

THE POSTULATORY PROMOTER



"You know me. I'm never optimistic."



The five bankers reproached their five clients



"A Home for \$1.00"

"My family will furnish everything—the water, the labor, the brains"



A burglar alarm, personally conducted.

A Day With Several Kinds of His Remarkable Profession. Enthusiastic Promoters Who Make Themselves Believe 'Most Anything.' Plain Tales From the Wall Street Jungles of Five Robbers and Others

NO. 1 The Postulatory Promoter. By Julius Muller.

"There," said my friend, the promoter, "try one of these cigars. I think that, without doubt, we've struck the biggest thing of the century." He watched with shining eyes while we puffed at it. "Good, isn't it?" asked he. "You wouldn't suppose that the tobacco that it's made from was grown in a flower-pot on my window sill, would you?" I knew my friend the promoter so very well, indeed, that I said, coldly: "No, I wouldn't."

providing he will plant his patch of ground according to our directions. Then we'll send him a package of tobacco seed and the inoculating stuff mixed together, and when his plants are up we'll simply send around and collect them. "Now, see what we gain by that. In the first place, we don't need a cent for land. In the second place, the tobacco will grow ever so much better in small patches like that, both because the plants will have individual care and because the fences will protect them from cold winds. That'll give us a high temperature that we could never get in an open field. "The inoculating material breeds as fast as other microbes. Starting with a bottleful, we can raise enough to vaccinate every bit of soil in the United States, and it won't cost us anything. The seed we can get on credit. So, you see, we can have our crop growing without spending a dollar on it."

you'll be the only man who has them. It simply means that every one of the 200,000 odd smokers in this city will buy a box of cigars from you. "So that's a promoter. Well, well," said the cigar man afterward, "I'd never have taken that little, bald-headed, shabby man for a promoter. Why, I'm almost sure that he believed everything he told us. I always thought that promoters were breezy, big men, dressed to kill and throwing wads of money and language around promiscuously."

getting modest orders at intervals of two or three days for Loyalty Gold Bond Investment Company stock. But there was none on the market—for the very good reason that it was all locked up in a safe. Being unobtainable, it assumed a certain value, like all other unobtainable things. When that happy state arrived, a curb broker who received an order for 200 shares was delighted by learning that a man was willing to sell that quantity. But he was not to be approached, and demanded a higher price than the broker's customer had authorized. After a brisk negotiation the customer agreed to pay the asked figure. Then small blocks of the jealously guarded stock began to appear. They were snapped up eagerly. The stock began to get a recognized position. For a year the sales and purchases continued. Of course, Wall Street didn't know that all the dealing was confined to the five promoters and their henchmen, and that all the stock sold and purchased found its way back to the same safe.

reproached their five clients for having become so cold and distant. The five clients replied that they were not against it; that they couldn't meet the over-certification, "but," said they, "you know you have lots of collateral, so you're all right." Alas! The banks found that they were all wrong. The buyers of Loyalty Gold Bond Investment stock, formerly the five promoters, had been temporarily, though they did this only from an excess of prudence, for the banks really couldn't dare to do anything except to bear their pain in silence. LEGITIMATE PROMOTERS. Between the first kind of promoter, who fools himself more than he ever does others, because his schemes require too much imagination for the average investor, and the second kind, who are common swindlers, there are all kinds and degrees. Promoting legitimate business enterprises has become a recognized profession, and there are many hundred prosperous, highly reputable and influential men in any large city, who pose frankly and unadvisedly as promoters. The day's visitors to a promoter of this class are a revelation of the weird, fantastic, Arabian Nights schemes that breed under the shabby hats of a city's impetuous strivers. The plans of nine out of ten would-be financiers built on the principle of gaining immense sums without investing a penny. "Now, here," says a seedy stout man with a double-breasted front of grease, as he fishes dubious papers out of the still more dubious lining of his ancient silt hat—"now here is the map of a little parcel of land down on Long Island, and that I can pick up for \$5,000 cash, sir. Here's my scheme. We can cut this up into building lots—all on paper, of course—and plant a few surveyor's stakes to mark the streets: I've got a surveyor who'll do the job for \$150. No, no; I don't want you to furnish the \$5,000 to buy the land. My plan is to make a deal to buy it, and then, after we get the owner tied up, but before we close the deal, to advertise a sale of lots in our new home site, Riviera-on-the-Island (what do you think of that for a name, eh?) at \$9 a lot, on terms of \$1 down for each lot, and 50 cents a month till the balance is paid off. "Now, all we need for that is, say \$500 for advertising. If you'll put that up for your share, I'll throw in my idea and my services for mine. We are certain to sell all the 5,000 lots in a month. People will jump at the chance. Think of the headline of the ad, 'A Home for \$1.' That means that we will have the \$5,000 paid in before we have to pay for the land. After that we haven't got to do a thing, not a single solitary thing, except to sit with our feet on our desks and take down \$2,500 a month for about ten years."

have a marked predilection for coming in a flash. "I've figured and figured in it since then, and I can't see a flaw in it. Possibly you, with your greater experience, will see one at once. "Briefly, it struck me all of a sudden yesterday morning that there is an appalling waste of power in the skyscrapers. The point is this: In those huge towers, inhabited by thousands of people, there is never a moment of the day when the water faucets are idle. Waste water from the washbasins and the drinking fountains is perpetually falling through the pipes, and, of course, attaining an enormous velocity in its drop through two and three hundred feet of space. "No, what I've come to you for is this: My idea is to lease the right to install motors in each skyscraper to convert this force into power, and to collect the energy in a central station. If you will interest a first-class engineer in the project and raise enough money to build the plant, I am willing to give you a two-thirds interest in the matter. I have figured that we should clear at least a million a year."

"I have a spring of water on my place," said the red-whiskered man who was "next," producing a bottle. "It's the finest, purest water I've ever tasted. Just plain water, you know, no minerals or anything else—but just the thing that is needed in the big cities, with their bad water supplies. I've got the name for it, and my eldest boy, who is quite an artist, has drawn the designs. 'Hercules Spring Water' I'm going to name it. I've got advertising and all other matter all written out. We are ready to begin the campaign, sir, on a moment's notice after we buy the bottles. "My family and I will furnish everything—the water, the labor, the brains, everything except the bottles and what little money is needed for advertising. If you will furnish that, we will let you in on an equal basis, share and share alike, with me and my five sons and two nephews. I've measured the flow of that spring, and it flows ten million of dollars' worth of water a year, figuring the value on the basis of a two-gallon bottle for 10 cents, bottles to be returned. How is that for a good thing?" A burglar alarm personally conducted by a gentleman who looked unfortunately like a burglar himself; an epoch-making improvement in suspenders, presented by a society man, who was almost overcome with astonishment at his sudden inventiveness; an idea for a cannon, to be made economically of sheet tin on a new design that would enable it to throw 100 pounds of dynamite and infallibly destroy the navies of the rest of the world; and an elaborate scheme to give all the householders of the city shares of stock in an Old Paper and Rag Company, with the understanding that in return they would deliver all their refuse of that

nature at collecting station to be established by a company—these and a score of others followed each other in rapid succession.

GEMS IN THE RUBBISH. "Nine-tenths of my day goes that way," said the promoter. "But it pays me, just the same. I'm a god deal like a junkman, you know—picking over the rubbish till I light on something worth while. Now, last month I found nothing but rubbish. Last week was the same—every day clear waste. But last Monday the first man who came through this door brought me a good thing. It was simple enough—nothing except a patented tinner's shears that will cut tin and sheet iron straight without allowing either side to curl up. That doesn't seem like much, but you just ask any tinsmith what he'd give for such a tool, and you'll see. I have reason to believe that it'll clear \$50,000 for the inventor and \$10,000 for myself on that."

That is the real business promoter and how he gets rich, legitimately, with only his brains for capital.

TWO GIRL EDITORS.

(Kansas City Star.)

Down in the wild and undeveloped but picturesque part of Arkansas is situated the little town of Leslie. Its principal industry is the lumber business, consequently saw mill and stove mill employes constitute the principal part of the population. Despite the undeveloped character of the country and the rough mannerisms of its inhabitants, a former Kansas City girl have seen fit to locate in it and enter a field that in a country town has generally been regarded as belonging to maudlin sentimentalism.

The young ladies are the Misses Margaret and Lillian Walton, daughters of R. C. Walton, a mining engineer, who, until a year ago resided in Kansas City, at No. 1510 Brooklyn avenue. They are the editors and publishers of the Leslie News, a five-column folio and a very new country paper. They employ no solicitors or employees of any sort, doing their own typesetting and on press days one would not recognize in the perspiring and ink-besmeared young ladies two former habitués of the ball room. Both misses are young, Margaret being 29 and Lillian 18, the former being a member of the 1902 graduating class of the Kansas City high school. They were entirely without experience in the newspaper field, yet they have established the News upon a paying basis in a little over a year, having over 500 circulation at the rate of \$1 per year. In addition to this they have a large job printing patronage, while the editorial columns of the paper are frequently quoted by the press of the state.

"We like the business fine," one of them said. "You see, it is so different from what we have been used to that we like the novelty of it, and it seems more like play. Of course, it is rather dull here socially. It was especially so until last year when we got the railroad, for we could never see any one but the local residents, but since its arrival Leslie is beginning to grow socially as well as otherwise. There is fine boating, fishing and swimming here, and my sister and I are enthusiastic lovers of these sports. We also have two fine saddle horses and go horseback riding, so it's not so dull here as one would think. Then there is a fascination about the newspaper business, and besides we are making good money."

Leslie is a town of about 300 population, and is the present terminus of the St. L. & N. A. railway.

JUST BEFORE THE CEREMONY.

Clarence—I told the minister he wasn't kissing you, was he? Cordelia—And what did he say? Clarence—He thanked me and said under those circumstances he would only charge me half the usual fee.