

Popular Author Struggled Hard for High Position He Holds. Jack London, the fascinating short-story writer and brilliant war correspondent, now at the front, is but twenty-eight years old. Three years ago he was unheard of by the reading world. Today his is read everywhere, is sought by publishers, and the pages of his magazines, from The Century down, are open to him.

The story of how he "arrived" here he first set foot upon the snow-covered hills of success, he tells in "The Editor," the new York magazine for literary workers. Incidentally giving the latter class excellent advice, he says: "There are a few of his terse, pregnant sayings worth a look: 'Don't wait for some good moment to tell you, but dig it out yourself.' 'Pardon my best of all.' 'Don't dash off a second story before breakfast. Avoid the unhappy accident of the harp, the brutal, the tragic, the horrible—if you care to see in print the words you write.' 'Keep a notebook. Travel with it, eat with it, sleep with it. Slip into it every stray thought that flutters up in your brain.' 'As soon as a fellow starts two or three things to the magazine,' says Jack London, 'his friends all ask him how he managed to do it.' And then he goes on, in his own racy way, to tell how it happened to him.

He had many liabilities and no assets. He had no income and no means to feed. He lived in California, far from the great publishing centers, with German Valenciennes lace with which he made up his editor's clothes. But he was not a writer. Day by day his pile of manuscripts mounted up. He had vague ideas, but no plan, and a steady supplement that a minimum rate of \$10 a thousand words was paid, and figured on earning \$600 a month, without overlooking the market.

One morning the postman brought him, instead of the usual bag, this manuscript envelope, a short, this one. He couldn't open it right away. It seemed to be sacred. He retained the written words of an editor of a big magazine. When, modest as he was, he had figured in his mind what the offer for his story would be at the minimum rate—\$40 of course—he opened the letter. Five dollars! Not having died right then and there, Mr. London is convinced that he may yet qualify as an oldest inhabitant. Five dollars! When? The editor did not say.

But, by and by, in the course of its wanderings, one of his stories reached the editor who could see the genius of Jack London, and had the good sense to penetrate beneath the hulk of words introduced and discover the golden core. Here is the incident that proved the turning point in Jack London's literary career, as he so graphically tells.

"Nothing remained but to get out and shovel coal. I had done it before. I had earned more money at it. I resolved to accept it. My story, I said, should have done it; had it not been for the Black Cat. The postman brought me the Black Cat. The money, I thought, was mine. I would write it myself, and I would get it. Great permission!" I told myself I could cut it down twofolds if they only send the money along, which I did. The rate he received for it, \$50, previously mentioned, I finally received it, after publication and a great deal of embarrassment and trouble. And the rate he received for it, \$50, in the Black Cat story was nearly 20 times what the five-dollar editor paid!

It was Jack London the only writer who had been lifted from obscurity to prominence by the lucky Black Cat, which, as the New York Press has said, "had done more for short-story writers and short-story readers than any other publication." Each of its famous prize competitions brought new writers to the front. In its most recent, the \$2,000 prize was won by a young Texas who had never before written a story, and the second, \$1,200, went to a larger writer in an obscure Missouri town. It has just inaugurated another contest in which \$10,000 will be paid to writers in sums of from \$100 to \$1,000. This will, no doubt, add many new names to the list of those who have "arrived" through its recognition.

The conditions are announced in the current issue of the Black Cat, and will also be mailed free to any one by the Short-story Publishing Company, Boston, Mass. Every story which cannot wait a winning story themselves may earn \$10 by giving a timely tip to some friend who can. But all should bear in mind that it will be entirely useless for any one to send a story to the Black Cat without first reading and complying with all the published conditions. Here is a chance for the reader to tip dollars out of his brain, for what life he has. At least contain one tale worth telling!

Lighting a Match in a Gale. Heeter, who hit smoke, on a truckman in New York: "Just take a match and shove the stick about a quarter of an inch toward the head, and it'll look like a Circusus match. Then strike the match. It'll take a mighty strong wind to blow it out. It's no trouble, I know, but when you're driving a truck on a windy day or haven't time to dodge into an alley or back of a door, you'll find it's no light at all." All the wisdom isn't monopolized by the professors in the colleges.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound A Woman's Remedy For Woman's Ills.

Latest ideas in Fashionable Garments—Recipes Both New and Approved—Delicious Way to Prepare Strawberries.

The plain and dotted silks have applications and intrications and combinations of lace and embroidery, and some of the newest show fancy patterns cut from plaids and applied to the plain silks, and vice versa. Do not matter what the style of the pattern, it must have a long shaft which is proclaimed 'it's this season's style.' The plain and dotted silks have applications and intrications and combinations of lace and embroidery, and some of the newest show fancy patterns cut from plaids and applied to the plain silks, and vice versa.

Told in Her Boudoir. Snake plumes are exquisite in mauve. Maline comes in still important new shades. Bright green silk hostility is among the novelties. Embroidered net is set into some silk dresses. Cuffs are anything from straight bands to plaatings. Neckings are coming into prominence in millinery. Crush bolts of gold thread are charming for the white frock. Donegal is still in the air is charming with a picture dress. To be smartly dressed one cannot escape this rule of much lace trimming.

Crystal Strawberries. Here is a delicious way to prepare strawberries, to be served with ice cream at a luncheon. Select large, perfect berries and brush gently with a soft brush to remove any wax. If ready some fondant made as for French candy and melt it over hot water. Take up a berry at a time, pull off the hull, dip it into the melted fondant, and when entirely coated replace the hull. Lay on oiled paper and chill in the refrigerator. Do not prepare long before they are served, as they quickly draw syrup. Serve in small tumbler or paper cases, two or three in each.

Wedding Gowns. White satin is no longer inevitable for a bridal gown, but has been exchanged for even lovelier materials, namely chiffon, silved gauze or softest silk muslin and lace. Veils of the latter have been superseded by tulle, while even that favored flower of many generations, the orange blossom, is noticeable by its absence, mirrored or white heather taking its place. White leather is looked upon as a wonderfully lucky flower, but like the four-leaved shamrock, its scarcity created its good fortune. Now it is said to be cunningly bleached in order that the supply may cover the demand.—Exchange.

Tea Biscuit Recipe. Two tablespoonfuls, one heaping (careful of baking powder, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one-quarter cup. Mix a tablespoonful of butter and add it to two-thirds cupful of cold all-purpose flour with hands and cut with biscuit cutter. Bake in but oven until a delicate brown—about fifteen minutes. This is a very good recipe when you are in a hurry, and one that cannot fail to turn out well.

FIGURED NET AND LACE. A decorative dress with a high collar and long sleeves, featuring intricate lace and network details.

White Net With Lace. No material is more fashionable for the gown of afternoon and dinner wear than white cotton net. It is never more attractive than when combined with lace. This very charming costume illustrates that fact and shows a novel and stylish bolero, which is made entirely of all-over lace and trimmed with a wide band of wide frills of the material headed by lace bands. The waist is one of the latest and is full and soft, made with a little square of lace at the front and is closely laced at the left of the front. The bolero can be used or omitted as preferred and is arranged over it, the two being joined at the lower edge. The skirt is circular with a circular bonnet, that is joined to it and is made of lace, and provides the graceful folds which are essential to present styles. The quantity of material required for the bolero is 1 1/2 yards, 21 inches wide, and for the skirt 1 1/2 yards, 21 inches wide, and for the skirt 1 1/2 yards, 21 inches wide.

Not material of the season is more fashionable or more attractive than net in its many varieties. This very charming waist is made of the sort known as 'rough' net, which is combined with a yoke of cream color, which is covered by a band of silk and medallions of lace, the trimming being little lace fluffs. As illustrated, the waist is made with long sleeves that include deep cuffs and a band of the elbow sort, shown in the small cut, can be substituted wherever preferred. The blouse itself is full and soft, but the yoke which is plain and cut in a deep, becoming point at front and back. At the waist is a crushed belt of medallion lace. The cream in tone, and the net is made over silk and cotton muslin, which is fast and grows with the wearer's cost. The quantity of material required for a woman of medium size is 1 1/2 yards, 21 inches wide, and for the skirt 1 1/2 yards, 21 inches wide.

crushed her father's hair as she now in her hand and felt that triumph was hers; only a woman can know. But it wounded and tortured her pride to find that she had been applied to by her lover. She charged the sacrifice she was about to make against the account of a future reward, and turned to him with a soft smile in her eyes. "I should not forgive you," she said. "When a man who pretends to your position and that former position, should first obtain his own pardon. He should then seek to redress the wrongs caused by his offense. And you, Mr. Morris, have done nothing but to make me a laughing stock in the eyes of my friends."

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NOT WHAT HE WAS SENT FOR. Irishman Had Reasoned Well. A farmer, who had several of his hired men, went into the woods one morning in the fall of the year to cut down some trees. When about a dozen men had been felled, the cart hook had been left behind. Turning to one of the men, an Irishman asked him to go and get the hook. The man went off, but instead of returning with the hook, he returned with a large bundle of lumber. The Irishman did not know what a cart hook looked like, and he was so ignorant, so devoted to his work, that he had been sent for the hook, but he had brought back the lumber.

Domestic Economy. "I'll have to have some more money, John," said the young matron, displaying an empty pocketbook. "Money again, Nellie—so soon? Why, I gave you your housekeeping allowance on yesterday. What have you done with it?" "I have saved it, John," was the response, but she saw by his puzzled expression that John needed further enlightenment.

Made His Own Answer. William H. Crane, before his departure for Europe told the following: "In submitting a story to a certain magazine is a disappointed literary aspirant requested that in the event of the manuscript being found unobtainable he be favored with the reason. In a week the manuscript was returned, and on the customary printed slip accompanying it was written: 'Dear Sir: The superintention to your MS. seems to us to best express our reasons for refusal. Respects, W. H. C.'"

Chance for Man With Scams. The Queensland government did the trick, said a kind of cactus, as proved so vigorous a weed that \$25,000 has been offered for a sure means of eradicating it.

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Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound A Woman's Remedy For Woman's Ills.

JOHN BULL BY FREDERICK UPHAM ADAMS

Author of "The Mississippi Millionaire," "Colonel Morris's Doctor," Etc.

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Chapter XVII.—Continued. Morris stood a few steps back of Jessie and gazed at her with his eyes. He noted the soft folds of her hair, the rounded curves of her neck, and an eye-spell-bound watched her feet as they glided over the surface of the sketch book.

With a little sigh of disappointment Jessie dropped the folio on her lap, and for a moment she gazed at it with less skill. "What could be the matter?" She felt oppressed and under some malign influence. "Instinctively she turned and looked squarely into the earnest eyes and eager face of Arthur Morris. With an involuntary cry of surprise, fear and vexation, she sprang to her feet, the sketch book falling to the floor.

"Why, Miss Carden!" exclaimed Morris, with startled astonishment. "Really, this is an unexpected pleasure. I am delighted to see you. Permit me to shake hands with you." He then took the sketch book, bowed, and extended his hand. "In these brief seconds Jessie had regained her self-possession. 'You have surprised me, Mr. Morris,' she said quietly, ignoring his proffered hand. 'You must be aware that this is not a public reception room. We can talk without disturbing any one in the lobby.'"

A minute later they were in the comparatively deserted outer hall. "You have no right to call me here or to annoy me by your attention," she said, with a stern, commanding look, flashing eyes. He humbled nervously at his watch charm. "It was purely accidental, I assure you," he stammered. "Your arrival was announced in the Berlin parlor," said Jessie, coldly. "I learned this morning that you had hired some servants, and realized that an interview with you was inevitable, but did not think you would presume to intrude upon my presence during my study hours."

"You take an unfair advantage of an accidental acquaintance. That acquaintance was torn from me last summer by your acts and conduct, and I have no desire to renew it. You have had the education and opportunity of a gentleman, and must respect my wishes." She turned and entered the gallery. Morris, as she retired, felt her eyes, and, dashed, ashen-faced and speechless. Obeying a wild impulse, he rushed after her, but halted at the door. With a smothered oath he retraced his steps, and halting his coachman, drove through Unter der Linden.

For the second time in his life the fact had been forced upon him that there were ambitions beyond the reach of his money. The thought envenomed him. Again he made a vow that Jessie Carden should be his. His heavy lips curled in a sullen smile as he pictured her surrender. The longer it was delayed the sweeter would be his triumph. The morning train for Paris had arrived. Morris, for a passenger, was three months before he returned to New York to become a junior partner in the firm of Handlop Morris & Company.

CHAPTER XVIII. Diplomacy. After an absence of two years Jessie Carden looked forward with pleasure to a home-coming. She had hidden her aspirations and friends, and was about leaving Berlin for a brief visit to Paris, when she received a telegram from General Carden, requesting her to return home at once. The message was so worded that Jessie was mystified, but not alarmed. After a stormy voyage, she returned to Boston harbor, and General Carden clasped his daughter in his arms at first glance she hardly recognized him. His face was drawn, and the dark hair and beard had turned to silver-gray. "You will be brave, my pet," he said, his voice choked with emotion. "I have sad news for you, Jessie."

"That can be no very sad news, papa dear, but you must not worry, to the least over me. I have money, papa, lots and lots of money. I have saved nearly two thousand dollars of my allowance. We shall get along famously. In the modest apartment he had rented, General Carden told Jessie the story of his downfall. Handlop Morris was his principal creditor, and he had been driven to a progress by which he hoped to transfer his l. & o. stock to Mr. Morris. In consideration of a loan which would enable him to settle with his minor creditors."

"Mr. Morris refused to extend this accommodation to me in lasting disgrace," faltered General Carden. Jessie Carden had listened quietly, and she said she had given her little to the problem which ever confronts the great mass of mankind who are fed, clothed and housed? The little room in which they sat looked mean and unshaded. The faded carpet, the cheap wallpaper, the faded decorations, the low and marred ceiling, the walling of a sick child through the partition, the odor of a kitchen, the rubble of traffic over a cobblestone pavement—surely this was a dream from which she would awaken to find herself in the stately mansion on the great boulevard.

Yet it was not a dream. At the sound of the name of Arthur Morris the past and the present stood before her in glaring colors. She must be brave; she would be brave. With that superb instinct which nature gives to woman, the plot devised by Arthur Morris lay bare before her eyes. Her father was enmeshed in the net which had been set for her. To release him she must be caught in the toils? The Bishop had purchased a residence in New York, and there was to be a grand reception for her aunt inviting her to spend April and May with them in the metropolis, and to be a guest in Hingham during the summer. General Carden advised her to accept the invitation, but Jessie had at first declined, and then, after her aunt inviting her to spend April and May with them in the metropolis, and to be a guest in Hingham during the summer.

General Carden advised her to accept the invitation, but Jessie had at first declined, and then, after her aunt inviting her to spend April and May with them in the metropolis, and to be a guest in Hingham during the summer. He had changed my mind about my aunt's invitation," she said, later in the evening. "I have decided to go to New York for a few weeks at least, but I will leave some of my sketches and paintings there, and—ah—well, I think I best go. You are a wise little girl, Jessie."

THE MORNING TO BE BORN. THE SKETCHBOOK FALLING TO THE FLOOR. A scene showing a woman sitting at a table, looking distressed, with a sketchbook falling to the floor.

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