"MAKING UP" THE CURE FOR MARITAL UNHAPPINESS

Occasional Altercation and Estrangement Almost Inevitable Between Husband and Wife of Strong Characters—Not to Confess When Wrong Has Been Done is Ignominious—Forgiving and Forgetting.

By CHARLES FREDERIC GOSS, D. D., Author of "The Redemption of David Corson," "The Loom of Life," Etc.

Copyright, 1903, by Joseph B. Bowles.

I have heard married folks affirm with great solemnity, "We never had a quarrel." But I always wonder if they do not mean a "fight." That is easy enough, of course; but a "quarrel"! How in the world can two people with any force of character and any strong convictions about life get along for a quarter of a century or more without some sort of clash that produces estrangement and altercation? They surely must be angels—or rabbits!

Fatigue brings on quarrels. So don't get overtired unless you have to. The whole world looks so dark to a woman when she has washed and ironed and baked, all in the same day. Every bone in her body aches. There is a numbness in the base of her brain. Her head throbs. The slightest noise goes thru her nerves like the firing of a cannon. Poor old John! If he happens to forget the oysters to-night he is liable to hear from it. For Mary isn't herself.

Worry brings on quarrels. If John has a note coming due, or has just received a bill which he had forgotten all about, or has had a strike in his mill, he hardly knows the difference between a kiss and a cuff. So don't worry.

A thousand other things bring on quarrels, and sometimes they just seem to come on of themselves. How hard it is for us to find another will running across our own like a millrace thru a garden. How hard it is to deal daily with opinions and habits differing antipodally from those we have cherished longest. How hard it is to be always yielding and giving up to some one else. To what two people did life ever look the same? Who ever saw a couple whose opinions did not often clash like swords? When you stop to think of it, nothing can be more wonderful or beautiful than the welding of two strong wills and the melting of two proud spirits into one.

It would be sublime if people never did quarrel; but they do—and therefore it is a matter of the gravest importance that they should know how to "make up" afterward. No quarrel is ever rightly "made up" without downright confession and wholehearted forgiveness. They are "patched up," but not "made up." The wound is hidden but not healed—unless the offender gets down on his marrow bones, and the offended one bestows a gracious pardon. It is psychologically impossible for it to be otherwise. You might as well try to heal a sword gash without bringing the edges together; or solder lead pipes without rosin. God has ordained and decreed it to be as it is, and quarrels that are not settled by confession and pardon leave the barb of the arrow, even if the shaft is drawn. This fact is not understood or else it is ignored, and the result is bitterness, agony and oftentimes divorce.

The confession of a wrong is a necessity, both to the soul that perpetrates it and to the one which is its victim. You may wish it was not so. People wish they could escape toothache without filling or extraction, but nature has willed it otherwise. No wrongdoer ever feels a true self-respect without confession. He realizes that he ought to admit his error and that nothing but obstinacy restrains him. It is ignominious and cowardly not to do it, and he is ashamed of himself. This mortification must be repressed in order to produce his mental rest, and so he puts on a bold front and bluffs it down, an act which stimulates his egotism and hardens his heart. He becomes proud, cold and brutal. All his finer feelings die.

Confession is also a necessity for the injured one. We are so made that injury hurts. The soul suffers as the body does. Pain is the fundamental element in self-preservation. If it did not hurt to be insulted and wronged we should become the passive victims of injustice and wrong. It does hurt, and this hurt has but a single healing lotion. We dream of relief thru revenge, but it is only a dream. Revenge embitters and hardens. There is only one balm, and that is the acknowledgement of the wrong by the one who has inflicted the wound. Nothing is more mysterious and wonderful than the curative power of confession. It soothes the pain and draws the poison from the sore. It is water on fire and oil on water.

Are you one of those hard, savage, brutal people who never back down; never admit an error; never acknowledge a fault? Nothing can be more base and nothing more wicked. If you have been unfair and unjust, go and make a clean breast of it. "Open confession is good for the soul."

But forgiveness is as imperative a necessity as "confession." It is passing strange, but it is unequivocally true that a quarrel cannot be made up without a free pardon. The heart that has been hurt can be relieved and restored to its original state of good will only when that divine sentiment has exuded, as gums exude from wounded trees. The bitterness is drained out by the act of pardon. If you refuse to forgive you will feel unworthy and be unhappy. And as for the one who has acknowledged the fault, nothing is more certain than that he will be exasperated by your not forgiving him. It is humiliating enough to confess, but it is maddening not to be forgiven. And yet in spite of this psychological law some people pride themselves in being vindictive. "We forgive, but we never forget," they say—too stupid to perceive the contradiction. To forgive is to forget. The soul that freely pardons gradually loses the memory (or at least the painful memory) of the wound.

This spiritual "confession and pardon" is the most beautiful phenomenon in nature. It is the cure for all mental unhappiness. Hearts capable of performing these two sublime acts will love forever. The deepest and sweetest experiences of their lives will be "making up" their quarrels. Just as divided electric currents reunite when passing thru two poles of a battery, their love will mingle thru confession and pardon. And so when you and John read this article by the fireside open your hearts to each other. Confess the sin, forgive the wrong and you will love more deeply than you have loved before.

CRADLE, ALTAR AND GRAVE

BIRTHS.

Jacobson—Mr. and Mrs. Daniel, 3429 Eighteenth avenue S, girl.
Bergstrom—Mr. and Mrs. A. J., 1007 Grand avenue, boy.
Klofstad—Mr. and Mrs. A., 2413 Ninth street S, boy.
Halvorson—Mr. and Mrs. H. M., 708 Twenty-seventh avenue S, boy.
Halpke—Mr. and Mrs. Fred, 1108 Twenty-fourth avenue N, boy.
Richards—Mr. and Mrs. Earl, Maternity hospital, boy.
Drummond—Mr. and Mrs. W., 802 Twenty-first avenue S, boy.
Harrington—Mr. and Mrs. Charles, 1904 Riverside avenue, girl.
Macdougall—Mr. and Mrs. A. J., 3132 Park avenue, boy.
Lyman—Mr. and Mrs. J., 250 Lyndale avenue N, boy.
Benson—Mr. and Mrs. Oscar, 2116 Eleventh avenue S, girl.
Anderson—Mr. and Mrs. John B., 2404 Third street, boy.
Eggleston—Mr. and Mrs. Nelson A., 246 Twenty-ninth avenue N, girl.

MARRIAGE LICENSES.

Hugh John Montgomery and Mary Adelrado Vaughn.
Gisle Biorstad and Martha Neshelm.
Phillip H. Hart and Grace E. Millar.
Sam Hill and Lizzie Salstrom.
Robert J. Shores and Ernestine Coughran.
Arthur Leonard Sayre and Gertrude Margaret Hill.
Louis Backhoff and Rose Forsyth.

DEATHS.

Praska—Annie, 3108 Lyndale avenue N.
Jones—Maggie, St. Barnabas hospital.
Johnson—Mrs. Grace, city hospital.
Nelson—Charles W., 1210 Humboldt avenue N.
Peterson—Gustof E., 26 Western avenue.
Smith—Charles B., 97 Tenth street S.
Kuhn—Gust, 1327 Washington avenue N.
Bjork—Benjamin, 1328 First avenue S.
Lang—Ida, city hospital.
Engan—Ole E., 250 1/2 Sixth street S.
Canute—Loyd, 816 Thirtieth avenue N.

UP-TO-THE-MINUTE FASHIONS.....

A Daily Hint of Practical Value to Journal Readers of the Fair Sex.

The fashion pictures given daily in this department are eminently practical, and the garments pictured can be reproduced easily from the paper patterns, which may be obtained at trifling cost thru The Journal. The models are all in good style, pretty and original in effect and not too elaborate for the ambitious amateur to reproduce.

INVALID WRAP, 4613.
TO BE MADE WITH OR WITHOUT A SEAM AT CENTER BACK.

Every woman who has ever been ill knows the necessity of a light wrap that can be slipped on over the nightgown without effort. This one amply fulfills that requirement and is dainty and attractive at the same time that it is comfortable. In addition to serving this first legitimate use, it becomes a most satisfactory simple negligee or lounging jacket. As shown,

4613 Invalid Wrap, 32, 36 40 bust

the material is French flannel, in a Persian design, with bands of plain Habutai silk in harmonizing color, and is tied with soft ribbons, but any soft wool material is appropriate. The wrap can be made in one piece or seamed at the back, as preferred, and is cut out beneath the arms, the edges being tied together, after it is thrown over the shoulders, to form the sleeves.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is 3¼ yards 27 or 36 inches wide when made without a seam, 3¼ yards 27 or 2¼ yards 36 inches wide when made with a seam, with 2 yards 21 or 1 yard 27 or 36 inches wide for bands.

The pattern, 4613, is cut in three sizes, small, corresponding to 32-inch; medium, corresponding to 36, and large, corresponding to 40-inch bust measure.

In ordering pattern fill in this coupon:

PATTERN NO. ——
Size .....
Name .....
Address .....

CAUTION—Be careful to give correct Number and Size of Patterns wanted. When the pattern is bust measure you need only mark 32, 34, 36 or whatever it may be. When in waist measure, 22, 24, 26, or whatever it may be. When misses' or child's pattern, write only the figure representing the age. It is not necessary to write "inches" or "years."

Pattern for this garment will be sent postpaid on receipt of 10 cents. Be sure and mention number of pattern. Address
PAPER PATTERN DEPARTMENT, JOURNAL, MINNEAPOLIS.

WEATHER PREDICTIONS FOR THE NORTHWEST

For Minneapolis and Vicinity: Fair to-night and Thursday.

Weather Now and Then—Minimum temperature to-day, —4 degrees; a year ago, —1 degree.

Minnesota—Fair to-night, probably followed by snow flurries in north portion Thursday; variable winds.

Wisconsin—Snow to-night and this afternoon, followed by fair Thursday; rising temperature; fresh southwest to west winds.

Iowa—Generally fair to-night and Thursday; warmer in east and south portions; southwest winds.

North Dakota—Fair to-night and Thursday; slightly colder in west portion to-night; variable winds.

South Dakota—Fair to-night and Thursday; variable winds.

Montana—Generally fair to-night and Thursday; warmer in north portion; southwest winds.

Upper Michigan—Light snow to-night and Thursday; warmer in west portion to-night; fresh southwest to west winds.

WEATHER CONDITIONS.

It is decidedly colder than it was yesterday morning in the middle Mississippi and the Ohio valleys and northern Illinois, with this morning's temperatures —4 degrees at Chicago and —2 degrees at Davenport. It is from 20 degrees to 30 degrees warmer in Manitoba, North Dakota and western South Dakota. There have been some light snows during the past twenty-four hours in the Lake region and thence eastward. The pressure is moderately high over the Rocky mountain region.

—T. S. OUTRAM, Section Director.

MINIMUM TEMPERATURES.

Observations taken at 8 a. m., seventy-fifth meridian time. Minimum temperatures in last twenty-four hours.

Minneapolis	—4	Moorhead	—4
St. Louis	8	Bismarck	0
Buffalo	16	New York	16
Chicago	—4	Washington	26
Duluth	—6	Jacksonville	40
Calgary, Alberta	22	New Orleans	44
Edmonton, Alberta	28	Helena	24
Prince Albert, Saskatchewan	—4	Miles City	24
Swift Current, Assiniboia	20	Denver	28
Winnipeg, Manitoba	—10	El Paso	22
Kansas City	16	Portland	28
Omaha	4	San Francisco	48
Huron	0	Los Angeles	48

DOG PROTECTS HURT SQUIRREL

"Shep," a Collie, Takes Charge of Park Squirrel to Astonishment of Police.

New York Sun Special Service.

New York, Dec. 30.—Huddled together under a blanket of snow were found, near the mounted police station in Central Park, a crippled squirrel and Shep, a collie. Thru the long hours of the night the little cripple had been protected from the cold by the shaggy coat of Shep, who nestled so close to his charge that the latter was kept warm.

When the two animals were found the dog was blinking at the falling snowflakes, but the eyes of the squirrel were closed in sleep. The squirrel was carried to the police station, and the dog followed, growling approval. The smaller animal was suffering from an injured leg, which had prevented it from reaching shelter. A bandage was placed about the squirrel's leg and it was made as comfortable as possible.

Feminine Moors are generally absolutely ignorant of their age. Among Moorish women this is a point of honor, but it is really no affectation, for as their birthdays are never celebrated in any manner, the passage of the years is far less noticed than it is with us.

BRAVE BOY.

"Willie, you get right down off that table, or I'll tell ma." "Aw, what's the matter with you? I ain't doin' nuthin' but just tellin this old gobbler what I think of him. He chased me all around the yard day before yesterday, an' I want to show him I ain't afraid of him."

BUYING, SELLING AND BUILDING

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.

Bradford Pond et al. to Althea B. Field; lot 6, block 4, Hayward & Pond's addition, $2,000.

Samuel Moody to Nancy E. LePage; lot 3, block 7, West Maple Plaine, $150.

Ida G. Wells and husband to John C. Webster et al.; lot 8, block 1, Hamisch's Second addition, $2,000.

Susan Damon Gale and husband to Joseph J. Mergens; lots 24, 25, 58, 59, 60, and part of lots 26 and 27, Cottagewood Park, $1,300.

Albert P. Reidhead and wife to Emma G. Dorman; lot 60, block 19, Forest Heights, $1,400.

Lena L. H. Beach and husband to Martina Hoglund; in section 7, township 29, range 23, $250.

Mary E. Chase and husband to Martina Hoglund; lots 16 and 17, block 6, Redfield's addition, $100.

Fannie B. Norton to Edwin C. Norton; lot 6, block 3, Dorman's First addition, $100.

Anna H. Arndt et al. to Charles F. Haglin; lot 20, block 3, Avery's Chicago Avenue addition, $325.

Jennie E. Lane and husband to John Larson; part of lot 14, block 9, Washington Avenue addition, $100.

Daniel McGinty to Nicholas M. Evers; in section 27, township 120, range 23, $2,000.

Ludwig Welker and wife to Emma Welker; in section 4, township 118, range 22, $2,450.

Ludwig Welker and wife to Emma Welker; part of lots 10 and 11, block 41, Sherburne & Beebe's addition, $2,450.

Mary A. Pease and husband to William D. Curtis; in section 17, township 27, range 24, $1,000.

Sarah S. Langdon to Miller Publishing company; part of lot 4, block 88, Town of Minneapolis, $20,000.

Security Land and Investment company to Carl Jordt and wife; lot 26, block 5, Pierce Street rearrangement, $150.

Charles K. Kobb, administrator, to Security Land and Investment company; in section 32, township 118, range 21, $3,000.

Joseph Schimd, Jr., and wife to Emma Swanson, in section 35, township 117, range 24, $250.

George F. Perkins, administrator, to August Thibodeau, part of lot 4, block 3, Rosedale Park, $125.75.

George F. Perkins, administrator, to Pascal Potvin, lot 5 and part of lot 4, block 3, Rosedale Park, $175.

Jeremiah C. Donahue and wife to Michael Copley, lots 13, 14 and 15, block 10, Minnetonka Central addition, $150.

Virginia Gibson et al. to Russell M. Bennett, lots 13, 14 and 15, block 10, Minnetonka Central addition, $150.

Jeremiah C. Donahue and wife to Michael Copley, in section 29, township 117, range 21, $3,600.

Hubert C. Carel and wife to Jessie O. Gould, part of lots 8, 9 and 10, block 35, St. Anthony City, $1,500.

Farmers' Trust company to Charles H. Johnson, lot 13 and part of lot 12, block 3, Elwell's addition, $400.

Freeman H. Bissett and wife to Wallace I. Bissett, north half of lot 20, Galpin's addition to village of Excelsior, $400.

Wallace I. Bissett and wife to Ethel M. Bissett, north half of lot 20, Galpin's addition to village of Excelsior, $400.

George H. Henchman to Addie M. Libby, lot 1, block 8, Windom's addition, $800.

Victoria Land company to John Lindberry, lots 2 and 3, block 3, Hiawatha Heights, $125.

Twenty-five minor deeds, $198.

Total, fifty-three deeds, $46,296.75.

BUILDING PERMITS.

Sivert Knutson, 1512 Monroe street NE, dwelling, $2,500.

The Housekeeper company, Fourth street and Eighth avenue S, repairs after fire, $1,000.

Two minor permits, $295.

Total, four permits, $3,795.

GIRL STUDENTS WILL BUILD COLLEGE CHAPEL

The Girls Intend to Do All the Work Themselves and Already Have Made a Beginning.

New York Sun Special Service.

Stamford, Conn., Dec. 30.—Fifty young women, the daughters of wealthy parents, attending Rosemary Hall seminary at Rock Ridge, Greenwich, have set themselves the task of building a chapel.

They have been engaged for several days in loading rock onto a wagon and hauling it to the building site. Girls are acting as teamsters, as loaders and as receivers at the stone pile, which is growing rapidly.

They could afford to pay to have all this work done, but it is their purpose to show that they are capable of doing what they set out to do. As soon as the weather will permit the girls will dig out the pit for the foundation, mix the sand and mortar, carry the hod and do whatever else the actual work of building may demand. In a word, the chapel is to be their work and theirs alone.

The idea originated a few months ago in the brain of one of the girls who attend that sylish seminary. Her companions, like her, are daughters of wealthy parents in the principal cities of the United States and are unaccustomed to any kind of manual work. They decided inasumch as a chapel was needed which would accommodate 100 persons, and the gymnasium being in their minds not suitable to religious services, they would build a chapel.

Got Stone Free.

A leader was appointed and plans drawn by themselves were submitted to the head instructor for a one-story stone edifice of rustic design. George Lauder, Jr., who is a neighbor and nephew of Andrew Carnegie, had much stone lying about his own estate, and when he heard of the enterprise of the young women he offered to furnish stone to them free of expense.

Fifty girls in their short blue skirts, white sweaters with the letter "R" in front, and hatless, went after the first load of stone, one couple driving the team and the others riding on a wagon or on the backs of horses. Some of the stones were so large they took two or three girls to lift them into the wagon.

Every day after school sessions the girls, attired in high rubber boots and with the sleeves of their sweaters rolled well up, went after rocks.

The result is a huge pile of stone to be seen near the seminary, where it will remain until the weather is such that the girls can begin building the structure.

YOUNG WOMAN KISSES WRONG MAN IN A HOTEL

He Wore a Boutonniere of Violets and She Mistook Him for a Long-Missing Brother.

New York Sun Special Service.

Chicago, Dec. 30.—"O, I was sure you would be here!" exclaimed a young woman last evening as she rushed up to a divinity student in the dining-room at the Stratford hotel and threw her arms around his neck, kissing him twice.

The student was Edward O. Lansing of Lockport, N. Y., who is taking a course at the McCormick Theological seminary. The mistake in identity later was found to be due to a boutonniere of violets which he wore.

"I think this is a cool reception," said the woman before Lansing recovered from his surprise. "Is this what I am to expect after all my trouble in finding you?"

"I don't think you had much trouble in finding me," said Lansing. "You kissed the first man you saw."

"Why did you wear the violets if you didn't intend to meet me?" asked the young woman.

Lansing looked at the lapel of his coat and then understood the mistake.

The woman said her name was Dorothy Simpson, and that she was to meet a brother whom she had not seen for ten years. He promised to wear violets. The missing brother did not appear and Miss Simpson went away.

"I am satisfied," said Lansing as he left the hotel. "I believe I will dine here every day with violets in my buttonhole."

SEEK PROTECTION FOR HOME ELECTRICITY

Proprietors of Generating Plants Along the Canadian Border Object to Cheap, Foreign Product.

New York Sun Special Service.

Washington, Dec. 30.—The question "Can electricity be taxed by the federal government?" is causing the treasury officials some annoyance. The establishment along the Canadian frontier, especially along the Canadian side of the Niagara river, of large generating plants for the production of electricity, mostly to be used in the United States has raised the question whether this foreign product can be subjected to a customs tax upon crossing the frontier.

There has been no attempt so far to collect a duty on foreign made electricity, but the proprietors of the large generating plants, mostly American capitalists, are becoming apprehensive that their competition will force domestic producers to appeal for protection to the taxing power of the federal government.

ACTRESS TRILBY IS REALLY HYPNOTIZED

Hugh Ford, Who Played Svengali, Inadvertently Hypnotizes Miss Lotta Linthicom, Who Was Cast as Trilby.

New York, Dec. 30.—Miss Lotta Linthicom, who is playing Trilby at a Fifth avenue theater, was actually hypnotized by Hugh Ford, who impersonates Svengali, yesterday. As a consequence she was not prepared to go on the stage when her call came. Nothing could rouse her until Ford was summoned. Then he looked at her and she followed him, going thru her part in a natural manner.

Dr. S. Duncan Whitney, who was called, said Miss Linthicom had been hypnotized by the actor. "The movements of his eyes were principally responsible for her going into a trance," said the doctor. "When he looked at her, you know, she came around, altho she couldn't speak."

RADIUM SAID TO BE A CURE FOR CANCER

Wonderful Substance Is Used Successfully in Treatment of an Apparently Hopeless Case.

New York, Dec. 30.—Radium is reported to have removed a cancer which had spread over the entire right cheek of William Hoffman, 62 years old, of Newark, N. Y. When he came here for treatment several specialists expressed the belief that the growth could be removed only by cutting away nearly all the flesh on one side of his head.

Hoffman's nephew, a physician, procured a tube containing a tiny portion of radium and experimented by placing it in the patient's mouth. He reports that Hoffman complained of a burning sensation in the cheek which became unendurable after about forty minutes. The swelling began to go down immediately and the growth began to disappear after the treatment had been continued for a few days. A stronger tube was procured from Paris and at the end of six weeks the cancer is said to have entirely disappeared, leaving the cheek in its normal state.

THE MAIN CHANCE

A THOROLY WESTERN STORY OF REAL PEOPLE

By MEREDITH NICHOLSON

Copyright, 1903, by Bobbs-Merrill Co.

CHAPTER XXI.

The Annual Pass.

Timothy Margrave was, in common phrase, a good railroad man. He had advanced by slow degrees from the incumbency of those lowly manual offices called jobs, to the performance of those nobler functions known as positions. Margrave's elevation to the office of third vice-president and general manager was due to his Pull. This was originally political but later financial; and he now had both kinds of Pulls. There is no greater arrogance among us than that of our railway officials; they are greater tyrants than any that sit in public office. The General Something or Other is a despot, the records of whose life are written in tissue manifold: his ideals are established for him by those of his own order who have been raised to a higher power, which he himself aspires to reach in due season. Margrave had gone as high as he expected to go with the corporation whose destinies he had done so much to promote; all who were below him in the Transcontinental knew that he held their lives in his hands; all his subordinates, down to the boys who carried long manila envelopes marked R. R. B. to and from trains called him IT.

Margrave had resolved that the railroad was getting too much out of him and that he must do more to promote his own fortunes. The directors were good fellows, and they had certainly treated him well; but it seemed within the pale of legitimate enterprise for him to broaden his interests a trifle without in any wise diminishing his zeal for the Transcontinental. The street railway business was a good business, and Clarkson Traction appealed to Margrave, moreover, on its political side. If he reorganized the company and made himself its president he could greatly fortify and strengthen his pull. Tim Margrave's pull was already of consequence and it would be of great use in this new undertaking; moreover, it would naturally be augmented by his control of the little army of Traction employes. He proposed getting some of the eastern stockholders of the Transcontinental to help him acquire Traction holdings sufficient to get control of the company; and, with Margrave, to decide was to act.

Almost any day, he was told, the eastern bondholders might pounce down and put a receiver in charge of the company. Margrave did not understand receiverships according to High or Beach or any other legal authority; but according to Margrave they were an excuse for pillage, and it was a regret of his life that no fat receivership had ever fallen to his lot. But he was not going into Traction blindly. He wanted to know who else was interested, that he might avoid complications William Porter was the only man in Clarkson who could swing Traction without assistance; he must not run afoul of Porter. Margrave was a master of the art of getting information, and he decided, on reflection, that the easiest way to get information about Porter was to coax it out of Wheaton.

He always called Wheaton "Jim," in remembrance of those early days of Wheaton's residence in Clarkson when Wheaton had worked in his office. He had watched Wheaton's rise with interest; he took to himself the credit of being his discoverer. When Wheaton called on his daughter he made no comment; he knew nothing to Wheaton's discredit, and he would no more have thought of criticizing Mabel than of ordering dynamite substituted for coal in the locomotives of his railroad. When he concluded that he needed Wheaton, he began playing for him, just as if the cashier had been a councilman or a member of the legislature or a large shipper or any other fair prey.

He had unconsciously made a good beginning by making Wheaton the king of the carnival; he now resorted to that most insidious and economical form of bribery known as the annual pass.

One of these pretty bits of pasteboard was at once mailed to Wheaton by the Second Assistant General Something on Margrave's recommendation.

Wheaton accepted the pass as a tribute to his growing prominence in the town. He knew that Porter refused railroad passes on practical grounds, holding that such favors were extended in the hope of reciprocal compliments, and he believed that a banker was better off without them. Wheaton, whose vanity had been touched, could see no harm in them. He had little use for passes as he knew and cared little about traveling, but he had always envied men who carried their "annuals" in little brass bound books made for the purpose. To be sure it was late in the year and passes were usually sent out in January, but this made the compliment seem much more direct; the Transcontinental had forgotten him, and had thought it well to rectify the error between seasons. He felt that he must not make too much of the railroad's courtesy; he did not know to which official in particular he was indebted, but he ran into Margrave one evening at the club and decided to thank him.

"How's traffic?" he asked, as Margrave made room for him on the settee where he sat reading the evening paper.

"Fair. Anything new?"

"No. It's the same routine with me pretty much all the time."

"I guess that's right. I shouldn't think there was much fun in banking. You got to keep the public too far away. I like to be up against people myself."

"Banking is hardly a sociable business," said Wheaton.

"No; a good banker's got to have cold feet, the fellow said."

"But you railroad people are not considered so very warm," said Wheaton. "The fellows who want favors seem to think so. By the way, I'm much obliged to some one for an annual that turned up in my mail the other day. I don't know who sent it to me—if it's you—"

"Um?" Margrave affected to have been wandering in his thoughts, but this was what he was waiting for. "Oh, I guess that was Wilson. I never fool with the pass business myself; I've got troubles of my own."

"I guess I'll not use it very often," said Wheaton, as if he owed an apology to the road for accepting it.

"Better come out with me in the car sometime and see the road," Margrave sugested, throwing his newspaper on the table.

"I'd like that very much," said Wheaton.

"Where's Thompson now? Old man's pretty well done up, ain't he?"

"He went back to Arizona. He was here at work all summer. He's afraid of our winters."

"Well, that gives you your chance," said Margrave, affably. "There ain't any young man in town that's got a better chance than you have, Jim."

"I know that," said Wheaton, humbly.

"You don't go in much on the outside, do you? I suppose you don't have much time."

"No; I'm held down pretty close; and in a bank you can't go into everything."

"Well, there's nothing like keeping an eye out. Good things are not so terribly common these days." Margrave got up and walked the floor once or twice, apparently in a musing humor, but he really wished to look into the adjoining room to make sure they were alone.

"I believe," he said with emphasis on the pronoun, "there's going to be a good thing for some one in Traction stock. Porter ought to let you in on that." Margrave didn't know that Porter was in, but he expected to find out.

"Mr. Porter has a way of keeping things to himself," said Wheaton, cautiously; yet he was flattered by Margrave's friendliness, and anxious to make a favorable impression. Vanity is not, as is usually assumed, a mere incident of character; it is a disease.

"I suppose," said Margrave, "that a man could buy a barrel of that stuff just now at a low figure."

Wheaton could not resist this opportunity.

"What I have I got at thirty-one," he answered, as if it were the most natural thing in the world for him to have Traction stock. This was not a bank confidence; there was no reason why he should not talk of his own investments if he wished to do so.

Margrave had reseated himself, and lounged on the settee with a confidential air that he had found very effective in the committee-rooms at the state capital when it was necessary to deal with a difficult legislator.

"I suppose Porter must have got in lower than that," he said carelessly. "Billy usually gets in on the ground floor." He chuckled to himself in admiration of the banker's shrewdness. "But a fellow can do what he pleases when he's got money. Most of us see good things and can't go into the market after 'em."

"What's your guess as to the turn this Traction business will take?" asked Wheaton. He had not expected an opportunity to talk to any one of Margrave's standing on this subject, and he thought he would get some information while the opportunity offered.

"Don't ask me! If I knew I'd like to get into the game. But look here"—he moved his fat body a little nearer to Wheaton—"the way to go into that thing is to go into it big! I've had my eye on it for a good while, but I ain't going to touch it unless I can swing it all. Now, you know Porter, and I know him, and you can bet your last dollar he'll never be able to handle it. He ain't built for it!" His voice sank to a whisper. "But if I decide to go in, I've got to get rid of Porter. Me and Porter can't travel in the same harness. You know that," he added, pleadingly, as if there were the bitterness of years of controversy in his relations with Porter.

Wheaton nodded sympathetically.

"Now, I don't know how much he's got"—this in an angry tone, as if Porter were guilty of some grave offense against him—"and he's so damned mysterious you can't tell what he's up to. You know how he is; you can't go to a fellow like that and do business with him, and he won't play anyhow, unless you play his way."

"Well, I don't know anything about his affairs, of course," said Wheaton, yet feeling that Margrave's confidences must be reciprocated. "Just between ourselves,"—he waited for Margrave to nod and grunt in his solemn way—"he did buy a little some time ago, but no great amount. It would take a good deal of money to control that company."

"You're dead right it would, and Porter hasn't any business fooling with it. You've got to syndicate a thing like that. He's probably got a tip from some one of his eastern friends as to what they're going to do, and he's buying in, when he can, to get next. But say, he hasn't any Traction bonds, has he?"

Wheaton had already said more than he had intended, and repented now that he had been drawn into this conversation; but Margrave was bending toward him with a great air of condescending intimacy. Porter had never been confidential with him, and it was really Margrave who had given him his start.

"I don't think so; at least I never knew of it." His mind was on those checks to Peckham, which clearly represented purchases of stock. Of course, Porter might have bonds, too, but having gone thus far he did not like to admit to Margrave how little he really knew of Porter's doings. Margrave was puffing solemnly at his cigar, and changed the subject. When he rose to go and stood stamping down his trousers, which were forever climbing up his fat legs when he sat, Wheaton felt an impulse to correct any false impression which he might have given Margrave; but he was afraid to try this. He would discredit himself with Margrave by doing so. He had not intended to leave so early, but he hated to let go of Margrave, and he followed him into the coatroom.

"That's all between us—that little matter," said Margrave, as they were helped into their coats by the sleepy colored boy. Wheaton wanted to say this himself, but Margrave saved him the trouble.

"Certainly, Mr. Margrave."

CHAPTER XXII.

William Porter Returns From a Journey.

Porter went into Fenton's private office and shut and locked the door after him. He always did this, and Fenton, who humored his best client's whims perforce, pushed back the law book which he was reading and straightened the pens on his blotter.

"I didn't expect you back so soon," he said. Porter looked tired and there were dark rings under his eyes.

"Short horse soon curried," he remarked, pulling a packet from his overcoat.

There was something boyish in Porter's mysterious methods, which always amused Fenton when they did not alarm and exasperate him.

Porter sat down at a long table and the lawyer drew up a chair opposite him.

"Which way have you been this time?"

"Down in the country," returned Porter, indefinitely.

Fenton laughed and watched his client pulling the rubber bands from his package.

"What have you there—oats or wheat?"

"What I have here," said Porter, straightening out the crisp papers he had taken from his bundle, "is a few shares of Clarkson Traction stock."

"Oh!" Fenton picked up a ruler and played with it until Porter had finished counting and smoothing the stock certificates.

"There you are," said the banker, passing the papers over to Fenton. "See if they're all right."

Fenton compared the names on the face of the certificates with the assignments on the back, while Porter watched him and played with a rubber band.

"The assignments are all straight," said Fenton, finally.

He sat waiting and his silence irritated Porter, who reached across and took up the certificates again.

"I want to talk to you a little about Traction."

"All right, sir," said Fenton, respectfully.

"I've gone in for that pretty deep this fall."

Fenton nodded gravely. He felt trouble in the air.

"I started in on this down east last summer. Those bonds all went east, but a lot of the stock was kicked around out here. If I get enough and reorganize the company I can handle the new securities down east all right. That's business. Now, I've been gathering in the stock around here on the quiet. Peckham's been buying some for me, and he's assigned it in blank. There's no use in getting new shares issued until we're ready to act, for Barnes and those fellows are not above doing something nasty if they think they're going to lose their jobs."

"The original stock issue was 5,000 shares," said Fenton. "How much have you?"

"Well, sir," said Porter, "I've got about half and I'm looking for a few shares more right now."

Fenton picked up his ruler again and beat his knuckles with it. Porter had expected Fenton to lecture him sharply, but the lawyer was ominously quiet.

To be continued to-morrow.