



THE FORTUNE HUNTER

NOVELIZED BY
LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE FROM THE PLAY
OF THE SAME TITLE BY
WINCHELL SMITH
COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY WINCHELL SMITH AND LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE



"I say no."
"You dissent, my boy. This is the night we celebrate. I'm feeling pretty good tonight."
"You ought to, Harry." Duncan struggled to rouse himself to share in the spirit of gratulation with which Kellogg was bubbling. "I'm mighty glad, old man. It's a great step up for you."

"It's all of that. You could have knocked me over with a feather when Bartlett sprang it on me this morning. Of course, I was expecting something, a boost in salary, or something like that. Bartlett knew that other homes in the street had made me offers. I've been pretty lucky of late and pulled off one or two rather big deals, but a partnership with L. J. Bartlett—Think of it, Nat!"

"I'm thinking of it, and it's great." "I'll keep me mighty busy," Kellogg blundered blindly on. "It means a lot of extra work, but you know I like to work."

"That's right, you do," agreed Duncan cheerily. "It's queer to me. It must be a great thing to like to work."
"You bet it's a great thing. Why, I couldn't exist if I couldn't work. You remember that time I laid off for a month in the country for my health's sake? I'll never forget it—hanging round all the time with my hands empty—every one else with something to do. I wouldn't go through with it again for a fortune. Never felt so useless and in the way."

"But," interrupted Duncan, knitting his brows as he grappled with this problem, "you were independent, weren't you? You had money—could you pay your board?"
"Of course. Nevertheless I felt in the way."
"That's funny."
"It's straight."

"I know it is. It wouldn't be you if you didn't love work. It wouldn't be me if I did. Look here, Harry. Suppose you didn't have any money and couldn't pay your board and had nothing to do. How'd you feel in that case?"
"I don't know. Anyhow that's not—"
"No, it isn't not. I'm trying to make you understand how I feel when—when it's that way with me, as it generally is." He raised one hand and let it fall with a gesture of despondency, so eloquent that it roused Kellogg out of his own preoccupation.

"Why, Nat," he cried, genuinely sympathetic. "I've been so taken up with myself that I forgot. I hadn't looked for you till tomorrow."
"You know, then?"
"I met Atwater at lunch today. He told me. Said he was sorry, but—"
"Yes, everybody is always sorry, but—"

Kellogg laid his hand on Duncan's shoulder. "I'm sorry, too, old man. But don't lose heart. I know it's pretty tough on a fellow—"
"The toughest part of it is that you got the job for me, and I had to fall down."
"Don't think of that. It's not your fault."
"You're the only man who believes that, Harry."

"Buck up. I'll stumble across some better opening for you before long, and—"
"Stop right there. I'm through."
"Don't talk that way, Nat. I'll give you in right somewhere."
"You're the best hearted man alive, Harry, but I'll see you blasted first."
"Wait!" Kellogg demanded his attention. "Here's this man Burnham. You don't know him, but he's as keen as they make 'em. He's on the track of some wonderful scheme for making illuminating gas from crude oil. If it goes through, if the invention's really practicable, it's bound to work a revolution. He's down in Washington now—left this afternoon to look up the patents. Now, he needs me to get the eng of the Standard Oil people, and I'll get you in there."

"What right 've you got to do that?" demanded Duncan. "What the dickens do I know about illuminating gas or crude oil? Burnham'd never thank you for the likes o' me."
"But, thunder, you can learn. All you need—"
"Now, see here, Harry?" Duncan gave him pause with a manner not to be denied. "Once and for all I understand I'm through having you recommend an incompetent just because we're friends."
"But, Harry—"
"And I'm through living on you while I'm out of a job. That's final!"
"But, man, listen to me—when we were at college—"
"That was another matter."
"How many times did you pay the room rent when I was strapped? How many times did your money pull me through when I'd have had to quit and forfeit my degree because I couldn't earn enough to keep on?"
"That's different. You earned enough finally to square up. You don't owe me anything."
"I owe you the gratitude for the friendly hand that put me in the way of earning—that kept me going when the going was rank. Besides, the conditions are just reversed now; you do just as I did—make good in the world and, when it's convenient, to me. As for living here, you're perfectly welcome."
"I know it—and more," Duncan as-

ented a little wearily. "Don't think I don't appreciate all you've done for me. But I know and you must understand that I can't keep on living on you—and I won't."

For once baffled, Kellogg stared at him in consternation. Duncan met his gaze steadily, strong in the sincerity of his attitude. At length Kellogg surrendered, accepting defeat. "Well," he struggled uncomfortably. "If you insist."
"I do."
"Then that's settled."
"Yes, that's settled."
"Dinner," said Robbins from the doorway, "is served."



NATHANIEL DUNCAN.
of his attitude. At length Kellogg surrendered, accepting defeat. "Well," he struggled uncomfortably. "If you insist."
"I do."
"Then that's settled."
"Yes, that's settled."
"Dinner," said Robbins from the doorway, "is served."

CHAPTER III.
AFTER dinner they smoked and talked about Duncan's future. Finally Kellogg said significantly, "Nat, if you follow my advice you can be worth a million dollars in a year!"
"Let him rave," Duncan observed enigmatically and began to smoke.
"No, I'm not dippy, and I'm perfectly serious."
"Of course. But what'd they do to me if I were caught?"
"This is not a joke. The proposition's perfectly legal. It's being done right along."

"And I could do it, Harry?"
"A man of your caliber couldn't fail."
"Would you mind ringing for Robbins?" Duncan asked abruptly.
"Certainly." Kellogg pressed a button at his elbow. "What'd you want?"
"A straitjacket and a doctor to tell which one of us needs it."

Kellogg, chagrined as he always was if joked with when expounding one of his schemes, broke into a laugh that lasted until Robbins appeared.
"You rang, sir?"
"Yes. Put those decanters over here, and some glasses, please."
"Yes, sir."

The man obeyed and withdrew. Kellogg filled two glasses, handing one to Duncan.
"Now be decent and listen to me, Nat. I've thought this thing over for—oh, any amount of time. I'll bet anything it will work. What'd you say? Would you like to try it?"
"Would I like to try it?" A conviction of Kellogg's earnestness forced itself upon Duncan's understanding.
"Would I?" He lifted his glass and drained it at a gulp. "Why, that's the first laugh I've had for a month!"
"Then I'll tell you—"
Duncan placed a pleading hand on his forearm.

"Don't kid me, Harry," he entreated. "Not a bit of it. This is straight goods. If you want to try it and will follow the rules I lay down, I'll guarantee you'll be a rich man inside of twelve months."
"Rules! Man, I'll follow all the rules in the world! Come on, I'm getting palpitation of the heart, waiting. Tell it to me, what've I got to do?"
"Marry," said Kellogg serenely.
"Marry!" Duncan echoed, aghast.
"Marry," reaffirmed the other with unbroken gravity.
"Marry who?"
"A girl with a fortune. You see, I

can't guarantee the precise size or her pile. That all depends on luck and the locality. But I'll run anywhere from several hundred thousand up to a million, perhaps more."
Duncan sank back despondently. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Harry," he said dully. "You had me all excited for a minute."
"No, but—honestly, I mean what I say."
"Now look here, do you really think any girl with a million would take a chance on me?"
"She'll jump at it."
Duncan thought this over for a while. Then his lips twitched. "What's the matter with her?" he inquired.
"I'm willing to play the game as it lies, but I bar lunatics and cripples."
"There's no particular her, yet. You can take your pick. I've no more idea where she is than you have."
"Now I know you're stark, staring, gibbering—"
"Not a bit of it. I'm inspired, that's all. I've solved your problem; you only can't believe it."
"How could I? What the devil are you getting at anyhow?"
"This get scheme of mine. Lend me your ears. Have you ever lived in a one horse country town, a place with one unspeakable hotel and about twenty stores and five churches?"
"No."
"I have. I was born in one of 'em. Have you any idea what becomes of the young people of such towns?"
"Not a glimmering."
"Then I'll enlighten your egreious density. The boys—those who've got the stuff in them—strike out for the cities to make their everlasting fortunes. Generally they do it too."
"The same as you?"
"The same as me," assented Kellogg, unperturbed. "But the yaps, the Jaspers, stay there and clerk in father's store. After office hours they put on their very best small order clothes and parade up and down Main street, talking loud and flirting obviously with the girls. The girls haven't much else to do. They don't find it so easy to get away. A few of 'em escape to boarding schools and colleges, where they meet and marry young men from the cities, but the majority of them have to stay at home and help mother. That's a tradition. If there are two children or more the boys get the chance every time. The girls stay home to comfort the old folks in their old age. Why, by the time they're old enough to think of marrying—and they begin young for that's about the only excitement they find available—you won't find a small country town here and there aren't about four girls to every boy."

"It's a horrible thought."
"You'd think so if you knew what the boys were like. There isn't one in ten that a girl with any sense or self respect could force herself to marry if she ever saw anything better. Do you begin to see my drift?"
"I do not. But go on drifting."
"No? Why, the demand for eligible males is 300 per cent in excess of the supply. Don't you know—no, you don't; I got to that first—that there are twenty times as many old maids in small country towns as there are in the cities? It's a fact, and the reason for it is because when they were young they couldn't lower themselves to accept the pick of the local matrimonial market. Now, do you see?"
"You're as interesting as a magazine serial. Please continue in your next I pant with anticipation."
"You're an ass. Now take a young caap from a city, with a good appearance, more or less a gentleman, who doesn't talk like a yap or walk like a yap or dress like a yap or act like a yap, and throw him into such a town long enough for the girls to get acquainted with him. He simply can't lose, can't fail to copy out the best looking girl with the biggest bank roll in town. I tell you, there's nothing to it!"
"It's wonderful to listen to you, Harry."
"I'm talking horse sense, my son. Now consider yourself—down on your luck, don't know how to earn a decent living, refusing to accept anything from your friends, ready (you say) to do almost anything to get some money. And think of the country heiresses with plenty of money for two, playing away in—in luxurious desuetude—hundreds of them, fine, straight, good girls, girls you could easily fall in love with, stinging their lives away for the lack of the likes of you. Now, why not take one, Nat—when you come to consider it, it's your duty—marry her and her bank roll make her happy, make yourself happy and live a contented life on the sunny side of Easy street for the rest of your natural born days? Can't you see it now?"

"Yes," Duncan admitted, half persuaded of the plausibility of the scheme. "I see, and I admire immensely the intellect that conceived the notion, Harry, but I can't help thinking there must be a catch in it somewhere."
"Not if you follow my instructions." Duncan drew a deep breath, sat back and looked Kellogg over very critically.
"If I didn't know you so well, Harry," said Duncan slowly, "I'd be cer-

tainly you were nuts. I'm not at all sure that I'm sane. It's raving idiocy, and it's a pretty damned rank thing to do to start deliberately out to marry a woman for her money. But I've been through a little hell of my own in my time, and it's not alluring to contemplate a return to it. There's nothing mad enough nor bad enough to stop me. What've I got to do?"
Kellogg beamed his triumph. "You'll think of it."
"I'll try anything on. It's a comfortable, low lived place of business, but good may come of it; you can't tell. What've I got to do?"
Slipping back Kellogg knitted his fingers and stared at the ceiling, smiling faintly to himself as he enumerated the conditions that first appealed to his understanding as essentials toward success.

"First pick out your town, one of 2,000 or 3,000 inhabitants, no larger. I'd suggest at a hazard guess some place in the interior of Pennsylvania. Most of such towns have at least one rich man with a marriageable daughter—but we'll make sure of that before we settle on one. Of course any suburban town is barred."
"How so?"
"Oh, they don't count. The girls always know people in the city—can get there easily. That spoils the game."
"How about the game laws?"
"I'm coming to them. Of course there isn't an open or close season, and the hunting's always good, but there are a few precautionary measures to be taken if you want to be sure of bagging an heiress. You won't like most of 'em."
"Like 'em! I'll live by them!"
"Well, here come the things you mustn't do. You mustn't swear or use

slang; you mustn't smoke and you mustn't drink."
"Heavens! Are these people as inhuman as all that?"
"Worse than that. It might be fatal if you were ever seen in the hotel bar. And, to begin with, you must refuse all invitations of any sort

whether to dances, parties, church societies or even Sunday dinners."
"Why Sunday dinners?"
"Because Sunday's the only day you'll be invited. Dinner on weekdays is from 12 to 12:30, and it's strictly a business matter, no time for guests. But you needn't fret. They won't ask you till they've sized you up pretty carefully."
"Oh!"
"Moreover, you must be very particular about your dress. It must be absolutely faultless, but very quiet. Clothing sober, dark grays and blacks and plain, but the very last word as to cut and fit. And everything must be in keeping, the very best of shirts, collars, ties, hats, socks, shoes, underwear—"
Kellogg caught Duncan's look and laughed. "Your hundred will report on everything, you know, so you must be impeccable."
"I'll be even that, whatever it is."
"Be very particular about having your shoes polished, shave daily and manufacture yourself religiously, but don't let 'em catch you at it."
"Would they raid me if they did?"
"And then, my son, you must work."
Kellogg paused to let his lesson sink in. After a time Duncan observed plaintively, "I know there was a catch in it somewhere. What kind of work?"
"It doesn't make any difference, so long as you get and hold some job in the town."
"Well, that lets me out. You'll have to sic some other poor devil on this glittering proposition of yours. I couldn't hold a job in—"
"Wait! I'll tell you how to do it in just a minute."
"I don't mind listening, but—"
"You'll cinch the whole business by going to church without a break. Don't ever fail—morning and evening, every Sunday. Don't forget that."
"Why?"
"It's the most important thing of all."
"Does going to church make such a hit with the young female Jasper—the Jasperette, as it were?"
"I'll make you more solid than anything else with her popper and mopper, and that's very necessary when you're a candidate for their deucats as well as their daughter. You must work and you must go to church."
"That can't be all. Surely you can't do something else."
"These are the cardinal rules—church and work until you've landed your heiress. After that you can move back to civilization. Now, as soon as you strike your town you want to make arrangements for board and lodging in some old woman's house, preferably an old maid. You'll be sure to find at least half a dozen of 'em willing to take boarders, but you want to be equally sure to pick out the one that talks the most, so that she'll tell the neighbors all about you. Don't worry about that, though. They all talk. When you've moved in stock up your room with about twenty of the driest looking books in the world. Lawbooks look most imposing. Fix up a table with lots of stationery—pens and pencils, red and black ink, and all that sort of thing. Make the room look as if you were the most sincere student ever. And by no means neglect to have a well worn Bible prominently in evidence. You can buy one second hand at some bookstore before you start out."

"I'd have to, of course. I thank you for the factory. Proceed with the program of the day, mad life I must lead. I'm going to have a swell time; that's perfectly plain."
"As soon as you've shaken down to your room make the rounds of the stores and ask for work. Try to get into the dry goods emporium if you can. The girls all shop there. But anything will do, except a grocery or a hardware store and places like that. You mustn't consider any employment that would soil your clothes or roughen your lily white hands."
"You expect me to believe I'd have any chance of winning a millionaire's daughter if I were a ribbon clerk in a dry goods store?"
"The best in the world. The ribbon clerk is her social equal. He calls her Mary, and she calls him Joe."
"Done with you! Me for the ribbon counter! Anything else?"
"The storekeepers aren't apt to employ you at first. They'll be suspicious of you."
"They will be afterward, all right. However—"
"So you must simply call on them, walk in, locate the boss and tell him, 'I'm looking for employment.' Don't press it. Just say it and get out."
"No trouble whatever about that. It's always that way when I ask for work."
"They'll send for you before long, when they make up their minds that you're a decent, moral young man, for they know you'll draw trade. And every Sunday—"
"I know—church!"
"Absolutely! Pick out the one the rich folks go to. Go in quietly and do just as they do—stand up and kneel, look up the hymns and sing just when they do. Be careful not to sing too loud or anything like that. Just do it, or anything like that. Just do it, if you were used to it."
"Here, now—"
"Nearly all the wealthy coddlers in

such towns are omeons, you see, and though they may not speak to you for months on the street, it's their business to wlay you after the service is over and shake hands with you and tell you they hope you enjoyed the sermon and ask you to come again. And, you can bank on it, they'll all take notice from the first."
"It's no wonder Bartlett made you a partner, Harry."
"Now, behave. I want you to get in right. If you follow the rules I've outlined, not only will all the girls in town be falling over themselves to get to you first, but their fond parents will be egging them on. Then all you've got to do is to pick out the one with the biggest bundle and—"
"Make a play for her?"
"Not on your life! That would be fatal. Your part is to put yourself in her way. She'll do all the courting, and when she scents the psychological moment she'll do the proposing."
"It doesn't sound natural, but you certainly seem to know what you're drooling about."
"You can anchor on that, Nat."
"And are you finished?"
"I am. Of course I'll probably think of more things to wise you to before you go."

Duncan laughed shortly and tilted back in his chair, selecting another cigarette. "And you're the chap who wanted me to go to some bromidic old show tonight! Harry, you're immense. Why didn't you ever let me suspect you had all this romantic imagination in your system?"
"Imagination be blown, son. This is business." Kellogg removed the stopper from the decanter and filled both glasses again. "Well, what do you say?"
"I've just said my say, Harry. It's amazing. I'm proud of you."
"But will you do it?"
"Everything else aside, how can I? I've got to live, you know."
"But I propose to stake you."
Duncan came down to earth. "No, you won't—not a cent. I'm in earnest about this thing—no more sponging on you, Harry. Besides—"
"No, seriously, Nat, I mean this, every word of it. I want you to do it, to please me if you like. I've a notion something will come of it. And I believe from the bottom of my heart there's not the slightest risk if you'll play the cards as they fall, according to Hoyle."
"Harry, I believe you do."
"I do firmly. And I'll put the proposition on a business basis if you like."
"Go on. There's no holding you."
"You start out tomorrow and order your war kit. Get everything you need, and plenty of it, and have the bills sent to me. You can be ready in—"

At 5:45 the evening train lurched in, bearing the mysterious stranger.
Tracy Tanner saw him first, having driven down to the station with his father's surrey on the off chance of picking up a quarter of some drummer wishing to be conveyed to the Bigelow House. Only outsiders pay money for hacks in Radville. Everybody else walks, of course. Naturally Tracy took the mysterious stranger for a drummer. He had three trunks and a heavy packing box, so Tracy's misapprehension was pardonable. Instinctively he drove him to the Bigelow House. Will now and again makes Tracy a present of a bottle of sarsaparilla or lemon pop, with the result that Tracy calls Tanner, who runs the opposition hotel, a skunk and never takes strangers there except on their express desire. The mysterious stranger merely asked to be driven to the best hotel. This is not like most commercial travelers, who, as a rule, know where they want to go, even in a strange town, having made inquiry in advance from their brothers of the road.

Will Bigelow was dozing behind the desk, filled by the sound of Bill Nutt's voice in the barroom as he explained to all and sundry just how he had inadvertently permitted Watty the tailor to best him at checkers that morning; otherwise the office was deserted. Tracy awakened Will by stamping heavily across the floor, and Will mechanically pushed down his spectacles and dipped a pen in ink, sleving the register round for the guest's signature. He says he knew at a glance that the mysterious stranger was no traveling man. But this is a moot point, Tracy's memory being minutely accurate and at variance with Will's assertion.

The mysterious stranger was a young man, rather severely clothed in a dark suit which excited no interest in Bigelow's understanding, although—
(Continued Next Saturday.)

Bombarding Tripoli.
MILAN, Italy, Nov. 4.—(Via frontier).—Following an Italian refusal of a second Turkish demand for the surrender of the city of Tripoli, 51,000 Turks under the command of Reschad Bey today are bombarding the city preparatory to a general assault. The news was received today by semi-official wires from Tripoli. It is believed that the capture of the city by the Turks is imminent.

to him who were used. I'm not at all sure that I'm sane. It's raving idiocy, and it's a pretty damned rank thing to do to start deliberately out to marry a woman for her money. But I've been through a little hell of my own in my time, and it's not alluring to contemplate a return to it. There's nothing mad enough nor bad enough to stop me. What've I got to do?"
Kellogg beamed his triumph. "You'll think of it."
"I'll try anything on. It's a comfortable, low lived place of business, but good may come of it; you can't tell. What've I got to do?"
Slipping back Kellogg knitted his fingers and stared at the ceiling, smiling faintly to himself as he enumerated the conditions that first appealed to his understanding as essentials toward success.

"First pick out your town, one of 2,000 or 3,000 inhabitants, no larger. I'd suggest at a hazard guess some place in the interior of Pennsylvania. Most of such towns have at least one rich man with a marriageable daughter—but we'll make sure of that before we settle on one. Of course any suburban town is barred."
"How so?"
"Oh, they don't count. The girls always know people in the city—can get there easily. That spoils the game."
"How about the game laws?"
"I'm coming to them. Of course there isn't an open or close season, and the hunting's always good, but there are a few precautionary measures to be taken if you want to be sure of bagging an heiress. You won't like most of 'em."
"Like 'em! I'll live by them!"
"Well, here come the things you mustn't do. You mustn't swear or use

slang; you mustn't smoke and you mustn't drink."
"Heavens! Are these people as inhuman as all that?"
"Worse than that. It might be fatal if you were ever seen in the hotel bar. And, to begin with, you must refuse all invitations of any sort

whether to dances, parties, church societies or even Sunday dinners."
"Why Sunday dinners?"
"Because Sunday's the only day you'll be invited. Dinner on weekdays is from 12 to 12:30, and it's strictly a business matter, no time for guests. But you needn't fret. They won't ask you till they've sized you up pretty carefully."
"Oh!"
"Moreover, you must be very particular about your dress. It must be absolutely faultless, but very quiet. Clothing sober, dark grays and blacks and plain, but the very last word as to cut and fit. And everything must be in keeping, the very best of shirts, collars, ties, hats, socks, shoes, underwear—"
Kellogg caught Duncan's look and laughed. "Your hundred will report on everything, you know, so you must be impeccable."
"I'll be even that, whatever it is."
"Be very particular about having your shoes polished, shave daily and manufacture yourself religiously, but don't let 'em catch you at it."
"Would they raid me if they did?"
"And then, my son, you must work."
Kellogg paused to let his lesson sink in. After a time Duncan observed plaintively, "I know there was a catch in it somewhere. What kind of work?"
"It doesn't make any difference, so long as you get and hold some job in the town."
"Well, that lets me out. You'll have to sic some other poor devil on this glittering proposition of yours. I couldn't hold a job in—"
"Wait! I'll tell you how to do it in just a minute."
"I don't mind listening, but—"
"You'll cinch the whole business by going to church without a break. Don't ever fail—morning and evening, every Sunday. Don't forget that."
"Why?"
"It's the most important thing of all."
"Does going to church make such a hit with the young female Jasper—the Jasperette, as it were?"
"I'll make you more solid than anything else with her popper and mopper, and that's very necessary when you're a candidate for their deucats as well as their daughter. You must work and you must go to church."
"That can't be all. Surely you can't do something else."
"These are the cardinal rules—church and work until you've landed your heiress. After that you can move back to civilization. Now, as soon as you strike your town you want to make arrangements for board and lodging in some old woman's house, preferably an old maid. You'll be sure to find at least half a dozen of 'em willing to take boarders, but you want to be equally sure to pick out the one that talks the most, so that she'll tell the neighbors all about you. Don't worry about that, though. They all talk. When you've moved in stock up your room with about twenty of the driest looking books in the world. Lawbooks look most imposing. Fix up a table with lots of stationery—pens and pencils, red and black ink, and all that sort of thing. Make the room look as if you were the most sincere student ever. And by no means neglect to have a well worn Bible prominently in evidence. You can buy one second hand at some bookstore before you start out."

"I'd have to, of course. I thank you for the factory. Proceed with the program of the day, mad life I must lead. I'm going to have a swell time; that's perfectly plain."
"As soon as you've shaken down to your room make the rounds of the stores and ask for work. Try to get into the dry goods emporium if you can. The girls all shop there. But anything will do, except a grocery or a hardware store and places like that. You mustn't consider any employment that would soil your clothes or roughen your lily white hands."
"You expect me to believe I'd have any chance of winning a millionaire's daughter if I were a ribbon clerk in a dry goods store?"
"The best in the world. The ribbon clerk is her social equal. He calls her Mary, and she calls him Joe."
"Done with you! Me for the ribbon counter! Anything else?"
"The storekeepers aren't apt to employ you at first. They'll be suspicious of you."
"They will be afterward, all right. However—"
"So you must simply call on them, walk in, locate the boss and tell him, 'I'm looking for employment.' Don't press it. Just say it and get out."
"No trouble whatever about that. It's always that way when I ask for work."
"They'll send for you before long, when they make up their minds that you're a decent, moral young man, for they know you'll draw trade. And every Sunday—"
"I know—church!"
"Absolutely! Pick out the one the rich folks go to. Go in quietly and do just as they do—stand up and kneel, look up the hymns and sing just when they do. Be careful not to sing too loud or anything like that. Just do it, or anything like that. Just do it, if you were used to it."
"Here, now—"
"Nearly all the wealthy coddlers in

such towns are omeons, you see, and though they may not speak to you for months on the street, it's their business to wlay you after the service is over and shake hands with you and tell you they hope you enjoyed the sermon and ask you to come again. And, you can bank on it, they'll all take notice from the first."
"It's no wonder Bartlett made you a partner, Harry."
"Now, behave. I want you to get in right. If you follow the rules I've outlined, not only will all the girls in town be falling over themselves to get to you first, but their fond parents will be egging them on. Then all you've got to do is to pick out the one with the biggest bundle and—"
"Make a play for her?"
"Not on your life! That would be fatal. Your part is to put yourself in her way. She'll do all the courting, and when she scents the psychological moment she'll do the proposing."
"It doesn't sound natural, but you certainly seem to know what you're drooling about."
"You can anchor on that, Nat."
"And are you finished?"
"I am. Of course I'll probably think of more things to wise you to before you go."

Duncan laughed shortly and tilted back in his chair, selecting another cigarette. "And you're the chap who wanted me to go to some bromidic old show tonight! Harry, you're immense. Why didn't you ever let me suspect you had all this romantic imagination in your system?"
"Imagination be blown, son. This is business." Kellogg removed the stopper from the decanter and filled both glasses again. "Well, what do you say?"
"I've just said my say, Harry. It's amazing. I'm proud of you."
"But will you do it?"
"Everything else aside, how can I? I've got to live, you know."
"But I propose to stake you."
Duncan came down to earth. "No, you won't—not a cent. I'm in earnest about this thing—no more sponging on you, Harry. Besides—"
"No, seriously, Nat, I mean this, every word of it. I want you to do it, to please me if you like. I've a notion something will come of it. And I believe from the bottom of my heart there's not the slightest risk if you'll play the cards as they fall, according to Hoyle."
"Harry, I believe you do."
"I do firmly. And I'll put the proposition on a business basis if you like."
"Go on. There's no holding you."
"You start out tomorrow and order your war kit. Get everything you need, and plenty of it, and have the bills sent to me. You can be ready in—"

At 5:45 the evening train lurched in, bearing the mysterious stranger.
Tracy Tanner saw him first, having driven down to the station with his father's surrey on the off chance of picking up a quarter of some drummer wishing to be conveyed to the Bigelow House. Only outsiders pay money for hacks in Radville. Everybody else walks, of course. Naturally Tracy took the mysterious stranger for a drummer. He had three trunks and a heavy packing box, so Tracy's misapprehension was pardonable. Instinctively he drove him to the Bigelow House. Will now and again makes Tracy a present of a bottle of sarsaparilla or lemon pop, with the result that Tracy calls Tanner, who runs the opposition hotel, a skunk and never takes strangers there except on their express desire. The mysterious stranger merely asked to be driven to the best hotel. This is not like most commercial travelers, who, as a rule, know where they want to go, even in a strange town, having made inquiry in advance from their brothers of the road.

Will Bigelow was dozing behind the desk, filled by the sound of Bill Nutt's voice in the barroom as he explained to all and sundry just how he had inadvertently permitted Watty the tailor to best him at checkers that morning; otherwise the office was deserted. Tracy awakened Will by stamping heavily across the floor, and Will mechanically pushed down his spectacles and dipped a pen in ink, sleving the register round for the guest's signature. He says he knew at a glance that the mysterious stranger was no traveling man. But this is a moot point, Tracy's memory being minutely accurate and at variance with Will's assertion.

The mysterious stranger was a young man, rather severely clothed in a dark suit which excited no interest in Bigelow's understanding, although—
(Continued Next Saturday.)

Bombarding Tripoli.
MILAN, Italy, Nov. 4.—(Via frontier).—Following an Italian refusal of a second Turkish demand for the surrender of the city of Tripoli, 51,000 Turks under the command of Reschad Bey today are bombarding the city preparatory to a general assault. The news was received today by semi-official wires from Tripoli. It is believed that the capture of the city by the Turks is imminent.

At 5:45 the evening train lurched in, bearing the mysterious stranger.
Tracy Tanner saw him first, having driven down to the station with his father's surrey on the off chance of picking up a quarter of some drummer wishing to be conveyed to the Bigelow House. Only outsiders pay money for hacks in Radville. Everybody else walks, of course. Naturally Tracy took the mysterious stranger for a drummer. He had three trunks and a heavy packing box, so Tracy's misapprehension was pardonable. Instinctively he drove him to the Bigelow House. Will now and again makes Tracy a present of a bottle of sarsaparilla or lemon pop, with the result that Tracy calls Tanner, who runs the opposition hotel, a skunk and never takes strangers there except on their express desire. The mysterious stranger merely asked to be driven to the best hotel. This is not like most commercial travelers, who, as a rule, know where they want to go, even in a strange town, having made inquiry in advance from their brothers of the road.

Will Bigelow was dozing behind the desk, filled by the sound of Bill Nutt's voice in the barroom as he explained to all and sundry just how he had inadvertently permitted Watty the tailor to best him at checkers that morning; otherwise the office was deserted. Tracy awakened Will by stamping heavily across the floor, and Will mechanically pushed down his spectacles and dipped a pen in ink, sleving the register round for the guest's signature. He says he knew at a glance that the mysterious stranger was no traveling man. But this is a moot point, Tracy's memory being minutely accurate and at variance with Will's assertion.

The mysterious stranger was a young man, rather severely clothed in a dark suit which excited no interest in Bigelow's understanding, although—
(Continued Next Saturday.)

Bombarding Tripoli.
MILAN, Italy, Nov. 4.—(Via frontier).—Following an Italian refusal of a second Turkish demand for the surrender of the city of Tripoli, 51,000 Turks under the command of Reschad Bey today are bombarding the city preparatory to a general assault. The news was received today by semi-official wires from Tripoli. It is believed that the capture of the city by the Turks is imminent.

Bombarding Tripoli.
MILAN, Italy, Nov. 4.—(Via frontier).—Following an Italian refusal of a second Turkish demand for the surrender of the city of Tripoli, 51,000 Turks under the command of Reschad Bey today are bombarding the city preparatory to a general assault. The news was received today by semi-official wires from Tripoli. It is believed that the capture of the city by the Turks is imminent.

whether to dances, parties, church societies or even Sunday dinners."
"Why Sunday dinners?"
"Because Sunday's the only day you'll be invited. Dinner on weekdays is from 12 to 12:30, and it's strictly a business matter, no time for guests. But you needn't fret. They won't ask you till they've sized you up pretty carefully."
"Oh!"
"Moreover, you must be very particular about your dress. It must be absolutely faultless, but very quiet. Clothing sober, dark grays and blacks and plain, but the very last word as to cut and fit. And everything must be in keeping, the very best of shirts, collars, ties, hats, socks, shoes, underwear—"
Kellogg caught Duncan's look and laughed. "Your hundred will report on everything, you know, so you must be impeccable."
"I'll be even that, whatever it is."
"Be very particular about having your shoes polished, shave daily and manufacture yourself religiously, but don't let 'em catch you at it."
"Would they raid me if they did?"
"And then, my son, you must work."
Kellogg paused to let his lesson sink in. After a time Duncan observed plaintively, "I know there was a catch in it somewhere. What kind of work?"
"It doesn't make any difference, so long as you get and hold some job in the town."
"Well, that lets me out. You'll have to sic some other poor devil on this glittering proposition of yours. I couldn't hold a job in—"
"Wait! I'll tell you how to do it in just a minute."
"I don't mind listening, but—"
"You'll cinch the whole business by going to church without a break. Don't ever fail—morning and evening, every Sunday. Don't forget that."
"Why?"
"It's the most important thing of all."
"Does going to church make such a hit with the young female Jasper—the Jasperette, as it were?"
"I'll make you more solid than anything else with her popper and mopper, and that's very necessary when you're a candidate for their deucats as well as their daughter. You must work and you must go to church."
"That can't be all. Surely you can't do something else."
"These are the cardinal rules—church and work until you've landed your heiress. After that you can move back to civilization. Now, as soon as you strike your town you want to make arrangements for board and lodging in some old woman's house, preferably an old maid. You'll be sure to find at least half a dozen of 'em willing to take boarders, but you want to be equally sure to pick out the one that talks the most, so that she'll tell the neighbors all about you. Don't worry about that, though. They all talk. When you've moved in stock up your room with about twenty of the driest looking books in the world. Lawbooks look most imposing. Fix up a table with lots of stationery—pens and pencils, red and black ink, and all that sort of thing. Make the room look as if you were the most sincere student ever. And by no means neglect to have a well worn Bible prominently in evidence. You can buy one second hand at some bookstore before you start out."

"I'd have to, of course. I thank you for the factory. Proceed with the program of the day, mad life I must lead. I'm going to have a swell time; that's perfectly plain."
"As soon as you've shaken down to your room make the rounds of the stores and ask for work. Try to get into the dry goods emporium if you can. The girls all shop there. But anything will do, except a grocery or a hardware store and places like that. You mustn't consider any employment that would soil your clothes or roughen your lily white hands."
"You expect me to believe I'd have any chance of winning a millionaire's daughter if I were a ribbon clerk in a dry goods store?"
"The best in the world. The ribbon clerk is her social equal. He calls her Mary, and she calls him Joe."
"Done with you! Me for the ribbon counter! Anything else?"
"The storekeepers aren't apt to employ you at first. They'll be suspicious of you."
"They will be afterward, all right. However—"
"So you must simply call on them, walk in, locate the boss and tell him, 'I