

SUCCESS

MAGAZINE

FOUNDED BY
ORISON SWETT MARDENCONTENTS FOR
JULY 1910

Cover by B. CORY KILVERT

The Paralysis of Fear Orison Swett Marden 458

Old Well-Well (*A Baseball Story*) Zane Grey 459

Illustrations by E. W. Kemble

The Mercy Sign Samuel Hopkins Adams 462

The Fourth of the "Average Jones" Detective Stories

Illustrations by M. Leone Bracker

Marriage in America Robert Haven Schauffler 466

The Business Girl's Ideals

Illustrations by Maud Tousey

Silk o' the Weed (*Verse*) Madison Cawein 469

The Chambless Roadtown Milo Hastings 470

Illustration by Vernon Howe Bailey

A Renegade Mother (*Another Janey Story*) Inez Haynes Gillmore 473

Illustrations by Ada C. Williamson

Uncle Sam in Blunderland Arthur I. Street 475

The Cost of Political Pork

The Shears of Destiny (*Serial Story*) Leroy Scott 477

Illustrations by Alexander Popini

DEPARTMENTS

Point and Pleasantry (*10-Cent-a-Word Department*) 456

The World in a Nutshell 483

The Individual Investor Montgomery Rollins 499

Editorial Chat 501

Uncle Bob's Moneymakers 502

Copyright, 1910, by THE SUCCESS COMPANY. Entered as second-class mail matter, Dec. 14, 1905, at the post-office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of Congress of March, 1879. Copyrighted in Great Britain.

Our Advertisements

We guarantee our subscribers (of record) against loss due to fraudulent misrepresentation in any advertisement appearing in this issue, provided that mention of SUCCESS MAGAZINE is made when ordering. This guaranty does not cover fluctuations of market values, or ordinary "trade talk," nor does it involve the settling of minor claims or disputes between advertiser and reader. Claims for losses must be made within sixty days of the appearance of the advertisement complained of. The honest bankruptcy of an advertiser occurring after the printing of an advertisement by us only entitles the reader to our best services in endeavoring to secure the return of his money.

Expirations and Renewals

If you find a blue pencil cross in the space below, your subscription expires with this (*July*) issue; if a red pencil cross it expires with the next (*August*) issue.

Subscriptions to begin with this issue should be received by July 15; to begin with August should be received by August 15. Subscription price: \$1 a year; in Canada \$1.50; foreign countries, \$2 a year; all invariably in advance. On sale at all news-stands for 15c. a copy.

How to Own The Oliver Typewriter for 17c a Day

You don't have to draw on your Bank Account when you pay on the Penny Plan.

You need not disturb your Dollars. *Keep them at work earning interest!*

We offer our newest model, the Oliver Typewriter No. 5 — fresh from the factory — for Seventeen Cents a Day.

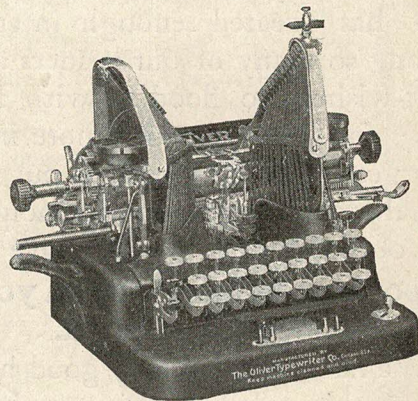
The plan is printed in "black and white" on the Application Blank below.

Simply fill out the blank, attach the small first payment, send it in, and *on comes the Oliver!*

No tedious wait! No red tape! No long-drawn-out correspondence!

You quickly own your Oliver and scarcely notice the outlay. You can have the use of your machine while pennies are "paying the freight."

You will never have a better chance to test the power of pennies.



The Oliver is everywhere.

It's the *universal* typewriter. Reels off real work with the ease and speed demanded by this mile-a-minute age. Wherever you turn—in Business Offices, great or small—in the quiet of the Home—in the roar of the Railroad and Telegraph service—in the seething maelstrom of modern Newspaperdom—in countless kinds of service—it's the sturdy, strenuous *Oliver* that's "making the wheels go 'round."

The **OLIVER**
Typewriter
The Standard Visible Writer

You need your Oliver *now*. It's yours almost for the *asking*. The biggest hundred dollars' worth in America—for Seventeen Cents a Day!

Send along the Application Blank, with a small first payment of \$15 as an evidence of good faith.

Your check is good—or send draft, post-office or express money order.

THE OLIVER TYPEWRITER CO.

41 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago

(36)

APPLICATION BLANK

THE OLIVER TYPEWRITER CO.,
41 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago

Gentlemen:—I accept your offer of the latest model No. 5 Oliver Standard Typewriter for Seventeen Cents a Day. Enclosed please find \$15 as evidence of good faith. I agree to save 17 cents a day and remit the balance, \$85, in monthly installments. Title to remain in your name until the machine is fully paid for.

Name

Address

Town State

References



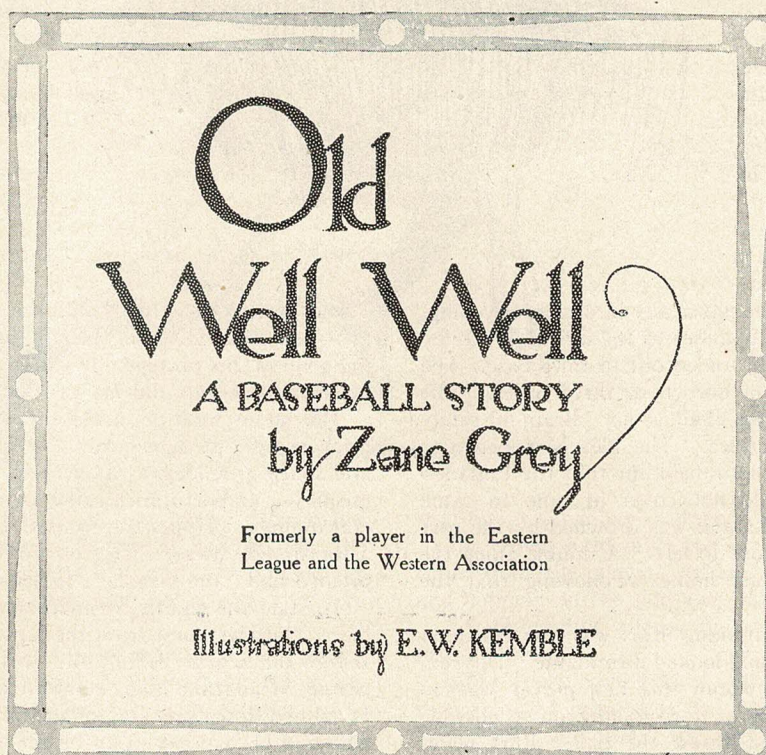
HE BOUGHT a ticket at the twenty-five cent window, and edging his huge bulk through the turnstile, laboriously followed the noisy crowd toward the bleachers. I could not have been mistaken. He was Old Well-Well, famous from Boston to Baltimore as the greatest baseball fan in the East. His singular yell had pealed into the ears of five hundred thousand worshipers of the national game and would never be forgotten.

At sight of him I recalled a friend's baseball talk. "You remember Old Well-Well? He's all in—dying, poor old fellow! It seems young Burt, whom the Phillies are trying out this spring, is Old Well-Well's nephew and protégé. Used to play on the Murray Hill team; a speedy youngster. When the Philadelphia team was here last, Manager Crestline announced his intention to play Burt in center-field. Old Well-Well was too ill to see the lad get his try-out. He was heart-broken and said: 'If I could only see one more game!'"

The recollection of this random baseball gossip and the fact that Philadelphia was scheduled to play New York that very day, gave me a sudden desire to see the game with Old Well-Well. I did not know him, but where on earth were introductions as superfluous as on the bleachers? It was a very easy matter to catch up with him. He walked slowly, leaning hard on a cane and his wide shoulders sagged as he puffed along. I was about to make some pleasant remark concerning the prospects of a fine game, when the sight of his face shocked me and I drew back. If ever I had seen shadow of pain and shade of death they hovered darkly around Old Well-Well. My friend's remarks came back doubly significant. And in a flash I added scraps of stories that had drifted to me, on the curious currents of fandom, about this old man's passion for baseball. They brought to mind instances of my own experience, proving the strange dominating fascination of the game. All men loved baseball; most of them had played it as boys; but the singular truth was that the really great fans were men, who, for some reason or other, had never played the game. I noticed that Old Well-Well walked with a limp. He, then, had probably been one of the unfortunates, who as a boy had never felt the joy of chasing fly balls or of ringing hits off the bat. His tribute of what he had missed spoke in his presence there that day, crowning his long years of fidelity. I conceived the idea at once, and thought it not exaggerated in the least, that here was a man actually dying harder than most men die in their beds, upheld in his appalling determination by some inexplicable strength, while on his way to see his last game of baseball.

No one accompanied him; no one seemed to recognize him. The majority of that merry crowd of boys and men would have jumped up wild with pleasure to hear his well-remembered yell. Not much longer than a year before, I had seen ten thousand fans rise as one man and roar a greeting to him that shook the stands. So I was confronted by a situation strikingly calculated to rouse my curiosity and sympathy.

He found an end seat on a row at about the middle of the right-field bleachers and I chose one across the aisle and somewhat behind him. It was a warm, bright June



day; a day when the over worked clerk burst out and bubbled with sheer joy of sunlight and freedom. The closely cropped level field was a thing of beauty, inspiring a mad desire to run across it. No players were yet in sight. The stands were filling up and streams of men were filing into the aisles of the bleachers and piling over the benches. Old Well-Well settled himself comfortably in his seat and gazed about him with animation. There had come a change to his massive features. The hard lines had softened; the patches of gray were no longer visible; his cheeks were ruddy; something akin to a smile shone on his face as he looked around, missing no detail of the familiar scene.

The shirt-sleeved fans, not as yet having the players to compel their attention, were characteristically and volubly engaged in flinging badinage at the incoming crowd.

"Pipe the blue lid!"

"Get the hook!"

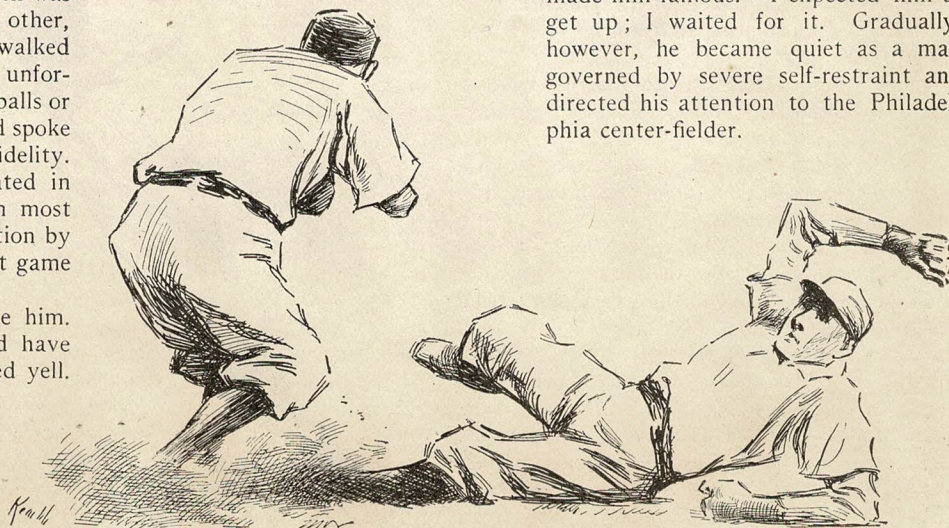
"Oh, you bluejay!"

"Where did you get that hat; where did you get that hat?"

Peanuts were sent flying at the offensive blue head-gear; newspaper balls rolled tight were thrown with unerring aim. The stream of jolly scorn thickened with the stream of projectiles. Certain it was that the bleachers could not be content, could not sit down, could not even let the baseball game commence with that blue hat in sight. Its wearer, having wisdom thrust upon him, consigned his blue Fedora to an inside pocket, and the crowd forgot him.

A clattering roar swept across the bleachers announcing the advent of the players.

During the practise of the home team Old Well-Well sat still with his big hands on his knees; but when the gong rang for the Phillies, he grew restless, squirmed in his seat and half rose several times. I divined the importuning of his old habit to greet his team with the yell that had made him famous. I expected him to get up; I waited for it. Gradually, however, he became quiet as a man governed by severe self-restraint and directed his attention to the Philadelphia center-fielder.



By a good long slide, beat the throw into third

At a glance I saw that the player was new to me and answered the newspaper description of young Burt. What a lively-looking athlete! He was tall, lithe, yet sturdy. He did not need to chase more than two fly balls to win me. His graceful, fast style reminded me of the great Curt Welch. Old Well-Well's face wore a rapt expression. I discovered myself hoping Burt would make good; wishing he would rip the boards off the fence; praying he would break up the game.

It was Saturday, and by the time the gong sounded for the game to begin the grandstand and bleachers were packed. The scene was glittering, colorful, a delight to the eye. Around the circle of bright faces rippled a low, merry murmur. The umpire, grotesquely padded in front by his chest-protector, announced the batteries, dusted the plate, and throwing out a white ball, sang the open sesame of the game: "Play!"

Then Old Well-Well arose as if pushed from his seat by some strong propelling force. It had been his wont always when play was ordered, or in a moment of silent suspense, or a lull in the applause, or a dramatic pause when hearts beat high and lips were mute, to bawl out over the listening, waiting multitude his terrific blast: "Well-Well-Well!"

Twice he opened his mouth, gurgled and choked, and then resumed his seat with a very red, agitated face; something had deterred him from his purpose, or he had been physically incapable of yelling.

The game opened with White's sharp bouncer to the infield. Wesley had three strikes called on him, and Kelly fouled out to third base. The Phillies did no better, being retired in one, two, three order. The second inning was short and no tallies were chalked up. Brain hit safely in the third and went to second on a sacrifice. The bleachers began to stamp and cheer. He reached third on an infield hit that the Philadelphia short-stop knocked down but could not cover in time to catch either runner. The cheer in the grand-stand was drowned by the roar in the bleachers. Brain scored on a fly-out to left. A double along the right foul line brought the second runner home. Following that the next batter went out on strikes.

In the Philadelphia half of the inning young Burt was the first man up. He stood left-handed at the plate and looked formidable. Duveen, the wary old pitcher for New York, to whom this new player was an unknown quantity, eyed his easy position as if reckoning on a possible weakness. Then he took his swing and threw the ball. Burt never moved a muscle and the umpire called strike. The next was a ball, the next a strike; still Burt had not moved.

"Somebody wake him up!" yelled a wag in the bleachers.

"He's from Slumbertown, all right, all right!" shouted another.

Duveen sent up another ball, high and swift. Burt hit it straight over the first baseman, a line drive that struck the front of the right-field bleachers.

"Peacherino!" howled a fan.

Here the promise of Burt's speed was fulfilled. Run! He was fleet as a deer. He cut through first like the wind, settled to a driving stride, rounded second, and by a good, long slide beat the throw in to third. The crowd, who went to games to see long hits and daring runs, gave him a generous hand-clapping.

Old Well-Well appeared on the verge of apoplexy. His ruddy face turned purple, then black; he rose in his seat; he gave vent to smothered gasps; then he straightened up and clutched his hands into his knees.

The fans near by voiced their comments.

"Wow! Did he sting that one?"

"Beaut! Wasn't it?"

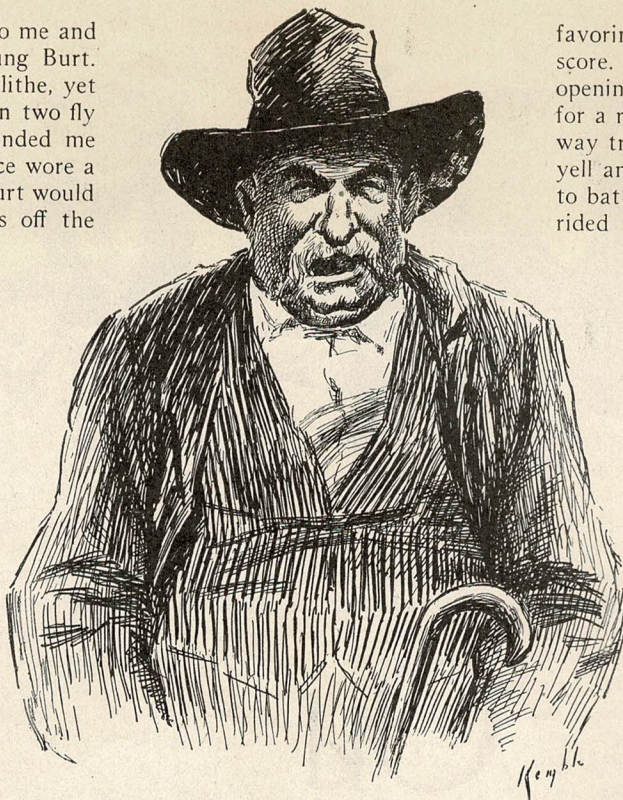
"Sure Mike? That's a new Philly. Used to play with the Murray Hill's. Fast as lightning ain't he?"

"G'wan!" said another. "If Wesley had n't been tied to a post out there he'd caught that hit."

"G'wan! What do you know about baseball anyway? I used to play the game. See!"

Old Well-Well drank in these remarks, sitting straighter and prouder all the time; only upon the last speaker, who dared to hint of such a thing as Burt's being caught, he turned a wrathful glance.

Burt scored his run on a hit to deep short, an infielder's choice, with the chances against retiring a runner at the plate. Philadelphia could not tally again that inning. New York blanked in the first of the next. For their opponents, an error, a close decision at second



Old Well-Well

favoring the runner, and a single to right tied the score. Bell of New York got a clean hit in the opening of the fifth. With no one out and chances for a run, the impatient fans let loose. Four subway trains in collision would not have equalled the yell and stamp in the bleachers. Maloney was next to bat and he essayed a bunt. This the fans derided with hoots and hisses. No team-work, no inside-ball for them!

"Hit it out!" yelled a hundred in unison.

"Home run!" screamed a worshiper of long hits.

As if actuated by the sentiments of his admirers Maloney lined the ball over short. It looked good for a double; it certainly would advance Bell to third; maybe home. But no one calculated on Burt. His fleetness enabled him to head the bounding ball. He picked it up cleanly, and checking his headlong run, threw toward third base. Bell was half way there. The ball shot straight and low with terrific force and beat the runner to the bag.

"What a great arm!" I exclaimed, deep in my throat. "It's the lad's day! He can't be stopped."

The keen newsboy sitting below us broke the amazed silence in the bleachers.

"Wot d'ye tink o' that?"

Old Well-Well writhed in his seat. To him it was a one-man game, as it had come to be for me. I thrilled with him; I gloried in the making good of his protégé; it got to be an effort on my part to look at the old man, so keenly did his emotion communicate itself to me.

The game went on, a close, exciting, brilliantly fought battle. Both pitchers were at their best. The batters batted out long flies, low liners, and sharp grounders; the fielders fielded these difficult chances without misplay. Opportunities came for runs, but no runs were scored for several innings. Hopes were raised to the highest pitch only to be dashed astonishingly away. The crowd in the grand-stand swayed to every pitched ball; the bleachers tossed like surf in a storm.

To start the eighth, Stranathan of New York tripled along the left foul line. Thunder burst from the fans and rolled swelling around the field. Before the hoarse yelling, the shrill hooting, the hollow stamping had ceased, Stranathan made home on an infield hit. Then bedlam broke loose. It calmed down quickly, for the fans sensed trouble between Binghamton, who had been thrown out in the play, and the umpire, who was waving him back to the bench.

"You dizzy-eyed old woman, you can't see straight!" called Binghamton.

The umpire's reply was lost but it was evident that the offending player had been ordered out of the grounds.

Binghamton swaggered along the bleachers while the umpire slowly returned to his post. The fans took exception to the player's objection and were not slow in expressing it. Various witty encomiums, not to be misunderstood, attested to the bleachers' love of fair play and their disgust at a player's getting himself put out of the game at a critical stage.

"Hey Bing!" sang out the irrepressible boy. "Wot d'ye want to weaken the team for? Yuse was out!"

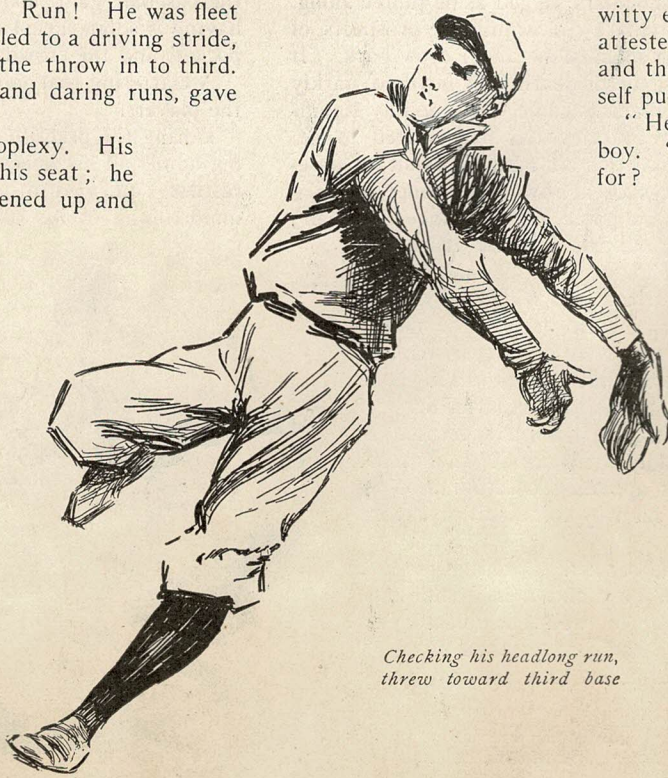
"Binghamton, you've got a head like a tack," remarked another fan.

"Say, Bing, are you gettin' so good nobody can throw you out?"

During the latter part of the tirade the game had proceeded. A second batter had been thrown out. Then two hits in succession looked good for another run. White, the next batter, sent a single over second base. Burt scooped the ball on the first bounce and let drive for the plate. It was another extraordinary throw. Whether ball or runner reached home base first was most difficult to decide. The umpire made his sweeping wave of hand and the breathless crowd caught his decision.

"Out!"

In action and sound the circle of bleachers resembled a long



Checking his headlong run, threw toward third base

curved beach with a mounting breaker thundering turbulently high.

"ROB—B—BER—R!" bawled the outraged fans, betraying their marvelous inconsistency.

Old Well-Well breathed hard. Again the wrestling of his body signified an inward strife. I began to feel sure that the man was in a mingled torment of joy and pain, that he fought the maddening desire to yell because he knew he had not the strength to stand it. Surely, in all the years of his long following of baseball he had never had the incentive to express himself in his peculiar way that rioted in him now. Surely, before the game ended he would split the winds with his wonderful yell.

Of all the ball games I had ever attended this one got to be the most thrilling. It was the kind of a game that any fan would remember and talk about as one of the memorable spectacles of his life. For me it had a hundredfold more interest. It was different from any other game.

There was a strangeness about it that made it unreal, like a game played in a dream. The thick warm golden air of that June day was full of merry jest, exultant cry—but for me it was a charged atmosphere. I made light of my feelings, dispelled them, only to have them return. A picture I had seen somewhere continually flashed into my mental vision. It was of a great amphitheater open to the sky, crowded with gay, careless, thoughtless pleasure seekers, all so intent on the bright arena that they could not see an immense sable-winged shadow hovering over them. These wild-eyed, hilarious, holiday-seeking baseball enthusiasts were not so different from the old Roman populace. And the shadow was there. I tried not to feel the tragical contrast between these joyous fans and Old Well-Well. But I failed. Furthermore, my feeling for the fans took on a somber coloring. For them would come such a time as this was for Old Well-Well.

The last day, whether of baseball or of human life, must come; and I felt it in that hour. How many would show the courage of this old man? To me it had become the incarnation of a heroic will mastering superhuman odds. He loved the game, he loved life—and these were fearful odds because of the very terror of them in the losing.

Duveen's only base on balls, with the help of a bunt, a steal, and a scratch hit, resulted in a run for Philadelphia, again tying the score. How the fans raged at Fuller for failing to field the lucky scratch.

"We had the game on ice!" one cried.

"Get him a basket!"

New York men got on bases in the ninth and made strenuous efforts to cross the plate, but it was not to be. Philadelphia opened up with two scorching hits and then a double steal. Burt came up with runners on second and third. Half the crowd cheered in fair appreciation of the way fate was starring the ambitious young outfielder; the other half, dyed-in-the-wool home-team fans, bent forward in a waiting silent gloom of fear. Burt knocked the dirt out of his spikes and faced Duveen. The second ball pitched he met fairly and it rang like a bell.

No one in the stands saw where it went. But they heard a crack, saw the New York short-stop stagger and then pounce forward to pick up the ball and speed it toward the plate. The catcher was quick to tag the incoming runner, and then snap the ball to first base, completing a double play.

When the crowd fully grasped this, which was after an instant of bewilderment, a hoarse crashing roar rolled out across the field to bellow back in loud echo from Coogan's Bluff. The grand-stand resembled a colored corn-field waving in a violent wind; the bleachers lost all semblance to anything. Frenzied, flinging action—wild chaos—shrieking cries—manifested sheer insanity of joy. When the noise subsided, one fan, evidently a little longer-winded than his comrades, cried out hysterically:

"O-h! I don't care what becomes of me—now-w!"

Score tied, three to three, game must go ten innings,—that was the shibboleth; that was the over-mastering truth. The game did go ten innings—eleven—twelve, every one marked by masterly pitching, full of magnificent catches, stops, and throws, replete with reckless base-running and slides like flashes in the dust. But they were unproductive of runs. Three to three! Thirteen innings!

"Unlucky thirteenth," wailed a superstitious fan.

I had gotten down to plugging, and for the first time, not for my home team. I wanted Philadelphia to win, because Burt was on the team. With Old Well-Well sitting there so rigid in his seat, so obsessed by the playing of the lad, I turned traitor to New York.

White cut a high twisting bounder inside the third bag, and before the ball could be returned he stood safely on second. The fans howled with what husky voice they had left. The second hitter batted a tremendously high fly toward center-field. Burt wheeled with the crack of the ball and raced for the ropes. Onward the ball

soared like a sailing swallow; the fleet fielder ran with his back to the stands. What an age that ball stayed in the air! Then it lost its speed, gracefully curved and began to fall. Burt lunged forward and upward; the ball lit in his hands and stuck there as he plunged over the ropes into the crowd. White had leisurely trotted half way to third; he saw the catch, ran back to touch second and then easily made third on the throw-in. The applause that greeted Burt proved the splendid spirit of the game. Bell placed a safe little hit over short, scoring White. Heaving, bobbing bleachers—wild, broken, roar on roar!

Score four to three—only one half inning left for Philadelphia to play—how the fans rooted for another run! A swift double-play, however, ended the inning.

Philadelphia's first hitter had three strikes called on him.

"Asleep at the switch!" yelled a delighted fan.

The next batter went out on a weak pop-up fly to second.

"Nothin' to it!"

"Oh, I hate to take this money!"

"All-l o-over!"

Two men at least of all that vast assemblage had not given up victory for Philadelphia.

I had not dared to look at Old Well-Well for a long while. I dreaded the next portentous moment. I felt deep within me something like clairvoyant force, an intangible belief fostered by hope.

Magoon, the slugger of the Phillies, slugged one against the left-field bleachers, but being heavy and slow, he could not get beyond second base. Cless swung with all his might at the first pitched ball, and instead of hitting it a mile as he had tried, he scratched a mean, slow, teasing grounder down the third-base line. It was as safe as if it had been

shot out of a cannon. Magoon went to third.

The crowd suddenly awoke to ominous possibilities; sharp commands came from the players' bench. The Philadelphia team were bowling and hopping on the side lines, and had to be put down by the umpire.

An inbreathing silence fell upon stands and field, quiet, like a lull before a storm.

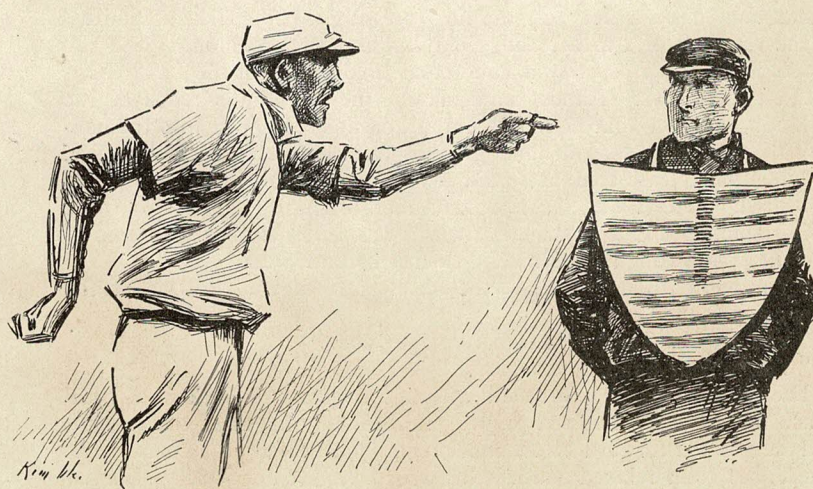
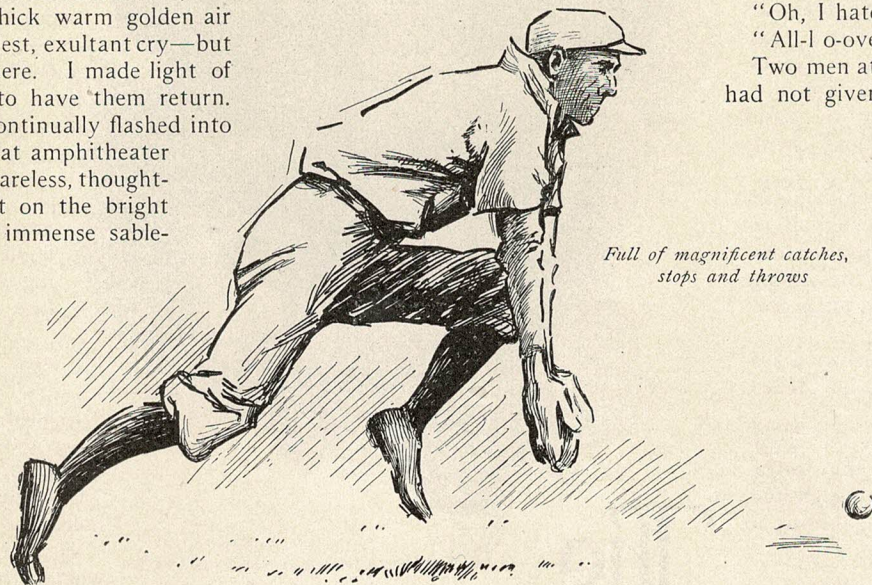
When I saw young Burt start for the plate and realized it was his turn at bat, I jumped as if I had been shot. Putting my hand on Old Well-Well's shoulder I whispered: "Burt's at bat! He'll break up this game! I know he's going to lose one!"

The old fellow did not feel my touch; he did not hear my voice; he was gazing toward the field with an expression on his face to which no human speech could render justice. He knew what was coming. It could not be denied him in that moment.

How confidently young Burt stood up to the plate! None except a natural hitter could have had his position. He might have been Wagner for all he showed of the tight suspense of that crisis. Yet there was a tense alert poise to his head and shoulders which proved he was alive to his opportunity.

Duveen plainly showed he was tired. Twice he shook his head to his catcher, as if he did not want to pitch a certain kind of ball. He had to use extra motion to get his old speed, and he delivered a high straight ball that Burt fouled over the grand-stand. The second ball met a similar fate. All the time the crowd maintained that strange waiting silence. The umpire threw out a glistening white ball, which Duveen rubbed in the dust and spat upon. Then he wound himself up into a knot, slowly unwound, and swinging with effort, threw for the plate.

[Continued on page 495]





Working for Himself NOW Owes Success to our Teaching

THIS man now dictates to his own stenographer instead of taking dictation himself from an employer. Our instruction is responsible for the change.

The first lessons enable you to start a collection business of your own. The full course gives you complete mastery of it. We built up our own successful Collection Business by the same methods we teach you. Don't neglect this opportunity to get the fruits of your own work.

Fresno, California, Sept 8, 1909.
The American Collection Service,
Detroit, Mich.

Gentlemen:—I am gratified with my progress in the Collection Business and now have about 180 clients. My collections in July paid me \$350.00 profits approximately. This is very good considering that I was deplorably ignorant of the collection business when I began last year. Your course of instruction deserves all the credit. Very truly yours, S. M. BALLARD.

THE AMERICAN COLLECTION SERVICE
339 State Street, Detroit, Mich.



RECREATION

The Round-up Number

THAT is what the newsdealers call the July number of RECREATION. There really are no cattle in it—though plenty of skylarking cowboys and galloping cowponies. It contains RECREATION'S 1910 round-up of information for vacationists; a mighty big round-up, too.

From salmon fishing in Labrador to quail shooting in the San Domingo valley, 'way down in Lower California, and from mountain climbing in Alaska to touring around Lake Champlain in a roadcart, is a grown-up, man's size "circle," as the cowboys say.

No matter where you live or how you purpose spending your vacation—or even if you will have no vacation—you will be glad if you buy a copy of this splendid Round-Up Number. Special articles on Camping, Canoeing, Tramping, Boating, Fishing, Hunting, Amateur Exploration, Mountain Climbing, Horseback Trips, etc., etc. Timely information concerning where to go, how to go and what to take. Full of inspiration, bound to help you have a good time—the jolliest, cheeriest, "usefulest" companion just now. All news-stands—a quarter. Ask for

RECREATION FOR JULY

Old Well Well

[Continued from page 461]

Burt's lithe shoulders swung powerfully. The meeting of ball and bat fairly cracked. The low driving hit lined over second a rising glittering streak, and went far beyond the center-fielder.

Bleachers and stands uttered one short cry, almost a groan, and then stared at the speeding runners. For an instant, approaching doom could not have been more dreaded. Magoon scored. Cless was rounding second when the ball lit. If Burt was running swiftly when he turned first he had only got started, for then his long sprinter's stride lengthened and quickened. At second he was flying; beyond second he seemed to merge into a gray flitting shadow.

I gripped my seat strangling the uproar within me. Where was the applause? The fans were silent, choked as I was, but from a different cause. Cless crossed the plate with a score that defeated New York; still the tension never laxed until Burt beat the ball home in as beautiful a run as ever thrilled an audience.

In the bleak dead pause of amazed disappointment Old Well-Well lifted his hulking figure and loomed, towered over the bleachers. His wide shoulders spread, his broad chest expanded, his breath whistled as he drew it in. One fleeting instant his transfigured face shone with a glorious light. Then, as he threw back his head and opened his lips, his face turned purple, the muscles of his cheeks and jaw rippled and strung, the veins on his forehead swelled into bulging ridges. Even the back of his neck grew red.

"WELL!—WELL!!—WELL!!!"

Ear-splitting stentorian blast! For a moment I was deafened. But I heard the echo ringing from the cliff, a pealing clarion call, beautiful and wonderful, winding away in hollow reverberation, then breaking out anew from building to building in clear concatenation.

A sea of faces whirled in the direction of that long unheard yell. Burt had stopped statue-like as if stricken in his tracks; then he came running, darting among the spectators who had leaped the fence.

Old Well-Well stood a moment with slow glance lingering on the tumult of emptying bleachers, on the moving mingling colors in the grand-stand, across the green field to the gray clad players. He staggered forward and fell.

Before I could move, a noisy crowd swarmed about him, some solicitous, many facetious. Young Burt leaped the fence and forced his way into the circle. Then they were carrying the old man down to the field and toward the club-house.

A handsome bright-faced youth passed me with a smile on his lips and a gleam of fun in his blue eyes. "That was Old Well-Well. Soused! Gee! What a bun he must have had not to wake up till the last of this game!"

I waited until the bleachers and field were empty. When I finally went out there was a crowd at the gate surrounding an ambulance. I caught a glimpse of Old Well-Well. He lay white and still, but his eyes were open, smiling intently. Young Burt hung over him with a pale and agitated face. Then a bell clanged and the ambulance clattered away.

A Renegade Mother

[Continued from page 474]

minded them, if they had not always insisted on "doing" her. She strove to smile.

"That's right, bear up, Janey!" were Mr. Tillinghast's cruel words of encouragement, "There's plenty coming to you. For just as soon as the Missus gets through, I'm going to take a hack at you myself."

"Yes, you may go," Mrs. Tillinghast was saying to Freddie. "Give Mrs. Blair my love and tell her to send you home the moment you're bad, which will be the instant you get there, to judge from the way you've acted this morning."

"Yes, marmar," Freddie answered in the dulled accents which soothe mothers. "Sammy-Boy!" he screeched suddenly, having paid his toll of consideration to adult ears.

Sammy-Boy appeared. He was very different from Freddie. He was little. He was slender. He was angelic. Flaxen curls blew off his forehead. Big blue eyes fixed themselves in serious examination on Janey's face.

Janey immediately recognized the only masculine type she could endure. Gentle, tender, innocent—Sammy-Boy could be led about by the nose.

"Hullo, Sammy-Boy," she said in the saccharin tones which she reserved for the really young. "What a nice little boy you've grown to be! I remember perfectly, Sammy-Boy, when you were nothing but a baby. Take my hand, dear, and we'll go over to the house now."

Rarely had Sammy-Boy been so skilfully patronized. He fairly clung to the hand Janey held out. And until that day's sun set, he hardly removed his awed blue eyes from Janey's face.

Caroline descried the procession from the piazza and raced to join it.

"I have something to tell you, children, that's a



Ever Realize

the enormous percent of Food
Material contained in a pack-
age of

Grape-Nuts

In 100 parts of this world-famed food
there are only about 2 parts waste!

Grape-Nuts is made of whole-wheat and barley, and contains all the rich food elements of these cereals prepared in such form (through scientific processes) that the food is rapidly digested. Thus quickly supplying the system with true food.

In making Grape-Nuts, the natural, elemental salts—"vital phosphates" (grown in the grains) are retained for the great and important use for which Nature has placed them in these grains:

These vital phosphates combine with the albuminous substances ("proteids") of the food for rebuilding worn-out brain, nerve and other tissue-cells.

Thus the value of food material in Grape-Nuts is extended beyond that of an easily digested food. It presents the starchy portion partially predigested, and also contains these vital parts for the rebuilding of Brain and Nerve cells.

These facts will be clear after using Grape-Nuts and cream regularly—say 10 days, or longer—

"There's a Reason"

Postum Cereal Company, Limited,
Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.