A Liberian Missionary Devoured by Hinterland Cannibals

Commissioner Sent Out by President Barclay to Demand Reparation Was Roughly Handled and Badly Scared.

WANTED.—The Liberian government desires a number of active, ablebodied citizens for the position of commissioners. Liberal salary. Absolutely no references required. Experience unnecessary. Splendid opportunity for men wishing to take quick advantage of openings. Apply to ARTHUR BARCLAY, capitol.

Read carefully the want columns of the Liberian newspapers and the chances are you won't find the above advertisement. But drop in on Arthur Barclay any old day at all at the capitol, engage him in friendly conversation, and gently, very gently, for his nerves are somewhat on edge in regard to commissioners just at present, lead up to the subject and presently the aforesaid Arthur Barclay, who is drawing down $2,000 per annum for running the sovereign republic of Liberia, will whisper in your ear that it's an off year for commissioners, and he's thinking of having Congress pass a bill making it a compulsory job.

Now, when President Barclay wants to increase his army he finds it a simple thing to do. Almost any good citizen will parade around behind a band for a month or so, but ask him to be a commissioner, and he replies emphatically "Nix" or asks superciliously "Who's loony now?" "Commissioner" is a pretty classy word as a title in most places, but its far below par in A. Barclay's domains.

And here's the explanation. Not long ago a native missionary left the somewhat narrow confines of Liberia and sallied forth to convert the savage tribesmen who inhabit parts of the adjacent country. He fell in with one of the fiercest of these tribes, the Grebos, or so the government of the little republic believes. The Grebos didn't take much stock in the missionary's arguments, but they did in his person, and before he had had time to make a single convert he was shot and subsequently served for a late dinner.

News of this outrage finally got out and drifted back to President Barclay. He decided that the missionary should not go unrevenged, but how to avenge him was the question. The Grebos could give the entire standing army of Liberia all it was looking for in an open fight. They are a powerful tribe. Furthermore, the President knew that any hostile act on the part of his government would lead to fearful reprisals. It would be followed by night attacks on all the outlying Liberian territory and the massacre of its inhabitants. The army was not strong enough to defend the frontier.

Still, something must be done, and so after a Cabinet meeting it was decided to appoint a commissioner to go forth in the lands of the enemy, hunt up his chief and diplomatically arrange some kind of a settlement which, without the exercise of too much imagination, might be interpreted as an apology or reparation from the tribe for the missionary's death.

The Grebos do not feel bound by any particularly fine laws governing the proper treatment of the enemy's emissaries, come they under a flag of truce or how they may. Consequently it required an exhaustive search and much persuasion before anyone could be found to take the job and the title.

One bright morning when the sun was shining and the birds singing blithely the newly appointed commissioner bid adieu to his family and somewhat anxiously set out upon his mission. By mathematical computation it had been figured out that Mr. Commissioner had just one chance out of fifty-nine of seeing his family again. He was, however, a lean, cadaverous man, and that was in his favor.

His experiences, told simply, are about as follows: On the outskirts of the republic's territory he was seized by a scouting party of Grebos, and despite explanations and protests was bound and dragged in to the presence of the chief of the tribe. There he was unbound and, surrounded by a band of tall, fierce looking naked negroes, told the purpose of his mission. In silence the chief listened to it. The Grebo captain thought for a time. Then he ordered Liberia's representative rebound and set a guard over him. Thus the commissioner lived for days without knowing what his ultimate fate would be. Nor did he find out what had happened until one morning he was escorted back to the frontier and released with the advice never to stray as far afield in that direction again.

What had happened was this: The tribal chief decided to hold the commissioner as hostage and use him to drive a shrewd bargain in concessions from the Liberian government. After a lot of dickering the latter decided to stick by its commissioner and finally redeemed him at the cost of a big tract of land, some money, or its equivalent, and one or two minor concessions.

The question of the fate of the missionary was tacitly ignored and the incident dropped.

Thus it is that the title "commissioner" appeals not to the Liberianite, and hence it is respectfully suggested to the government of the republic that a few "ads." in the want columns might be serviceable.

It is the fierce savage tribes who inhabit the land around Liberia that have been responsible for most of the troubles of that struggling little republic. Nominally these tribes are supposed to be subject to the republic; actually the reverse comes closer to the truth. Theoretically the tribesmen owe allegiance to Liberia and are supposed to contribute somewhat to the support of the government. In former times "commissioners" were appointed annually to visit the chiefs of the different tribes and get what was coming from them to the government. The commissioners seldom got that, but they generally got all that was coming to themselves, and a little bit more.

Sometimes they were simply killed; other times they were killed and then served for dinner a la the individual epicurean fancies of the respective chiefs; still other times (these were easier on the commissioners, but harder on the government) they were held as hostages for redemption, and woe be to the commissioner if the then president would rather lose a man than land or money.

Thus gradually and little by little the territory of Liberia has been diminished until now the republic's dominions hardly actually extend over twenty-five miles inland, although the length of its coast line is still very respectable. Alleging that the Liberian government could not control the tribes within its claimed boundaries and could not maintain order, both the British and French governments have sliced off enormous chunks of Liberian territory, and, according to the report of the commission recently sent out there by the United States to investigate conditions, the latter government intends to prune off further hunks.

Hence President Barclay has a right to feel peevish when the subject of native tribes and Liberian commissioners is brought up as the conversational pièce de résistance.

The United States investigating commission reported that the experiment of Liberia had not failed, but that it was wabbling. The commissioners said that the Liberians themselves were upholding their standard of civilization, but were succeeding indifferently well in civilizing anybody else. They advised that unless something was done by the parent government the chances were strongly in favor of Liberia being gently erased from the map of sovereign powers, or words to that effect.

The plan of government of the republic is outlined after that of the United States. There are a President, a Vice-President, a Cabinet and a Congress. Cabinet officers rake in all of $750 a year for their services, while Congressmen have to be content with something like $400 or $500. Then there are schools, police and a standing army.

But the main trouble is that Liberia is always broke. The treasury is chronically empty. The chief and practically the only sources of revenue are import and export duties. Furthermore, the Liberians are in debt. England has lent them considerable sums of money and the John Bullites have insisted that they themselves must be allowed to collect the import and export duties. After deducting from these the interest on the loan they turn over the remainder, if any, and sometimes the remainder isn't enough to buy an egg sandwich, to the government.

After spending all of thirty days in A. Barclay's country the commission appointed by the United States government sizes up the chief needs of the little black republic as follows:

First—The maintenance of the integrity of her frontiers in the face of attempted aggressions of her neighbors, against whose might she can only oppose the justice of her claims.

Second—The effective control of the native tribes, especially along her frontier, so as to leave no excuse for the occupation of her territory by her neighbors.

Third—The systemization of her finances so as to render certain the meeting of all foreign obligations and to establish the foreign credit on a national basis.

Fourth—The development of the hinterland in such a way as to increase the volume of trade and thus supply the resources necessary for the increasing wants of a progressive government, and at the same time enable the government to offer inducements to desirable migration from the United States.

The commission also reports that Liberia has extensive resources, which, if properly developed, would not only prove highly profitable to the developers, but would insure the government adequate revenues for its needs. However, under existing economic conditions, it refuses to advise American negroes to emigrate to the republic. Few roads have been built into the interior. There is hardly any regular communication, except between coast towns.

But in view of all the crudities, absurdities and irregularities of Liberian government it seems rather remarkable that there have been no revolutions in the country. When changes of government have been made they have been made peacefully and according to law. In the last sixty years there have been thirteen presidents, and of these two or three have resigned by public request. In this respect at least Liberia is far ahead of several South American republics, which have a revolution every year or so just for the fun of the thing.

Recently Liberia has been having a little tiff with Great Britain, mainly concerning debts and concessions. So President Barclay called his Cabinet together and after considerable cogitation framed up a few suggestions and sent them on to Washington. Among these suggestions are:

That the United States be requested as far as possible to guarantee the independence and integrity of Liberia, either in conjunction with other European governments or alone; that the United States liquidate the foreign and local indebtedness of Liberia, taking over control of the finances of the latter for such a number of years as will enable it to repay itself on the partial payment system; that the United States advise Liberia on international affairs; that the United States use its good offices to interest its capitalists in the development of Liberian resouces and the establishment of a bank in Liberia; that the United States use its good offices to secure the equitable execution of the boundary arrangements entered into between the government of Liberia and the governments of Great Britain and France.

Further suggestions may be summed up as a request to the United States to be a kind of fairy godfather to the Liberians, protect their interests and help them work out their salvation, withdrawing only after the aforesaid salvation has been effectively worked out and the republic can stand without assistance.

The investigating commission, after recalling the fact that this government was responsible for the nativity and being of the weakling, concludes that these "suggestions" should not be considered unreasonable, and makes the following recommendations:

1. That the United States extend its aid to Liberia in the prompt settlement of pending boundary disputes.

2. That the United States enable Liberia to refund its debt by assuming as a guarantee for the payment of obligations under such arrangement the control and collection of the Liberian customs.

3. That the United States lend its assistance to the Liberian government in the reform of its internal finances.

4. That the United States should lend its aid to Liberia in organizing and drilling an adequate constabulary or frontier police.

5. That the United States should establish and maintain a research station in Liberia.

6. That the United States reopen the question of establishing a naval coaling station in Liberia.

The general tenor of the report of the commission is optimistic, although it concedes that alone the Liberian government would be unable to cope with the problems confronting it.

It is significant that if the United States decides to carry out the commission's recommendations the effect will be to displace Great Britain as the friendly counsellor and adviser of Liberia and in her place substitute the United States, but on this point the commission says: "That power has so frequently expressed its desire that Liberia may grow strong and prosperous, has so often offered its friendly aid to that end, that she must be assumed to be more interested in the end to be attained than in the means of accomplishing it, and that she could hardly interpose an objection if others propose to do what in the present juncture of affairs she cannot do herself."

While the American Congress is digesting this report and considering its action thereon there are in the mean time a number of perfectly good commissionership jobs going begging in Barclay's dominion, and he stands ready to receive application from any free born Afro-American in the United States. No references required. E. K. M.

Now the Job of Emissary to the Grebos Goes Begging, Though Most Negroes Like Office.

A Voice That Failed---But Only Partly

SONG BECAME SPEECH.

Ability to Make Talk Pleasing to the Ear Put Miss Collinge on the Stage.

The young girl who is playing the part of little Joyce at The New Theatre in Pinero's "Thunderbolt" has gone on the stage because of her voice—her speaking voice.

Now the reason why a reporter for The Tribune went all the way up to the Central Park playhouse to ask little Miss Patricia Collinge, who is a newcomer to this country, and almost a stranger to the theatre, why she went on the stage is simply because she has been "picked for a winner" by several well known connoisseurs in dramatic things. And the question was opportune enough, too, for it uncovered a little romance—a real-unreal little romance among the unreal realities back of the footlights.

Patricia Collinge is what they call in the semi-artistic language of The New Theatre an associée of their company of players. She is not yet a regular member because she is too young and too new. She is just eighteen, and only a year away from Ireland. But she was just the one to play the part of the leading little unborn in the mystic "Blue Bird," Maeterlinck's play, which opened this season at The New Theatre. For that part she was drowned in blue veils and between her and her audience hung a thick gauze curtain, so that really nothing of Miss Collinge could get past the footlights—except her voice, and that, with its remarkable swaying rhythm and clear tones, drifted over in a quality which pleased the theatre wise. Her enunciation was unusually clear, the accents fell in the right place, her pauses called attention to the meaning of her words. If it were not such a rare thing, both on the stage and off, to hear some one speak as though mere speaking were an art, perhaps this girl would not yet have won so much attention, but she has an ear for the music of the spoken word, and some few other ears are grateful.

HOW IT CAME ABOUT.

There are few of us who have not at some time had a feeling that we would like to go on the stage, or at least have not known some one else so obsessed. But it is a considerable breaking away to leap from the safe slopes of easy respectability out into the rocks and shoals and cruel, hidden reefs of stage life. And for this reason, although it is her voice that has won her a truly remarkable bit of triumph so near the beginning of her career, it is her story that gives little "Pat" Collinge a setting.

At her home in Dublin her mother used to hold large receptions and musical afternoons. Her father is a musician—was an orchestra leader, in fact, at that time. At these affairs the little girl was often called upon to sing. She had an unusually good singing voice for a child, and people liked to prophesy that she would one day go into grand opera.

On one particular afternoon, seven years ago, Irene Vanbrugh, one of the leading actresses of London, and the wife of Arthur Bourchier, London's well known producer, was present at one of Mrs. Collinge's receptions when Patricia sang.

"My dear," said Mrs. Bourchier, "London needs a child who can sing like this for a Christmas play."

The upshot of that was that the little girl, escorted by her mother, went to London just before Christmas with a letter to Arthur Bourchier, and soon afterward appeared in a festival play called "Little White Barbara." She took the part of a Chinese doll. It was not only her voice which was noticed, but her ability to hold the wooden attitude of a doll so well that the question was discussed in the newspapers as to whether the figure was not, after all, a real doll, with the voice coming from behind the scenes.

The child was stagestruck, of course. Her success had been so easy. But she was only eleven years old and had to go back to school after the glittering Christmas holidays were over.

Two years later she was called upon to play Cinderella with Frederick Moulliot in Dublin. This also was a Christmas play, and the holiday season was again taken advantage of. The little player was by then entirely devoted to the stage and had made up her mind that she was going to be "a singing actress" as soon as she grew up.

SPEAKING TONES ENRICHED.

Then her voice broke. All at once she found that she could not sing a note, but that all the music had resolved into her speaking tones. This catastrophe somewhat changed her outlook, of course, but she was no less anxious to go on the stage. Children do not usually hang by their ideas of what they want to do through time and change in this way.

Three years more and her family came to America to settle, her father to go into business here and the daughter, as it turned out, to go on the stage. Last year it was she who displaced the leading woman with Sam Bernard in "The Girl and the Wizard" by making a hit one night when the leading woman was taken suddenly ill. Miss Collinge had just got as far as being taken on as understudy for that part, but had not even hoped to get a hearing so soon. She toured North, West and South all during last year.

Then this year—but we have come around to "The Blue Bird" and "The Thunderbolt" again. These few facts only go to show that one can speak well without years of practice at hurling one's voice over the footlights into a listening auditorium.

PATRICIA COLLINGE.

"How did you learn to speak in a way that attracted attention to such a small part as yours?" was asked of her.

Voices on the stage are so universally complained of, good ones so rare, that it is worth finding out how some one who has succeeded has gone about it.

"I did not learn to speak, I learned to sing," she answered. "I am still taking singing lessons and my singing voice is coming back. But in singing one learns to breathe and one learns to take all the time necessary to finish out a tone so that it will carry. Then the enunciation must be very clear. When I am on the stage I speak just as I sing. That is, I use my breath and voice in a certain sense in the same way. It makes the sound fuller, clearer and more musical."

The little newcomer, besides being on the stage, is studying piano and French and is drawing the decorations for a new Christmas book. Drawing is a favorite pastime with her, and next year she will study that, too.

Have you ever spoken to an absolutely unknowing, unaware little actress? No? This youngster has so far accomplished the impossible, has gone on the stage without becoming of the stage. Which fact is cited only because it fits in rather gracefully as a background for a very charming, quite promising voice. C. I. D.

PADRE'S PEENCHA SNUFF.

Where ees troubla—som' wan dead,
Som' wan vera seeck een bed—
Leetla Padre Angelo
He ees dere bayfore you know.
Beatsa—how you call?—"da dence"
How he eesa gat da news.
He mus' smal eet een da air;
Anyway, you find heem dere.
An' da firsta theeng he do,
W'en he hear da story through,
"Povero!" he say—you know
"Dat'sa mean "eets tough"—
Den da Padre Angelo
Taka peencha snuff.

Leetla Padre's boxa snuff
Mus' be funny kinda stuff,
Som'theeng dat he ainta use
Only w'en dere's bada news.
Mosta times dat we are meet
He ain't nevva theenk of eet.
But so soon he's comin' where
Eesa troubla een da air,
An' he hear da tale of woe
He ees grab da boxa—so—
Like he eesa feel he no
Jus' can gat enough,
W'en da Padre Angelo
Taka peencha snuff.

Den he gona cough like dees:
"Hock-pachoo!" an' den he sneeze,
Den he blow hees nose a while,
Shak' hees olda head an' smile,
Rub da water from hees eye,
Looka queer an' say: "O, my!
Nevva find dees snuff so strong;
Mus' be here ees som'theeng wrong."
So he shak' hees head an' den
He ees rub hees eye agen.
Som' time I am theenk, you know,
Eet'sa justa bluff,
W'en da Padre Angelo
Taka peencha snuff.

T. A. Daly, in The Catholic Standard and Times.

THE FIRST RICKSHAW.

Twenty years or so ago, when railways in Japan were yet few and motor cars undreamed of, the common method of travel for natives and foreigners alike was the rickshaw.

Horses were scarce and of indifferent quality, the bicycle had hardly made its appearance in the Far East so practically the only means of getting about the country away from the main line of the railway between Tokio and Hiogo was in the modified perambulator which is known all over the world as the rickshaw.

There are a number of versions of its invention and to whom credit should be given for it. The Japanese themselves claim it for a paralytic old gentleman of Kioto, who some time before 1868, finding his palanquin uncomfortable, took to a little cart instead. The usual foreign account adopted by Mr. Black, the author of "Young Japan," is that an American named Goble, half-cobbler and half-missionary, was the person to suggest the idea of a glorified go-cart somewhere about 1862.

The first official application to be allowed to manufacture rickshaws was, however, made in 1870. They were soon being turned out in hundreds and thousands, for the middle class Japanese found it a cheap and comfortable way of travelling long or short distances, and there was an inexhaustible supply of men eager to turn themselves into beasts of burden in order to earn the high wages which the employment brought them. Curiously enough, though elsewhere the thing is called a rickshaw, in Japan it generally goes by the name of jinriki.

Both are abbreviations of the real word, which is jinriki-sha, meaning literally "man-power vehicle"—that is, a cart pulled by a man.—London Daily News.

SOUTH ATLANTIC WHALING.

Seven whaling companies now occupy sites in the island of South Georgia, where the whole carcass of the whale is converted into oil and fertilizers, says the British colonial report from Stanley, the capital of the Falklands. Six companies fish in the waters of the South Shetlands, pursuing the whale through Pelgica Strait to the icy shores of Graham Land. The 1909 season in the dependencies was a good one, but was not so remunerative around the Falklands. A station at New Island, fitted with the latest machinery and lighted by electricity, was completed during the year. There were exported from the Falklands last year 4,006 tons of whale oil, worth $221,426, against 2,929 tons, worth $275,939, in 1908, and 2,400 tons, worth $910,000, in 1907, which shows a wide variation in market values. In 1905 there were no shipments.—Consular Report.

What Would Happen If There Were No More Petroleum?

Effect of Such a Drouth Would Be So Great That the Human Mind Can Hardly Comprehend It.

What would happen to the world if the supplies of petroleum should suddenly cease? The effect of such an event would be so great that the human mind cannot conceive it. It has been stated that, save for the water he drinks and the air he breathes, every possible necessity of a man's life may be supplied either directly or indirectly through the use of the products of petroleum. Even his supply of water may be obtained by a gasolene engine.

To be sure, it does not seem probable that the supply of oil will give out immediately, for the United States alone is producing petroleum at the rate of 650,000 barrels daily, or over 200,000,000 barrels a year. That the earth contains immense pools of oil is evident from the fact that between the day in 1859 that E. L. Drake, a Connecticut railroad conductor, struck oil in Western Pennsylvania, and January 1, 1908, 4,800,000,000 barrels were drawn from the earth in the United States alone, and the production to-day is greater than ever.

It has been figured out that, allowing five and six-tenths cubic feet for the average barrel of forty-two gallons, this volume of oil would form a lake more than one hundred miles in area and five feet in depth. If stored in the usual 40,000-barrel iron cheese box tanks, the string would stretch from New York more than three-quarters of the way to Chicago, or over seven hundred miles. If the barrels necessary to contain it were placed end to end they would form a continuous loop around the moon and earth, and there would still be enough left over to wind about the globe at the equator ten times. In other words, the string would be 750,000 miles long.

Petroleum is chiefly of two kinds, that having a paraffine base, as it is called, and that having a base of asphaltum. These are the solids obtained after all the oils have been distilled off. The former, oil men style "good oil." The latter is chiefly valuable for fuel.

With the exception of iron, it has been asserted that nothing taken out of the earth has proved so valuable to man as petroleum. In the beginning little effort was made to do more than remove the elements which injured it for illuminating purposes. In course of time ways were found for using the by-products, such as gasolene, benzine, naphtha, various grades of lubricating oil, paraffine, tar, and coke or asphalt.

All of these elements are obtained by simply heating the crude oil in stills. The different elements of the "crude" are vaporized at different temperatures. The first vapor which rises from the surface of the heating oil is cymogene. This is so volatile that it can be condensed again only by the use of ice. It is used occasionally in surgical operations in which it is desired to freeze the part to be operated upon. The vapors which follow these are of gasolene, naphtha and benzine.

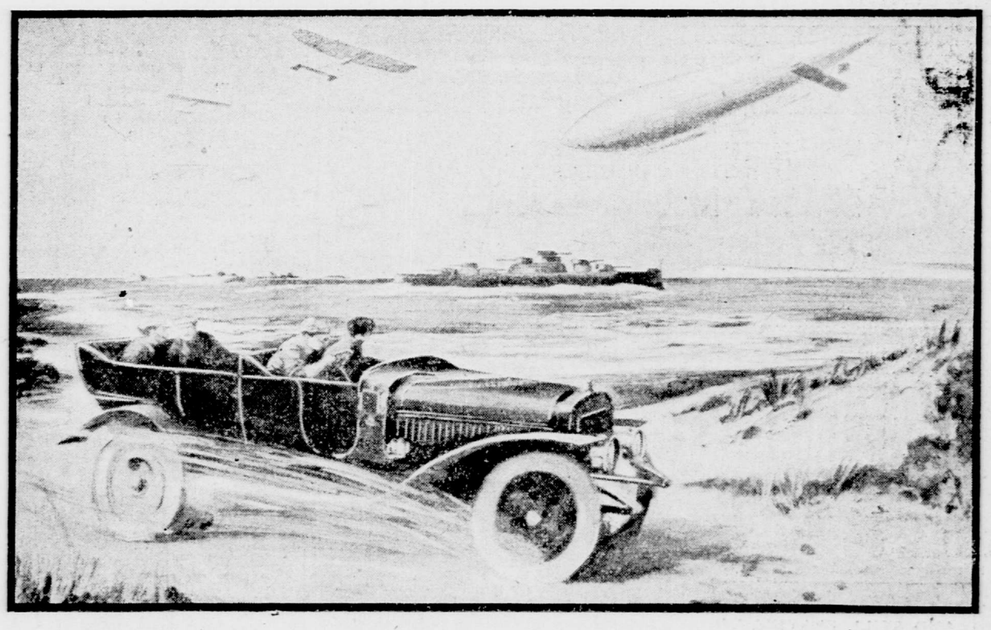
What would the "bird-man" do without gasolene? Where would the automobile, the submarine torpedo boat and the motor boat be without gasolene? It is difficult to estimate the value of gasolene to humanity. It furnishes economical power in every sphere of activity. The farmer uses it to lighten his farm work. It helps him plough, thrash his grain, cut his fodder, grind his axe and take his family and produce to market. It aids the fisherman. It helps the lumberman in the forest and the mechanic in his shop. It lifts the water supply into the tank in town and country. And what a boon gasolene, naphtha and benzine are to tailor and housewife in cleaning clothing! Naphtha and benzine go into soap, and the printer would not know what to do without this material for cleaning his types and presses. The street faker would not be able to ply his trade in a country town at night, and many a housewife would be at a loss for a quick heating stove were gasolene to be eliminated. Many varnishes would suffer for want of benzine. And how would the painter replace the old coat of paint with the new without the aid of the naphtha lamp?

Having switched off into the appropriate receptacles all of the gasolene, naphtha and benzine given off by the boiling fluid in the still, the "stillman" turns another valve and the condensed vapor of the next product to be given off pours forth in still another tank. This is illuminating oil proper. The part which illuminating oil has played and is still playing in the civilization of the world is incalculable. While electricity and gas in the enrichment of which a grade of oil is used are available for the townsman in all civilized lands, they are not for the dweller in rural regions. The inhabitant of the uttermost parts of the earth is dependent upon oil for his evening light.

It is difficult to picture what the cessation of the supply of kerosene would mean to the world without going back for illustration to the days when the ill-smelling and smoky whale oil lamp and the tallow dip were illuminants of the home. One can hardly realize that this was only fifty years ago.

Even a description of those days would not give a correct picture, for mankind the world around has become accustomed to the smokeless kerosene lamp. Three-fifths of the refined oil of the Standard Oil Company is distributed beyond seas. It lights the hut of the miner in far Alaska, and in the gulches of Colorado. By means of a kerosene lamp the conservative Chinaman reads the curious characters in which his language is presented to the eye.

Religion, education, industry, social life, all owe a debt to oil, the dimensions of which they do not realize. If the supply of illuminating oil were suddenly to be cut off many religious services in all parts of the world would be stopped, ambitious men and women and youths would have to give up their efforts to add to their stock of knowledge, or else get out the traditional tallow dip by which "self-made" men of other days acquired the foundations for their reputations, and human beings trying to add to their earnings by night work at home would do so at great risk of their eyesight. Should petroleum cease to flow, religious ceremonials themselves would be affected.



THIS IS THE ERA OF THE NAPHTHA ENGINE ON EARTH, ON SEA AND IN THE SKY.
—Black and White.

To what illuminant could we turn for protection by sea and land if the supply of "rock oil" should fail? The friendly ray of nearly every lighthouse and many a buoy would be quenched. Railroads would be at a standstill after sundown, for there would be no signals on train or track. Without petroleum the gas lighted car would be darkened, for it is one of the components of the gas used for this purpose.

Without this same kerosene the country housewife would lose a labor and money saving device in the form of the blue flame oil stove.

The next vapor to pass through condensing pipes to the stillman's valve is that which thickens into viscous lubricator. Without lubricator every wheel in the world would have to stop. The railroad train would be unable to leave the yards. The steamship would have to remain at its pier. The automobile would stand in its tracks until it dropped to pieces. The electric generator would cease its purring hum. The cogs of every machine would squeak and squeak, and finally manufacture would come to a standstill.

Save for the telegraph and the telephone, man would be as isolated as in the stage coach days. The farmer's produce would rot on the ground or in the storehouse. The depletion of the earth's supplies of coal, iron, copper, gold and silver would be stopped for the time being and no one would need to worry about the natural resources. They would be amply able to take care of themselves. The tariff question would cease to annoy, although the question of the cost of living might not be settled.

The problem of distribution of population would no longer be a problem, for the bridges and tubes leading from the island of Manhattan would be thronged with people fleeing from the stony pavements of the city, which, when men are crying for bread, give only a stone. No one could get to his office except by walking, and his pedal exercise would have to be continued until he had mounted to the floor on which the office chanced to be located. It might be only a few days before even the heavy doors of the office building refused to move on their hinges to admit him. Then would man think of going to his long home.

In the lubricating field comes vaseline, serviceable not only as a lubricant for machinery but for the mechanism of man.

Next in the scale is paraffine. For a long time the oil refiner was troubled with the disposal of this element in his oil. Then it was discovered that it made admirable candles. Now paraffine is one of the valuable by-products of petroleum, useful not only for illumination purposes but in manufacturing processes.

In the manufacture of matches it is used as a coating for waterproofing the heads. It is also used to waterproof fabrics, as a lining for barrels, in glazing paper and in the production of wax or oil paper. It is employed in the manufacture of ornaments from gypsum and other minerals, in laundry work, as a preservative for foods of all kinds, especially in the domestic canning of fruits; in waxing flowers, for the protection of labels and stoppers in bottles of corrosive liquids, in electrical work for insulation purposes and as the basis of chewing gum.

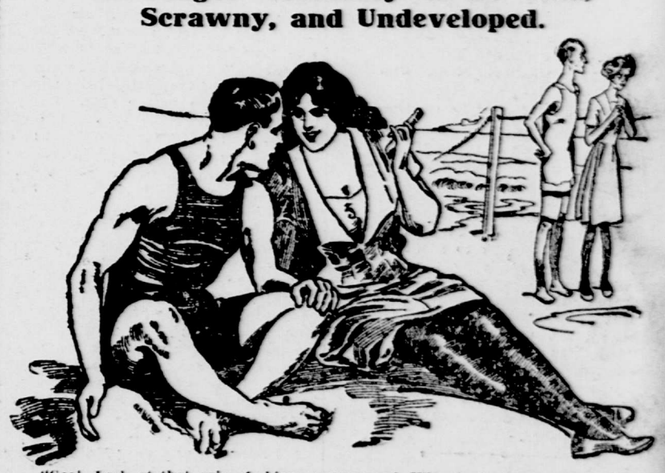
After the paraffine has been distilled there remains tar. From the tar valuable dyes are made. Nor is this the final product. There is still a residuum of coke, which is especially valuable because of its freedom from imperfections for electric light carbons and for artists' crayons.

It is almost impossible to enumerate the various uses to which petroleum lends itself. It assists in the extraction of oils from seeds, in the manufacture of linoleum or oilcloth, in taking greases out of leather, in the preparation of jute. It is useful in the killing of insects, such as mosquitoes and the San José scale; the protection of animals against certain pests, such as the gadfly; the cure of various skin diseases, the preservation of piles and wharf timbers and for laying the dust on railroads and highways. The great supplies of oil found in Texas and California are especially useful as fuel under the steam boiler, in place of coal. Scores upon scores of steamers and hundreds of locomotives are driven by this economical and clean fuel.

The world would be a much less habitable place without petroleum.

LET US MAKE YOU FAT
50c Box Free

We Will Prove at Our Own Expense That It Is No Longer Necessary to Be Thin, Scrawny, and Undeveloped.



"Gee! Look at that pair of skinny scarecrows! Why don't they try Sargol?"

This is a generous offer to every thin man or woman in New York and vicinity. We positively guarantee to increase your weight to your own satisfaction or no pay. Think this over—think what it means. At our own risk, we offer to put 10, 15, yes, 30 pounds of good, solid "stay there" flesh on your bones, to fill out hollows in cheeks, neck or bust, to get rid of that "peaked" look, to rejuvenate and revitalize your whole body until it tingles with vibrant energy; to do this without drastic diet, "tonics," severe physical culture "stunts," detention from business or any irksome requirements—if we fail it costs you nothing.

We particularly wish to hear from the excessively thin, those who know the humiliation and embarrassment which only skinny people have to suffer in silence. We want to send a free 50-cent package of our new discovery to the people who are called "slats" and "bean poles," to bony women, whose clothes never look "anyhow," no matter how expensively dressed, to the skinny men who fail to gain social or business recognition on account of their starved appearance. We care not whether you have been thin from birth, whether you have lost flesh through sickness, how many flesh builders you have experimented with. We take the risk and assume it cheerfully. If we cannot put pounds and pounds of healthy flesh on your frame we don't want your money.

The new treatment increases the red corpuscles in the blood, strengthens the nerves and puts the digestive tract into such shape that your food is assimilated and turned into good, solid, healthy flesh instead of passing through the system undigested and unassimilated. It is a thoroughly scientific principle, this Sargol, and builds up the thin, weak and debilitated without any nauseous dosing. In many conditions it is better than cod liver oil and certainly is much pleasanter to take.

Send for the 50-cent box to-day. Convince us by your prompt acceptance of this offer that you are willing in good faith and really desire to gain in weight. The 50-cent package which we will send you free will be an eye-opener to you. We send it that you may see the simple, harmless nature of our new discovery, how easy it is to take, how you gain flesh privately without knowledge of friends or family until you astonish them by the prompt and unmistakable results.

We could not publish this offer in The Tribune if we were not prepared to live up to it. It is only the astounding results of our new method of treatment that make such an offer and such a guarantee possible on our part. So cut off the coupon to-day and mail it at once to The Sargol Company, 4196 Herald Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y., and please inclose 10c with your letter to help pay distribution expenses. Take our word, you'll never regret it.

Free Sargol Coupon

This certificate, with ten cents to help pay postage and distribution expenses, entitles the holder to one 50-cent package of Sargol, the Flesh Builder. The Sargol Co., 4196 Herald Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y.