

# PROFIT

CHAPTER I.  
A Sleeping Nation.

Apathetic and unprepared the country stood on the verge of crisis. The wheels of many closing factories had ground a final protest, idleness was spreading, and throughout the land the subject of the impending conflict was gravely discussed. Distinguished orators in great cities predicted dire losses in prestige and honor if every hamlet and hamlet was a prop of war. The nation's position as a fratricidal power, even its very integrity seemed at stake.

And in all this ominous unrest, this clamor for action, the administration at Washington sat unmoved, smiling and seemed to the country and the world at large a fatuous state of complacency. It was then, however, as in previous crises, through the use of his astounding talents, to avert an actual clash at arms.

For some years there had been mortal questions between Japan and the great American republic, due in the first instance to troubles of a purely racial character. The Pacific coast, which for many decades had been compelled by its geographical position to face an economic invasion from the orient, wanted none of the small men from across the water.

Other complications followed. Japan by example and precedent evaded the sleeping giant which spoke her sister tongue and had with her an offensive and defensive alliance that could be invoked in time of need, and by further adroit policy maintained a similar compact with Great Britain. She was a small, prosperous, demanding trade-conscious nation where one she had looked them. Nor had she neglected the perfecting of her navy, which from the time of her alliance with Russia had been one of the most capable. Now it equaled in size and probably excelled in fighting efficiency that of the United States.

In the Philippines the racial war came to such an acute stage that Japan demanded immediate adjustment. Through following the usual diplomatic methods which characterized her career as an advanced nation—pitifully pleading to the world at large that she was a small power, and that only wish was for peace, invoking sympathy on the one hand and protesting to strike before hostilities were manifested on the other.

And in the midst of all this turmoil of mind and passiveness of accomplishment, Guy Hillier, secretary of the British embassy in Washington, found other and more personal annoyances. The particular vexation was a woman's perversity.

He brooded over his love affair more than the welfare of nations as he stood in the great railway station of the capital on this night, watching the arrival of a fleet of special cars which was to bring to him Mrs. M. Roberts, after an absence of nearly a month.

With some bitterness he recalled that it was not the first time within six months that he had lloitered in this station. To him it seemed that he had first met her in the drawing room she had been waiting around longingly. She had held him in thrall since the night he met her more than a year before, when he had returned and accepted an invitation to a reception given to her father; and yet in all that afternoon he had been in personal suspense. The woman who had been much like other receptions, and was given in honor of another invention by "Old Bill Roberts," as he styled himself and was known to his intimates.

Guy had gone through mere curiosity, wishing to see at short range a man who only a few years before had been dubbed a "harebrained crank," but whose work had proved him otherwise. He remembered the lights of the drawing room, the guests, and that Roberts had forgotten the event and kept some of the most distinguished men of the nation, including every member of the cabinet, waiting till he could be dragged from his laboratory at the end of the session.

Everyone had taken the remissness with American good humor, laughed and chatted till a search could be made, and then given way to the inventor's entrance, which was not unimpaired. It was affected with something approaching a lack of propriety. There had been the sound of a strong, snarling voice in protest from the lower end of the drawing room, which was luxuriously furnished and presided over by Norma. There had been a moment's silence, then an exclamation loud enough to be heard by those who were curiously expectant. "Well, I couldn't help it," the petulant words came. "I got tired of waiting around, and went back to work. You got me into this mess. You know I don't like dress affairs, and I hate dress suits. Working clothes suit me best. So there!"

Ever had looked at one another understandingly and smiled when the eminent scientist and inventor had been led into the room. Guy, craning his neck in a sudden desire to see this strange man, had confused pictures of a man with a shock of white hair and long eyebrows, from beneath which stared eyes of great restlessness, and also remembered that the dress which had caused so much worry was stained with freshly spilled chemicals, and that even as he became the inventor

# Illustrated by J. H. WEILL



"Is There Going to Be Any War?"

was fortuitously wiping a pair of grimy hands on his handkerchief, but it was not the man nor the suppressed throb of laughter that he recollected best. It was the girl who escorted him to the door, overboard within the room, none would have supposed that she wished a more ceremonious appearance. She challenged him, and to Hillier's surprise, bound in conventionally as he always had been, it suddenly seemed that in all that there was nothing inappropriate or incongruous.

Then came that later hour when he was introduced to the savant, and the latter had looked him squarely in the eyes and given him a handshake that was surprisingly strong. And the girl? At the first word spoken by her his heart gave a great leap, instantly demanding that he should know her. He was a learner, and went steadily forward until on his part at least it culminated in a lovely moment when he had the thought to believe it returned. At other times he grew dependent in his assault on the portals of her heart, but now that she was so near, he felt that he was resolved to bring his deign to the issue and gain an answer.

A long drawn whistle of increasing volume vibrated through the dusky hall, signaling that more steadily than the others which quivered across the network of steel rails beyond and beside the great arches, with a final clang of its bell, the big locomotive perished past him, the whistling broken by a "chuff" and the train came to a halt.

Guy hurried back with quick, impatient steps to the Pullman, where negroes dropped carpeted steps. In time he took her lighter baggage, he snatched and walked with her to the exit of the noisy station, finding all his carefully formulated sentences forlorn, and listening to her rather than saying anything himself.

Almost the first question she asked him was of the war; and at this he felt a tinge of disappointment. It was too impersonal a topic for a man who had waited a month for an opportunity to speak of affection. He would rather she gave first thought to what he had been doing, what he was going to do, and what he wished to do. Even when they reached a more quiet place away from the din of railway traffic and beside from the rush of outgoing passengers, she turned toward him with a grave face and asked for "the real latest news."

"These latter seemed discussing the situation from a more confidential viewpoint, and held their heads close together now and then as if fearful that others might overhear their whispered comments.

"I am criticizing the government," Guy muttered, indicating one group with a slight nod of his head. "They can't understand it any more than we can."

She looked at him sharply as if about to speak, and then after a instant's hesitation closed her half-parted lips and advanced to the seat she desired. A white-clad waiter served them and deferentially brought a newspaper still wet from the press.

"Thought you'd like to see it first," she said, handing it to him. "I don't understand it any more than we can."

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# Neck Adornment

DRAGS YOU DOWN.

Backache and Kidney Trouble Slowly Wear One Out.

Mrs. R. Crouse, Fayette St., Manchester, Ia., says: "For two years my back was weak and rheumatism pains ran through my hips and limbs. I could hardly get about and my sleep was disturbed. I began using Doan's Kidney Pills and the result was remarkable. The kidney action became normal, the backache ceased, and my health is now unusually good."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

DIDN'T WANT TO WASTE TIME

Colored Fishermen Most Satisfied When the Bites Were Few.

Riding across the country one day, Dr. Hanks noticed an old negro who had been for quite a while perched motionless upon a little bridge, fishing away from the stream beneath. For some time he watched him at a distance, but finally, overcome by the old fellow's unmoved patience, he rode up and asked him why he fished so long.

"Hello, Wash! What are you doing up there?"

"Fishing," said the reply.

"You've been here a long time, ain't you?"

"No, sah."

"Well, it seems to me you'd get tired fishing so long without a bite?"

"I don't want no bite, cap'n."

"Well, that's funny. Why don't you want a bite, Wash?"

"'Tis this way, cap'n: when I gets a lot o' bites, hit takes all me time to get the fish off o' me line, an' I don't have no time for fishin'!"

Success Magazine.

AT ATLANTIC CITY.



Slas—I 'est' broke yer, Mandy, this ride makes me feel 50 years younger.

Slas—Yes; 'est' I be 50 years older, but when I wuz handled the same way.

Three young men were discussing that awful thing called the future.

"I'll be content," said one, "if, in ten years from now, I have \$1,000,000."

"Aldelstuck!" exclaimed the second, "you want too much. If I have one hundred thousand ten years from now I'll be happy."

"The third was a solemn, slow-mannered youth, seldom aroused to excitement. Now, however, he abandoned his recumbent posture on a bed and sat upright.

"Fellows," he drawled, "we'll all be lucky, if, ten years from now, we have the price of a square meal."

"Which of us," he asked, "is the serious nature of the discussion."

Why He Went Back to His Old Tricks

"You ingrate!" exclaimed the frate judge, addressing the culprit; "this gentleman took a fairly interesting note after you had promised to stop stealing, and he gave you a job in his store, did he not?"

"Yes, sir."

"And when he left you alone in the place one day you repaid his gratitude by sneaking behind the desk and rifling the cash drawer, didn't you?"

"Now, why did you do this?"

"I got remorse of conscience, judge!"

Rival Dignities.

An Englishman, fond of boasting of his ancestry, took a con from his pocket, and, pointing to the head engraved on it, said: "My great-grandfather was made a lord by the king whose picture you see on this shilling."

"What a coincidence!" said his Yankee companion, who at once produced a similar coin. "My great-grandfather was made an angel by the Indian whose picture you see on this cent."—Ladies' Home Journal.

WANTED TO KNOW

The Truth About Grape-Nuts Food.

It doesn't matter so much what you hear about a thing, it's what you know that counts. And correct knowledge is most likely to come from personal experience.

"About a year ago," writes A. N. Y. man, "I was bothered by indigestion, especially during the forenoon. I tried several remedies without any permanent improvement."

"My breakfast usually consisted of meal, steak or chops, bread, coffee and fruit."

"Hearing so much about Grape-Nuts, I concluded to give it a trial and find out if it was any good. It was true."

"So began my Grape-Nuts and cream. 2 soft boiled eggs, toast, a cup of Postum and some fruit. Before the end of the first week I was enjoying a hearty appetite and my stomach felt much relieved."

New Trotter Suit.

The latest examples of the about-town trotter are made of shining lily satin skirt thickly plaited, but looking like so short as they are worn by Americans—the Parisienne short skirt reaches to the heels. Its belt is placed very high, and its long cutaway, smoking or redingote of the same satin is unbuttoned and falls heavily by means of clever weights. Such a skirt is worn over a very limp lingerie ribbon corset. This gives a slender, but verge on the orange are extremely smart.—Vogue.



FOR THE DEMURE MAIDEN.

SHEER bonnets and sheath gowns have been jokingly called "back to back" garments, but perhaps there is some truth in the name. Surely there is a trend toward unadorned simplicity. We have the tight-fitting gown, the one-piece dress, the sandal flat, the old-fashioned sun hat and the "Gibson" collar, with its artificial height, is still with us. It is plainly fitted, and the bones under the ears serve to preserve the unbroken line of the neck and shoulder. One of the beauties of low neck is that it reveals the curve from the ear to the top of the shoulder, and when a high collar is properly fitted and properly boned the curve is easily discerned. The ruche around the top merely serves to soften the line of the face. It does not in any way break the beautiful line, though it would were the collar a little lower.

The collars of handkerchief linen and bits of precious lace are also used for informal occasions, with them it is allowable to wear a little bow made of lace or fine linen.

Handkerchiefs make charming collars and bows of this type, particularly when combined with baby frills or real Valenciennes ruffles. Hand embroidery, too, turns a plain linen collar into a thing of beauty, and many of the prettiest are decorated with English eyelet work. With these one may wear a little linen bow, and the hand at the top of the dress is not a very attractive finish. She may, therefore, appropriately wear a broad low collar, whether it be of plain linen or lace.

What a charming school dress may be made of fine serge—waxed and skirt quite plain, the neck finished only with a plain stiff linen ribbon collar and links for in hand tie. It is stylish, attractive and serviceable.

It seems odd that in one season there should be such a difference of style—only the very high and the very low collars are really the fashion. The half-way, medium height collar has no place at all in the present scheme of things. But, after all, the high collar suits the woman with the long neck, the low suits her with the short neck, while the average woman may wear either that appeals to her fancy. As usual, Home Fashion seems to have a reason.

BODICE FOR VOILE DRESS.



Is Rapidly Superseding All Other Materials in Popularity.

It looks as though serges would take the place of almost all other materials in the dressy frocks that children wear to school. The patterns are good, too, being in jumper styles, with buttoned made with piping, and with a wide, soft material in a similar color with the sleeves trimmed with anchors or pretty emblems suitable for such purposes. One dark blue serge dress was made in plain, with a plaited skirt, each plait about 1/2 inches wide at the waist line, gradually broadening at the hem. The jumper style and made with wide armholes, outlined with a narrow band of woven braid in a brick-red tone. The yoke and cuffs were finished in the same manner. However, the yoke had a heading about 2 1/2 inches wide, cut the shape of the yoke and outlined on each side with braid, and fastened with small brick-red buttons.

Hand Embroidery on Blouse.

Hand embroidery is not positively necessary as a means of introducing color in a blouse, although a good deal of handwork of this sort is very desirable. Very fine and dainty embroideries of satin, with embroidered stripes or like color with the sleeves trimmed with anchors or pretty emblems suitable for such purposes. One dark blue serge dress was made in plain, with a plaited skirt, each plait about 1/2 inches wide at the waist line, gradually broadening at the hem. The jumper style and made with wide armholes, outlined with a narrow band of woven braid in a brick-red tone. The yoke and cuffs were finished in the same manner. However, the yoke had a heading about 2 1/2 inches wide, cut the shape of the yoke and outlined on each side with braid, and fastened with small brick-red buttons.

Let Fat Women Beware.

The fat woman will have to make her own neck fittings this winter, so there seems to be little that she can, at any rate, ought to wear in the neck and collar. The blouse of the wide ruffle at the top of some of the lace stocks makes a fat woman look like a watermelon, but that will probably not deter her from following the fashion. If she will wear a high stock let her arrange the lace in sections and shaded off, the effect will be not quite so sad as it would be otherwise.

Plaited Tulle.

For midsummer wear and later on for theater and restaurant wear, is the huge tulle of plaited tulle.

Large as it is, it is only half as large, as the great wonder that has a mod crown, which is rather low, as most crowns go, and has a tiny brim laid in small box-plaits, the crown wrapped about with black or colored satin.

For other trimming there is added a single black gauze rose, with a center of gilt beads or rhinestones.

Handkerchief Picture Frame.

A neat little frame for a picture is made with a handkerchief. It is first stiffly laundered. All points are directed toward the center and ironed. The four points are then turned back, just reaching the edge. They are pressed and held in place with baby-ribbon rosettes. This gives a square frame for the picture. Hang it diamond shape on the wall.

# LITTLE WORLD OF THEIR OWN

Inhabitants of Ascension Island Live in State of Socialism.

Now and then one hears of out of the way places where the conventions of life, as they are understood, do not exist. One of these is what might be called a socialist island, in the Atlantic.

There is a marine can do anything the minister is a marine; so are the gardeners, the shoemakers, the stock-pens, the grocers, the messes, the carpenters, and the plumbers. Even the Island trapper, who gets rewards for killing rats, is a marine—Seward's Magazine.

Vain Man.

A man cannot show his vanity in a tight skirt which forces him to walk sideways down the staircase; but let the match be between the respective vanities of the largest beard and tightest skirt, and here, too, the battle would be for the strong.—George Eliot.