

and as he spoke in his low, sonorous voice, growing more enthusiastic as he proceeded, his lips parted, showing the sound, white teeth of a pioneer, and his eyes, big and seal brown, rimmed with golden edges, widened until they seemed to embrace the entire big boardroom. If I ever encountered the magnetism of a strong personality, I witnessed and felt it then. The vital enthusiasm of the man was overpowering.

I shall never forget that compelling smile, and having seen it I can understand how Mr. Hill accomplished his financial marvels of years gone by, when, needing capital for his pioneer railway enterprises, he went to London, and raised from the leading bankers of Europe, even from royalty itself, the millions he needed for the construction of his roads. In that moment I understood the success of his life.

"Every man who has really lived has had in his life one great adventure. The Great Northern Railroad was mine." So Mr. Hill said recently. And the success of this adventure was undoubtedly due to the persuasive power of his smile.

GEORGE J. GOULD'S smile is irresistible. He doesn't let the affairs of this world worry him overmuch; but he is a hard worker, and after all his secretaries, clerks, and stenographers have gone home, through with the labors of the day, he is often busy in his offices until late at night. But there comes a time when Mr. Gould just can't buckle down to work. On some bright day, when the sun is smiling and the breezes allure, even though the directors of the Wash-bash or the Missouri Pacific have been called to attend a weighty conference, Mr. Gould shakes off all his business cares and duties and leaves post haste for Lakewood to play polo. The lure of this sport is at times overwhelming to his athletic instincts. But what his assembled directors, awaiting him in the boardroom, think of the matter had best be left to the imagination.

Mr. Gould has a sympathetic personality and democratic ways, and, while many of the financiers identified with his numerous properties often disagree with him, they all like him, and they can't keep themselves from liking him very much.

The men of Wall Street lead nervous lives; but they exercise, they store up energy, they keep fit—they smile. The most noted bond analyst of the financial district is not a

musty statistician. He is a fresh-colored, brisk-looking business man. Every once in awhile your banker or your bond man disappears for a week or ten days from his office. You think he is absent on a business trip; but when you next hear from him he is at Palm Beach, or in the Maine woods. He was feeling a bit run down, and he stays away until he is restored sufficiently to come back to his work and smile.

LITTLE TOWNS WITH BIG NAMES

THE names of our great cities are in a number of cases also borne by small villages and towns throughout the country. For instance, there is, in Henderson County, Texas, a small place, which contains but few inhabitants and dwellings, that is called New York.

In addition to the big city on Lake Michigan, there are three little Chicagos and two New Chicagos. One Chicago is in the mountains of Marion County, Kentucky. Another is quite a town in Huron County, Ohio; and the other is in Dawson County, Texas. The New Chicagos are in Indiana and Montana.

There are seven little Philadelphias, none of them particularly distinguished by thrift or enterprise. One is in Jefferson County, New York. There are at least two towns that have adopted the name of Hub,—in Georgia and Mississippi,—presumably in compliment to Boston. Brooklyn is a favorite name. There are over twenty Brooklyns; but none more pleasantly situated than Brooklyn, Pennsylvania.

Nearly every State has a Washington. Washington, Kentucky, is one of the oldest towns in the State, and is almost of an age with the national capital. The old courthouse at the Kentucky Washington, erected in 1794, is still standing. As a girl, Harriet Beecher, afterward Mrs. Stowe, taught school in the slavery days. She once witnessed a sale of negroes in front of that courthouse, a scene that made such an impression upon her mind that "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was the result. Washington lies among the hills of Mason County, just back of Maysville, where Eliza is supposed to have crossed the river on the ice.

There are a number of Baltimores, and some States have more than one. New Baltimores are also numerous. High in the snow-capped Big Horn Mountains of Wyoming is a Buffalo.

THE PENITENT

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now, young feller, but a roustabout's job; but it's work. Thirty a month and board. All right? So! That's what I like to have a man say. Get off your coat and jump in. Go over there to the desk and tell the clerk you're the new man because I said so."

AND thus was a little fresh hope and courage given the fugitive, who promptly began trying to deserve the reputation given him by Big Frank Ford, who had "stood good." In three weeks the porter became night clerk. A month later Apache Tom, failing to lease his property, made the day clerk manager, and seemed highly gratified when the latter suggested "Suppose I put Steele in as day clerk? He's the most conscientious, painstaking man I ever worked with." And Steele was handed the keys and combination of the safe and made responsible for the money therein. He demurred when the promotion was offered; but the white-haired old owner stilled him with a gruff, "You're it! That settles it."

For a month the old frontiersman sat around the lobby watching him from the corners of his steady eyes, before he made any advances toward friendship; then began to chat at odd times with his employee, and to evince growing interest.

Just five months after he took charge of the cash at the hotel Jack looked across the desk at a man who bent forward to speak and said, "Steele, I'm from the Utonian Detective Agency, and you're my man! Now are you going to make a fuss or come quietly? What's it to be?"

Jack Steele clung to the edge of the counter for support, weak, unnerved, despairing. The whole rotunda seemed to whirl, the voice of the officer to be a shout publishing a cry of infamy. He heard a chair shoved violently backward, the sound of a snarling oath, and old Apache Wharton, cold with rage, came leaping across the room and up against the startled detective's shoulder.

"No rough work!" he growled in a voice that was very chill. "Don't try to rub it in on the boy. Steele, go into my private office. And you, Mr. Man, come along!"

Inside the office he laid a hand on Steele's trembling, bent shoulder and said quietly,

"Don't worry, Boy. I knew all about it when I hired you; but didn't want you to know that I knew for fear of hurtin' your feelings. Ford told me, and we talked it all out together. You've had your chance to show me that you'd make good. You have. If you want to get away, I can keep this man here, either as a quiet citizen, or as a dead detective. What do you think about it?" There was a sharp question in his eyes, and he leaned forward as if intent on the reply.

Jack lifted his head, and said in a dogged voice that he found hard to control, "I thank you, Mr. Wharton; but I've thought it all over. Those who do wrong, whether they mean it or not, have to pay. I'm going to pay. I'm through playing hide and seek. I'm going back to take my medicine, and then, when it's all over, and I'm—I'm out again, maybe—maybe when I've no friends and am only an ex-convict, you'll give me a job somewhere; because you see, Sir, it's going to be pretty hard work to live it down."

"Whoo-oo-p-eee!" Old Tom Wharton gave a shout of the trails and slapped his knee. "That's what I wanted you to say! If you'd shown any white feather, and offered to run, I'd have known you weren't worth much trouble, and I'd have let him take you; but now, young feller, you and me'll see this thing through together. That goes!" he added grimly, turning to the detective.

ACCUSTOMED to having his way, but unaccustomed to the ways of the East, the rugged old frontiersman did not anticipate difficulties with J. Anthony Wardheim, whose daring speculations had by this time made him almost a spectacular figure of finance. By mere accident, on the way to that glamorous East, the quiet old Westerner found a former acquaintance, Henry Meredith, now located in Corydon as general agent of a railway company, and from him he learned much of the bank president and his success. Also Wharton told his friend that he had with him John Steele, and of the culprit's vicissitudes and persistent fight to retrieve himself. The friend smiled knowingly.

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"That's because that sanctimonious old four-flusher wants to make an example of his victim," he remarked. "After you have had a round with old Wardheim, Tom," he suggested slyly, "if things don't turn out as you wish, suppose you come and have a talk with me?"

Arrived in Corydon, the frontiersman, after much patient waiting and preliminaries, was ushered into the thickly carpeted, mahogany-furnished, art-decorated, strictly private office of Wardheim.

"I've come to square up that matter against young John Steele," blurted announced the Westerner, without troubling to remove his big-brimmed soft hat.

"Law, order, justice, are the basic foundations of this office, Mr.—Mr. Wharton. Steele is a criminal, and he must be punished."

"But, Lord Almighty, Man! He's been punished enough!" blurted the impatient Apache. "Good Heavens! Were you ever chased for a day, let alone two years? Ain't you ever made bad breaks in all your life? Do you know what it is to live in fear because your foot slipped? I'm tellin' you this boy has worked for me, and been honest and true. Why, he wants to do right! You ain't goin' to keep a feller from tryin' to do the real thing, are you? Pshaw! That's not a white way to look at matters."

J. Anthony Wardheim shook a sorrowful but obstinate head. Thomas Wharton's face hardened, and his eyes took on that queer, fighting look that men of his own country knew and feared. Yet he made one more attempt in patience, as if striving to convince a naughty child.

"Listen!" he said slowly. "The best of us—grown men—do things sometimes that just a little while after it's too late we'd give a heap to have undone. We're only lucky that we don't do these things when we're boys, before we're harness broke and wise enough to stand the punishment. Jack

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