MASQUERADER

-By Mrs. Catharine Cecll Thurston-

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those whose sphere lies in the west London. Fleet street is little more in a name, and Clifford's Inn is as safely red away in the shadow of the Law rts as any grave under a country reh wall; it is as green of grass, as of stone, as irresponsive to the pass-footsten.

outstep.

ing the railed-in-grass-plot of its
ceurt stood the house in-which John
had his rooms. Taken at a first
to the house had the deserted hir of is the house had the deserted air of fice, inhabited only in the early but, as night fell, lights would en to show out, first on one floor, on another—faint, human beacons sclouely signalling each other. The Loder inhabited were on the highpor; and from their windows one game philosophically on the tree-tergetting the uneven pavement and et gaze philosophically on the tree-e, forgetting the uneven pavement and worn railing that hemmed them and. In the landing outside the rooms harve appeared above the door, but paint had been solled by time, and the

the paint had been solled by time, and the letters for the most part reduced to shadows; so that, taken in conjunction with the gaunt staircase and bare walls, the place had a cheerless look.

Inside, however, the effect was somewhat mitigated. The room on the right hand, as one entered the small passage that served as hall, was of fair size, though low-celled. The paint of the wall-pannelling, like the name above the outer door, had long ago been worn to a dirty and nondescript hue, and the floor was innecent of carpet; yet in the middle was innocent of carpet; yet in the middle of the room stood a fine old Cromwell table, and on the plain deal gook-shelves and along the mantel-piece were some valuable books—political and historical. There were no curtains on the windows and a common reading-lamp with a green There were no curtains on the windows and a common reading-lamp with a green shade stood on a deak. It was the room of a man with a few hobbies and no pleasures—who existed because he was alive, and worked because he must.

Three nights after the great fog John Loder sat by his desk in the light of the green-shaded lamp. The remains of a very frugal supper stood on the centretable, and in the grate a small and economical-looking fire was burning.

Having written for close on two hours, he pushed back his chair and stretched his eramped fingers; then he yawned.

he pushed back his chair and stretched his cramped fingers; then he yawned. rose, and slowly walked across the room. Reaching the mantel-piece, he took a pipe from the pipe-rack and some tobacco from the jar that stood behind the books. His face looked tired and a little worn, as is common with men who have worked long at an uncongental task. Shredding the tobacco between his hands, he slowly filled the pipe, then lighted it from the fire with a spill of twisted paper. Almost at the moment that he applied the light the sound of steps mounting the uncarpeted stairs outside caught his attention, and he raised his head to listen. Presently the steps halted and he heard

Presently the steps halted and he heard a match struck. The stranger was evi-dently uncertain of his whereabouts. Then the steps moved forward again and

paused.

An expression of surprise crossed Loder's face, and he laid down his pipe. As
the visitor knocked, he walked quietly
across the room and opened the door.
The passage outside was dark, and the
new-comer drew back before the light

from the room. Then all at once he laughed in em-arrassed apology. "Forgive me," he said. The light rather dazzled me. I didn't

Loder recognized the voice as belonging to his acquaintance of the fog.

"Oh, it's you!" he said. "Won't you come in?" His voice was a little cold.

This sudden resurrection left him surprised—and not quite pleasantly surprised. He walked back to the fireplace, followed by his guest. by his guest, guest seemed nervous and agitated, ist apologize for the hour of my he said, "My— my time is not

Loder waved his hand. "Whose time is drew nearer to the fire. Until this moment he had refrained from looking directly at his host; now, however, he raised his eyes, and, despite his preparation, he recoiled unavoidably before the extraordinary resemblance. Seen here, in the casual surroundings of a badly furnished and crudely lighted room, it was even more astounding than it had been in the mystery of the fog.

"Forgive me," he said again. "It is physical—purely physical. I am bowled over against my will."

Loder smiled. The slight contempt that thickets had first inspired rose again, and with it a second feeling less easily a

Chilcote had first inspired rose again, and with it a second feeling less easily defined. The man seemed so unstable, so iscapable, yet so grotesquely suggestive himself.
The likeness is rather overwhelming."
said: "but not heavy enough to sink
der. Come nearer the fire. What
ought you here? Curiosity?" There
is a wooden arm-chair by the fire-place.
Indicated it with a wave of the hand:

He indicated it with a wave of the then turned and took up his smouldering pipe.
Chilcote, watching him furtively, obeyed the gesture and sat down.
'It is extraordinary'' he said, as if unable to dismiss the subject. 'It-it is

glanced round. "Let's drop it." he said. "It's so confoundedly ob-vious." Then his tone changed. "Won't you smoke?" he asked. "Thanks." Chilcote began to fumble for

cigarettes. box from the mantel-piece, he held it out.
"My only extravagance!" he said, ironi-

"My only extravagance;" he said, front-cally. "My resources bind me to one, and I think I have made a wise selection. It is about the only vice we haven't to pay six times over." He glanced sharply at the face so absurdly like his own, then, lighting a fresh spill, offered his guest a light.

Chilcote moistened his cigarette and leaned forward. In the face of the power leaned forward. In the flare of the paper his face looked set and anxious, but Loder saw that the lips did not twitch as

tune."
Your friends?"
Loder laid down his pipe, "I told you I was 35," he said, with the tinge of humor that sometimes crossed his manner. "Doesn't that explain the thing? I have never taken favors in prosperity; a change of fortune was not likely to alter my ways. As I have said, I was twenty-five." He smiled. "When I realized my position I sold all my belongings with the exception of a table and a few books—which I stored. I put on a walking-suit and let my beard grow; then, with my entire capital in my pocket, I left England without saying good-bye to any one."

"For how long?"
"Oh, for six years. I wandered half ever Europe and through a good part of Asia in the time."
"And then?"
"Then? Oh, I shaved off the beard and came back to London!" He looked at Chilcote, partly contemptuous, party amused at his curiosity.
But Chilcote sat staring in silence. The domination of the other's personality and the futility of his achievements baffled him.

Loder saw his bewilderment. "You won what the devil I came into the world," he said. "I sometimes wonder the into his seut.

cote. He hair rose, then dro, ped back into his seat.

"You have no friends?" he said. "Your life is worth nothing to you?"

Loder raised his head. "I thought I had conveyed that impression."

"You are an absolutely free man."

"No man is free who works for his brend. If things had been different I might have been in such shoes as yours, sauntering in legislative byways; my hopes turned that way once. But hopes, like more substantial things, belong to the past—" He stopped abruptly and looked at his companion.

The change in Chilcote had become

looked at his companion.

The change in Chilcote had become more acute; he sat fingering his cigarette, his brows drawn down, his lips set nervously in a conflict of emotions. For a space he stayed very still, avoiding Loder's eyes; then, as if decision had suddenly come to him, he turned and met his gaze.

CHAPTER V.

For the space of a minute there was slience in the room, then outside in the still night three clocks simultaneously chimed eleven, and their announcement was taken up and echoed by half a dozen thers, loud and faint, hoarse and reso-ant; for all through the hours of dark-ess the neighborhood of Fleet street is live with chimes.

Chilcote, startled by the jangle, rose nant: from his seat; then, as if driven by an

controllable impulse, he spoke again. You very probably think I am mad-

For a space the other eyed him stiently, as if trying to gauge his thoughts; then once more he broke into speech.

"Look here," he said. "I came to-night to make a proposition. When I have made it you'll first of all jeer at it—as I jeered when I made it to myself; then you'll see its possibilities—as I did; then"—the paused and glanced round the room nervously—"then you'll accept it—as I drary sanity madness had a fascination, and the stirred and roused. when I made it to myself; then you'll see thanks. The man behind him undoubtedly hanks to the fireplace, followed nervous and agitated gize for the hour of my time is not his hand. "Whose time is aid." In the uneasy haste of his speech his words broke off almost unintelligibly. Involuntarily Loder lifted his hand. His face was set with the obstinate determination that weak men sometimes exhibit. "Before I begin I want to say that I am not drunk—that I am neither mad not become your dummy, when you are otherwise thanks."

when I made it to myself; then you'll see thanks. The man behind him undoubtedly hands. The man behind him undoubtedly talked madness, but after five years of drary sanity madness, but

am not drunk—that I am drunk." He looked fully at his companion with his restless glance. "I am quite sane—quite reasonable."

Again Loder essayed to speak, but again he put up his hand.
"No. Hear me out. You told me something of your story. I'll tell you something of mine. You'll be the first person, man or woman, that I have confided in for teh years. You say you have been treated shabbily—which is harder to reconcile. I had every chance hard I chucked every chance away."

—and I chucked every chance away."

There was a strained pause, then again Loder lifted hishead.
"Morphia?" he said, very quietly. Chilcote wheeled round with a scared gesture. "How did you know that?"

Chilcote collapsed into his former seat and passed his handkerchief across his forehead.

Loder watched him for a space: then he spoke. "Why don't you pull up?" he said. "You are a young man still. Why don't you drop the thing before it gets too late?" His face was unsympathetic and below the question in his voice lay a note of hardness.

Chilcote returned his glance. The suggestion of reproof had accentuated his tort; then in a surprising way the re-

and below the question in his voice lay a note of hardness.

Chilecte returned his glance. The suggestion of reproof had accentuated his pallor. Under his excitement he looked ill and worn.

"You might talk till doomsday, but every word would be wasted," he said, irritably. "I'm past praying for, by something like six years."

"Then why come here?" Loder was pulling hard on his pipe. "I'm not a dealer in sympathy." Chilecte rose again, lie was still agitated, but the agitation was quieter. "I want a much more expensive thing than sympathy—and I'm willing to pay for it."

The other turned and looked at him. "I have no possession in the world that understream of though his reply, when it

"Married?"

"Yes. A girl of nincteen—the ward of a great statesman. It was a brillant marriage—politically as well as socially. But it didn't work. I was born without the eapacity for love. First the social life palled on me; then my work grew irksome. There was only one factor to make life endurable—morphia. Before six months were out I had fully admitted that."

"But your wife?"
"Oh, my wife knew nothing knows nothing. It is the political business, the beastly routine of the political life, that is wearing me out." He stopped nervously, then hurried on again. "I tell you it's hell to see the same faces, to sit in the same seat day in, day out, knowing all the time that you must hold yourself in hand, must keep your grip on the reins—"
"It is always possible to apply for the Chiltern Hundreds."

reins—"
"It is always possible to apply for the Chiltern Hundreds."
"To retire? Possible to retire?" Chilicote broke into a loud, sarcastic laugh.
"You don't know what the local pressure of a place like Wark stands for. Twenty times I have been within an ace of chucking the whole thing. Once last year I wrote privately to Vale, one of our big men there, and hinted that my health was bad. Two hours after he had read my letter he was in my study. Had I been in Greenland the result would have been the same. No. Resignation is a meaningless word to a man like me."
Loder looked down. "I see," he said slowly, "I see."
"Then you see everything—the difficulty, the isolation of the position. Five years ago—three—even two years ago—I was able to endure it; now it gets more unbearable with every month. The day is bound to come when—"—he paused, hesitating nervously—"when it will be physically impossible for me to be at my post."

Loder remained silent.

post."
Loder remained silent.
"Physically impossible." Chilcote repeated, excitedly. "Until lately I was able to calculate—to count upon myself to some extent; but yesterday I received a shock—yesterday I discovered that—that—"again he hesitated painfully—"that I have passed the stage when one may calculate." may calculate.

may calculate."

The situation was growing more embarrassing. To hide its awkardness, Loder moved back to the grate and rebuilt the fire, which had fallen low.

Chilcote, still excited by his unusual vehemence, followed him, taking up a vehemence, followed him, taking position by the mantel-piece.

"Well?" he said, looking down.

Very slowly Loder rose from his "Well?" he reiterated. Have you nothing to say?"

"Have you nothing to say?"

"Nothing, except that your slary is unique, and that I suppose I am flattered by your confidence." His voice was intentionally brusque.

Chilcote paid no attention to the voice. Taking a step forward, he laid his fingers on the lapel of Loder's coat.

"I have passed the stage where I can count upon myself," he said, "and I want to count upon somebody else. I want to keep my place in the world's eyes and yet be free—"

Loder drew back involuntarily, con-Loder drew back involuntarily, con-tempt struggling with bewilderment in

Chilcote lifted his head, "By an extrachance," he said, 'you can do what no other man in creation o. It was suggested to me unconsciously by the story of a book-book in which men change identities. saw nothing in it at the time, but this morning, as I lay in bed, sick with yearerday's flasco, it came buck to me-it rushed over my mind in an inspiration. It will save me-and make you. I'm not insulting you, though you'd like to think

"Before I begin I want to say that am not drunk—that I am neither mad not become your dummy, when am not drunk—that I am neither mad not become your dummy, when drunk." He looked fully at his companion drunk." He looked fully at his companion become your dummy, when drunk." He looked fully at his crewise engaged?"

Chilcote colored. "You are unpleasant—that is but ly blunt," he said.

again Loder lifted hishead.

"Morphia?" he said, very quietly.
Chilcote wheeled round with a scared gesture. "How did you know that?" he said, sharply.

The other smiled. "It wasn't guessing —It wasn't even deduction. You told me, or as good as told me, in the fog—when we talked of Lexington. You were unstrung that night, and I—Well, perhaps one gets over-observant from living alone." He smiled again.
Chilcote collapsed into his former seat and passed his handkerchief across his forester when the said, services and passed his handkerchief across his forester when a respite because essential. The work would be and passed his handkerchief across his forester had followed Loder to the desk. "Won't you give me an an-

they had done on the previous occasion that he had given him a light, and a look of comprehension crossed his eyes.

"What will you drink? Or rather, will you have a whiskey? I keep nothing else. Hospitality is one of the debarred luxuries."

"Chilcote shook his head." I seldom the sketch you my position—it won't take many words.

The other turned and looked at him. "I have no possession in the world that would be worth a fiver to you," he said, would be worth a fiver to you," he said, ended to a seld with the world that would be worth a fiver to you," he said, ended to a seld won't like the world that would be worth a fiver to you," he said, ended to a seld won't like world that would be worth a fiver to you," he said, ended to a seld with the world that would be worth a fiver to you," he said, ended to a seld with the said. "Two reasons—" he said. "The other turned and looked at him. "I have no possession in the world that would be worth a fiver to you," he said, ended to a seld with the world that would be worth a fiver to you," he said, ended to a seld with the world that would be worth a fiver to you," he said, ended to a seld with the world that would be worth a fiver to you," he said, ended to a seld with the world that would be worth a fiver to you," he said, ended to a seld with the world that would be worth a fiver to you," he said, ended to a seld with the world that would be worth a fiver to you," he said, ended to a seld with the world that would be worth a fiver to you," he said, "As for reasons—" he said, "The other turned and looked at him. "I have no possession in the world that would be worth a fiver to you," he said, "Wall to a seld with the world that would be worth a fiver to you." As for reasons—" he said, "The other turned and looked at him." I have no possession in the world that would be worth a fiver to you." I seld would be worth a fiver to you." I seld would be worth a fiver to you." I seld would be worth a fiver to you." I seld would be worth a fiver to you." I seld would be worth a

a question, make a speech if you wanted to..."

At the word speech Loder turned involuntarily. For a fleeting second the coldness of his manner dropped and his face changed.

Chilcote, with his nervous quickness of perception, saw the alteration, and a new look crossed his own face.

"Why not?" he said quickly. "You once hed ambitions in that direction. Why not renew the ambitions?"

"And drop back from the mountains into the gutter?" Loder smiled and slowly shook his head.

"Better to live for one day than to exist for a hundred?" Chilcote's voice trembled with anxiety. For the third time he extended his hand and touched the other.

trembled with anxiety. For the third time he extended his hand and touched the other.

This time Loder did not shake off the detaining hand; he scarcely seemed to feel its pressure.

"Look here." Chilcote's fingers tightened. "A little while ago you talked of influence. Here you can step into a position built by influence. You might do all you once hoped to do—"

Loder suddenly lifted his head. "Absurd!" he said. "Absurd! Such a scheme was never carried through."

"Precisely why it will succeed. People hever suspect until they have a precedent. Will you consider it? At least consider it. Remember, if there is a risk, it is I who am running it. On your own showing, you have no opposition to jeopardise."

The other laughed curtly.

"Before I go to-night will you promise me to consider it?"

"No."

"Then will you send me your decision by wire to-morrow. I won't take your answer now."

Loder freed his arm abruptly. "Why not?" he asked.

Chilcote smilled nervously. "Recause I know men-and men's temptations. We are all very strong till the quick is touched; then we all wince. It's mor-

Chilcote smiled nervously. "Because I know men-and men's temptations. We are all very strong till the quick is touched: then we all wince. It's morphin with one man, ambitions with another. In each case it's only a matter of sconer or later." He laughed in his satirical, unstrung way, and held out his hand. "You have my address," he said. "Au revoir."

Loder pressed the hand and dropped it. "Good-bye," he said, meaningly. Then he crossed the room quietly and held the door open. "Good-bye," he said again as the other passed him. door open, "Good-bye." he said again us the other passed him. As he crossed the threshold, Chilcote paused, "Au reveir," he corrected, with

As he crossed the threshold. Chilcote paused. "Au revelr," he corrected, with emphasis.

I'ntil the last echo of his visitor's steps is ad died away Loder stood with his hand on the door; then closing it quietly, he turned and looked round the room. For a considerable space he stood there as if weighing the merits of each object; then very slowly he moved to one of the book-shelves, drew out May's Parliamentary Practice and carrying it to the desk, readjusted the lamp.

CHAPTER VI.

All the next day Chilcote moved in a fever of excitement. Hot with hope one moment, cold with fever he next, he rushed with restless energy into every task that presented itself—only to drop it as speedily. Twice during the morning he droye to the entrance of Clifford's Inn, but each time his courage failed him and he returned to Grosvenor square—to learn that the expected message from Loder had not come.

As he crossed the lowe.

Chilcote leaned forward, resting elboth men sat down.

"Quite so." Loder glanced back appear it thought about those things the better part of last night. To begin with, I must study your handwritten.

"A month!"

"Well, perhaps three weeks. We mush't make a mess of things."

"Three weeks!" he repeated. "Couldn't you."

Square-to learn that the expected mes-sage from Loder had not come.

It was a wearing condition of mind;
but at worst it was scarcely more than
an exaggeration of what his state had
been for months, and made but little obtious difference in his bearing or manmer. ner.

In the afternoon he took his place in the House, but, though it was his first appearance since his failure of two days ago, he drew but small personal notice. chose, his manner could repel with extreme effect, and of

from him.

In one of the lobbies he encountered Fraide surrounded by a group of friends. With his usual furtive haste he would

With his usual furtive haste he would have passed on; but, moving away from his party, the old man accosted him. He was always courteously particular in his treatment of Chilcote, as the husband of his ward and godchild.

"Better, Chilcote?" he said, holding out his hand. At the sound of the low rather formal tones, so characteristic of the old statesman, a hundred memories rose to Chilcote mind, a hundred hours, distantly in the living and unbearable in the recollection; and, with them the new flash of hope, the new possibility of freedom. In a sudden rush of confidence her care and factors, and the living and unbearable in the idea of friendship."

"Acquaintances, then." treatment of Chilcote, as the husband of his ward and godchild.

"Better, Chilcote?" he said, holding out his hand. At the sound of the low, rather formal tones, so characteristic of the old statesman, a hundred memories rose to Chilcote's mind, a hundred hours, distantful in the living and unbearable in the recollection; and, with them the new flash of hope, the new possibility of freedom. In a sudden rush of confidence he turned to his leader.

"I believe I've found a remedy for my nerves," he said. "I—I believe I'm going to be a new man." He laughed with a touch of excitement.

Fraide pressed his fingers kindly, "That is right," he said. "That is right, I called at Grosvenor Square, this morning, but Eve told me your illness of the other day was not serious. She was very busy

Eve told me your illness of the other day was not serious. She was very busy this morning—she could only spare me a quarter of an hour. She is indefatigable over the social side of your prospects, Chilcote. You owe her a large debt. A popular wife means a great deal to a politician."

The steady eyes of his companion disturbed Chilcote.

He drew away his hand.
"Eve is unique." he said, vaguely.
Fraide smiled "That is right," he said, again. "Admiration is too largely excluded from modern marriages." And with a courteous excuse he rejoined his friends.

friends.

It was dinner time before Chilcote could desert the House, but the moment departure was possible he hurried to Grosvenor Square.

As he entered the house, the hall was empty. He swore irritably under his breath and pressed the nearest bell. Since his momentary exaltation in Fraide's presence, his spirits had steadily fallen, until now they hung at the lowest ebb.

As he waited in unconcealed impatience As he waited in unconcealed impatience the stairs.
"Come here!" he called, pleased to find some one upon whom to vent his irrita-"Has that wire come for me?"
sir. I inquired five minutes back."

The words were almost the same as his words of the night before, but his voice had a different ring; just as his face, when he drew back into the room, had a different expression—a suggestion of decision and energy that had been lacking before Chilcote caught the difference as he crossed the threshold, and for a bare second a fileker of something like jealousy touched him. But the sensation was fleeting.

"I have to thank you," he said, holding out his hand. He was too well bred to show by a hint that he understood the drop in the other's principles. But Loder broke down the artifice.

"Let's be straight with each other, since everybody else has to be decrived," he said, taking the other's hand. "You have nothing to thank me for, and you know it. It as touch of the old Adam. You tempted me, and I fell." He laughed, but below the laugh ran a note of something like triumph—the curious triumph of a man who has known the tyranny of strength and suddenly appreciates the freedom of a weakness.

"You fully realize the thing you have proposed."

ranny of strength and suddenly appreciates the freedom of a weakness.

"Tou fully realize the thing you have proposed?" he added, in a different tone. "It's not too late to retract, even now." Chilcote opened his lips, paused, then laughed in innitation of his companion; but the laugh sounded forced.

"My dear fellow," he said at last, "I never retract."

"Never."

"Then the bargain's scaled."

Loder walked slowly across the room, and, taking up his position by the mantel-piece, looked at his companion. The similarity between them as they faced each other seemed abnormal, defying the closest scrunity. And yet, so mysterious is Nature even in her lapses, thoy were subtly, indefinably different. Chilcote was Loder deprived of one casential; Loder, Chilcote with that essential bestowed. The difference lay neither in feature, in coloring, nor in height, but in that baffling, illusive inner fliumination that some call individuality, and others soul. Something of this idea, misted and tangled by nervous imagination, crossed Chilcote's mind in that moment of scrutiny, but he shrank from it apprehensively.

"I—I came to discuss details." he said.

"I—I came to discuss details." he said, quickly, crossing the space that divided him from his host, "Shall we—? Are you—?" He paused uneasily. "I'm entirely in your hands," Loder spoke with abrupt decision. Moving to the table, he indicated a chair, and draw another forward for himself.

Both men sat down.

"No. I confess that escaped me."
"You risk yourefortune that you may keep the place it bought for you?" Loder laughed again. "How do you know that I am not a blackguard?" he added. "How do you know that I won't clear out one day and leave you high and dry? What is to prevent John Chilcote from realizing forty or fifty thousand pounds and then making himself scarce? "You won't do that," Chilcote said, with unusual decision. "I told you your weakness last night; and it wasn't money. Money isn't the rock you'll split

over."
"Then you think I'll split upon some rock? But that's beyond the question. To

the idea of friendship."

"Acquaintances, then."

Chilcote looked up sharply. "I think we score there," he said. "I have a reputation for absent-mindedness that will carry you anywhere. They tell me I can look through the most substantial man in the House as if he were gossamer, though I may have lunched with him the same day."

Loder smiled. "By Jove!" he exclaimed. "Fate must have been constructing this before either of us was born. It dovetails ridiculously. But I must know your colleagues—even if it's only to cut them. You'll have to take me to the House."

House."
"Impossible!"
"Not at all!" Again the tone of authority fell to Loder. "I can pull my hat over my eyes and turn up my coat-collar. Nobody will notice me. We can choose the fall of the afternoon. I promise you 'twill be all right."
"Suppose the likeness should leak out? It's a risk."
Loder laughed confidently. "Tush, man!

It's a risk."

Loder laughed confidently, "Tush, man! Risk is the salt of life. I must see you at your post, and I must see the men you work with." He rose, walked across the room, and took his pipe from the rack. "When I go in, for a thing, I like to go in over head and ears," he added, as he opened his tobucco jar. His pipe filled, he resumed his seat, resting his elbows on the table in unconscious imitation of Chilcote, "Got a mutch?" he said laconically. "Got a match?" he said, laconically, holding out his hand.
In response Chilcote drew his match-box from his pocket and struck a light, As their hands touched, an exclamation estheir hands touched, and their hands touched, and the caped him.
"By Jove!" he said, with a fretful mixture of disappointment and surprise. "I hadn't noticed that!" His eyes were fixed in annoyed interest on Loder's extended

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Name			
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COLONEL W. P. FIFE, One of the Most Successful Promoters of the West.

OL. W. P. FIFE is one of the most successful C promoters of the West. He recently removed to St. Louis and has opened offices in Missouri Trust Building. He is one of the best known men throughout the country, having been in public life for many years.

He organized the Great Western Oil Refining Pipe Line Company of Erie, Kansas, on the 30th day of March, 1905, and on the 23rd day of February, 1906, the fires were kindled in the furnace of a 1,000-barrel refining plant. The company owns its own pipe lines, tanks ranging from 600 to 10,000 barrels each, and leases on hundreds of acres of lands. It controls 24 wells, a refinery site of 53 acres with 3 magnificent gas wells upon it, and the finest railroad facilities that can be found in the West. Its properties are valued at \$300,000, with \$100,000 in bank and in bills receivable, and with over one-half of the stock still in the treasury. The plant is equipped with all the latest machinery and the pipe lines are laid in such a way as to connect with 100 producing wells belonging to various companies. The company is endorsed by mercantile agencies, by banks, county and town officers and the State Auditor of Kansas, all of Erie, Kansas,