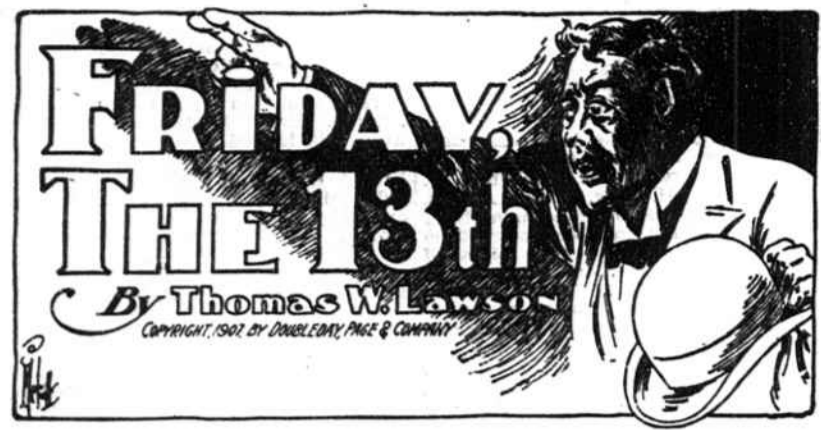


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SYNOPSIS.

Chapter I—Bob Brownley creates a panic in Wall street. He is a friend of Jim Randolph of Randolph & Randolph, bankers and brokers. Brownley and Randolph had gone to college together and entered the employ of Randolph's father at the close of college. Brownley is a Virginian by birth. Beulah Sands, daughter of an old Virginia house, calls on Brownley and tells him her father has been practically ruined by the stock operations of Reinhart. She hopes to utilize her own money in Wall street, like his condition becomes known, and asks for employment in the office that she may have an opportunity to better understand how her money is invested. She does not want it used in a purely Wall street gamble, but in the buying and selling of legitimate securities. Brownley agrees to help her, and falls in love with her.

Chapter II—Brownley plunges in sugar stock. He uses the money of Miss Sands, his own and in addition is backed heavily by the Randolph millions. His coup seems successful and he tells Miss Sands that she has cleared \$1,800,000. But the market had not closed.

Chapter III—Barry Conant, head broker for Standard Oil and sugar interests, suddenly begins to sell sugar. In the midst of a panic he breaks the market and with it falls carries away the earnings and much of the capital of both Miss Sands and himself. A pretty love scene occurs between the two at the office, when Bob attempts to tell her the horrible truth of their fall. Brownley takes a trip to Virginia.

Chapter IV—Beulah Sands and Bob become engaged. Randolph wants to loan her father the money to meet his obligations. She refuses. Bob figures on how to beat Wall street at its own game. Sugar takes another sensational spurt upward, but Brownley keeps out.

ley had hung close to the Sugar-pole all day, but when the clock had come and gone without his having anything to do with the Sugar skyrocket, he dropped out of his fellow-brokers' minds. Wall street has no use for any but the "doer." The poet and the mooner would be no more secure from interruption in the center of the Sahara than in Wall street between ten and three o'clock. Some sage has said that the human mind, like the well-bucket, can carry only its fill. The Wall street mind always has its fill of budding dollars. In consequence, there is never room for any other interests that enter the normal mind.

Friday, the 13th of November, drifted over Manhattan island in a drear drizzle of narrow-chilling haze, which just missed being rain—one of those New York days that give a hesitating suicide renewed courage to cut the mortal coil. By ten o'clock it had settled down on the stock exchange and its surrounding infernos with a calmness that damped the spirits of the most rampant bulls. No class in the world is so susceptible to atmospheric conditions as stock-gamblers. Many stout-hearted ones have been known to postpone the inauguration of a long-planned coup merely because the air filled his blood with the dank chill of superstition. Because of the expected Sugar pyrotechnics, stock exchange members had gathered early; the brokers' offices were overcrowded; ten; the morning papers, not now to beat Wall street at its own game. Sugar takes another sensational spurt upward, but Brownley keeps out.



Bob Brownley Hung Close to the Sugar-Pole All Day.

CHAPTER V.

Thursday, November 12, was a memorable day in Wall street. As the gongs pealed its merry notes, the myriads of tortured souls that are supposed to haunt the treacherous bogs and quicksands of the great exchange, where lie their earthly hopes, must have prayed with renewed earnestness for its destruction before the morrow. Never had the stock exchange folded its tents with such a sense of continuity as its victorious march. Sugar advanced with record-breaking total sales to 2073 and the final half-hour carried the whole list of stock up with it. In that time some of the railroads jumped ten points. Sugar closed at the very top amid great excitement, with Barry Conant taking all offered. During the last 30 minutes it had become evident to all that the board-room traders and plungers, together with many of the semi-professional gamblers, who operated through commission houses, were selling out their stock and going short over the opening of the Wall street hoodoo-day, Friday, the 13th of the month. But it was also evident, with the heavy selling at the close and stiffness of the price, which had never wavered as block after block was thrown on the market, that some powerful interest as well had taken cognizance of the fact that the morrow was hoodoo-day. At the close, most of the sellers, had they been granted another five minutes, would have repurchased, even at a loss, what they had sold, for it looked as though they had sold themselves into a trap. Their anxiety was intensified by the publication, a few minutes later, of this item:

"Barry Conant in coming from the Sugar crowd after the close remarked to a fellow broker: 'By three o'clock tomorrow, the 13th, will have a new meaning to Wall street.' This was interpreted as pointing to a terrific jump in Sugar to-morrow.

"The street" knew that the news bureau that sent out this item was friendly to Barry Conant and the "system" and that it would print nothing displeasing to them. Therefore, this must be a foreword of the coming harvest of the bulls and the slaughter of the bears.

Others than Ike Bloomstein remarked upon the fact that Bob Brown-

was to take place in Sugar. The knowing ones saw the ear-marks of the "system's" press-agent in these stories; and they knew that this industrious institution had not sat up the night before because of insomnia. All the signs pointed to a killing, and a terrific one—pointed so plainly that the bears and Sugar shorts found no hope in the atmosphere of the date.

Bob had not been near the office the afternoon before, and as he had not come in by five minutes to ten, I decided to go over to the exchange and see if he were going to mix up in the baiting of the Sugar bears. I had no specific reasons for thinking he was interested except his recent queer actions, particularly his hanging to the Sugar-pole, yet doing nothing, the day before. But it is one of the best established traditions of stock-gamblers that when an operator has been bitten by a rabbit stock he is invariably attracted to it every time it comes out. It shows signs of frothing. More than all, I had one of those strong nowhere-born-where-cruded intuitions common to those living in the stock-gambling world, which made me feel the creepy shadow of coming events.

As on that day a few weeks before, the crowd was at the Sugar pole, but its alignment was different. There in the center were Barry Conant and his trusted lieutenants, but no opposing rival. None of those hundreds of brokers showed that desperate resolve to do or die that is born of a necessity. They were there to buy or sell, but not to put up a life or death, one depends-the result fight. Those who were long of stock could easily be distinguished by their expressions of joy from the shorts, who had seen the handwriting on the wall and were filled with uncertainty, fear, terror. The demeanor of Barry Conant and his lieutenants expressed confidence; they were going to do what they were there to do. They showed by their light-bulb-like glances, and squared shoulders that they expected out of the market, and that they were not to be taken by surprise. They were not to be taken by surprise. They were not to be taken by surprise. They were not to be taken by surprise.

shares. Some one sold it in a block. Barry Conant bought it. It did not require three eyes to see that the seller was one of his lieutenants. This meant what is known as a "wash" sale, a fictitious sale arranged in advance between two brokers to establish the basis for the trades that are to follow—one of those minor frauds of stock-gambling by which the public is deceived and the traders and plungers are handicapped with loaded dice. In principle, it is a device older than stock exchanges themselves, and is put to use elsewhere than on the floor. For instance, four genuine buyers were particularly anxious to buy \$200 at a horse auction. Its owner's pal starts the bidding at \$400, and the four, not being up in horse values, are thereby induced to reach for it at between \$400 and \$500. But human nature, whether at horse sales or at stock-gambling, loves to be "hinkey-dinked" as much as the moth to play tag with the candle flame. In five minutes Sugar was selling at 221, and the frantic shorts were grabbing for it as though there never was to be another sale, while Barry Conant and his lieutenants were most industriously pushing it just beyond their reaching finger-tips, either by buying it as fast as it was offered by genuine sellers, or by taking what their own pals threw in the air.

I was not surprised to see Bob's tail form wedged in the crowd about two-thirds of the way from the center. Every other active floor member was there, too. Even Joe Bloomstein, who for Barnes, who seldom went into the big crowds, were on hand, perhaps to catch a flier for their Thanksgiving turkey money, perhaps to get as near the killing as possible. Bob was not trading, although on the day before, he never took his eye off Barry Conant. I said to myself: "He is trying to fathom Barry Conant's movements," but for what purpose puzzled me. The hands of the big clock on the wall showed that trading had been 30 minutes under way, and Barry Conant was pushing up the price. His voice had just rung out "25 for any lot of 5,000" when, like an echo, it sounded through the hall: "Sold." It was Bob. He had worked his way to the center of the crowd and stood in front of Barry Conant. He was not the Bob who had taken Barry Conant's gift that afternoon a few weeks before. I never saw him cooler, calmer, more self-possessed. He was the incarnation of confident power. A cold, cynical smile played around the corners of his mouth as he looked down upon his opponent.

The effect upon Barry Conant was different from that of Bob's last bid on the day when Beulah Sands' hopes went skyward in dust. It did not rouse in him the wild, furious desire for the onslaught that he showed then, but seemed to quicken his alert, profligate mind to exercise all its cunning. I think that in that one moment Barry Conant recalled his suspicions of the day before, when he had wondered what Bob's presence in the crowd meant, and that he saw again the picture of Bob on the day when he himself had ditched Bob's treasurer. He hesitated for just the fraction of a second, while he waved with lightning-like rapidity a set of finger signals to his lieutenants. Then he squared himself for the encounter, "25 for 5,000." Cold, cold as the voice of a condemning judge rang Bob's "Sold." "25 for 5,000." "Sold." "25 for 5,000." "Sold." Their eyes were fixed upon each other, in Barry's a defiant glare, in Bob's mingled pity and contempt. The rest of the brokers hushed their own bids and offers until it could have truthfully been said that the floor of the stock exchange was quiet, an almost unheard-of thing in like circumstances. Again Barry Conant's voice, "25 for 5,000." "Sold." "25 for 5,000." "Sold." Barry Conant had met his master. Whether it was that for the first time in all his wonderful career he realized that the "system" was to meet its Nemesis, or what the cause, none could tell, perhaps not even Barry Conant himself, but some emotion caused his olive-face for an instant to turn pale, and give his voice a tell-tale quiver. Once more pealed forth "25 for 5,000." That Bob saw the pallor, that he caught the quiver, was evident to all, for the instant his "sold" rang out, he followed it with 5,000 at 23, 22, 20, 19. Neither Barry Conant nor any of his lieutenants got in a bid until the "sold" rang out. They wanted to or not was an open question until Bob allowed his voice to dwell just like a pendulum swing of time on the 20. It was as if he were tantalizing them into sticking by their guns. By the time he paused, Barry Conant's nerve was back, for his piercing "Take it" had linked to it "20 for any part of 10,000." The bid was up on his lips when Bob's deep voice rang out "Sold." Any part of 25,000 at 19, 18, 15, 10." Hell was now loose. Back and forth, up against the rail, around the room and back and around again, the crowd surged for 15 of the wildest, craziest minutes in the history of the New York stock exchange, a history replete with records of wild and crazy scenes.

At last from sheer exhaustion there came a ten minutes' lull, which was used in comparing trades. At the beginning of the respite Sugar was selling at 155, for in that quarter hour of minutes it had broken from 210 to 155, but when the ten minutes had elapsed, the stock had worked back to 167. Barry Conant had again taken the center of the crowd, after hastily scanning the brief notes handed him by messenger-boys and giving orders to his lieutenants. He had evidently received re-enforcements in the form of renewed orders from his principals. Many of the faces that fringed the inner circle of the crowd were brightful to look upon. Some white as though just lifted from hospital pillows, others red to the verge of apoplexy—all straining as though awaiting the coming of the jury with a life or death verdict. They all knew that Bob had sold more than a hundred thousand shares of Sugar upon which the profits must be more than \$4,000,000. Would he resume selling, or was he "through" for the day? The stock, which must be bought back or long stock; and if long, whose stock? Were the insiders selling out on one another, or were they all selling together, and under cover of Barry Conant's movements were Camemeyer and "Standard Oil" emptying their bag preparatory to the slaughter of

the Washington contingent? All these questions were rushing through the heads of that crowd of brokers like steam through a boiler, now hot, now cold, but always at high pressure, for upon the correctness of the answer depended the fortune of many who breathlessly awaited the renewal or the suspension of the contest. Even Barry Conant's usually impassive face wore a tinge of anxiety.

Indeed, Bob was the only one in the center of that throng that showed no sign of what was going on behind him, but always at high pressure, for upon the correctness of the answer depended the fortune of many who breathlessly awaited the renewal or the suspension of the contest. Even Barry Conant's usually impassive face wore a tinge of anxiety.

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Miscellaneous Reading.

SWAMP LANDS NEXT.

What the Government is Doing in Reclamation Work.

"We literally are an epoch where something is being made out of nothing," remarked an official of the geological survey, according to a Washington correspondent, in discussing the work of the government in the reclamation of arid lands. "Since time was and since man has been looking out for No. 1, the effort of many has been to get something for nothing. The gambling spirit is a potent factor in every day business life. Everybody takes chances, but the chances are taken our life becomes a damned horrid grind."

"During the past few years, the government itself has been taking chances. Of course, they are not gambler's chances, because the work of the government is calculated carefully and is based on forethought and knowledge; but the element of chance or experiment is entering very considerably in some of the operations we have undertaken. Thus, the work has proved immensely successful. Deserts have been reclaimed and land once considered valueless has been made to 'blossom as the rose.' Thousands of people now are living comfortably on land that only a few years ago was regarded as so much waste territory and the operations of reclamation of such waste lands are being pushed forward every day.

"When the first laws were enacted by congress in 1903 providing for the reclamation of arid lands, the government had approximately 600,000,000 acres of what practically were desert lands. It was not calculated that all of these lands could be reclaimed, but the advocates of reclamation maintained that possibly half of them, by proper effort on the part of the government, could be made not only habitable, but fairly productive. They pointed out that it would require considerable money to accomplish the reclamation, which they looked forward, but they insisted that it would be money well expended, as it would increase directly to the benefit of the government.

"It is less than five years since the actual work of reclamation was begun, but immense results have been achieved in that brief period. Water has worked marvels in the arid region. In the sections of the west now irrigated by artificial means, eight towns have been located, hundreds of miles of railroad have been constructed, the region has many practical remedies in the form of homes. Canals now carry the waters of rivers; tunnels have been constructed through mountains; and dams have been built to conserve the water supply of various regions. Great crops now are being raised on lands which, five years ago, were not worth walking over.

"This work is being extended and enlarged to such an extent as hardly can be realized by the American people. Thousands of men are being employed in converting waste places into gardens, and they are literally doing that very thing.

"The success which has attended the reclamation of desert lands has induced a project for the reclamation of swamp lands by the government. Really, it is not so difficult an undertaking as the irrigation of arid lands. A measure will be pressed in the next congress for the reclamation of swamp lands in various parts of the country, including the states of Arkansas, Indiana, New Jersey, North Carolina, South Carolina, Wisconsin and Minnesota, and, perhaps, in some other states. Once reclaimed, it is asserted by the supporters of the project that the land would be worth billions of dollars and would support several millions of people. The expense of reclaiming these swamp lands would be large—very large, in fact—but it would be well worth the government's efforts.

"As an engineering problem it would not be difficult of solution as the irrigation of the desert lands of the west. After they are reclaimed, the lands would be worth more, as a productive factor, than the desert lands, because the crops that could be raised on them would be more varied."

WE ARE WASTING OUR FOREST.

Over Three Times as Much Timber Used as the Forests Produce.

Every person in the United States according to a Washington dispatch, is using over six times as much wood as he would use if he were in Europe. The country as a whole consumes every year between three and four times more wood than all of the forests of the United States can produce in the meantime. The average acre of forest lays up a store of only ten cubic feet annually, whereas it ought to be laying up at least 30 cubic feet in order to furnish the products taken out of it. Since 1880 more than 700,000,000 feet of timber have been cut out of lumber alone, including 80,000,000 feet of coniferous timber in excess of the total coniferous stumpage estimate of the census of 1880.

"These are some of the remarkable statements made in Circular 97 of the Forest Service which deals with the timber supply of the United States and reviews the stumpage estimates made by all the important authorities. A study of the circular must lead directly to the conclusion that the rate at which forest products in the United States have been produced is being consumed is far too lavish and that only some regulations which have immensely increased the productivity of their forest. The same policy will achieve even better results in the United States, because we have the advantage of all lessons which Europe has learned and paid for in the course of a century of theory and practice.

WOMEN IN BUSINESS.

They Count For More Than is Generally Known.

Much is heard concerning the work of women in the business and industrial world to day, and the impression is given that only the "modern" women have accomplished anything of note outside the household. The fact is that woman has been a leading spirit in the progress of the world for centuries and has done wonders outside the home.

Do you know that—

Margaret Draper conducted the first newspaper in America?

Mary Katharine Goddard printed the Declaration of Independence?

Mme. Duconroy invented the manikin?

Mrs. Vandermasse came from Flanders and introduced the use of manufacture of starch in England?

Mrs. Wilson managed the principal line of omnibuses in London?

Jonna Alfred founded the oldest scholarship at Harvard, established it in 1785?

A woman manufactured the famous Erard piano?

A woman owned the largest flax mill in Europe?

A child was the means or inspiration of the spinning Jenny.

Mrs. Thrale, of London, conducted a brewery?

On the Island of Nantucket at the close of the war men went to whale fishing and women went into trade as storekeepers.

A woman founded the first savings bank.

A woman planted the first potatoes in New England.

A woman conducted a crockery and dry goods store in 1734.

A woman was an official of the Boston custom house and a real estate dealer a hundred years ago.

A woman in Minnesota cuts gravestones in the rough as a man.

Women have had over a hundred years' experience in trade and horticulture.

A woman ran a ferry from Siltton, Iowa, to Garden Ferry, Ill.

Susan King and Mme. Demorest promoted a "woman's tea company" in New York.

A woman invented the nailed hand-box.

Mrs. Green invented the cotton gin, but it was patented by Eli Whittier.

A woman established the manufacture of buttons, although the business was run by a man?

The self-fastening button was a woman's invention?

Two girls combing their hair inspired the machine which combined cheap cotton into moderately fine yarn?

The seamless bag was invented by a woman in 1824 for making sachet buttoned paper bags was an important one, and invented by a woman?

The largest maker of champagne was a woman?

Two silk dresses were spun, woven and colored by the skillful fingers of a woman who raised the silk from the worm?

Mrs. Sheldon introduced two hives of bees in California in 1857?

A woman tapped her sugar orchard, cut her wood, gathered sap and made 400 pounds of sugar?

The first strike or turnout occurred in 1836 by women on account of a reduction of wages? It was not a success.

Woman suggested the sewing machine.

The knitting machine was based on observations of a woman handling her needles.

A woman's sign reads: "Mrs. Gill, Boot and Shoe Maker, Repairing Neatly Done."

Women are engaged in shoe, cotton goods, sewing and dress silk factories, hat and cap manufactories, broderie, hoopsticks, corset and large clothing establishments. They are burnishers of gold and silver, electrotypers, bronze workers, printers, linotype workers, watch case and watch works makers, painters of china, makers of mirrors, sconces, table tops, taxidermists and are employed in many other pursuits, but the finished products are listed under a masculine firm name.

In very early days in America two women kept a billiard saloon, fifty conducted beer saloons, one woman a blacksmith shop, twenty women kept butcher shops, one had a wood engraving business, one was a druggist, one a stationer and bookseller, fifty-two were doctors, two undertakers, while three were pawnbrokers and five lively stable keepers.

Woman is still the homemaker, sympathizer and helpmeet to man, albeit she is a part of the great world of commerce and finance—Giselle D'Un-

IMPRESSIONS OF KUROPATKIN.

Insight Into His Character Before the Disasterous War With Japan.

In 1897, the local czar of Russian Central Asia was General Kuropatkin, the soldier who seems at the present writing to have buried his reputation as a commander-in-chief in Manchuria, writes Josiah Plynt in Success Magazine. At the time in question, he was looked upon as one of the ablest and most popular generals of the Russian army. He was also supreme "boss" in the district under his command.

Kuropatkin received us at Askabad, the administrative Russian town. How he looked and acted during his Russian-Japanese war I do not know, but he looked the fox soldier in every detail at Askabad. I say "fox" advisedly. He had a detective's eye, the eye of a detective's chief, and the physique of a man who could stand much more punishment than his uniform would give him room for. Since the Japanese war it has been said that he is a thief—or a grafter, if that be more euphemistic. Certain persons claim that he is 5,000,000 rubles winner as a result of the war. Fortunately, the Russians know what gossip is and merely let it drip. Unfortunately, for readers of American newspapers, certain correspondents do not make the slightest effort to distinguish between gossip and facts.

Our party spent seventeen days in Kuropatkin's ballwick, or Trans-Caspia, as it is officially called. I had various glimpses and talks with this soldier, perhaps the most interesting glimpse taking place at Askabad, during an outdoor religious service on St. George's day. What interested me was the short stocky general, standing bareheaded on a carpet near the officiating priest. For one solid hour he stood at "attention," not a muscle in his body moving that I could see. I made up my mind, and I have never changed it, that he was endowed with stick-at-it-iveness to a remarkable degree—a fact bolstered up by his persistence in the Manchurian retreats.

Had there not been something about the man and his surroundings that took hold of my imagination, this slim portly would not have been made here. Whatever else he was, or was not doing, he was plainly trying to expert with civilization before resorting to the sword. His schools, railroads and agricultural experiments were all indicative of his constructive ability. For this side of his character I like him.

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MILLIONS TO CHINA.

May Be Given By the United States Government.

If present plans are carried into effect, says a Washington dispatch, the empire of China practically will be presented by the United States with approximately \$16,000,000.

The situation out of which grows this remarkable gift—for that is what it amounts to—is unique in history. China entered into an agreement to pay to the powers participating in the Boxer uprising a fixed indemnity. The agreement provided that the Oriental empire was to be given thirty-nine years in which to make the payments, which aggregated 450,000,000 taels, or substantially \$350,000,000. Of this vast sum the United States agreed to accept \$25,000,000, which was to cover the cost to this country of the Boxer rebellion and the damages sustained on account of the uprising by American citizens in China.

The agreement provided that China not only was to pay the principal of the indemnity, but interest on deferred payments, at the rate of four per cent, and it requires but a slight knowledge of arithmetic to determine that in thirty-nine years, China would pay, if she lived up to the agreement, practically as much in interest as in principal. The agreement is that the interest on the deferred payments is to be paid periodically.

China has already made good on the required payments, and has indicated her intention to continue the payments until the debt is wiped out. A proposition is being considered by this government that the imperial government of China be notified that

AMERICA WILL NOT INSIST UPON FULL PAYMENTS.

President Roosevelt, Secretary Root and other officials of the administration believe that the indemnity demanded of China was greater than was warranted by the conditions. The amount already paid to the United States by China is regarded as nearly, if not quite enough to indemnify this government for all the expense it was put to by the Boxer uprising. These expenses include the cost of the expedition sent to China, and the indemnification of American citizens for damages due to the rebellion. The president is inclined to regard further payments as "blood money," and he does not believe that America ought to profit financially from a misfortune of the Chinese empire.

All the expenses of this government incident to the Boxer revolution amounted to about \$7,000,000 or \$8,000,000. If the full amount awarded the United States is paid, this country would net about \$16,000,000 or \$17,000,000 out of the revolution. When the amount of the indemnity was decided upon it was thought that an enormous sum in damages would be demanded by American citizens, who suffered injuries in person or property during the uprising. The claims filed have been comparatively insignificant, aggregating only about \$2,000,000. The sum together with the cost of the American military expedition, which has been placed by experts at about \$7,000,000 in round figures, constituted the total expense of this government in the Boxer rebellion.

In the belief of the American officials, that it is all which should be exacted from China. It is not unlikely, therefore that in the near future an announcement will be made by the United States that it will accept no more money from China on account of the Boxer uprising. An effort is being made by European powers to induce the United States to insist upon full payment, on the ground that the payment is in the nature of a lesson to China, which she ought to learn to the fullest extent. That, however, is not the present view of this government. It is quite likely, therefore, that as soon as China shall have paid the exact amount expended by the United States, she will be notified that no more money will be received on account of the Boxer indemnity.

DUELING IN FRANCE.

Some of the Oddities of a Custom Now in Decline.

It is said that the practice of dueling is on the decline in France, the country that has been peculiarly its home. Perhaps the sense of humor has had more to do with the decline of dueling in France than any diminution of the Gallic ideas of honor. At any rate, there has during the past hundred years been a tendency to poke fun at the whole system.

The most laughable duel ever "fought" in France was that which took place in November, 1878, at Plessis-Piquet, between Messrs. Gambetta and de Fourtoun.

Some heated words had passed between the two distinguished gentlemen in the chamber of deputies, for which, according to their ideas of honor, nothing could atone except a duel. The men met, therefore, on the field, attended by their seconds and the surgeons.

A look over the field was enough to convince any one present that there would be no occasion for the doctor's services. A thick November fog hung over the scene—so thick, indeed, that one could hardly see his hand before his face. The arrangements for the duel required that it should be fought at 35 paces.

Nor was the fog the only circumstance that tended to place the combatants out of sight of each other. On the way to the field M. de Fourtoun is reported to have said:

"Monsieur Gambetta has but one eye and I am short-sighted; so the game will be about even."

It was, of course, rendered still more "even" by the fog. Neither man could see the other, and the sole danger was to the seconds and the doctors.

Almost miraculously the two bullets that were exchanged missed the persons in attendance. Everybody's honor was satisfied and the whole party went home. Gambetta said that the affair was as near to being a skirmish in the dark as anything he ever saw.

A certain notary, highly esteemed, helped, during the reign of Napoleon III, to force some ridicule on "the code of dueling." Marshal Vaillant, a somewhat inflated soldier and functionary, in a public place, he achieved the distinction of offending that important personage in some way. On the same day he was called upon by a young man whom he did not know, who challenged him to fight a duel.

"I do not understand," observed the notary. "Are you the principal in this affair?"

"I am," replied the young man.

"But you have not offended you?"

"You have not, sir," returned the notary, "offended me personally. I am the aide-de-camp of Marshal Vaillant."

"I see," remarked the notary, with a smile. "It is beneath the marshal's dignity to fight me. It is beneath mine to fight you. I will send one of my clerks to oblige you in this little matter."

Needless to say, this delegated duel never took place.

Nor more than five years ago a journalist of Paris, who had by some criticism offended a well-known politician, received from the aggrieved the following communication:

"Sir: One does not send a challenge to a bandit of your species; one simply administers a cuff on the ears. Therefore, I hereby cuff your ears. Be grateful that I have not had recourse to weapons."

To which, remarkably note the journalist sent this reply:

"My Dear Sir and Adversary: I thank you, according to your wish, for having sent me cuffs by mail, instead of slaughtering me with weapons. Cuffed by mail, I respond by dispatching you by mail—six bullets in the head. You are, therefore, killed by letter. Kindly consider yourself dead. With respectful salutations to your corpse, I am, etc."—Philadelphia Ledger.