

Jeremiah Smith makes us



WHEN the average American business man, philanthropist, politician, capitalist or what have you, gives away \$100,000 he is not entirely unimpressed of the gravity of the situation. There is the statement to be prepared for the press and marked with a Monday release date. And the fund is generally dedicated to some very worthy purpose which in the end gets the donor's name carved in stone or at least engraved in a copper plate.

But Jeremiah Smith, Jr., lawyer, economist and gentleman, of Boston, showed an extraordinary lack of knowledge of how such things are done when, with an amazing nonchalance, he got rid of \$100,000 by waving his hand and uttering four words: "Give it to charity."

Jeremiah Smith, appointed in 1924 by the League of Nations to put Hungary on its financial feet, refused to accept his salary of \$100,000 upon the satisfactory completion of his task. He had called upon Prime Minister Bethlen to take his final leave. The prime minister handed Mr. Smith a check drawn upon the Hungarian government for \$100,000. And no one knew better than Mr. Smith that the check was good.

Mr. Smith smiled, remarking: "The only compensation I desire for my work is the appreciation of the Hungarian people."

"But," protested the prime minister, "the vouchers have already been made out. We cannot alter the treasury books."

"Give it to charity," returned the Boston lawyer. "Re-enter it in your books as a gift from the American people to the people of Hungary." The prime minister was dazed.

"Again and again it was suggested that he should receive some reward, however inadequate," declared the editor of the leading Hungarian daily, "but, no, he preferred to see this sum employed upon the financial and internal reconstruction of the impoverished Hungary in which he had lived and which he had come to love. And only now, when Jeremiah Smith, the great American financier, is to leave Hungary, has the government made public the story of his altruism."

Failing in its attempt to remunerate the American, the government suggested that he at least accept a decoration. "If you do that I will never forgive you," he told the prime minister. "Your friendship and gratitude are more precious to me than any decoration."

And so there is at least one country in Europe which will never again believe that the American is one whose eye is always on the dollar. "This man Jeremiah Smith, whose name doesn't fit into poetry or oratory, makes us proud of being Americans," said the Philadelphia Record. "He has added distinction to his country."

Jeremiah Smith arrived in Hungary in May, 1924, and at once became the financial director of the nation. From the day he took up the reins of office economy became the watchword and he emphasized the necessity for this stricture by living as a plain everyday citizen who had a job that required all of his time. Time was money and, as it was money he had to deal with, Mr. Smith saw to it that the officials were kept busy. Within a month things had started to hum. Mr. Smith's American methods were showing results.

Never before had the Hungarians believed it possible that the chaotic condition of their country could undergo such improvement. From Budapest word soon spread to the countryside that the American, named Smith, had started the country on the way to success. The patriotism of the people was aroused. If an alien commissioner general could practice economy for the sake of a people he never knew; if the league's "czar" could work many extra hours, why not they themselves?

Within sixty days Jeremiah Smith, Boston lawyer, now commissioner general of Hungary, had won the faith, love and devotion of the man in the street and the worker in the field. All Hungary decided to show their idol his confidence was not misplaced and they put their shoulder to the bowlder that had spelled near ruin for the nation. The entire country was emulating Mr. Smith in his economy, every man, woman and child silently pledged themselves to aid him in every way to save their country. The shops reflected the progress, the fields never were better tilled and never before had the grain and other food crops responded so munificently. Hungary was saved.

Before the commissioner general arrived in Budapest the Hungarian budget had one of the largest deficits in Europe. The newly arrived official had at his disposal an international loan of \$55,000,000 which it was hoped

A proud of being Americans

Boston Lawyer Gives Hungary His \$100,000 Pay as League Commissioner.



Jeremiah Smith, Jr.

would, if properly administered, put Hungary on its feet within thirty months. In one-fifth the time allotted Mr. Smith had the budget not only balanced, but at the end of the first year showed a surplus of \$15,000,000, instead of the predicted \$20,000,000 deficit.

Jeremiah Smith's first move was to halt the printing presses that had been turning out worthless money. He saw that the Hungarian National bank was established. He let it be known that the salvation of the nation rested with the individual and that if the country was to be saved that each must bear his burden. He found the national treasury lacking in funds and then at once increased the tax rate. Only for a moment was this levy resented, and when this did not bring in the desired amount the following month an increase was made in the levy. By March, 1925, one month's pledged revenues were 60 per cent of the total sum required for one year's service of the reconstruction loan.

But in the stabilization of the crown Mr. Smith won a big victory and that along with the balancing of the budget and making a large part of the reconstruction loan available for capital investment such as rolling stock, irrigation projects and other improvements was a victory for him as well as for the Hungarians themselves. For in June, 1925, when Hungary was out of danger the tax rates began to fall, the burden on the people became lighter and they with the commissioner general had won the fight. Even nature stepped in the first year of Jeremiah Smith's administration and provided the biggest crops in years.

Commissioner General Smith's success in leading Hungary from the depths of despair and poverty and placing the nation in the sunlight of success in reality has recreated the financial side of the government and has demonstrated what can be done if business methods are adhered to. He likewise has shown how successful government is reflected in the people. For three years before 1924 the people, emulating the government, had become slothful. Not only had business slumped, but attendance at church, participation in sports and attendance at amusements became almost nil. The people had given up, their ambition was stifled, their hopes dead. Today the churches are filled, the theaters crowded and sports events attract capacity throngs.

self that "man is the warrior and woman the worker." Man's sole duty is to defend the home and his family's honor with firearms. The women age prematurely under the ceaseless burden of work, and few of them live beyond fifty.

Law's Slow Process

A fortune of \$150,000 which has been lying in chancery in England for almost a century, has just been divided between two brothers and a sister.

It was in 1839 that this money passed into the care of chancery. Attempts had previously been made to recover it, but it is only now that a claim has been established.

Enjoyment in Old Age

We can learn from the best of the old-age records that life may be prolonged and that death may, in a sense, be cheated, by making life, while it lasts, happy and useful. He dies twice who permits old age to reduce him to mental and emotional poverty.

BAREE, Son of Kazan

Chapter XII—Continued

By JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD
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WNU Service

It was a wonderfully clear night after the storm—cold and brilliant, with the shadows standing out as clearly as living things. The third idea came to Baree now. He was, like all animals, largely of one idea at a time—a creature with whom all lesser impulses were governed by a single leading impulse. And this impulse, in the glow of the starlit night, was to reach as quickly as possible the first of Pierrot's two cabins on the trap-line. There he would find Nepeese!

We won't call the process by which Baree came to this conclusion a process of reasoning; instinct or reasoning, whatever it was, a fixed and positive faith came to Baree just the same. He began to miss the traps in his haste to cover distance—to reach the cabin.

It was twenty-five miles from Pierrot's burned home to the first trap-cabin, and Baree had made ten of these by nightfall. The remaining fifteen were the most difficult. In the open spaces the snow was belly-deep and soft; frequently he plunged through drifts in which for a few moments he was buried.

Three times during the early part of the night Baree heard the savage dirge of the wolves. Once it was a wild paean of triumph as the hunters pulled down their kill less than half a mile away in the deep forest. But the voice no longer called to him. It was repellent—a voice of hatred and of treachery. Each time that he heard it he stopped in his tracks and snarled, while his spine stiffened.

At midnight Baree came to the tiny amphitheater in the forest where Pierrot had cut the logs for the first of his trap-line cabins. For at least a minute Baree stood at the edge of the clearing, his ears very alert, his eyes bright with hope and expectation, while he sniffed the air. There was no smoke, no sound, no light in the one window of the log shack. His disappointment fell on him even as he stood there; again he sensed the fact of his aloneness, of the barrenness of his quest. There was a disheartened slouch to his body as he made his way through the snow to the cabin door. He had traveled twenty-five miles, and he was tired.

The snow was drifted deep at the doorway, and here Baree sat down and whined. It was no longer the anxious, questing whine of a few hours ago. Now it voiced hopelessness and a deep despair. For half an hour he sat shivering with his back to the door and his face to the starlit wilderness, as if there still remained the fleeting hope that Nepeese might follow after him over the trail. Then he burrowed himself a hole deep in the snowdrift and passed the remainder of the night in uneasy slumber.

With the first light of day Baree resumed the trail. He was not so alert this morning. There was the disconsolate droop to his tail which the Indians call the Akooeswin—the sign of the sick dog. And Baree was sick—not of body but of soul. The keenness of his hope had died, and he no longer expected to find the Willow. The second cabin at the far end of the trap-line drew him on, but it inspired in him none of the enthusiasm with which he had hurried to the first. He traveled slowly and spasmodically, his suspicions of the forests again replacing the excitement of his quest. He approached each of Pierrot's traps and deadfalls cautiously, and twice he showed his fangs—once at a marten that snapped at him from under a root where it had dragged the trap in which it was caught, and the second time at a big snowy owl that had come to steal bait and was now a prisoner at the end of a steel chain. It may be that Baree thought it was Oshoomisew and that he still remembered vividly the treacherous assault and fierce battle of that night when, as a puppy, he was dragging his sore and wounded body through the mystery and fear of the big timber. For he did more than to show his fangs. He tore the owl into pieces.

There were plenty of rabbits in Pierrot's traps, and Baree did not go hungry. He reached the second trap-line cabin late in the afternoon, after ten hours of traveling. He met with no very great disappointment here, for he had not anticipated very much. The snow had banked this cabin even higher than the other. It lay three feet deep against the door, and the window was white with a thick coating of frost. At this place, which was close to the edge of a big barren, and unsheltered by the thick forests farther back, Pierrot had built a shelter for his firewood, and in this shelter Baree made his temporary home. All the next day he remained somewhere near the end of the trap-line, skirting the edge of the barren and investigating the short side line of a dozen traps which Pierrot and Nepeese had strung through a swamp in which there had been many signs of lynx. It was the third day before he set out on his return to the Gray Loon.

He did not travel very fast, spending two days in covering the twenty-five miles between the first and the second trap-line cabins. At the second cabin he remained for three days, and it was on the ninth day that he reached the Gray Loon. There was no change. There were no tracks in the snow but his own, made nine days ago.

Baree's quest for Nepeese became now more or less involuntary, a sort of habit. For a week he made his burrow in the dog-corral, and at least twice between dawn and darkness he would go to the birch-bark tepee and the chasm. His trail, soon beaten hard in the snow, became as fixed as Pierrot's trap-line.

And then, of a sudden, Baree made a change. He spent a night in the tepee. After that, whenever he was at the Gray Loon, during the day he always slept in the tepee. The two blankets were his bed—and they were a part of Nepeese. And there, all through the long winter, he waited.

The winter passed, and spring came, and still Baree continued to haunt his old trails, even going now and then over the old trap-line as far as the first of the two cabins. The traps were rusted and sprung now; the thawing snow disclosed bones and feathers between their jaws; under the deadfalls were remnants of fur, and out on the ice of the lakes were picked skeletons of foxes and wolves that had taken the poison-baits. The last snow went. The swollen streams sang in the forests and canyons. The grass turned green, and the first flowers came.

All these things were happening, and the birds had mated and nested, and still Nepeese did not come! And at last something broke inside of Baree, his last hope, perhaps, his last dream; and one day he bade good-by to the Gray Loon.

No one can say what it cost him to go; no one can say how he fought against the things that were holding him to the tepee, the old swimming-pool, the familiar paths in the forest, and the two graves that were not so lonely now under the tall spruce. He



And into the North He Went.

went. He had no reason—simply went. It may be that there is a Master whose hand guides the beast as well as the man, and that we know just enough of this guidance to call it instinct. For, in dragging himself away, Baree faced the Great Adventure.

It was there, in the north, waiting for him—and into the north he went.

It was early in August when Baree left the Gray Loon. He had no objective in view. But there was still left upon his mind, like the delicate impression of light and shadow on a negative, the memories of his earlier days. Things, an happenings that he had almost forgotten recurred to him, as his trail led him farther and farther away from the Gray Loon; and his earlier experiences became real again, pictures thrown out afresh in his mind by the breaking of the last ties that held him to the home of the Willow. Involuntarily he followed the trail of these impressions—of these past happenings, and slowly they helped to build up new interests for him. He came to the blind canyon up which Nepeese and Pierrot had

chased him. That seemed but yesterday. He entered the little meadow, and stood beside the great rock that had almost crushed the life out of the Willow's body; and then he remembered where Wakayoo, his big bear friend, had died under Pierrot's rifle—and he smelled of Wakayoo's whitened bones where they lay scattered in the green grass, with flowers growing up among them.

And now, for the first time in many weeks, a bit of the old-time eagerness put speed into Baree's feet. Memories that had been hazy and indistinct through forgetfulness were becoming realities again, and as he would have returned to the Gray Loon had Nepeese been there so now, with something of the feeling of a wanderer going home, he returned to the old beaver-pond.

All through the month of August Baree made the beaver-pond his headquarters. At times his excursions kept him away for two or three days at a time. These journeys were always into the north, sometimes a little east and sometimes a little west, but never again into the south. And at last, early in September, he left the beaver-pond for good.

It was almost December when Lerule, a halfbreed from Lac Bain, saw Baree's footprints in freshly fallen snow, and a little later caught a flash of him in the bush.

"Mon Dieu, I tell you his feet are as big as my hand, and he is as black as a raven's wing with the sun on it!" he exclaimed in the Company's store at Lac Bain. "A fox? No! He is half as big as a bear. A wolf—ou! And black as the devil, M'sieu."

McTaggart was one of those who heard. He was putting his signature in ink to a letter he had written to the Company when Lerule's words came to him. His hand stopped so suddenly that a drop of ink splattered on the letter. Through him there ran a curious shiver as he looked over at the halfbreed. Just then Marie came in. McTaggart had brought her back from her tribe. Her big, dark eyes had a sick look in them, and some of her wild beauty had gone since a year ago.

With scarcely a sound that the others could hear Marie had whispered into the Factor's ear, and folding his letter McTaggart rose quickly and left the store. He was gone an hour. Lerule and the others were puzzled. It was not often that Marie came into the store; it was not often that they saw her at all. She remained hidden in the Factor's log house, and each time that he saw her Lerule thought that her face was a little thinner than the last, and her eyes bigger and hungrier looking. In his own heart there was a great yearning. Many a night he passed the little window beyond which he knew that she was sleeping; often he looked to catch a glimpse of her pale face, and he lived in the one happiness of knowing that Marie understood, and that into her eyes there came for an instant a different light when their glances met. No one else knew. The secret lay between them—and patiently Lerule waited and watched. "Some day," he kept saying to himself—"Some day"—and that was all.

Lerule was thinking of this when McTaggart returned at the end of the hour. The Factor came straight up to where the half dozen of them were seated about the big box stove, and with a grunt of satisfaction shook the freshly fallen snow from his shoulders. "Pierre Eustach has accepted the government's offer, and is going to guide the map-making party up into the Barrens this winter," he announced. "You know, Lerule—he has a hundred and fifty traps and deadfalls set, and a big poison-bait country. A good line, eh? And I have leased it of him for the season. It will give me the outdoor work I need—three days on the trail, three days here. Eh, what do you say to the bargain?"

"It is good," said Lerule.

"Yes, it is good," said Roget.

"A wide fox country," said Mons Roule.

"And easy to travel," murmured Valence in a voice that was almost like a woman's.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"Ghost-Fear" Strong Among Real Romans

If, during a country stroll, you come to a clear-running stream or river, and notice at the bottom a collection of broken crockery, kettles, pans, and so on, you may be sure that a gypsy camp is near, and that a gypsy has died there.

On that day after the funeral of a real Roman, the relations burn all the clothes and other consumable belongings of the dead person. Then all the crockery and utensils are broken and solemnly thrown into the nearest running water.

Behind this queer custom lies "ghost-fear." It is believed that, so long as any of the possessions of a dead gypsy remain intact, his ghost will "walk," and ill-luck and misfortune will dog the camp. Sometimes, so strong is this superstition, even the horse of a dead gypsy is destroyed.

Gypsies never utter the names of the dead, and for a long time after a death will not eat or drink anything that was a favorite with the departed. This is "ghost fear" again.

Rarely, if ever, are flowers placed on a gypsy's grave. Some little pos-

session that they loved in life—a toy for a child, or a blackened teapot, broken first, for an old woman, and so on—is the usual choice.

Hot Boulders Make Bath

The Currier Indians along the Thompson river, in British Columbia, have a crude Turkish bath. They roll big boulders into a blazing bonfire until they are very hot, and then they roll them back into their homes, shut the doors and after divesting themselves of clothes, lie on a cot near the large heated stones. The effect is that of a Turkish bath. To top off the bath the "bathers" take a quick and brief plunge into the river for what corresponds to the cold shower of civilization.

Why It Is

"I cannot understand," mused Professor Pate, "how it is that women are almost invariably regarded as superior to men."

"Because they say they are, of course!" promptly replied old Gauntob Crium.—Kansas City Star.

"Land of Tombstones"

One American visitor characterized Montenegro as a "land of tombstones." Left to itself, the country would starve, for such small arable land areas as exist produce only about one-third the population's food requirements. The rest must come from the outside.

Yet in this primitive, poverty-ridden land women do all the work. It is an adage as old as the country it-