

his agents found out that Bar had purchased the elephant from an unscrupulous Indian Rajah; in fact, he had purchased two, the first one he died on its way to England. If the misdirection of a cable announcing the death and ordering an agent at any cost which put them wise to the fact that Bar had a rare elephant had never heard of a sacred animal, but he started out to get when he read that cablegram. There were scarce articles, and Bar had bought the only two which were to be had for love or money in India, so he and Cross got their agents together and started out to manufacture a bogus one in Liverpool.

They prepared a closed stall, which always kept locked, and put an agent in it—just a common, or rather, an elephant. Then Sam and his wife, Telord, proceeded to get busy with their work. They had a lot of white aniline dye. I imagine they had a pretty hard winter's work and it was certainly a tough job for the elephant, because they had to scrape about half the skin off the elephant before the dye would hold. They finally succeeded in getting him several shades lighter than normal, all except about eight inches at the end of the trunk, which could do nothing with that on account of the habit of the beast, which was always musing around in bedding, searching for stray pebbles.

They kept in touch with the London Zoo and found out when we were to take on a steamer which would take us to New York a few days ahead of the others. Of course, they had to keep it at all the way over, but they kept it quiet and no one caught when the scientific sharps came to examine it. Sam would hoist the flag up in the air while he drew attention to the marvelous whiteness of the under side, and no one on to the fact that the end of the trunk was the natural color.

They let them remove some bits of the elephant for microscopic examination to see that no dye was used, but they had them taken from the inner of the foreleg near the body, which the natural pigment is absent in all elephants. Sam swears they never had to fix one of the elephants; they were only too anxious to get the advertisement, and they prepared to swear, and did in particular case, that black was

have a few gray hairs in my head, most of them came during the course of that fight. The game isn't used to be and I'm glad that I had long experience, that the worst which can happen to a man is to be a white elephant, fake or genuine, in his hands."

(Copyright, 1913, by W. G. Chapman.)

The Cash Intrigue

By George Randolph Chester
(Copyright, 1909, by Bobbs-Merrill Co.)

"What?" said Rollins, with relief. "It's a pleasure to find that we want the same thing without argument. It's simple enough. I've merely to establish my fact from the quantity and without dispute, this giving the small slipper an equal chance with the big one. The interstate commerce law may then go out of commission, for we will do the same work which it was designed to do, and it will be done with a certain amount of freedom and exchange of ideas."

"Don't misunderstand me," went on Rollins. "I consider the trusts as much a product of natural law as the attraction of gravitation, but where they obtain to stuporous fatness, more or less, they are to be abolished. It is the need which brought them into existence. The greatest abuse of which the monopolies have been guilty is in transportation. Probably more than half of the freight carried is shipped by large corporations, nearly every one of it being subject to a rebate or a drawback of some sort, and this drain on the railroads, amounting to millions every year, must be made up by the small shippers. I can lower the present of ten-cent rate on transportation on a flat rate basis and make more money for our stockholders."

"I have been over some of the figures," said Rollins. "The aggregate is appalling, but I am afraid that, after all, we shall be compelled to allow certain concessions in certain places."

"You are quite right in your contention," Mr. Rollins, admitted Kelvin. "But you misunderstand us. We don't intend to interfere with your absolute control. We do hope, however, to have you see that our way of planning is right. Until then we shall not even bother you with advice. In the meantime promulgate your fat rate sheet and we'll stand behind you."

Rollins studied the matter over for some time. "Very well," said he. "I think that I shall remain at Forest Lakes for a month or so. I had just as lief have the avalanche of protests come to me here as in New York."

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understand by this that you will not try to make any attempt to make any concessions to these people."

"Absolutely none," declared Kelvin. "Your word is enough at present," replied Rollins. "If you will stick to the letter of that I am perfectly satisfied."

After Rollins had left the room Kelvin turned thoughtfully to himself. "Will he come in?" he asked anxiously. "When the time is ripe, yes," asserted Breed confidently. "It is in his blood, and when the time comes he'll listen."

That evening Rollins met Elsie White coming down the kitchen steps and joined her. She was so frank and wholesome that he always had an indefinite impression of being the better for having talked with her, even though nothing of moment had been said.

"How the country agrees with you!" he observed as he joined her. "You're looking rather pale when I first saw you here, but you have found some marvelous ronge among these trees."

"I like it very much," she admitted, turning his compliment with a smile. "I have already grown to have a certain amount of supercilious pity for city dwellers."

"They really need it," he agreed, with a laugh. "and to prove that I am sincere in this remark I am going to stick with you for a month or so."

"Good!" she exclaimed. "More people to enjoy Forest Lakes is all that we need."

"Do they never have any visitors," Rollins inquired, "week end parties and the like?"

"Never," she replied. "For festivities of that sort they go down occasionally to Mr. Breed's other place in Virginia, but Mr. Breed is very jealous of having any social life whatever in you here."

Rollins strolled by her side until they reached the cottage, where the garrulous Mrs. White met them at the door.

Mrs. White was delighted to be introduced to Mr. Rollins. "Elsie has told me all about what a fine man you are, and fine men are scarce enough any place. Are you going to stay long this time?"

"He promises us a month at least, mother."

"That's nice," asserted Mrs. White. "It's fine to have a lot of good looking men around. My goodness! I tell Elsie she never will have a chance to get married if she stays here."

Rollins was so thankful to Elsie that she laughed from sheer amusement and gave him a chance to join her. His amusement and also his repressed embarrassment were heightened when, after Elsie had invited him to sit on the vine clad little front stoop, Mrs. White suddenly and conspicuously absent herself. The two were silent for a time, when they heard approaching voices.

"You had better come in with us," said the voice of Blagg, from just beyond the corner of the house. "The organization now numbers more than a quarter of a million, all of the down-trodden, sworn to serve the best interests of the poor."

"But if they are all poor people what can they do to help themselves?" objected the voice of Ben White.

"Rise up and overwhelm the existing condition of things by the mere weight of numbers," responded Blagg quickly and tensely. "Moreover, the organization is not so poor as you might think. It has quite a snug little sum in its own treasury, and besides that, I know where there is \$1,500,000.00 in cash that we can seize upon the moment we rise. Look here, Mr. White, I want to explain to you the system of our organization."

By the sound of the voices they were slowly walking away. Elsie turned to

Rollins with a troubled frown. "I don't like this Mr. Blagg," she declared. "He talks nearly every evening with father about some secret society he wishes him to join, and I am afraid."

Rollins laughed easily. "These so-called organizations never do anything," he told her.

He thought no more of the matter just then, but he did think more and more frequently of Elsie White as the days wore on. He knew that he had lost caste with Mrs. Rensselaer the first time she saw him with Lillian's maid, but he did not care to hold caste with Mrs. Rensselaer. The Rollins men folk had held it as their right to marry whom they chose, and he began a deliberate courtship of Elsie White.

He avoided Lillian Breed from fastidious chafe, but he spent much time in his spare hours with Kelvin and young Rensselaer.

One drowsy night he had dropped to sleep upon a bench on the porch in the shadow of a climbing rosebush. He was awakened by the scrape of chairs and became conscious of low and tense voices quite near him.

"You, too, could love as I love," said the voice of Blagg, trembling with repressed intensity. "I could love with anything brain, with pounding pulses, with a heart the throbs of which would hurt and hurt and hurt!"

"You are almost poetical in your anatomy of the emotions," drawled contemptuously the voice of Lillian Breed. "I had no idea that the love of money could affect one in that precise way."

"You don't mean that shrill," he protested angrily. "You know that if you had not a dollar I would still have for you this hunger that starves me, this thirst that parches me, this fame that burns me, this agony that makes me cry out in the night."

"You ought not to encourage yourself in that attitude," she said, with less contempt. "You are making a beach in the confidence that is placed in you here."

"I would make a breach in the wall of heaven," he retorted passionately. "I would break and destroy it utterly, would grind it to atoms, would scatter its dust to the four winds, if by that I might win you. And you could love me, as madly as I do."

"Yes," she admitted slowly, "but not you."

"I know," he responded bitterly, "but you are waiting your affections. Kelvin cares for no one but himself."

"Who told you to speak his name? Don't make me hate you."

"I'd rather that than indifference," he declared, "so hate me, for hate at least is an emotion. As for Kelvin, I will not be silent about him, for I think you're mistaken about even yourself. It is not Kelvin to whom you are attracted, but the force he represents. The power to achieve, that is what you worship, but in your dreams of the power he might acquire you are blind to other possibilities. I, too, can give you power. Join with me and future history will acclaim us as the great liberators of the chained and manacled American public."

"Splendid!" she exclaimed, laughing lightly. "I didn't even know they needed liberation."

"You have much to learn," he returned. "Do you know that the army of the unemployed now numbers nearly a million? Do you know that there is an organization among them and their more fortunate brothers, aggregating a quarter of a million, which is sworn to change the existing order of things so that every man shall have an equal opportunity? Listen a moment. I could gain control of this organization and increase it to 10,000,000 if I had your opportunities to command a billion and a half dollars of cash."

"Of what are you talking?" Her tone now was a frightened one. "The possibilities of a new and glorious order of things, a new social system, a new form of government which shall guarantee to every man an equal distribution of earning capacity. I need to rally 10,000,000 men to the new cause. It will cost \$150 per man. That amounts to a billion and a half of dollars. You have, let us say, influential friends who have plenty of money—solid cash. Join me, help me to raise this money; help me to carry through to its glorious conclusion this enormous benefit to humanity, and no king and queen will have a firmer and a more honored place in history than we shall have."

"It is a dream of folly," she protested. "You would expend all this enormous amount of money if you had it in promoting only a new reign of terror."

"By no means," he declared and laughed. "My 10,000,000 men would need but to show their teeth and it would all be over. There need not be a blow struck."

"The voice of Mrs. Rensselaer broke in upon them, peremptorily calling upon Lillian for some music.

"Coming," replied Lillian. She turned to Blagg. "I must go in now," she said to him. "Your talk is perfectly silly, but it is amusing, too. I find it quite curious and interesting."

She hurried into the house, leaving Blagg alone on the porch. As soon as he had gone Blagg stepped down into the grounds and disappeared. Rollins sat quite still and thought for a long

CHAIRMAN OF DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL COMMITTEE, WHO WAS RECENTLY MARRIED, AND HIS WIFE



William F. McCombs, chairman of the Democratic National Committee and the next United States Ambassador to France, was married at the American Embassy in London to Miss Dorothy Williams, sister of Mrs. Joseph Leiter and one of the most prominent girls in Washington society.

Miss Williams is the daughter of Colonel and Mrs. John R. Williams. Since she made her debut, in 1908, she has been one of the leaders of the capital's younger set. She is an enthusiastic sportsman and recently surprised her friends by taking up aviation.

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Eight workmen, probably all for egners, were drowned by the capsizing of a flat-bottomed boat in the Lachine Canal.

Mrs. Fred Balcomb of Windsor was fatally burned, her clothing catching fire as she stood before a grate in her home.

The index finger, showing the trend of prices of commodities, rose nearly one point in October, an unusual record for one month, except in January.

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