

A TALE of RED ROSES

By
GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER

He had evolved it—a scheme whereby the company could not only raise its stock to par, but place it at a premium; whereby the company could become a monopoly and extend its business to meet the growing demands of the city and become again a 7 per cent dividend concern, capable of piling up again a tremendous construction surplus. On his own responsibility he had gone to the organizer of the rival new company and had labored with him for hours to persuade him to come to this meeting and lay before it a rather novel but life saving proposition. Would the stockholders permit him to introduce the eminent promoter and organizer, Mr. Bozzam, who would present his proposition in person?

The stockholders would. They said so, with so vociferous and almost tearful a clamor that President Marley could scarcely make himself heard to obtain a formal vote on the proposition.

Mr. Bozzam entered, with his hair not too smoothly brushed nor his clothes not so immaculate, but he looked businesslike and sat down quietly in the seat courteously offered him by President Marley. He was a wide shouldered man, with a pleasant countenance and a good forehead, who looked as if he had muscles under his coat, and he was well liked by the concourse. Little Henry Peters judged that he was a keen business man, but square and said so.

"Waght" assailed the tow haired neighbor. "I wouldn't trust anybody." "How many shares of stock have you got?" asked little Henry. "Three," boasted the wattle necked one. "My brother-in-law give 'em to me." Mr. Marley introduced the caller in a few, neat, aseptic words. He had met Mr. Bozzam socially and only hoped that he would prove as pleasant commercially.

Laughing gracefully at this clever turn of speech, Mr. Bozzam continued the introduction himself, stating exactly who and what he was—an organizer, representing a group of eastern capitalists devoted to the promotion and extension of the street railway industries. Back of his backers were certain huge electrical, steel and car building industries. It had been his pleasure to organize and to put in shape for immediate construction operations a new company in their own thriving city. They were ready to begin laying rails at once, but it had been earnestly represented to him that the manufacturing interests of his group of capitalists would be just as well served by permitting the new lines to be erected by the old company, and after a conference with his principals it had been decided that if the Ring City Street Railway company wished to monopolize profits this could be done by the purchase of their franchises and good will at a purely nominal figure.

A buzz of satisfaction followed this magnificent offer, and little Henry Peters was for purchasing the franchises immediately.

"I'd have lost all my years of saving if I'd sold my stock at thirty-five," he told his neighbor.

"I don't understand it, but it's a skin game," announced the crooked nose man. "Who is this fellow, anyhow?"

Mr. Marley turned to Mr. Bozzam with the frank smile of a gentleman. "And how much would your company consider a merely nominal figure?" he inquired, with smoothness.

"Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars cash," stated Bozzam lightly. Young Daniel B. Atkins immediately moved to accept that price.

"No!" bellowed Bert Glider. "I second the motion," announced Attorney Tucker.

"It has been moved and seconded that we purchase the franchises and good will of the street car company represented by Mr. Bozzam for the sum of \$250,000 cash," stated President Marley, looking about him with cool aloofness. "Are there any remarks?"

There were a perfect pandemonium of them—and out of the battle President Marley recognized Attorney Tucker.

Attorney Tucker begged leave of the chair to ask Mr. Bozzam just one question and received it.

"Have you named your bottom figure?" he wanted to know.

"Positively!" declared Bert Bozzam, with vast firmness.

"One more question. Are you empowered to close this deal?"

"I am," replied Mr. Bozzam. "I have a free hand."

Sledge almost looked at the genial promoter.

"Then we must pay the price," fervently asserted Attorney Tucker. "This is a gleam of hope in the darkness, a way out of our difficulties, a solution to our troubles. We have the cash to purchase these franchises, which will give us a practical monopoly of the city's street car business. We can either increase our capitalization or issue bonds to pay for our extensions, and, in the meantime, the moment we conclude this deal our stock jumps back to par."

Loud cries of "Question!" came from all over the hall, and little Henry Peters, after the demand had started, shouted louder than anybody.

Young Daniel B. Atkins wanted to make a speech and was granted that privilege.

He was more enthusiastic about paying out that \$250,000 than anybody, and, being a professional whooper-up, he used his clarion voice and silver tongue to such good advantage that the throng was with difficulty restrained from rushing up to Bozzam and paying him the money on the spot.

In defiance of the madly expressed wishes of the multitude, however, President Marley recognized Bert Glider.

"Move to amend the resolution to read fifty thousand in place of two hundred and fifty," he shouted.

"Second the motion!" yelled a big mouthed young man sitting next to him.

"Mr. President," exclaimed Mr. Bozzam, rising to his feet, "that amendment is positively useless."

A frantic hubbub arose. The hall was a sea of open mouths. Little Henry Peters held his mouth open wider than any stockholder present. One could see his tonsils perfectly. He was helping to howl down Bert Glider's absurd amendment.

President Marley tapped his gavel energetically.

"I perceive that it is useless to waste time on speeches against this amendment," he announced. "Are there any remarks to be made in favor of it? The chair will permit five minutes for such argument." He waited a moment. No one arose. Attorney Tucker stood up.

"If the chair please"—he began. "Are you about to speak in favor of this amendment?" interrupted the chair.

"No," replied Attorney Tucker. "The chair refuses to recognize the gentleman," announced the president. "The secretary will take a roll call vote on the amendment."

They endured that as men do, only venting their emotions by the vehemence of their "No!" on the roll call vote. A scant few had the temerity to vote "Yes" and were nearly mobbed for their daring. The most of them kept their eyes on Bozzam in fearful anxiety lest, offended by this proceeding, he might withdraw his generous offer and walk out, leaving them doomed to extinction by his mighty rivalry.

"Albert T. Glider," called the secretary, "a thousand shares."

"Yes," voted Bert and curled both sides of his mustache, looking across at Sledge and grinning. He had the intense satisfaction of seeing Sledge turn, but was disappointed after all Sledge did not look at him, but at Hunt.

There followed another wilderness of "No's!" voted by holders of from five to a hundred shares each.

"B. Franklin Marley," called Hunt, and this time he caught Sledge's eye, "4,020 shares."

"Yes!" voted Marley, with a snarlingly triumphant laugh at Sledge, a laugh which showed his teeth and made his nose an acute triangle down over them, like the point of a pen.

CHAPTER IX.
Sledge Rises to Emergency.

SLEDGE walked across to the secretary's desk while the balance of the rabble were shouting "No!" and conferred with Hunt a moment; then he went back to his chair and gazed steadily straight ahead at nothing. His small gray eyes had no more gleam in them than a dusty marble.

Hunt announced the net result of the vote, but Sledge paid no attention to the figures. The two votes of Marley and Bert Glider had been sufficient to carry the amendment against the other 200 stockholders.

"We will now vote on the original motion as amended," observed Marley. "The motion carries!" Marley was pleased to state, after the dazed stockholders had shouted "No!" to their names. "Gentlemen, it is useless for us to waste time except for the matter of formal record over such matters as this. Heretofore I have been helpless, but today, for the first time in the history of this company, I control the majority of the stock, and my vote is sufficient to carry or defeat any question. To begin with, I refuse to be held up. I am willing to pay \$50,000, for the franchises are worth \$50,000 to us, but I won't pay a cent more. That's flat."

Bozzam took the chair next to Sledge. "It looks like we're up against it," he stated. "I guess fifty thousand's the best we can do."

"Huh!" grunted Sledge.

"Mr. President," said Bozzam, rising

to his feet, "since the matter seems to be entirely in your hands, allow me to ask if that is your ultimatum?"

"It is," announced Marley, glancing at him with only the faint suspicion of a twinkle in his eye.

"Then I must beg time to confer again with my principals." Again the trace of a twinkle escaped Marley's eyes.

"There is a time limit on my ultimatum," he returned. "You stated that you were empowered to act. I'll give you five minutes to make up your mind. After that my offer is withdrawn."

Mr. Bozzam quite obviously struggled with his pride.

"I accept," said he, turning both his palms upward.



"It looks like we're up against it," he stated.

A cheer, loud and prolonged, greeted that humiliating capitulation. In the midst of it the huge Sledge arose, his mere bulk a symbol of disaster.

"Nix!" he thundered, and departed.

Both Phil and Blondy were sincerely mournful faces when Sledge walked through to the back room the next day.

"He's game, all right," commented Phil.

"You couldn't make him holler if you cut his head off," replied Blondy, polishing a glass so vigorously that it burned his hand. "I wonder how Bob is this morning."

"Must be dead, from what the papers said," judged Phil.

"That King Pin must be some dog." "He's younger, that's all," immediately explained Blondy. "He never will be the dog Bob was. Match 'em at the same age and Bob would chew him up for an appetizer."

"Bob ought've been retired," criticized Phil. "It wasn't fair to hand him his first lickin' when he's old like this. The big boy's late this morning. He's been so busy he's been coming around at 9 o'clock, and now it's 12."

"Bob's either dead or better, or he wouldn't be here at all," asserted Blondy. "You know, I like that big slob."

"That's easy," carelessly commented Phil. "There goes his bell. I think I'll beat Adolph to it."

He grabbed down Sledge's favorite stein, filled it carefully, with exactly the right collar of creamy foam, and hurried with it into the little back room just five steps in front of Adolph, who had been making change for an early lunch customer.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A REMARKABLE STATEMENT

Mrs. Sheldon Spent \$1900 for Treatment Without Benefit. Finally Made Well by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Englewood, Ill.—"While going through the Change of Life I suffered with headaches, nervousness, flashes of heat, and I suffered so much I did not know what I was doing at times. I spent \$1900 on doctors and not one did me any good. One day a lady called at my house and said she had been as sick as I was at one time, and Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound made her well, so I took it and now I am just as well as I ever was. I cannot understand why women don't see how much pain and suffering they would escape by taking my medicine. I cannot praise it enough for it saved my life and kept me from the Insane Hospital."—Mrs. E. SHELDON, 5657 S. Halsted St., Englewood, Ill.

Physicians undoubtedly did their best, battled with this case steadily and could do no more, but often the most scientific treatment is surpassed by the medicinal properties of the good old fashioned roots and herbs contained in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

If any complication exists it pays to write the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., for special free advice.

Compound made her well, so I took it and now I am just as well as I ever was. I cannot understand why women don't see how much pain and suffering they would escape by taking my medicine. I cannot praise it enough for it saved my life and kept me from the Insane Hospital."—Mrs. E. SHELDON, 5657 S. Halsted St., Englewood, Ill.

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SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson V.—Fourth Quarter, For Oct. 29, 1916.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, Acts xxvii, 13-26. Memory Verses, 22-24—Golden Text, Pa. xxxvii, 5—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

Now Paul is off to Rome and has been delivered from his enemies in Jerusalem who so persistently sought his life. But the devil is sometimes permitted to rage on the sea as well as on the land, and Paul has more troubles ahead, but we shall see God glorified in all. Then there are so many "handfuls of purpose" to cheer us along the way (Ruth ii, 16) and lighten our journey. I hope he enjoyed the sea voyages, for to me they are so restful, and even storms are magnificently grand if one can keep a quiet mind and body. He had at least one good companion with whom he could have good fellowship on the voyage, Aristarchus of Thessalonica, who was afterward a fellow prisoner with him at Rome (verse 2 and Col. iv, 10).

At Sidon, where the ship called, Paul was given liberty to go to his friends and refresh himself (verse 3), and this must have been a good handful and much appreciated. They changed ships at Myra, in Lycia, some distance southeast of Ephesus, where they found a ship from Alexandria bound for Italy. They reached Crete safely, but, not giving heed to Paul's advice to winter there and thinking that they had a favorable wind, they set sail. I shall never forget one of the most enjoyable sea trips of my life from Port Said, in Egypt, to Brindisi, in Italy, in 1897.

After some months of tropical heat in China and India and the sail up the Red sea, which the captain thought must have been called Red because it was red hot, I thought I never had anything quite so enjoyable as that sail. My diary for Sept. 15, 1897, says: "Sighted Crete about noon and kept along the southwest coast till night."

I was then writing notes on the Sunday school lessons just as I am today and have been doing in the summer months ever since 1887. How great have been my privileges! To Him be all the glory. Pardon this digression and give Paul and Crete the credit of it. The tempestuous wind and the being exceedingly tossed (verses 14, 18, 20) did not come my way on the Mediterranean, but I have known something of it on other seas and been kept in peace.

This was certainly a great storm that this ship fell into, for neither sun nor stars were seen for many days, and all hope of surviving the storm was given up (verse 20). We think of the works of the Lord and His wonders in the deep and of people at their wits' end and how He can make the storm a calm or in some other way deliver (Ps. ciii, 23-30). After many days and nights of this great storm Paul had a visitor from heaven, an angel of God, either the Lord Himself, as in xlii, 11, or one of His faithful messengers, as in xli, 7-10, with a word of good cheer for him and for all on board. Oh, these wonderful angels who excel in strength, who delight to do His bidding, who can run and return like lightning! (Ps. ciii, 20, 21; Ezek. i, 14). They have no fear and seem to have all power. Just think of this one finding this ship in the midst of this great storm and the one man on board of all the 276 whom he specially wanted (verse 37).

It should comfort us to know that such friends as these are ever ministering unto us (Heb. i, 14). The next day after this visit of the angel Paul was able to comfort all on board. How much even one person may do to help others if he is in touch with God! Paul was able to assure them that there would be no loss of life, not a hair of their heads harmed, and to encourage them to eat something, for they had eaten little or nothing for fourteen days (verses 22, 33-36). He took bread and gave thanks to God in the presence of them all and began to eat. Then they all did eat and were of good cheer. Note Paul's message concerning the angel visitor, "The angel of God, whose I am and whom I serve" (verse 23), and may the last seven words be ours always from the heart. He certainly believed for himself what he wrote to the Corinthians, "Ye are not your own, for ye are bought with a price" (I Cor. vi, 19, 20).

If ever a man lived it out he did; and, knowing what it meant to serve the Lord with all humility of mind, he could urge others to serve the Living and True God (Acts xx, 19; I Thess. i, 9). Then his words of strength and cheer to all these people were so grand, with every prospect, humanly speaking, of going down with the ship, and no reason for thinking otherwise but the message of the angel, he said so boldly, "Wherefore, sirs, be of good cheer, for I believe God that it shall be even as it was told me" (verse 25). And so it came to pass, and they escaped all safe to land (verse 44). We think of Abraham, who considered not himself nor Sarah, but was fully persuaded that what God had promised He was able to perform (Rom. iv, 19-21). For twenty-one years the motto of my little monthly, Kingdom Tidings, has been "Abraham believed God."

• • • I believe God, and, though the contrast between these two men of God and the work represented by this little monthly is very great, yet the principle is the same, and the words have been a great help to me.

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

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WATCH YOUR TIRES.

No Matter How Good They May Be This Caution Is Necessary.

Many a car is sold on the representation that "the Blankmobile will run from 7,000 to 10,000 miles on a set of tires," and the motorist thus gleams the opinion that his tires need no attention for that length of time.

But no car dealer's statement or tire maker's guarantee can influence good or bad luck, and it is largely the work of the latter that places the bit of broken glass, the sharp stone or the protruding nail directly in the path of the unwary tire. Such an obstacle will not necessarily penetrate the tire—the chances are that it will not—but a rut will be formed in the outer layer of rubber or tread, which, like an infected wound, will eventually spread and "infect" the entire surface.

A few moments spent in examining, cleaning and plugging the cut or hole will add thousands of miles to the life of the tire. The inexperienced motorist can form no conception of the readiness with which mud, sand and water can enter the slight opening in the surface of the tire and by gradually working its way "under the skin" will tend to separate the tread from the outer layer of canvas.

In a few hundred or thousand miles this tread will be hanging in flapping shreds, worth no more than so much old rubber, and in order to be reclaimed the tire must be retreaded or used in connection with one of the several detachable treads on the market.—H. W. Slauson, M. E., in Leslie's.

THE DEAD SEA.

Some Interesting Facts About This Curious Body of Water.

For a number of years many persons have declared the Dead sea, in Palestine, is diminishing, but a recent careful survey by experts has established beyond all doubt that the sea is steadily increasing.

At many points on its southern and eastern borders there are vast forests with large trees becoming submerged.

The sea is about forty miles in length and ten miles wide at the broadest portion. Should it continue to enlarge it will take in valuable country, but, so far as known, there is no way to prevent this.

Mediterranean waters are 1,300 feet higher than the Dead sea level, but this is no proof the waters of the Dead sea are drying up.

A survey of the wonderful region of years ago shows islands that are now gone. It is declared these are covered. There is so much solid matter in the water that it makes about one-fifth, or 20 per cent, of the matter solid. It is so intensely salt and bitter that no creature can live in it.

The bed of the sea is rich with mineral deposits. Salts, copper, lead and zinc and marble are found in vast quantities, and experts are of the opinion there is a great deposit of petroleum beneath the vast body of water.

A man's body is lighter than the amount of water it displaces, and it is therefore impossible for a person to sink.

Vegetation is scarce and greatly stunted for miles about the sea.

Needed the Money. Bookkeeper—I'd like an increase in salary, sir. Proprietor—An increase, you say? How great? "About \$20 per month."

"Are you planning to get married?" "No, sir; I want to get a divorce."—Puck.

Weather Variety.

Some growl perpetually at the weather; it is too hot or too cold; too wet or too dry. And yet a kind Providence arranges it infinitely better than we could. What a beautiful promise this was in the early history of the race: "While the earth remaineth, seed time and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night shall not cease."

Looking Ahead.

"I think I had better get a job before we marry."

"Don't be so unromantic, Freddy. I won't need any clothes for a long, long time."

"But you may want to eat almost any time, my dear."—Pittsburgh Post.

Knocking on Wood.

The "knock wood" superstition is said to date back to the days of syrian gods, when oak, ash and rowan were sacred trees, whose deities would come to the assistance of the knocker.

The Royal Aliment.

Achilles complained of his heel. "Never mind," we assured him. "Polks will take it for the fashionable golfer's foot."—New York Sun.

The Wretchedness of Constipation

Can quickly be overcome by CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price. Genuine must bear Signature

Wm. Wood

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