

Among Men who Work with Hand or Brain

How Harris Won His Point; Success Story of the Mines. By Chall Pancoast.

ARRIB was standing alone at the pit a mouth. The picture before him was not attractive, even in full giare of the sun, and now the darkness made it all the more desolate and gloomy. He had come to take a last look at the old

Harris had been the brain, the will, the soul of this black hole in the ground. Now, after he had spent the best part of his life in this dark vein of the earth; now, when destruction was impending, he was to be held back; his ambition and energy were to be crushed, destroyed by a man who could not see or understand the strange new forces that had shouldered their way into the coalindustry.

The Charles mine was owned by John Wells, a man of the old school of mines and mining, and not to be counted on to hold his own in the competitive methods of modern mining. For years Harris had aspired to the position of superintendent, and now that he had attained the dream of his ambition hard work, he was to be replaced by Doug-Wells, the erratic son of the owner. As Harris stood before the old mine the one great desire of his life came to himfor power and authority. With these two weapons he knew he could fight a good batfor the old mine. He believed he could find a way to increase the capacity of the Charles mine beyond that of the nearby Sherburn mine, and put the old mine on a paying

Harris Longs for Power.~

But without the power to do, to make his nergy count, it would be from breaker boy to breaker boy. The thought of this fate burned his brain like fire. There came to him the true meaning of the life's work of many a good coal miner. Starting as breaker boy it was a long pull to a full fledged iner; then as age comes on and the miner is weakened by some disease incident to mine work, he begins to drop down, rung by rung. over the same humble ladder by which he ilmbed up.

When I do go down," thought Harris, his whole soul ablaze at the injustice being heaped on him, "It will be by the gravity of human life, and not by a push from the foot of a detestable, drunken "dreamer's Beel.

Harris left the mine and found Wells sitting on the veranda at his palatial resi-

" Mr. Wells," said Harris, "I've come to tell you that I must leave you. I believe you understand why it is impossible for me to remain longer."

I'm sorry to hear that, Harvis, for I need ou here; but I can't afford to spend money rying to keep up with your modern ideas and ambitions as a superintendent. And besides." exclaimed the old man, "I believe my son has struck his gait. He never lacked anything except steady application; he always had a good head, and now I'm going to give him a chance."

Works Again as Miner.

The next morning found Harris seeking work as a common miner at the Sherburn mines. He had heard of the wonderful operations of this mine, but he never understood what it meant until he saw it with his own yes. It was a wonderfol revelation, for he Sherburn mine was a model example of electrical mine working. Here were modern mechanical coal cutters and coal drills oper-

ARRIS was standing alone at the pit's Harris' svar working brain, and these germ thoughts stuck.

It was like living to a new world. Neve before had he realised the efficiency and economical production of coal by electrical power and mechanical devices. As a cor

mon miner, with the head of a superin-tendents he saw plainly that the efficiency of this mine was so great that the savings obtained in the end increased the profits and enlarged the output. How his heart glower to see the clean methods of machine production of coal.

He went into the cool night air, where he ould give freedom to his feverish brain. While fighting the battley that waged in his nind there abot into his brain a plan of how he might save the Charles mine and all his friends and fellow-workmen from the disaster which was inevitable with the closing of the Charles mine. The plan was based on a hard fight with the two narrow minded owners of the Charles.

Sees a Way to Succeed.

All the seed of thought, the full years of acheming, the knowledge and experience of life he had been acquiring—everything there was in him—came surging up into one grand purpose. How it came to him of a auden, born of one little mark, which had burned itself into his brain, was beyond explanation. Planning and scheming, he went back to his room, where he sat in deep thought until a late hour. Then he wrote a letter, explain-ing in detail all the conditions of the Charles

A few days later a stranger visited this mine, and the rigorous examination he put the old mine through mystified the mine workers. He asked questions about the ex-tent of areas, how it opened, depth of doal, daily output, water supply, and a hundred other things.

That evening the stranger had a long talk with Harris at the hotel. They sat with heads together, talking in low tones, for an hour or so; then they made their way toward Wells' home

Until late into the night the four man fought wordy battle in John Wells' library. The dtranger was putting up a good fight and hitting the line hard. The facts and figures he hurled at the two Wells operators defeated every argument they could put up. . .

Becomes Boss Once More.

John Wells was so set in the ways of the old school that it was some time before he could be made to see the inevitable danger of sticking to old methods, even when it was pointed out to him that the lives of his workmen were imperiled by the methods he used. The man who had so mysteriously visited the Charles had obtained data on which to estimate the cost of a mechanical plant of proper size for this particular mine. When John Wells did get his eyes opened

to the full meaning and value of a complete mechanical equipment for his mine, he regreited that his obstinate ideas never had been challenged before.

With the land mapped out; with bollers, engines. dynamos, compressors, wiring. piping, undercutting machines, electric loso motives, etc., all formed into a complete plant and turned over with machinery in operation Harris, the reinstated superintendent, felt that it had been worth while to drop from superintendent to common miner and then be for the serious business of life." obliged to fight his way back again.

The one little mark that had flashed through troubled



Words Will Not Sell Goods: **How College Man Fell Down** By H. Zollars.

Flate years we have been hearing argu-ments pro and con on the value of a get the town. O ments pro and con on the value of a college education for a man intending to enter business. I will not attempt to argue on either one side or the other, but simply will relate my own ex-

I was born and raised in Chicago. Con-trary to general opinion, there are just as many "bayseeds " in Chicago as in the rural districts. By, this I mean that if a fresh roung Chicago boy is placed in surroundings that are new and strange to him he will be just as much lost as " Reuben Glue " on his first visit to town.

Until the time I left college I had no idea of the conditions that prevail in the country or small towns. If L'had been asked to de-scribe a farmer I would have plotured an old farmer as a man with long, tangled whiskers, with a straw in his mouth, a battered straw or plug hat on his head, a long linen duster, solled trousers, and " congress galters." He invariably carried a carpet bag and said "taown and kentry," and tried to corner the gold brick market. A young farmer had a pleasant, slily smile, a snippy little derby hat, a cost too short and trousers that missed his boot tops by several inches.

City Boy's idea of Farmers.

The feminine members were different. I would have described " mother " as an old, white haired, bespectacled lady, either fat or thin, who said " Naow, Hiram " and kept desperate hold of her husband's coat talls The daughter of the family was of a quite unlike species. How so wonderful a creature occurred in such a family was a mystery that I not only never tried to solve but which ever occurred to me. She always was "buxom." I never have found any class or race of people so invariably buxom as this beauteous farmer's daughter. She was red cheeked, wore a short skirt, and spent her days in milking cows and boxing the cars of the hired hands. All people outside of the cities were to be found in one of these four

As I attended college in a large city I had no reason to change my opinion of country

While in college I made a special study of psychology and oratory. I had the great honor of winning several debates. In fact, efore the end of my college career I recognized as one of the best debaters not only in school but in the rival colleges.

Now, before the end of my course (urged by several gentle reminders from my par ents) I began to look around in order to decide what was to be my future career. Intoxicated by the glory coming to me from my debating, I had taken a course that helped me in this, but it did not, as I began to perceive, give me any special training

. . Learns Oratory in College.

Wealth Bring's Its Own Woes; Hard to Give Money Wisely. By a Rich Man.

to me, therefore this # not a success

story. My wealth is great enough to make my same well known. Few per-sons know me, and in that I rejoice, for it gives me the chance to enjoy myself among my friends whe do not worry me.

Certain duties fail upon a man who has wealth. He may be as hard hearted and conscienceless and unfeeling as he is said to be, but even so he has duties which his conscience impels him to attend to. Before I was wealthy I had friends. I could mingle with them in perfect good fellowship. On hundreds of occasions I have heard fellows wish they were rich and explain graphically all the good they would do. As I expected to be rich some day I made no rash assertions, bub give myself credit with planning even then to try to do great good when I came into my wealth. Perhaps I have succeeded in doing some good. Perhaps I might do even more good, but for the fear of doing harm

When I first inherited my fortune I employed an extremely able young man, poor. inclined towards socialism, and really a scientific humanitarian, to assist me in char-itable works. If it had become known that I was socking chances to do good, I would have been swamped with applications in a day.

Charity Is Dangerous Business.

He acted for me in investigating cases and we discovered that at least 95 per cent of all cases we investigated were unworthy of help and that at least 10 per cent of those we did try to help were damaged by the pecuniary assistance. I came to the con idn then that charity is dangerous business, and that those who most need serve assistance scarcely can be found.

It is small wonder that, after a time, I ided to limit all giving to cases discov ered or heard of accidentally and then only after investigation of the most careful kind. After a time I proceeded to do good scien-tifically and decided upon the following

things to do with money: To educate boys, especially street boys and office boys who showed symptoms of brightlittle esparated from the wild beasts that may picture the prehistoric man, brutish and uncouth, crouching low as ever and ness and good qualities.

To have my representatives visit hospitals and pay for treatment of patients who applied for admission and were turned away because too poor to enter the hospital.

had to answer the telephone. As he did not return immediately, in fact he didn't To give temporary assistance in the form of loans to young men stranded in the city and looking for work.

Ultimately, I decided the entire fortune should go into a colonization and irrigation scheme in the southwest-but that is yet a ested in my speech than Mr. Jones was. Indream.

Man Have Million Schemes.

Having pointed out the few difficulties that beset a rich man who ardently desires to assist his fellow men I will sketch briefly some of the propositions to which I have listened. The most importunate person that besets and dogs the footsteps of a rich man is the man who has an idea that, with a little financial backing, he can get extremely wealthy. For the reason that he seeks selfishly after nillions and is money mad I generally decline to assist him, being certain that wealth in his hands would do more harm than good. When I receive one of these men personally I begin, after listening to his plan, by saying:

"What will you do with the million when you get it?' Not one of these visionaries

AM unfortunate enough to be wealthy. these would be millionaires who seek a finan-I did not make the money. Is was left cier to back them.

Inventors All Are Cranks.

First, there are the inventors - cranks all-but often men devoted entirely to their one idea, and more than probably wasting life on that idea. This class I generally strive to discourage in the most practical way, and that is by spending a little money to hire an expert to examine the inventions and report on their practicability and their probutilitarian worth. Not one in five is practical, and not one in ten of the practical ones are worth inventing. If I am convinced that his ideas are practical and worth some thing to humanity, I selvance money enough to start the man in business or to protect his interests.

The second diass are the schemers and promoters. From this source come the wildest lot of ideas ever advanced by any one.

One of the recent cases was that of a man who came to me to assist him in a colonization scheme. He wanted to colonize an island, preferably the Isle of Pines, with Amertells negroes, and, while developing the re-sources of the island, to settle the negro ques-tion. I hinted that Liberta was not an entire success, and gently told him that he could not get the negro to leave the United States.

"I've thought that all out," he said, an-thusiastically. "We'll raise watermeions, and I have drawn plans for a big opera house. All we'll have to do is to hire Williams and Walker to play there every night and they'll all go.'

Plans Mountain & Mile High.

Last summer a man came with a scheme to build a mountain a mile high within ten miles of Chicago, with real snow on the summit, real Alpine chalets, abysses, gia-ciers, and all. He had it figured out that the trolley and roadhouse privileges would pay 8 per cent on the cost, and that much more could be made by using the summit as cold storage plant and for harvesting ice. He had plans all drawn for ice slides from the summit, ski and tohoggah courses, and He expected it would take ten years to build the mountain, but he was willing to wait-and still is waiting.

Another freak came with a wave motor idea. I have examined perhaps 200 wave motors, but this one had them all beaten. All the man wanted was to build a combination float and breakwater along the entire water front of Chicago, to supply the city with all heat, light, and power. He had over \$500 worth of blue prints, made to his order, to show that the scheme was feasible.

Traction Problem is Easy.

Solutions of traction problems can be and every day by any one who has the reputation of being rich if he only will listen to the ideas of callers. My secretary has tabulated about forty different solutions of Chicago's traction problem. Endless chains of rolling chairs propelled by central power stations caught my fancy because the originato: of the idea added details which made the prospect of that kind of traction delightful. He put in foot warmers and adjustable. shades and awnings, and had a scheme whereby the rider, by merely extending a board, would receive any paper or magazine desired from the wayside stands. It took two days to get rid of that man.

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One idea, which interested me vantly, has been jost, because the promoter was too much afraid I would steal his secret to ontirely frank. He refused to reveal the inner workings until he saw the money, but the outline of the scheme was enormously interesting. His plan was to educate boys and girls practically instantaneously-thus saving them all the time jost in school and collega Altogether the rich man who really would like to help has his troubles. Even now I am forced to hide my identity for fear a swarm of persons would descend upon me, asking me to back them in schemes which might help them and hurt a hundred others.

Trying Fine Words on Farmers. I dropped off the train one May morning with my samples carefully packed. I ex-pected, of course, to meet with the farmer

as I have described. I was surprised to see that Mr. Jones, the first man on my list, was dressed much as the people I had known in Chicago were. After recovering from my surprise I cheerfully tackled him. Of course I have forgotten most of my oration, but I can remember with what guato I let loose this peroration on the poor, unsuspecting

Sir, I have called on you this bright May morning to address you on the subject of lighting. (Now for a few compliments to get my audience with me). I am sure a progres-sive, capable, and energetic business man, living as you do in such a beautiful city, will feel it your duty to embedded your store with the most modern of the works of man. "Now, sir, the subject of illumination is an important one. Light is something we cannot do without. (Just a touch of humor cannot do without. (Just a touch of humer to lighten the discourse.) It is not a light subject, as you may suppose, but a grave, an earnest, and a pressing one. Bear with me but a Hitle while, my doar sir, while I run hastly through the history of lighting since history first was known to us.

Customer Flees from Speech.

in his infancy, a creature of darkness, but

roam in the jungle, light was unknown. We

But Mr. Jones politely explained that he

return at all, I continued my oration to the elerks who were present, hoping to influ-

ence them so that they would put in a good

The clerks seemed to be much more inter-

d, they took a lively interest, although

I must confess they were a little too willing to see the light touches of humor I had

laboriously worked in. I remember there

were faint cheers when I reached this part: "On the one hand we have the gross bar-

barian tolling with his tinder. On the other

the enlightened American easily illuminat-

is light there is civilization. I repeat it.

gentiemen, where there is light there is civili-

antion, there is industry, there is an uplift-

. .

Forensic Eloquence Unavailing.

sale here. This was due, I thought, to Mr.

Much to my sorrow I falled to make a

returning. I made several

ing, a broadening of the soul."

ing his hardware store with the Eureka

Gas plant. Gentlemen, where there

word for me.

acetylene

Many, many soons ago, when man was

aled by electricity and ompressed sir. Every car of coal was hauled from the mine by electrical locomotives. The traction system of electrical haulage was a part of the tain trade mark which stood out with forceequipment which made thoughts fly through ful meaning on every engine and machine.

his brain on that eventful night after a few days' labor in the Sherburn mine was a cer-

Orders of Boss Not Always Sacred. Know the Rules and Why They Make 'Em; Know the Rules and When to Break 'Em. By Edwin M. Woolley.

OUNG man, if you always obey orders would be clearly wrong in a given case, he you are apt to remain at the foot of the ladder.

Probably you have heard a lot of talk about the cardinal virtue of obe-dience, but it is a fact that the men who have disobeyed orders the most frequently are the men who got to be junior partnersprovided they discriminated properly in their disobedience.

Once there was a night fire alarm from the Deering harvester works, upon the north branch of the Chicago river. When the fire engines arrived they found the night watchman on guard at a twelve foot gate.

"Ver can't come in here." he declared. OI have me orders nivir to open this gate after sivin at night. Yes'll have to drive 'round on Clybourn avinue, or lise sthay out." . .

Common Sense Is the Key.

The firemen annahed in the gate with their axes, and the next morning the watchman was discharged-because he obeyed orders literally.

Rules are for people with little brain power. The quick, astute, self-thinking man -the man who gets ahead in the world-la the mach who makes his own rules. Within certain limits, of course, he refuses to be bound by the petty restrictions which prevent him from exercising common sense. After all, common sense is the key to the whole thing. If your employer refuses to allow you the right to develop that necessary quality, the use of your brains, then quit him. There are other employers who are looking for you-who want your brains. Refuse to be a mere rule worker.

Rules Shold Not Be Deemed Inflexible. Marshall Field, in talking of the young

men in his employ, once mid to me: "How seldom de we find a young man who will go ahead and do a thing-do it right! / If he is given orders, he will follow them blindly as a mule follows a towpath, or ense he will neglect them altogether and he indifferent. Ninety-nine men out of a hundred will stick to a rule when they know the best interests of their employers require them to suspend it for the once, or modify it to fit conditions. They will offend customers and drive away trade. What we need most in the commercial world is young men of perception-who are not governed by rote. We want men to do things right, and when a man sees that a law of his establishment.

Marshall Field's Missouri Clerk.

"Once a young fellow came up from a little town in Missouri and was given a place as clerk in the Marshall Field & Co. retail store. A few days afterward a customer, who had bought some goods an hour previous, came back and showed that the goods were damaged. She only had half an hour to catch a train for her home, several hundred miles from Chicago. It was clearly against the rule to exchange goods without

the O. K. of the department manager, who was not within ready call. The clerk from Missouri instantly exchanged the goods, wrapped them himself to save time, and sent customer away in time to make the 1110 train

"This young man now is a European buyer for the firm. He does things right, regardless of petty rules. He is not a hidebound man, but is big enough to take responsibilities. We want that kind of men. They are sure to fill the high positions." Young man, if you have staid for a long time in one position, the chances are that it is because you have been too much a plodding, obedient, spiritiess sort of man, afraid to make a move unless somebody told you to do this or do that. Get out of the rut.

Tragic Result of Obeying Rules.

I remember distinctly an aggravated instance of rule obedience which came within my personal observation. A child drank on and its frantic mother tried to call a physician by telephone. The party line hap pened to be busy and the parrotlike operator refused to break the connection.

"It's against the rules," ahe assorted. You'll have to walt till the other party is through.

The child died because the operator was bound hand and foot by a rule made to govern ordinary, and not extraordinary, conditions. Afterward, as a newspaper man, I interviewed the manager of the telephone company and asked him if the girl would have been discharged had she given the connection desired. He sighed,

The greatest trouble we have." he replied. is bacause our employés have no power of discretion."

I will venture to say that this manage himself held his position-because he had disobeyed a thousand rules.

As my oratory seemed to be the only thing of value to me acquired in college, the only thing that I really knew much about, I deelded to try to make use of this gift. It occurred to me that as I knew the various steps of argument and could convince the judges in a debating contest, why, then, could I not convince a buyer of the value of any certain line of goods? I thought that I would get a job as traveling salesman and bring into play my well known ability as an orator. I had read of the large amounts of money made by traveling salesmen. With the advantage over them of knowing each step of a convincing argument, I thought a golden future was awalting me.

Before the commencement day had dawned I had applied to the "brain brokers" for a job as drummer. For the small sum of \$25 they found me a position as salesman for the Eureka acetylene gas plant." I was given a run out of Chicago through the small towns of Indiana.

The first town I struck was a small Indiana town on the Pennsylvania railroad. I won't tell you the name, but if I live to be as old

Insanity Nurses Face Perils: Made to Struggle with Death. · By Mary Watson. EW people appreciate the difficulty road the whim that had seized her, and I

trained nurses sometimes have with delirious or insane patients. In the days of my apprenticeship, when I was

glad to take anything that came along. I was offered \$10 a week to go to Wisconsin and take charge of a woman who was afflicted with a pervous disease. She was somewhat flighty, but never had been regarded as dangerous. I had a pleasant home and the daily drives were such a treat to me that I settled down with gratitude to enjoy the peaceful life in a small place. 50 C 1996

Wild Whim Seizes Patient.

One day when every one in the house except my patient and myself was at the county fair I noticed that she had the premonitory symptoms of a spell, and I prepared to give her the regular quieting powder prescribed by the physician. This was about five grains of sulphate of morphia. She was accustomed to the drug and could take this amount with safety.

We were in the dining room at the time, and I got one of the powders to give her. I laid the paper containing the morphia on the table and turned away to get a glass of water. I heard a low laugh behind me, and when 1 looked back I saw that she had taken up the powder in one hand and in her other hand she was holding a large carving knife.

She looked at me exultantly, as if she had thought of a good joke and was prepared to play it. As I looked in her eyes I could alone.

The to Park

attempts that day without seiling anything. Towards the end of the day I noticed in the crowd that had collected around me (everybody seemed to be there out the proprietor) several of the clerks I had addres earlier in the day. This seemed to me to be highly encouraging.

The following morning after beginning my speech to a Mr. Wambganss, a saloonkeeper. I heard a small boy outside shout, fellers, hurry up, he is in here," And a short time later several of the men I had spoken to the previous day came in. Before the day was up I had quite a following. Men and boys tagged me around from place to place. This was rather embarrassing as they all crowded into each place I visited. At one place, after beginning my peroration, the boss sputtered out, " What sort of monkey business is this?" and promptly retired.

After four days of notoriety that increased daily, and without making a sale, I pulled up stakes and continued to the next town. It took me nearly two weeks to find that college oratory is of no use when one wishes to sell "Eureka acety ione gas plants

may be

" This time I'm going to make you take

caused her to grow more excited. She advanced upon me with the knife, and as she was large and strong and now thoroughly angry I was too frightened to move.

I knew that for me the five grains of morphia was a dangerous, perhaps a deadly, dose but menaced by the knife I took it, and even humbly licked the paper in which it had been folded. Then she was entisfied and her good nature returned.

' Tou have made me drink this-now get me the mustard and water if you can," I begged faintly.

Saved by Following Out Play.

Her fancy was struck. She was perfectly willing to play the nares for me and burried about the house as if she understood that my about the house as it and understood to the line of the spended upon her speed and judgment. She gave me the mustard and water and such other remedies as 3, could suggest or she could think of, and before the drug had a chance to take effect the emotic had worked thoroughly. I suffered only slight inconven-ience. But after that I was careful nover to turn my back upon her when we were

has given that a thought. They want the million--for themselves and not for human-

One man came near answering. Tears leaped into his eyes when I asked the question, and then he said, thickly: "I'd let the missus andle it. She'd know how to do good with IL" I backed that fellow, but we falled, and he now is running a nice little machine shop I built for him, and insists on paying interest on the money.

But what I started to tell was about the wonderful propositions that are advanced by

Bossford Almost Got Rich: **Rode Good Horse to Death.** By Robert Winter.

ORSFORD is the young man who talks. got to have you, and will protect you from There are several young men of whom this may be said, but not the way it

Б said of Bossford. Bossford is not A young man who talks, but The one. Which is a fine distinction, but a largs one. Wherever Bossford goes he is known as The Talker. He goes everywhere and meets everypody, and it is his talking that takes him around, for, save for the facile tongue which is given him, Bossford is as poor as a church rat. He was born poor. He has remained poor. A few weeks ago he started to remedy this condition. Ho was well on the way to do so, when, in common English, "people got next." And so Bossford atill is poor.

The get rich idea began honestly enough A friend met Bossford in the street and said: Hello, Boss, old man. Just the fellow I want to see. Geing to give a little dellcateseen party up at the house tonight, and I was scared to death for fear that I wouldn't find you. Been without anybody to things go smooth, then, you know. But now that I've found you I begin to breathe easy again. You'll come, won't you? Got to have you, you know, old man. Party wouldn't be anything without you. Told a lot of people that you're coming, and they'll look forward to meeting you with eager ears. At 7, please."

Picks Up \$60 Easy Money.

Bounford then and there told the truth. Said he: "I'm awfully sorry, but I can't come. I've got a locture date for that night come. I we got a century club. Got to go up hogey Co and amuse the important people of the city. The fr Can't possibly go to your place-cost me 550 gasped. If I did."

The friend was rich. He was ambitious socially. He knew his limitations as an enter-tainer and he knew Hossford's capacities. He reached into his vest pocket and extracted therefrom three \$20 bills.

"Please come with me," he pleaded, thrust- will remain no. Housest ing the money into Bossford's hand. "I've even for a good initiation

friend impiored him to come to a social gathering at his residence. " You know we've got to have you to make things go along smoothly," he said. Then Bossford began to get rich quick. I'm awfully sorry, but I can't come." he

To oblige a friend Homeford took the \$60.

and the Fortleth Century club was informed

that Mr. Bossford was too III to lecture. So

Bossford had an ides. Next week another

wald. "I've got a lecture for that night at the Stoin and Platter club. Got to go up and amuse them. Can't pessibly go to your place. much as I'd like to. Cost me \$50 if I did, and I'm too poor to throw money away like that."

COLOR COLORS Gets His Dates Mixed.

This friend also was rich. Most of the people who invited Bossford to help them out on their entertainments were rich

"Fifty dollars?" said the friend. " H'm. Say, Bossford, just as a piece of friendship If I stand your loss-give you the fifty-will you throw those other people over and come and help me out? Wouldn't sak you, only we're friends,

Friendship wins," said Rossford, and he nailed the fifty.

If Housford hadn't yielded too much to the promptings of the get-rich-quick microhe he might not be poor today. But he wept too far. Recently he repeated his usual regretful deciloation of a friand's invitati winding up with, "Got to talk to the Cahogey Country club that night."

The friend in question looked at him an

mapped. "The Cabogey Country club?" he sp tered. "Why hang it man, what do mean? It's the Cabogey Country chur I'm giving this dinner for they're common my place. They're my guests. What-But Bessford fiel. So he still is poor. nain so. Honesty is the be

Poisoned at Point of Hnife. I tried to soothe her and to reason with her, but all in vain. My persuasions only

your own medicine.

was not surprised to hear her say: