richest gold bearing placer field in the world. Title absolute from the Canadian Government through William Ogilvie, former governor of Yukon Territory and now president and actual field manager of the Yukon Basin Gold Dredging Company.

THE GOLD DREDGE A WONDERFUL MODERN INVENTION Each dredge put in the field will do the work of 1,000 men, and we propose to install twelve as rapidly as it is possible to make the arrangements. Our first mammoth dredge is now being built by Klason Iron Works Co., San Francisco. The ground is fully tested and immensely valuable.

This is the biggest gold dredging proposition in America. Careful tests covering 30 miles of our leaseholds went as high as \$11.00 and averaged more than \$1.06 per yard. Fabulous fortunes are being made dredging in California on ground averaging only 15c per yard.

PRICE OF STOCK NOW 15 CENTS We consider this stock intrinsically worth par, and in a reasonable length of time it will be paying large dividends on that amount. A limited amount of full paid, non-assessable stock will be sold for development purposes at 15 CENTS per share. Soon to be advanced to 25 cents. Par value \$1. Stock may be had on ten monthly installment payments.

Write for prospectus containing minutest details. Write and ask questions. Address

YUKON BASIN GOLD DREDGING COMPANY, 204 Scarriff Building, KANSAS CITY, MO.

The Wonderful Mission of the INTERNAL BATH

with the
"J. B. L. CASCADE"

Do you know that many of the greatest physicians prescribe and insist on the "J. B. L. Cascade" treatment?

Do you know that it goes to the root of and eradicates scores of the most troublesome and dangerous diseases that afflict mankind?

Do you know that an occasional Internal Bath is a better preventive of illness and preserver of health than any other single means?

The record of its beneficial results reads like a revelation to those hitherto unacquainted with it. It is used (by means of the "J. B. L. Cascade," the only scientific appliance for this purpose) by hundreds of the best known people in New York and by innumerable ministers, lawyers, actors, and other persons whose intelligence gives unequivocal weight to their testimony. Read the following from one of the staff of Success Magazine:

SUCCESS MAGAZINE

NEW YORK, February 26, 1908.

CHAS. H. TYRRELL, M. D.

My Dear Sir: about two months ago I was induced by a friend in this office to purchase one of your "J. B. L. Cascades." I have been a sufferer almost all my life from constipation in an aggravated form and have never been able to obtain any permanent relief. I was exceedingly skeptical about your proposition and it was with great indifference that I gave it a trial. The result has been little short of amazing. It has practically made a new man of me, and has given me the relief I had been looking for for years.

Money could not purchase the Cascade I own if it could not be duplicated.

I have taken pleasure in recommending the Cascade to a number of my friends and will continue to recommend it.

It gives me great pleasure to write this little note of grateful appreciation.

(signed)

Yours very truly,
DAVID B. LEE.

It is known that 90% of all disease arises from the retention of foreign matter in the human system; also that the greatest part of this waste is held in the colon. Hence, the flushing of this organ, the main drain of the body, removes the first and greatest cause of disease. While immeasurably the best treatment for constipation and stomach trouble, there is scarcely any known disease for which the "J. B. L. Cascade" may not be confidently prescribed. It is so perfectly natural in its action that it induces no evil after effect whatsoever; it accomplishes nothing but good.

I want to send free to every person, sick or well, a simple statement setting forth this treatment. It contains matter which must interest every thinking person. If you live in New York you are earnestly invited to call, but if you cannot call, write for the pamphlet, "The What, The Why, The Way," which will be sent free on application, together with my Special Offer for this month only.

CHAS. A. TYRRELL, M. D.

Dept 64, 321 Fifth Avenue, New York

I WILL MAKE YOU PROSPEROUS

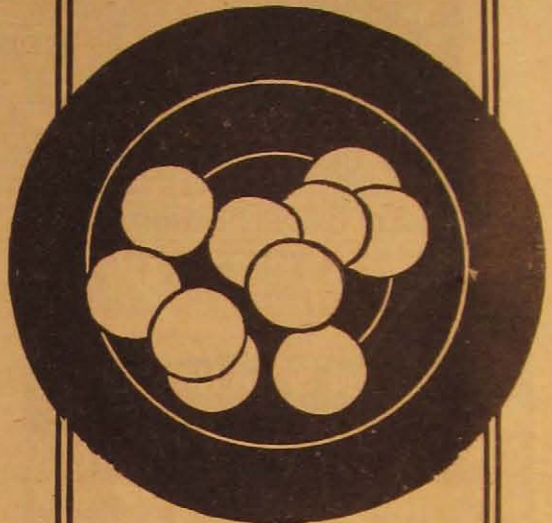
If you are honest and ambitious, write me today. No matter where you live or what your previous occupation, I will teach you the Real Estate Business by mail, appoint you Special Representative of my company in your town; start you in a profitable business of your own, and help you make big money at once.

Unusual opportunity for men without capital to become independent for life. Full particulars free. Write today. Address Dept. D B S

National Co-Operative Realty Co.,
Chicago, Ill. or
Washington, D. C.



COLT



A PERFECT SCORE OF 100

establishing a
WORLD'S
RECORD

was made November 15,
1907, by Mr. C. C. Crossman
of St. Louis, Mo., with a

COLT

New Service
Target Revolver

This adds another testimonial to the all-around ACCURACY, RELIABILITY and DURABILITY of the COLT Revolvers. Such facts as these

must be considered when choosing a firearm and lead to the selection of a COLT



A circular giving the details of this remarkable performance and catalog No. 70 will be mailed on request.

COLT'S PATENT FIREARMS MFG. CO.
Hartford, Conn.

London Address: 15a Pall Mall, London, S. W.



WANTED—A RIDER AGENT IN EACH TOWN

and district to ride and exhibit a 1908 Model "Ranger" bicycle furnished by us. Our agents everywhere are making money fast. *Write for full particulars and special offer at once.*

NO MONEY REQUIRED until you receive and approve of your bicycle. We ship to anyone, anywhere, in the U. S. *without a cent deposit in advance, freight, and allow TEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL* during which time you may ride the bicycle and put it to any test you wish. If you are then not perfectly satisfied or do not wish to keep the bicycle you may ship it back to us at our expense and *you will not be out one cent.*

FACTORY PRICES We furnish the highest grade bicycles it is possible to make at one small profit above actual factory cost. You save 50 to 75% middlemen's profits by buying direct of us and have the manufacturer's guarantee behind your bicycle. **DO NOT BUY** a bicycle or a pair of tires from anyone at any price until you receive our catalogues and learn our unheard of factory prices and remarkable special offers to rider agents.

YOU WILL BE ASTONISHED when you receive our beautiful catalogue and study our superb models at the *wonderfully low prices* we can make for 1908. We sell the highest grade bicycles for less money than any other factory. We are satisfied with \$1.00 profit above factory cost. **BICYCLE DEALERS**, you can sell our bicycles under your own name plate at double our price. Orders filled the day received.

SECOND HAND BICYCLES. We do not regularly handle second hand bicycles, but usually have a number on hand taken in trade by our Chicago retail stores. These we clear out promptly at prices ranging from \$3 to \$8 or \$10. Descriptive bargain lists mailed free.

TIRES, COASTER-BRAKES, single wheels, imported roller chains and pedals, parts, repairs and equipment of all kinds at *half the usual retail price.* **DO NOT WAIT,** but write today and we will send you **free** by return mail our large catalogue, beautifully illustrated and containing a great fund of interesting matter and useful information; also a *wonderful proposition* on the first sample bicycle going to your town. It only costs a postal to get everything. **Write it now.**

MEAD CYCLE COMPANY

Dept. T121 **CHICAGO, ILL.**

FREE LITERATURE

Anyone desiring Unitarian literature will be supplied free of charge by sending name and address to P. O. MISSION, No. 48 Mountain View St., Springfield, Mass.

Taxidermy Book **FREE.**



Mount Beautiful Birds

Be a Taxidermist. Mount your own trophies, such as birds and animals. Decorate your home or make money mounting for others. Taxidermists in great demand and handsomely paid. Success guaranteed or no tuition. Great book "How to Mount Birds and Animals" sent free. Men and women write today. K. W. School of Taxidermy, Box 96 W, Omaha, Neb.



TYPEWRITERS AT SAVING OF 50%

500 SMITH PREMIERS, Extra Special. All makes—good as new, big bargains. Shipped on approval for trial. Rent all makes at \$5.00 per month and allow rent on price. Send for Catalog and Bargain List.

ROCKWELL-BARNES CO., 1536 Baldwin Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

A Profitable Business

Any energetic, persistent man or woman of intelligence can establish a paying business with a

Moving Picture Machine

The investment is small and entertainments can be given in halls, schools, churches, etc., at very little expense. This is one of the most popular forms of amusement and a good machine assures a profitable business. We furnish full instructions—no experience is necessary. Our machines are reliable—prices right. Don't buy until you have had our free catalog.



We also rent films of all the latest subjects and sell all kinds of supplies.

Kleine Optical Co. 52 State Street, CHICAGO.

DON'T SHOUT!

"The Morley Phone"



makes low sounds plainly heard. A miniature Phone for the Ear—invisible, easily adjusted, and entirely comfortable. Over fifty thousand sold, giving relief from deafness and head noises. There are but few cases of deafness that cannot be benefited.

Write for booklet and testimonials.

THE MORLEY CO., Dept. 74,

Perry Bldg., 16th and Chestnut Sts., Philadelphia

NO MONEY DOWN MEN'S SUITS \$1. A WEEK ON CREDIT



Spring Styles are Ready

Buy Men's Stylish, Dependable Suits, Topcoats and Raincoats direct from our Factory by Mail—

For \$15 & \$18

We require no security and we trust any honest person anywhere in the United States.

We send garments on approval—you don't pay a penny till you get the clothes and find them satisfactory—then pay **\$1.00 A WEEK.**

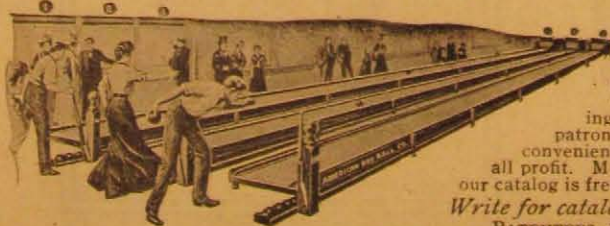
We are the pioneers and twice over the largest Credit Clothiers in the world. We operate 73 stores in the principal cities of the United States and have over 500,000 customers on our books.

FREE Send today for our fine line of Stylish Spring and Summer samples, self-measurement blank, tape, and full particulars of our convenient payment plan—all free to you. Commercial rating \$1,000,000.

MENTER & ROSENBLOOM CO.

57 St. Paul Street Rochester, N. Y.

\$513 CLEAR PROFIT IN 51 DAYS FROM AN INVESTMENT OF \$150



Is the result from the operation of one American Box Ball Alley in Sullivan, Ind. Why not go into this business yourself? It is the most practical and popular bowling game in existence. It will make big money in any town. These alleys pay from \$25.00 to \$65.00 each, per week. This is no gambling device, but a splendid bowling game for amusement and physical exercise. Liberally patronized by the best people of both sexes. Quickly installed, conveniently portable. No pin boy needed. Receipts are nearly all profit. More than 3,000 already sold. We sell on payment and our catalog is free.

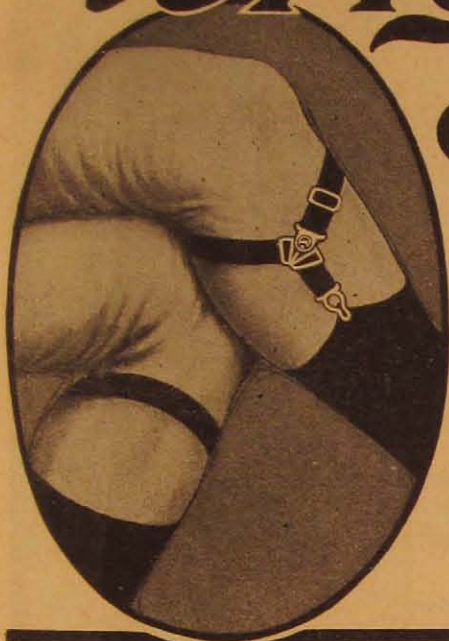
Write for catalog. **American Box Ball Company,** PATENTEES, 1580 Van Buren St., Indianapolis, Ind.

In writing to advertisers it is of advantage to mention THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE

Brighton

FLAT CLASP

GARTERS



Whatever the position of the legs—crossed, walking, standing—the BRIGHTON Garter lies as *flat as a coin*.

No metal parts touch the skin or clothing. Hence, irritation of the leg is impossible.

No pulling or tearing of the sock. The patented flat swivel clasp is as responsive as the needle of a compass.

No detaching of the garter. The grip will not let go, unless you deliberately undo it.

BRIGHTON FLAT CLASP GARTERS are made of pure silk web in all standard colors, also in fancy striped and figured effects.

Price 25 Cents a Pair

at your dealer's, or sent direct on receipt of price.

PIONEER SUSPENDER CO.

718 Market St., Dept. "R"

Philadelphia, Pa.

Makers of "Brighton" Elastic and Leather Garters and "Pioneer" Suspenders



DIAMONDS ON CREDIT

**HIGH GRADE STONES
BRILLIANT, PURE COLOR
20% Down, 10% a Month**

You can be absolutely sure of the genuineness and low price of any Diamond we sell you. If it can be duplicated for the price at your dealer's, we will take it back and refund your money. Every purchase is strictly confidential. With every Diamond we give a certificate guaranteeing quality, also privilege of exchange at any time at full value. Goods forwarded for inspection at our expense. We are the Oldest House in the Trade. Established 1843. Our illustrated catalogue is rich in Diamond information. Write for latest edition lb.

J. M. LYON & CO.
71-73 Nassau St., New York, N. Y.

NEW-SKIN
TRADE MARK
REGISTERED



LIQUID COURT PLASTER

immediately dries, forming a tough, transparent, waterproof coating. "New-Skin" heals Cuts, Abrasions, Hang-Nails, Chapped and Split Lips or Fingers, Burns, Blisters, etc. Instantly relieves Chilblains, Frosted Ears, Stings of Insects, Chafed or Blistered Feet, Callous Spots, etc., etc.

A coating on the sensitive parts will protect the feet from being chafed or blistered by new or heavy shoes. **MECHANICS, SPORTSMEN, BICYCLISTS, GOLFERS**, in fact all of us, are liable to bruise, scratch or scrape our skin. "NEW-SKIN" will heal these injuries, will not wash off, and after it is applied the injury is forgotten as "NEW-SKIN" makes a temporary new skin until the broken skin is healed under it.

"Paint it with 'New-Skin' and forget it" is literally true. **CAUTION: WE GUARANTEE** our claims for "NEW-SKIN". No one guarantees substitutes or imitations trading on our reputation, and the guarantee of an imitator would be worthless any way.

ALWAYS INSIST ON GETTING "NEW-SKIN".

Sample size, 10c. Family size (like illustration), 25c. Two ounce bottles (for surgeons and hospitals), 50c.

AT THE DRUGGISTS, or we will mail a package anywhere in the United States on receipt of price.

Douglas Mfg. Co. Dept. 64-66 Poplar Street
89 Brooklyn, New York

Kenyon

KENREIGN RAIN-COATS

Give Double Service

Perhaps not as dry as he looks, for there is no rubber in a KENREIGN raincoat. Moreover, you can't break into society with a rubber coat, whereas a KENREIGN can be worn anywhere, anytime, with any girl, and be correct. A general utility garment. Retailers are carrying extensive lines of Kenreign Raincoats. Automobile Coats, Dusters, etc. for both men and women. Kenyon Overcoats and Hangwell Trousers. Catalogue of any line will be sent you for the name of your dealer.

New York

Wholesale salesrooms
33 Union Square

C. KENYON CO.

Address correspondence to
the main office at the fac-
tories, 717 Pacific St.,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Chicago

Wholesale salesrooms
200 Jackson Boulevard



How Dry I Am!



COPYRIGHT 1908 BY C. KENYON CO.

The Route of THE OVERLAND LIMITED



is especially interesting because the line of its travel is over the exact and original trail followed by the forty-niners—some on foot, some in wagons, some on horses. When you go to

CALIFORNIA

you can see from the windows of **The Overland Limited** the very country through which they had to fight their way, but you cannot realize the hardships of their journey for this great train affords you every convenience. Daily Chicago to California

via

UNION PACIFIC

For further information inquire of

E. L. LOMAX, G. P. A., Omaha, Neb.

Chafing Dish Cooking

Many dainty dishes can be prepared in a chafing dish.

Fish, Shrimps, Oysters, Clams and Lobsters; Frogs' Legs and Welsh Rarebit are given an appetizing and delicate relish by its use.

JOHN DUNCAN'S SONS, Agents, N. Y.



LEA & PERRINS SAUCE

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

THE FIDELITY AND CASUALTY CO.

OF NEW YORK

GEORGE F. SEWARD, President
ROBERT J. HILLAS, Vice-President and Secretary

1876

1908

FIDELITY
LIABILITY
ACCIDENT
HEALTH
STEAM BOILER
ELEVATOR
PLATE GLASS
BURGLARY
FLY WHEEL

This Company has been engaged in the several MINOR MISCELLANEOUS LINES of insurance for over THIRTY YEARS, and has built up gradually and prudently A VERY LARGE CASUALTY INSURANCE BUSINESS. Its annual income from premiums is over SIX MILLIONS of dollars. Its business is protected by assets of over SEVEN AND ONE-HALF MILLIONS, including an unearned premium reserve of nearly THREE AND ONE-HALF MILLIONS of dollars, and a special reserve against contingent claims of over ONE AND ONE-HALF MILLIONS. It has paid over TWENTY-SIX AND ONE-HALF MILLIONS to its policy-holders for LOSSES. Its constant effort is to give its clients not only INSURANCE indemnity, but prompt and effective INSPECTION and ADJUSTING SERVICES.

INSURANCE THAT INSURES

CAPITAL, \$1,000,000.00 SURPLUS | STOCKS AND BONDS VALUED AT | MARKET BID PRICES, DEC. 31, 1907 | \$1,013,400.24

DIRECTORS:

DUMONT CLARKE,
WM. P. DIXON,
ALFRED W. HOYT,

GEO. E. IDE,
W. G. LOW,
J. G. McCULLOUGH,

WM. J. MATHESON,
ALEXANDER E. ORR,
HENRY E. PIERREPONT
GEO. F. SEWARD.

ANTON A. RAVEN,
JOHN L. RIKER,
W. EMLÉN ROOSEVELT,

Principal Offices, Nos. 97-103 Cedar Street, New York

Agents in all considerable towns.

STENOGRAPHER WANTED..READ

(Clipped from Chicago Tribune, Mch. 8, 1908.)

STENOGRAPHER—High-grade must be fast and accurate and have good record. Salary \$125 to start, early increase if you make good. State past experience. Was, Care Tribune.

Are you capable of filling this high-grade position?

Hundreds of concerns advertise daily for rapid and accurate operators—for stenographers who can earn \$100.00 or more.

THE TULLOSS TOUCH SYSTEM


has placed thousands of operators above the \$100.00 mark. It can be learned in your spare time, and will bring you the speed and salary of the expert. If you are ambitious to get ahead, write today for complete outline of the Tulloss System. It's mailed free for the asking—a 72 page book filled from cover to cover with new ideas and valuable helps, telling how high speed is gained—how mistakes may be prevented—what kind of practice work is best—a book that will help you get ahead. Address me personally.

R. E. TULLOSS, President, THE TULLOSS SCHOOL OF TOUCH TYPEWRITING.
1219 College Hill. Springfield, Ohio.



Get Speed and the Salary is Sure

\$25.00 per Week



If You Earn Less I Can Double Your Salary


Do you want to qualify to fill an advertising position with one of the thousands of prominent American advertisers?

Do you want to hold that position and earn more and more each succeeding year?

Do you want to double your present and future prospects in a very few months?

With at least a common school education, a liking for advertising, plus a willingness to devote an hour or so daily to the thoroughly practical lesson work of my famous System of correspondence instruction, I can make you a winner—an original, forceful ad writer and business doubler. Let me mail my elegant free Prospectus telling about my graduates' successes.

George H. Powell, 831 Metropolitan Annex, N. Y.



A Happy Marriage

Depends largely on a knowledge of the whole truth about self and sex and their relation to life and health. This knowledge does not come intelligently of itself, nor correctly from ordinary everyday sources.

Sexology

(Illustrated)
by William H. Walling, A. M., M. D.,
imparts in a clear, wholesome way, in one volume:

- Knowledge a Young Man Should Have.
- Knowledge a Young Husband Should Have.
- Knowledge a Father Should Have.
- Knowledge a Father Should Impart to His Son.
- Medical Knowledge a Husband Should Have.
- Knowledge a Young Woman Should Have.
- Knowledge a Young Wife Should Have.
- Knowledge a Mother Should Have.
- Knowledge a Mother Should Impart to Her Daughter.
- Medical Knowledge a Wife Should Have.

Rich Cloth Binding, Full Gold Stamp, Illustrated, \$2.00
Write for "Other People's Opinions" and Table of Contents.

Puritan Pub. Co., Dept. 90, Phila., Pa.



FREE PRIZE OFFER

We have just made arrangements whereby we are able to offer a valuable prize, to those who will copy this cartoon. **Take Your Pencil Now**, and copy this sketch on a common piece of paper, and send it to us today; and, if in the estimation of our Art Directors, it is even 40 per cent. as good as the original, we will mail to your address, **FREE OF CHARGE FOR SIX MONTHS,**

THE HOME EDUCATOR

This magazine is fully illustrated and contains special information pertaining to illustrating, Cartooning, etc., and published for the benefit of those desirous of earning larger salaries. It is a Home Study magazine. There is positively **no money consideration** connected with this free offer. Copy this picture **now** and send it to us today.

Correspondence Institute of America, Box 872 Scranton, Pa.

If my Razor wasn't good enough for me to use I wouldn't ask you to try it!

You certainly cannot doubt the sound logic and wisdom of the many arguments I have advanced in favor of my razor.

You will admit that unless the "GILLETTE" possessed many points of superiority it never would have been accepted by two million men in the past three years as the best, most simple and satisfactory shaving device in this world.

In the first place my razor requires **No Stropping, No Honing.** It is always ready. That's why it's the most practical. You can shave in three to five minutes.

The thin, flexible, double-edged blades remove a harsh or soft beard with perfect comfort. No pulling, cutting or irritation of the skin. They are so inexpensive that when dull you throw them away as you would an old pen. No other razor so durable. The triple silver plated holder lasts a lifetime. None so convenient; the compact little case can be with you always—if travelling, either in your pocket or grip.

I know men who have shaved in the dark with the "Gillette." Many use it on the train, others while on hunting trips, fishing expeditions, etc.

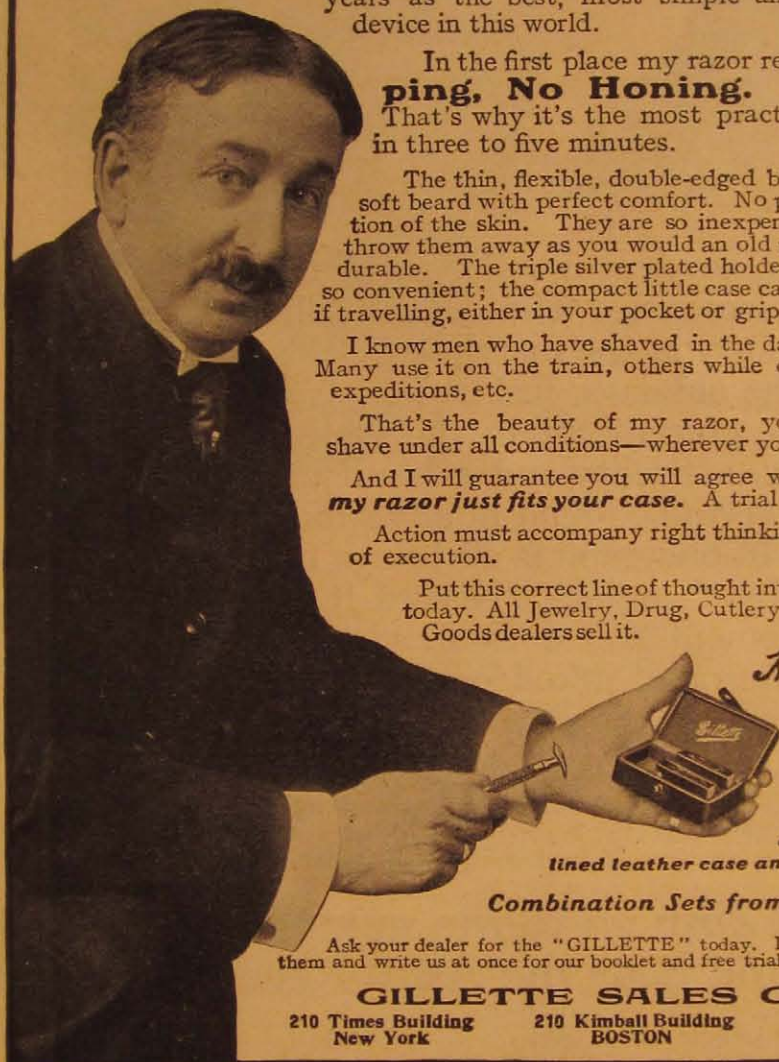
That's the beauty of my razor, you can obtain a perfect shave under all conditions—wherever you are.

And I will guarantee you will agree with me right now—that **my razor just fits your case.** A trial will prove it to you.

Action must accompany right thinking or you have no power of execution.

Put this correct line of thought into action. Get a "Gillette" today. All Jewelry, Drug, Cutlery, Hardware and Sporting Goods dealers sell it.

King Gillette



The Gillette Safety Razor Set consists of a triple silver plated holder, 12 double-edged flexible blades—24 keen edges, packed in a velvet lined leather case and the price is \$5.00.

Combination Sets from \$6.50 to \$50.00

Ask your dealer for the "GILLETTE" today. If substitutes are offered, refuse them and write us at once for our booklet and free trial offer.

GILLETTE SALES COMPANY

210 Times Building
New York

210 Kimball Building
BOSTON

210 Stock Exchange Building
Chicago

Gillette Safety Razor

NO STROPPING NO HONING



The EDISON PHONOGRAPH



SOME music never grows old, particularly if it recalls pleasant memories. The Edison Phonograph can reproduce for you the marches, ballads and airs that stirred you in the old days, just as well as it can sing the song that is the current hit in the metropolis, doing it with a clearness, a fidelity and a beauty and volume of sound that is not to be found in any similar instrument.

The Edison Phonograph is all things to all men at all times. Simply by changing a Record it may be a brass band at one moment and a violin virtuoso the next, a singer of ragtime or of grand opera, a funny vaudeville team or a quartette singing a sentimental ballad.

If you haven't heard the Phonograph lately, you'll be surprised at the wonderful improvement in the new model Edison with the big horn. Ask your dealer to show it to you or send to us for booklet describing it.

On March 25th go to the nearest Edison Store and hear the April Records

The April list of twenty-four new Records is made up of the choicest bits of vocal and instrumental music recently produced together with a sprinkling of things not new but good. These Records have been made by the best procurable talent with a skill and artistic finish that



Thomas A. Edison

assure you rare pleasure in listening to them. And if you hear the April Records you'll buy—there's no doubt of that.

Ask your dealer or write to us for THE PHONOGRAM, describing each Record in detail: THE SUPPLEMENTAL CATALOGUE, listing the new April Records; THE COMPLETE CATALOGUE, listing all Edison Records in existence. Records in all foreign languages.

NATIONAL PHONOGRAPH COMPANY, 25 Lakeside Ave., Orange, N. J.



"Standard"

PORCELAIN ENAMELED WARE

is a perfect unity of iron and porcelain enamel—the strongest and most durable combination ever produced in a sanitary fixture. By a secret process of manufacture these two elements become amalgamated—each is made an integral and inseparable part of the other. "Standard" fixtures have thus the indestructible strength of iron with the snowy elegance of fine china. This extraordinary wearing quality of "Standard" Ware is only one of the reasons why these beautiful fixtures afford more years of satisfactory service per dollar of cost than any other plumbing equipment in the world.

WRITE TO-DAY

for our free 100-page book, "Modern Bathrooms"—the most complete and beautiful book ever issued on the sanitary subject. "Modern Bathrooms" illustrates sanitary equipment of every style and price and contains valuable information on how to plan, buy and arrange your fixtures in the most economical and attractive way. Every householder should have a copy. Send for it at once (enclosing 6c postage), giving name of your architect and plumber, if selected.

What
THIS LABEL
on a bathroom fixture
Means to You—

THIS "Standard" Guarantee Label in "Green & Gold" appears on every piece of genuine "Standard" Porcelain Enameled Ware—the model bathroom equipment for your home. This label means that the bathtub, lavatory, closet, or any fixture bearing it, is a **guaranteed fixture**—guaranteed to be thoroughly sanitary, and with ordinary care to be a practically indestructible fixture; guaranteed by the makers to be in every respect a **strictly first quality fitting**. The "Standard" "Green & Gold" Label is your protection against the substitution of inferior goods. For the sanitary equipment of your home it pays to specify the most reliable equipment your money can buy. **It pays to specify "Standard" Porcelain Enameled Ware.** Specify "Standard" Fixtures, which cost no more than those made by inexperienced manufacturers, and look for the label to make sure you are getting the genuine.

Address, **Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co.**, Dept. 50, Pittsburgh, Pa., U. S. A.

Pittsburgh Showroom, 949 Penn Avenue.

Offices and Showrooms in New York: "Standard" Building, 35-37 West 31st Street.

London, Eng.: 22 Holborn Viaduct, E. C.

New Orleans: Cor. Baronne & St. Josephs Sts.

Louisville: 325-329 West Main Street.

Cleveland: 648-652 Huron Road, S. E.

THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE ADVERTISING SECTION



Painted by George Gibbs for Cream of Wheat Company.

Copyrighted by Cream of Wheat Company, 1907

"IT'S CREAM OF WHEAT!"

In writing to advertisers it is of advantage to mention **THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE**

**Makes
a
Fair
Skin**



The secret of a clear complexion lies in the faithful use of Hinds' Honey and Almond Cream. Being antiseptic and immediately absorbed, it cleanses and invigorates the pores, enabling the glands to throw off impurities, stimulating the circulation and assisting Nature to supply the nutrition necessary to build a healthy, unblemished skin fabric.

Hinds' Honey and Almond Cream

quickly heals all irritated, sore, eruptive surfaces, and is especially good for chapping, chafing and babies' rash. Hard, rough, dry shriveled skin becomes soft, smooth and velvety after a few applications; continued use making the complexion clear, fresh and youthful. It is absolutely free from chemicals and all greasy, sticky or starchy properties;—will not aid a growth of hair. At your dealer's, 50 cents, or postpaid by us.

Write for free sample bottle and booklet.

A. S. HINDS, 11 West St., Portland, Me.



BETTER THAN GOLD

GRAPE-NUTS

Are the crisp, nutty granules of whole wheat and barley by a process which converts these wholesome, strengthening field grains into

THE PERFECT FOOD

For putting "ginger" into body, brain and nerves of the person who is wise enough to "cut out" heavy meats and pastry from his Spring Dietary

"There's a Reason" for GRAPE-NUTS.

Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.