JOHN RAWN
PROMINENT CITIZEN
by EMERSON HOUGH

AUTHOR of THE MISSISSIPPI BUBBLE; 54-40 OR FIGHT.

ILLUSTRATIONS by RAY WALTERS

COPYRIGHT 1912 BY EMERSON HOUGH

SYNOPSIS.

John Rawn is born in Texas. Early in life he shows signs of masterfulness and inordinate selfishness. He marries Laura Johnson. He is a clerk in a St. Louis railway office when his daughter Grace is born. Years later he hears Grace's lover, a young engineer named Charles Halsey, speak of a scheme to utilize the lost current of electricity. He appropriates the idea as his own and induces Halsey to perfect an experimental machine. He forms a company, with himself as president, at a salary of $100,000 a year, and Halsey as superintendent of the works at a salary of $5,000. Rawn takes charge of the office in Chicago. Virginia Delaware is assigned as his stenographer. She assists in picking the furniture and decoration for the princely mansion Rawn has erected. Mrs. Rawn feels out of place in the new surroundings. Halsey goes to New York with Rawn and Miss Delaware to explain delays in perfecting the new motor to the impatient directors. He gets a message that a deformed daughter has been born to his wife, Grace Rawn. Rawn bargains with Miss Delaware to wear his jewelry and appear in public with him, as a means to help him in a business way. Rawn is fortunate in market speculations, piles up wealth and attains prominence. He frets because his wife does not rise with him in a social way. He gives her a million dollars to leave him. He asks his daughter, Mrs. Halsey, to take charge of his household. Grace moves to Graystone hall, and Halsey continues to live alone in the cottage near the works.

CHAPTER X.—Continued.

Rawn asked nothing better than this idea. It was beautiful, and he valued it over all his many and various other ventures. He could let his silent partner put other men out of work; and so these could be rehired at such price as he himself cared to set. He saw the time approach when he would be able to retail at a price, remote from his silent, tireless partner's labors, merchantable packages of power, to feed a cart, a plow, a wheel of any sort; power to lift and labor, to toil ceaselessly without remonstrance. It was and is a splendid dream. Its bearing is as you be Rawn or Halsey. That power shall labor for or against mankind as ourselves shall say.

Shall we blame ourselves, or John Rawn, in this republic, that he saw on ahead only limitless personal power, limitless gold, jewels, wine, women, personal indulgence of any sort that appealed to him? Shall we blame Halsey for dreading the issue of these plans, delaying them all he could; clinging to the belief that the earth was the Lord's and the fullness thereof; and that the Lord gave it to all mankind? And shall we blame the stock-holders for being impatient at renewed delays? The wire transmission was installed, making every man in the International rich. Yet every man in the secret of the real ambition of this company burned inwardly at this enforced secrecy and this unseemly delay. The mysterious factory at the edge of the great inland city still was silent. The directors raged. They wanted to drain to the last drop the strength even of this tireless giant. They wanted to begin to bottle, measure and sell, sell for ever, the very force which holds the spheres in their places In time we shall perhaps see completed what these men planned. There is no logical reason why, if one planet can be owned by a John Rawn or so, yet others should not

For a long time Jim Sullivan, foreman at the factory of the International, wondered and pondered as to the real intent of these strange machines which he saw little by little growing up under the uncommunicative direction of the superintendent, Halsey. He had never seen anything like them, with their vast coils of insulation, their intricate cogs and wheels, their centrally-hidden huge glass jars, and the long, toothed ridge, like a delicate metal comb, which surmounted the top of each. There was something mysterious about it all. He was sure that Halsey did something with these machines when the men were not about. The very air seemed throbbing with some tense quality of mystery. The men themselves were suspicious, irritable. Never was the air of any factory more surcharged alike with ignorance and with anxiety. Man after man, good mechanic though he was, quit the place simply because he did not know what he was doing. The feeling of mystery was tense, oppressive.

On one certain Sunday morning Jim Sullivan strolled over to the vacant factory. He knew that the superintendent had spent almost the entire night there working alone on one of these mysterious machines. It stood there now. And—yes! it was different from what it had been when Sullivan last saw it! It was now apparently complete, so far as he could tell. There was no one near it. Halsey had gone home, to bed. Of late he had been very tired, pale, haggard; and he always was at work in the factory, when good men slept, and knew light-winged dreams.

Jim Sullivan stood now looking at the grim, uncanny machine, hands in his pockets, wondering. He looked about him, superstitiously. There seemed to be something in the air, he could not explain what. He turned, looking behind him, and tiptoed to the front door, where Tim Carney, the blue-coated guardian, stood leaning against the wall.

"Tim!" he whispered, although there was none to hear. "Come on in here!"

"What is it, Jim?" asked the watchman.

"I dunno; that's why I'm callin' you."

"Has anny wan broke into th' place?"

"Not as I know, but somethin's happened here. I'm figurin' 'twas the boss done it. Come in and have a luk, now. He's gone home."

They stepped gingerly on across the floor, along the row of unfinished machines, and paused at the one farthest from the door, which had excited Jim's curiosity.

"Here's where the boss worked all last night!" whispered the foreman hoarsely. "'Twas daybreak when he come home, an' he was all in. He's been workin' on her before now, I know that. I'm thinkin' she's about done, belike!"

"Whatever kind of a spook joint is this, anyhow, Jim?" demanded the watchman. "What's she for, do ye think now?" They two, bullet-headed, hairy, heavy and powerful, stood looking at this contrivance, whose growth through many months they had been watching. The value of it either could measure in comprehensible terms. It was worth ten thousand dollars to either of them who would—and could—tell a certain man how it was made.

"I dunno what she's for," answered Jim slowly, "but I'm thinkin' it's no good at all. It's the devil, maylike. Not that she's so big neither. I could almost turn her over with a pinch bar." He pointed to an arm, or lever, which stood at the side of the machine. "She looks somethin' like one o' them drills I used to run in th' tunnel, time Hogan was mayor, do ye mind? Whin we wanted to throw her in we pushed down an arm, somethin' like this."

"Sure, Jim, 'tis you have the head fer machines. I dunno about thim at all," rejoined Tim, scratching his head. "But 'tis a shame we can't throw her in, now. Manny a time I've wondered what 'twas all about in here. Why shud strangers be so anxious as to—"

"She luks like a patent gate in a fince, as much as annything else," commented Jim. "But as fer throwin' her in, how cud we? She's attached to nothin' at all, so there's nothin' to throw her into. She's got no wire or cord runnin' to her unless belike it comes up through the flure. She looks like she was some sort of motor, but how she's to run I dunno. Now if she was geared to annything, you cud throw her in, mostlike, by this thing here. It luks like she was done, and if she is, I don't know why the boss wud go away and leave the roof open over her." He pointed to a sliding window in the roof directly above the machine. He then reached out and swung some of his weight upon the end of the engaged arm or lever. Then, to the joint surprise of the two observers, a very singular thing forthwith occurred.

"What happened, as nearly as either of them later could describe it, might have been called a duplication in large of the phenomena of Halsey's original motor, with which he burst the fan in the railway office at St. Louis. There was a low crackling in the air, a dancing series of blue flame points along the toothed ridge. Then began a low purr, as of a motor in full operation. They could see sparks emitted, somewhere at the interior of the intricate machinery. A living, splitting, crackling roar filled the air about them—the roar of the shackled river, far away, raging at the violence done it! A projecting shaft, fitted with a pulley head, began to revolve, faster and faster, until its speed left it apparently motionless.

Something had happened, they knew not what. The machine was alive! Some force seemed to come down out of the air, to locate itself somewhere within this intricate mechanism. They stood, two bullet-headed, hairy, powerful men, looking at what they had done.

"Do ye mind that now?" gasped Jim Sullivan, and wrenched at the lever, restoring it to its original position. The purring of the motor ceased, the blue sparks disappeared, the roar subsided growlingly.

"What was it?" demanded Tim Carney, "Throw her in again, Jim!"

"Not on yer life!" gasped Jim Sullivan: "I dunno what 'tis, but I'll take no chances with the divil an' his works, on a Sunday leastways. There's somethin' wrong in here, I'm tellin' you, Tim. What made her go, I dunno. She's under power, same like a compressed air drill—but where'd she git her power?—the divil's in it, that's all, Tim. I'm thinkin' the best we can do is to git away from here. Come, shut the dure—an' watch it. Me, I'm goin' to the praste ag'in this very day! I see now what that felly wanted!"

Jim Sullivan locked the door and left his friend guarding it; then hurried across the street to the superintendent's cottage. Mrs. Sullivan, busy there about her morning duties, would have stopped him, but Jim would have no denial, and hastening up the stairs to Halsey's bedroom, impetuously demanded entrance. Halsey, drawn, haggard, unshorn, greeted him, half sitting up in bed.

"What's wrong, Jim?" he demanded. "Has anybody got into the works?"

"Hush, boy!" said Jim, his finger on his lips. "You need tell me nothin'. But I know what it's all about."

Halsey sat looking at him dumbly.

"Fire me if you like, my son," went on Jim Sullivan. "'Tis true I've done what I had no right to do. Mr. Halsey, sir, I throwed her in!"

"You did what?"

"I throwed her in. An' she worked—she worked like a bird! Then I throwed her out ag'in an' come away an' locked the door. Tim was there, too. 'Tis none of my business. But I've come to tell you the truth, an' you can fire me if you like! But it's hell, it's harnessed hell ye've got in there. An' others want to stale it."

By this time Halsey was getting into his clothing and only half listening to what his foreman said.

"What kills me is, I can't see how she works! She runs by herself all the time, chuggin' like a fire ingin. But where does she git it?"

Halsey made no answer. He was pale as a dead man. A few moments later they were hurrying down the stair, across the street, and through the long, deserted room with its rows of gaunt enginery. They stood before the completed receiver, whose motor so perfectly had caught the power of the free second current from the air—John Rawn's costless, stolen power.

"What makes her go?" demanded Jim Sullivan. "Fer what is the hole 'n the roof yon?"

Halsey turned to him. "It's the Mississippi river makes it go, Jim. If we didn't leave a hole in the roof how could the river go through? Now do you understand?"

"My boy," said Jim kindly, laying a large hand on his shoulder, "you're off your nut, of course. I don't blame ye, workin' so long as ye have, an' worryin'. 'Tis a rest ye must be takin' now, or they'll be puttin' ye in the bughouse fer fair!"

"You're right!" said Halsey. "I think I'll just take a little ride this afternoon. Jim, come here and help me. I want to see if we can charge up this electric car. If I can do that, Jim, my

"Do You Mind That Now?"

boy, I'll be richer by six o'clock than either of us ever dreamed of being!"

Shaking his head dubiously, the big foreman lent a hand, and between them they managed to roll the car into place.

"Want to throw her down again, Jim?" demanded Halsey, motioning to the lever and grinning. That worthy shook his head.

"I'm scared of her, Mr. Halsey, that I am!"

"And well you may be!" was Halsey's comment. He himself threw down an arm on the opposite side of the receiver. This time the motor did not resume its purring, the shaft did not revolve.

"She's bruk!" said Jim. Halsey only pointed to the blue tips of toothed ridge. "No," said he, "she's only doing another part of her work. The power is going into the auto's motor instead of this. Two forms, you see, Jim."

A faint spark showed at the transmitter connection. "Come!" said Halsey. "Let her work! We don't need to now."

That afternoon, Charles Halsey took his seat at the steering wheel of an electric car which had been charged with power taken from the air without wire transmission. His task was done. He had accomplished what he had started out to do. Throbbing beneath him was power, the power of yonder distant silent partner, power taken from the earth, and the air, and the water; power of the elements; and power now definite, segregant, merchantable!

Halsey kicked in the gear and rolled out into the street. Pale, preoccupied, he hardly noted where he was going; but found a maze of ill-paved, crowded thoroughfares; until at length he reached the West side boulevard system. Thence he crossed the river to the east, and headed north. Strong and true, under a limit charge, the motor purred beneath him. The mechanism of the car operated without defect. Nothing in the least seemed wrong at any particular, nor did the car in any particular differ in appearance from others of its humble and inconspicuous class.

None the less, midway of one of the large parks along the lake shore, young Halsey suddenly disengaged the gear, cut off his power, and applied the brakes. He was perhaps half way from his home on the journey to Graystone hall. For a little time he sat in the car, pale, almost motionless, deep in thought; careless of the passing throng of other vehicles, the occupants of which regarded him curiously. Then, suddenly, he threw in the gear again, turned on the current; and, quickly turning about, retraced his course. He had been gone less than an hour when he stood once more at the curb of his cottage near the factory in the western suburb of the city.

"So you're back again, sir!" commented Jim Sullivan. "An' did ye get all that sudden wealth ye was tellin' me about, at all?"

Halsey sat staring at him for a time. "No," said he, "I've changed my mind. I'm going to wait a while."

The foreman turned and tiptoed off to find his wife. "Annie," said he, his voice low and anxious, "try if ye can get the boss to bed, an' make him sleep as long as ever he can. He's goin' off his head; an' talkin' like a fool. Somethin's wrong here, that's sure! Hell's goin' to break loose, in yon facthr'y some day. But whativer comes, the boss is crazy!"

CHAPTER XI.

The Baker's Daughter.

A large part of our ambitious American population is prone boastfully to ascribe its origin to one or other of those highly respectable, if really little known monarchs to whom is commonly accorded the foundation of old world nobilities. We have built up a pretty fiction regarding so-called blue blood, on the flattering, but wholly unsupported supposition that royal qualities are transmissible to the thirtieth and fortieth generation; so that 'tis a poor American family indeed cannot boast its coat of arms, harking back to royal days of Charlemagne or William the Conqueror. It may be. Their majesties were active, morganatically, at least no doubt, much-married men!

But continually there arise disturbing instances to upset us in our beliefs regarding aristocracy. There are so very many worthless aristocrats, in whom the theory of descent did not work out according to accepted schedule; and there are so very many worthy but wholly disconcerting men who are not aristocrats—so continually do Lincolns arise who, claiming nothing of birth or breeding, show themselves to be possessed of manhood, show themselves, moreover, masters of those instincts and practices which go with the much-abused title of gentleman—a matter in which not all descendants of Charles or William join them.

It is well known among theatrical managers that no real lady can imitate a real lady. The highest salaries in ladies' theatrical roles are paid to ladies who are not ladies, but who play the parts of ladies as they think ladies really would act in actual life. If you seek a woman to carry off a gown, one to assume such really regal air as shall bring the name of William or Charlemagne impulsive to your lips, find one still owning not more than one of the requisite three generations which are set as the lowest limit for the production of a gentleman or a lady.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Ancient Definitions of Beauty.

He used to say that personal beauty was a better introduction than any letter; but others say that it was Diogenes who gave this description of it, while Aristotle called beauty "the gift of God;" that Socrates called it "a short-lived tyranny;" Theophrastus, "a silent deceit;" Theocritus "an ivory mischief!" Carneades, "a sovereignty which stood in need of no guards."—Diogenes Laertius, A. D. 200.

FOUGHT FIERCELY OVER PUP

Two Small Boys and Street Cur Furnished Amusement for Brokers on Wall Street.

Two dirty, ragged little boys and a dirty, ragged white pup created a lot of fun in Wall street the other day. Just where they came from and how such an odd trio ever found its way to the heart of the New York financial district were mysteries which none cared about solving in the joy of watching their antics. The pup, it seems, was the bone of contention between the youngsters, each having a perfectly good claim to it, which he asserted with might and main. The first seen of them was when a wild-eyed little dog, with the "kids" in pursuit, came running toward Wall street from the direction of the curb market. A passing truck blocked the pup's progress, and both children fell upon it. Each sought to bear it away in a different direction, until it seemed that each would have to satisfy himself with an end of the dog. Equally matched in strength, the youngsters made no headway, so with one accord they let go of the dog and sought to rend each other. The pup took advantage of the fight to lope toward Broadway, and it was half-way there before the boys discovered its absence. Abandoning their difficulties they set out in pursuit. A large crowd followed, and when the dog was overhauled the same performance was gone through again. After this had been repeated half a dozen times, and the whole Wall street district had been covered, an officer of an animal society appeared and took the cur.

In Merry England.

"That's rather a handsome mantelpiece you have there, Mr. Binkston," said the visitor.

"Yes," replied Mr. Bingston, proudly. "It is a memorial to my wife."

"Why—I was not aware that Mrs. Binkston had passed away," said the visitor, sympathetically.

"Oh, no, indeed, she hasn't," smiled Mr. Bingston. "She is serving her thirtieth sojourn in jail. That mantelpiece is built of the bricks she was convicted of throwing."

ROYAL HEADS NOT ALL WEAK

Some Able Men Among Those Who Are at Present the Occupants of European Thrones.

Though the kings and princes of Europe include some sadly deteriorated physical specimens, it would be a mistake to suppose that they have not some able men among them. Probably they average as high in mental ability as kinds did in the middle ages when they not only reigned, but governed. The German emperor is a strong ruler, and Francis Joseph of Austria has sailed his crazily built empire on a very even keel for many years.

Victor Emmanuel of Italy is a very prudent and clever man, who can think and act on his own responsibility, and Alfonso of Spain is a man of great spirit and an able politician. Ferdinand of Bulgaria is cutting a wide swath just at present, and is credited with brains.

George V. of England is commonplace, but prudent. Accounts of the character and ability of the Russian Czar differ widely. Some who have seen him credit him with great ability, but the course of events in Russia does not seem to justify this estimate. King Haakon of Norway is undoubtedly a clever man, and King George of Greece has been an excellent diplomatic agent for the Hellenic kingdom, as well as a shrewd moderator of the personal ambitions of Greek statesmen.

Cow on the End.

Though he was given credit for telling the most remarkable story ever heard in a Wilmington (Del.) court, it did not save John Collins, colored, from going to the workhouse for 18 months and being whipped with 20 lashes. John solemnly declared he was walking along the road in Claymont when he saw a cow. A short distance away he saw a rope lying in the road, and, picking up the rope, he walked on. When he reached Wilmington he was stopped by a policeman and said he then was surprised to find the cow which he had seen at Claymont, 10 miles away, attached to the other end of the rope.

New Ideas for Handy Boys

By A. NEELY HALL

Author of "Handicraft for Handy Boys," "The Boy Craftsman," etc.

A BOY'S DRAGON COSTUME.

It is a simple matter to make a dragon costume, and a boy can easily play the part of a dragon once he has such a costume. There are lots of things that can be done with the dragon. He will create a great deal of amusement at your show or circus, where he can be introduced as "the only trained dragon in captivity, etc.;" he can be used in your next street parade; and when you go to a party he will be a very entertaining guest to take along. He will be especially interesting at a Hallowe'en party, and if you can manage to slip the costume on, unseen, and crawl in among the guests just when they are in the midst of telling creepy ghost stories, the chances are that you will create the biggest excitement of the evening. Try this if you are invited to a Hallowe'en party, and then write to me in care of this paper and tell me all about the fun.

You will see by the illustrations of the dragon, that your body forms the dragon's body, and that the only framework necessary is that for the head (Fig. 2). In making the head framework, cut sticks A and B (Fig. 3) about 26 inches long, lay them down so two of the ends are 1 inch apart and the other two ends are 7 inches apart, and fasten the wire loops E, F, G, H, I and J upon them. Make the loops out of about No. 8 wire, E about 2 inches high, F 3 inches, G 3½ inches, H 4½ inches, I 5 inches, and J about 6½ inches by 9 inches. Bend the ends of the loops to form feet, and fasten these feet to the sticks by means of double-pointed tacks. Space the loops as shown in the illustrations. Cut two teeth out of wood and nail them to sticks A and B (Fig. 3), and cut wooden horns and wire them to loop I (Fig. 3). Wrap sticks A and B with cloth at the wide end of the framework, and tack to them two pieces of tape, each about a yard long. The framework is bound to your forehead and chin by means of the tapes (Fig. 2). Stretch light stove-pipe wire across the heavy wire loops, as shown in Fig. 2, to make a foundation for the head covering.

Cut the jaw-sticks C and D (Fig. 4) 14 inches long, and fasten blocks K, L and M between them in the positions shown. The blocks must be cut to the proper lengths to make the jaws fit the upper part of the head framework (Fig. 2). Hinge the wide end of the jaw to sticks A and B. First round the ends of C and D (Fig. 4); then bore a gimlet-hole through each and a corresponding hole in A and B (Figs. 3 and 4); run wires through the holes, and twist them together to form the wire hinges shown in Fig. 2.

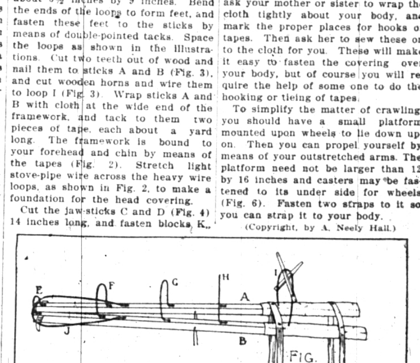
For the covering of the framework, cut some newspapers into strips three inches wide, soak them in flour paste, and lay them across the wires. Place layer upon layer of these strips upon the framework, and gradually model the paper into the shape of the head. When this work has been done, give the paper a thorough coat of paste, to make the projecting edges lay down. The paper will be very stiff and solid when dry.

Get a couple of old alarm clock gongs, or electric bell gongs, and two round buttons, for the dragon's eyes. Run a heavy thread through the buttons, then through the holes in the gong (Fig. 5), and sew to the dragon's head. Run a bent wire through the paper just above the nostrils for fangs (Fig. 1). Paint the head a bright green.

Procure a piece of green cloth large enough to cover your body and sew pieces of tin foil to one-half of it. Then after strapping on the head, ask your mother or sister to wrap the cloth tightly about your body, and mark the proper places for hooks or tapes. Then ask her to sew these on to the cloth for you. These will make it easy to fasten the covering over your body, but of course you will require the help of some one to do the hooking or tieing of tapes.

To simplify the matter of crawling, you should have a small platform mounted upon wheels to lie down upon. Then you can propel yourself by means of your outstretched arms. The platform need not be larger than 12 by 16 inches and casters may be fastened to its under side for wheels (Fig. 6). Fasten two straps to it so you can strap it to your body.

(Copyright, by A. Neely Hall.)



DETAILS OF DRAGON HEAD FRAMEWORK.

Winning in London.

Mrs. John Astor, the first wife of the late Col. John Astor, has assumed a position of importance in London society. She has of late been entertaining her friends at little luncheons in her home at Grosvenor square. None of these parties numbered more than eight persons, and were given in the cool, delightfully decorated dining room which Mrs. Astor designed herself.

At the recent Versailles fete in which the court of Louis XIV. was depicted, Mrs. Astor challenged comparison in the magnificence of her costume and the loveliness of her face. She appeared as Diana, and one writer in commenting on the gorgeous affair said: "One could not imagine a lovelier picture than that made by Mrs. John Astor. Her tall, supple figure moving with charming grace in the filmy, clinging robes and crowned by that truly regal face with its pure, patrician features, was one of the moving spectacles of the grand fete."

Electric Lights in Westminster Abbey.

The monastic gloom which has pervaded the abbey of Westminster for so many years has been dissipated. The abbey has now a new lighting scheme which makes it the best illuminated of our abbeys and cathedrals. Electric light has been installed in every nook and corner and it banishes forever the atmosphere of ecclesiastical gloom that is usually associated with churches.

The new scheme of illumination has taken three years to perfect, and the abbey has now 250 electric lamps, hanging in groups of four and six from the distant roof, and the electric current is supplied from a cable in the street.

Prior to the present installation all the lamps stood upright at the corners of the pews. The electric lights are so arranged that the minute print of the average prayer book can be read during evening services in the remotest retreats of the building.

Everything Passeth.

We note the passing of the Ten Commandments with something of regret. While they were with us for a considerable period of years, they did excellent service. Moses was a great man. The fact that he copied the Commandments from the Book of the Dead is nothing against him. Almost every great writer has copied the ideas of others. Moses knew his public. It was a stroke of supreme genius on his part to have recognized instantly the value of the Ten Commandments of his day and generation, and to have advertised them in the way he did. In mentioning now the fact that they have passed, we feel that much credit should be given to Moses. The fact that the Commandments have gone out and are no longer in use need not necessarily detract from their virtues. While they lasted they did good work. Now that they are no longer considered in our modern life, while we need not necessarily look back upon them with regret, we can at least give them the credit that is due.—Life.

Described.

It was a scorching June night. The heat had paralyzed the activities of everything save the mosquitoes. They pursued their calling in cloudy swarms and with the heat made things almost unbearable.

"My, but the mosquitoes are bad," ventured one individual who sat on a porch. "S'warm night," answered the other.

Which seemed to dispose of all necessity for further comment.

Rah for Uncle Sam.

"I see where only one American won his match in the first round of the golf tournament at St. Andrews, Scotland, for the amateur golf championship of the world."

"Only one American, eh? What's his name?"

"Heinrich Schmidt, of Worcester, Mass."

"WHY I EMIGRATED"

THE NOTES OF A PROMINENT JOURNALIST WHO MADE A TRIP THROUGH WESTERN CANADA.

A prominent journalist from Chicago, some time ago, made a journey through Canada obtaining a thorough knowledge of the land and people and of the "boundless possibilities" that Canada, the virgin land, affords. In an American Sunday newspaper he published after his return the interesting account which we print as follows. He writes:

"Why did you emigrate from the United States?" I asked a farmer in Western Canada.

"I believe that for a poor man Western Canada is the most favorable land," was the reply, "and I have now found that it is the Paradise of the Poor."

The farmer, a pioneer of the west, had five years earlier left Iowa for Canada to secure a new home there. After traversing the country for some time, he started his home on the open prairie and with steady industry devoted himself to the working of the virgin soil. Now he is the well-to-do owner of that endless sea of waving wheat ears that goes on for miles before my eyes. His strong, sunburned figure finds the best background in his farm itself, which is the outcome of his ceaseless activity—a pretty two-storied dwelling house, a large clean stable, in the midst of a hamlet of barns, sheds and outbuildings, a useful garden overflowing with products; horses, cattle, sheep and swine on the rich pastures, and around to the horizon wheat, golden wheat.

"In Iowa?" the farmer continued, "I farmed on rented land, for at the price of $100 per acre I did not possess money enough to buy. I might farm, I might farm as I could, more than the living for myself and family, I could not attain. Sometimes the harvest turned out good, sometimes bad, but the grand total was a bitter combat to keep want from the door. It was impossible to lay by for bad times and in spite of all trouble and work an old age free of care was not to be thought of. My death would have brought bitter poverty to my wife and children.

"I decided to break-up and go to Canada, where at least I could fight out the struggle for existence on my own land. I started out with a mule team, all my earthly possessions were in the prairie-schooner with my wife and children. Then I took up a homestead of 160 acres to which I added by purchase gradually; now as a whole I count about 3,000 acres as my own. The whole property is free of debt. I do not owe a cent to anyone. I bought my land for $2-$10 per acre, now I would not give it up for $50."

"Do you mean to say that you paid for the whole land in the five years?" I interrupted.

"In a much shorter time," replied the farmer. "The land paid for itself, some already by the first harvest, and at longest in 3 years each field had brought in its purchase price. If you doubt that land in Western Canada pays for itself within 3 years you can easily convince yourself of the truth of my assertion. Let us assume that a farmer buys a farm of 160 A. at $15 per A. for $2,400. Farm machines, seed, ploughs, mowing and threshing might bring up the outlay to about $10 per acre. If the farmer sows the 160 A. for 3 years in succession with wheat and harvests 20 bus. per acre, then the product of an A. at the average price of 75c per bu. is exactly $15 per acre. If you deduct the $10 outlay, you will retain a clear return of $5.00. For 160 A. the annual excess amounts to $800, consequently the farm has after the third harvest brought in the purchase price of $2,400.

"Sometimes—and not rarely—the land pays for itself by the first harvest of 35 bus. of wheat bring in more than the purchase price of $15 per acre. As in some years I harvested more than 35 bus., you can reckon for yourself how quickly I paid for my farm."

"Would you not prefer your own farm in Iowa?" I asked.

"No," replied the farmer, "never will I go back, in general very few American settlers return to the old home. In Iowa a 160 A. farm costs $100 per A., $16,000; in Western Canada $15, only $2,400. For the same money that you require to buy a 160 A. farm in Iowa, you can buy here in Western Canada a farm of 1,000 acres. I have money enough to buy a farm in Iowa, if I wished. But there my yearly income would be a small one, whereas here I work for a great gain. There I would only be a small farmer, here I am a large landed proprietor."

In a corner of the farmyard I had during our conversation noticed a mound of earth overgrown with grasses and wild flowers. To my inquiry as to what it was, I received the reply: "That is the ruin of the wooden shack covered with sods, which I called my home when I settled here five years ago."

I gathered a wild aster from the ruin and flung it into the air. In a purplish-glittering line the wind drove the flower towards the fine, modern-equipped farmhouse. What a contrast between the lowly earthy hut of yesterday and charming palace, of today! This contrast says enough to the unbounded possibilities, which this new land offers to the willing worker. How the poor emigrant on the open prairie, through energy and activity, within 5 years worked his way up to being a well-to-do farmer and esteemed citizen! More, the farmer did not require to say. Why did he emigrate? WHY? Why I saw the answer with my own eyes."—Advertisement.

No man succeeds unless he takes chances; neither does he fail.

Red Cross Ball Blue will wash double as many clothes as any other blue. Don't put your money into any other. Adv.

Love and kittens are born blind, but they soon get their eyes open.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle. Adv.

If a girl isn't married at thirty, it's up to her to cut out flirtation and get busy