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Novelized by LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE From the Play of the Same Name by WINCHELL SMITH

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CHAPTER III. FTER dinner they smoked and talked about Duncan's future. Finally Kellogg said significantly, "Nat, if you follow my advice you can be worth a million dollars in a year!"

"Let him rave," Duncan observed enigmatically and begun to smoke. "No, I'm not dippy, and I'm perfect-

"Of course. But what'd they do to me if I were caught?" "This is not a joke. The proposition's

perfectly legal. It's being done right

"And I could do it, Harry?" "A man of your caliber couldn't fail."

"Would you mind ringing for Robbins?" Duncan asked abruptly. "Certainly." Kellogg pressed a button at his elbow. "What d'you want?"

"A straitjacket and a doctor to tell which one of us needs it." Kellogg, chagrined as he always was if joked with when expounding one of

his schemes, broke into a laugh that lasted until Robbins appeared. "You rang, sir?" "Yes. Put those decanters over here, and some glasses, please."

"Yes, pir." The man obewed and withdrew. Kellogg filled two glasses, handing one to

"Now be decent and listen to me, Nat. I've thought this thing over for -oh, any amount of time. I'll bet anything it will work. What d'you say? Would you like to try it?"

"Would I like to try ft?" A conviction of Kellogg's earnestness forced itself upon Duncan's understanding. "Would I!" He lifted his glass and drained it at a gulp. "Why, that's the first laugh I've had for a month!" "Then I'll tell you"-

Duncan placed a pleading hand on

"Don't kid me, Harry." he entreated. "Not a bit of it. This is straight goods. If you want to try it and will



"DO YOU THINK ANY GIRL WITH A MIL-LION WOULD TAKE A CHANCE ON ME?" follow the rules I lay down, I'll guarantee you'll be a rich man inside of twelve months."

"Rules! Man, I'll follow all the rules in the world! Come on, I'm getting paipitation of the heart, waiting. Tell it to me, what've I got to do?"

"Marry." said Kellogg serenely. "Marry!" Duncan echoed, aghast. "Marry," reaffirmed the other with unbroken gravity.

"Marry who?" "A girl with a fortune. You see, I can't guarantee the precise size of her pile. That all depends on luck and the

several hundred thousand up to a mil- place in the interior of Pennsylvania. lion, perhaps more." "You ought to be ashamed of your- ter-but we'll make sure of that before self. Harry," he said dully. "You had

me all excited for a minute." "No, but honestly, I mean what I

"Now look here, do you really think any girl with a million would take a there easily. That spoils the game." chance on me?" "She'll jump at it."

Hes, but I bar lunatics and cripples."

"There's no particular her, yet. You | most of 'em." can take your pick. I've no more idea

where she is than you have." "Now I know you're stark, staring, gibbering"-

"Not a bit of it. I'm inspired, that's all. I've solved your problem; you only can't believe it."

"How could I? What the devil are you getting at, anyhow?"

"This pet scheme of mine. Lend me your ears. Have you ever lived in a one horse country town, a place with one unspeakable hotel and about twenty stores and five churches?"

"I have, I was born in one of 'em. Have you any idea what becomes of the young people of such towns?"

"Not a glimmering." "Then I'll enlighten your egregious density. The boys-those who've got the stuff in them-strike out for the cities to make their everlasting fortunes. Generally they do it too."

"The same as you?" "The same as me," assented Kellogg, unperturbed. "But the yaps, the Jaspers, stay there and clerk in father's store. After office hours they put on their very best mail order clothes and parade up and down Main street, talking loud and firting obviously with the girls. The girls haven't much else to do. They don't find it so easy to get away. A few of 'em escape to boarding schools and colleges, where they meet and marry young men from the cities, but the majority of them have to stay at home and help mother. That's a tradition. If-there are two children or more the boys get the chance every time. The girls stay home to comfort the old folks in their old age. Why, by the time they're old enough to think of marrying-and they begin young, for that's about the only excitement they find available-you won't find a small country town between here and the Mississippi where there aren't about four girls to every

"It's a horrible thought." "You'd think so if you knew what the boys were like. There isn't one in ten that a girl with any sense or self respect could force herself to marry if she ever saw anything better. Do you begin to see my drift?"

"I do not. But go on drifting."

"No? Why, the demand for eligible males is 300 per cent in excess of the supply. Don't you know-no, you don't; I got to that first-that there are twenty times as many old maids in small country towns as there are in the cities? It's a fact, and the reason for it is because when they were young they couldn't lower themselves to accept the pick of the local matrimonial market. Now, do you see?" "You're as interesting as a magazine

serial. Please continue in your next. I pant with anticipation."

"You're an ass. Now take a young chap from a city, with a good appearance, more or less a gentleman, who doesn't talk like a yap or walk like a yap or dress like a yap or act like a yap, and throw him into such a town long enough for the girls to get acquainted with him. He simply can't | mustn't drink"lose, can't fail to cop out the best looking girl with the biggest bank roll in town. I tell you, there's nothing to

"It's wonderful to listen to you, Har-

"I'm talking horse sense, my son Now consider yourself-down on your luck, don't know how to earn a decent living, refusing to accept anything from your friends, ready (you say) to do almost anything to get some money. And think of the country heiresses with plenty of money for two, pining away in-in innocuous desuetude-hundreds of them, fine, straight, good girls, girls you could easily fall in love with, sighing their lives away for the lack of the likes of you. Now, why not take one, Nat-when you come to consider it, it's your duty-marry her and her bank roll, make her happy, make yourself happy and live a contented life on the sunny side of Easy street for the rest of your natural born days? Can't you see it

"Yes," Duncan admitted, half persuaded of the plausibility of the scheme. "I see, and I admire immensely the intellect that conceived the notion, Harry, but I can't help thinking there must be a catch in it somewhere."

"Not if you follow my instructions." Duncan drew a deep breath, sat back and looked Kellogg over very critically.

"If I didn't know you so well, Harry," said Duncan slowly, "I'd be certain you were mad. I'm not at all sure that I'm sane. It's raving idiocy, and it's a pretty darned rank thing to do to start deliberately out to marry a woman for her money. But I've been through a little hell of my own in my time, and it's not alluring to contemplate a return to it. There's nothing mad enough nor bad enough to stop me. What've I got to do?"

Kellogg beamed his triumph. "You'll try it on, then?"

"I'll try anything on. It's a contemptible, low lived piece of business, but good may come of it; you can't

tell. What've I got to do?" Slipping back, Kellogg knitted his fingers and stared at the ceiling, smil-

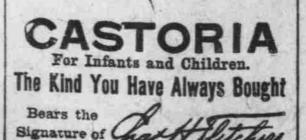
ing faintly to himself as he enumerated the conditions that first appealed to his understanding as essentials to-

"First pick out your town, one of 2,000 or 3,000 inhabitants, no larger. locality. But it'll run anywhere from I'd suggest at a hazard guess some Most of such towns have at least one Duncan sank back despondently. rich man with a marriageable daughwe settle on one. Of course any suburban town is barred."

"How so?" "Oh, they don't count. The girls always know people in the city-can get

"How about the game laws?" "I'm coming to them. Of cou Duncan thought this over for a there isn't an open or close season, and while. Then his lips twitched. "What's the hunting's always good, but there the matter with her?" he inquired, are a few precautionary measures to "I'm willing to play the game as it be taken if you want to be sure of bagging an heiress. You won't like

"Like 'em! I'll live by them!" "Well, here come the things you mustn't do. You mustn't swear or use





"I ENEW THERE WAS A CATCH IN IT SOME-

slang; you musn't smoke and you "Heavens! Are these people as inhu-

"Worse than that. It might be fatal if you were ever seen in the hotel

s, church sowhether to dances, ciables or even Sattey dinners." "Why Sunday dinners?" "Because Sunday's the only day

carefully." "Moreover, you must be very particular about your dress. It must be absolutely faultless, but very quiet. Clothing sober, dark grays and blacks and plain, but the very last word as to cut and fit. And everything must be in keeping, the very best of shirts, collars, ties, hats, socks, shoes, underwear"- Kellogg caught Duncan's look and laughed. "Your laundress will report on everything, you know,

so you must be impeccable." "I'll be even that, whatever it is." "Be very particular about having your shoes polished, shave daily and

let 'em catch you at it." "Would they raid me if they did?" "And then, my son, you must work." Kellogg paused to let his lesson sink in. After a time Duncan observed plaintively, "I knew there was a catch

in it somewhere. What kind of work?" "It doesn't make any difference, so long as you get and hold some job in "Well, that lets me out. You'll have

to sic some other poor devil on this glittering proposition of yours. couldn't hold a job in"-"Wait! I'll tell you how to do it in

just a minute." "I don't mind listening, but"-

"You'll cinch the whole business by going to church without a break. Don't ever fail-morning and evening, every Sunday. Don't forget that." "Why?"

"It's the most important thing of

"Does going to church make such a hit with the young female Jasper-the Jasperette, as it were?"

"It'll make you more solid than anything else with her popper and mommer, and that's very necessary when you're a candidate for their ducats as well as their daughter. You must work and you must go to church." "That can't be all. Surely you can

think of something else." "Those are the cardinal rulesehurch and work until you've landed your heiress. After that you can move back to civilization. Now, as soon as you strike your town you want to make arrangements for board and



"YOU'LL TRY IT ON, THEN?"

lodging in some old woman's house. preferably an old maid. You'll be sure to find at least half a dozen of 'em willing to take boarders, but you want to be equally sure to pick out the one that talks the most, so that she'll tell the neighbors all about you. Don't worry about that, though. They all talk. When you've moved in stock up your room with about twenty of the driest looking books in the world. Lawbooks look most imposing. Fix up a table with lots of stationery-pens and pencils, red and black ink, and all that sort of thing. Make the room look as if you were the most sincere student ever. And by no means neglect to have a well worn Bible prominently in evidence. You can buy one second hand at some bookstore before you start out."

"I'd have to, of course. I thank you for the flattery. Proceed with the program of the gay, mad life I must lead. I'm going to have a swell time; that's perfectly plain."

"As soon as you're shaken down in your room make the rounds of the stores and ask for work. Try to get into the dry goods emporium if you can. The girls all shop there. But anything will do, except a grocery or a hardware store and places like that. You mustn't consider any employment that would soil your clothes or roughen your lily white hands."

"You expect me to believe I'd have any chance of winning a millionaire's daughter if I were a ribbon clerk in a dry goods stere?"

"The best in the world. The ribbon clerk is her social equal. He calls her Mary, and she calls him Joe."

"Done with you! Me for the ribbon counter! Anything else?" "The storekeepers aren't apt to em-

ploy you at first. They'll be suspicious of you." "They will be afterward, all right.

However"-"So you must simply call on them, walk in, locate the boss and tell him, 'I'm looking for employment.' Don't press it. Just say it and get out."

"No trouble whatever about that. It's always that way when I ask for "They'll send for you before long,

when they make up their minds that you're a decent, moral young man, for they know you'll draw trade. And every Sunday"-

"I know-church!" "Absolutely! Pick out the one the just as they do-stand up and kneel, that year, says: look up the hymns and sing just when they do. Be careful not to sing too loud or anything like that. Just do it bar. And, to begin with, you must all modestly, as if you were used to it. refuse all invitations of any sort, Better go to church here two or three times and get the hang of it."

"Here, now"-"Nearly all the wealthy codgers in such towns are deacons, you see, and, you'll be invited. Dinner on weekdays though they may not speak to you for is from 12 to 12:30, and it's strictly a months on the street, it's their busibusiness matter, no time for guests, ness to waylay you after the service But you needn't fret. They won't ask is over and shake hands with you and you till they've sized you up pretty tell you they hope you enjoyed the sermon and ask you to come again. And, you can bank on it, they'll all take notice from the first."

> "It's no wonder Bartlett made you a partner, Harry." "Now, behave. I want you to get in right. If you follow the rules I've outlined, not only will all the girls in town be falling over themselves to get to you first, but their fond parents will be egging them on. Then all you've got to do is to pick out the one with the biggest bundle and"-

"Make a play for her?" "Not on your life! That would be fatal. Your part is to put yourself in her way. She'll do all the courting, manicure yourself religiously, but don't and when she scents the psychological

moment she'll do the proposing." "It doesn't sound natural, but you certainly seem to know what you're drooling about."

"You can anchor on that, Nat."

"And are you finished?" "I am. Of course I'll probably think of more things to wise you to before

back in his chair, selecting another cigarette. "And you're the chap who wanted me to go to some bromidic old show tonight! Harry, you're immense. Why didn't you ever let me suspect you had all this romantic imagination

in your system?" "Imagination be blowed, son. This is business." Kellogg removed the stopper from the decanter and filled both glasses again. "Well, what do you say?"

"I've just said my say, Harry. It's amazing. I'm proud of you." "But will you do it?"

"Everything else aside, how can I? I've got to live, you know." "But I propose to stake you."

Duncan came down to earth. "No, you won't-not a cent. I'm in earnest about this thing-no more sponging on you, Harry. Besides"-

"No, seriously. Nat. I mean this, every word of it. I want you to do it, to please me if you like. I've a notion something will come of it. And I believe from the bottom of my heart there's net the slightest risk if you'll play the cards as they fall, according to Hoyle."

"Harry, I believe you do." "I do firmly. And I'll put the proposition on a business basis if you like." "Go on. There's no holding you."

"You start out tomorrow and order your war kit. Get everything you need, and plenty of it, and have the bills sent to me. You can be ready inside a fortnight. The day you start I'll advance you \$500. When you're married you can repay me the amount

of the advances with interest at 10 per

cent and I'll consider it a mighty good

deal for myself. Now, will you?" "You mean it?" "Every word of it. Well?" For a moment longer Duncan hesitated; then the vision of what he must Discovery will cure them and so prereturn to otherwise decided him. In |vent a dangerous throat or lung troudesperation he accepted. "It's a ble. "It completely qured me, in a drowning man's straw," he said, a Mt- short time, of a terrible cough that tle breathlessly. "I'm sure I shouldn't,

but I will." Kellogg flung a hand across the table, palm uppermost. "Word of honor, Nat?"

Duncan let his hand fall into it. "Word of honor! I'll see it through." "Good! It's a bargain." Kellogg lifted his glass high in air. "To the fortune hunter!" he cried, half laugh-

Duncan nervously fingered the stem of his glass. "God help the future Mrs. Duncan!" he said and drank.

CONTINUED TOMORROW.

The Best Cough Syrup is Easily Made at Home

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This recipe makes a pint of cough syrup, and saves you about \$2.00 as compared with ordinary cough remedies. It stops obstinate coughs—even whooping cough—in a hurry, and is splendid for sore lungs, asthma, croup, hoarseness and other throat troubles.

Mix one pint of granulated sugar with 1/2 pint of warm water, and stir for 2 minutes. Put 21/2 ounces of Pinex (fifty cents' worth) in a pint bottle, and add the Sugar Syrup. Take a teaspoonful every one, two or three hours. Tastes

good.
This takes right hold of a cough and gives almost instant relief. It stimulates the appetite, and is slightly laxative-both excellent features. Pinex, as perhaps you know, is the most valuable concentrated compound of Norway white pine extract, rich in guaiacol and the other natural healing

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money promptly refunded, goes with this recipe. Your druggist has Pinex, or will get it for you. If not, send to The Pinex Co., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

QUEER LEAP-YEAR CUSTOMS.

They All Go Back to Ancient European Superstitions. History gives the "ladies leap-year privilege' as a well-accepted fact. It

is an old one, becoming a part of the common law of social life in Great Britain as early as 1606. "Courtship, rich folks go to. Go in quietly and do Love and Matrimony," published in "Abeit it is nowe become a part of

the common awe, in regard to the so cial relations of life, that as often as every bissextile year doth return, the ladyes have the sole privilege, during the time it continueth, of making love unto the men, which they doe either by words or lookes, as to them it seemeth proper; and moreover no man will be entitled to the benefit of clergy who doth in any wise treate her proposal with slight or contuely.'

One legend by which it is attempted to account for the origin of the privilege relates that an appeal was made to St. Patrick to accord the women the same right of proposing at any time as the men have. This he refused, but was willing to concede the right every seventh year. Finally, as compromise, he agreed that women should enjoy the right every four years and that this year should be the longest of the four.

In 1288 it is said that a law was enacted in Scotland that: "It is stut and ordeint that during the rein of hir maist blissit megests for like years known as lepe year, lik maiden ladye of both highe and lowe estate shall hae liberte to bespeake ye man she likes; albeit he refuses to taik hir to be his lawful wife, he shall be mulcted in ye sum ane pundid or less, as his estait may be; except and awis gif he can make it appeare that be is betrothit ane ithr woman he shall be free.

A like law is said to have been passed in France about the same time. In the fifteenth century the custom was legalized in Genoa and Florence. In Scotland, in later years, and perhaps at present, the women have the privlege of many private dances, of choosing their own partners in a leap Duncan laughed shortly and tilted year. Men stand about the walls of the room like veritable wall flowers, waiting "to be asked." They look pictures of sheepish anxiety until they are courteseyed to and lead forth to the dance by the fair one. Frequent "asking" is supposed to accentuate the "hint' 'that a proposal trembles on

the lips of the fair one. A strange superstition in some parts of England is that beans grow differently in the pod in leap year from what they do in other years. "In leap year,' goes' the saying, "the eye is to the point, in other years to the

string," the (stalk.) This is mentioned in the autobiography of Charloes Darwin. A gentleman, abotanist, wrote to him "that the seeds of beans of the common field beans had this year grown on the wrong side of the pod." Local newspapers also mentioned this as a fact. The first recorded expression of leap year is believed to be that of oHpton's "A Concordancy of Yeares," published in 1615. It contains this:

Thirty dayes hath September, April, June and November. The rest have thirtie and one Saue February alone. Which moneth hath but eight and

twenty meere, Saue when it is bissextile or leape -Brooklyn Eagle.

When people begin to say to a woit's a sign she is getting old.

Most men would rather give their

wives credit for what they do than to give them money. INDIAN KILLED ON TRACK.

to sleep on a railroad track and was

killed by the fast express. He paid

Near Rochelle, Ill., an Indian went

for his carelessness with his life. Often it's that way when people neglect coughs and colds. Don't risk your life when prompt use of Dr. King's New followed a severe attack of Grip," writes J. R. Watts, Floydada, Tex., "and I regained 15 pounds in weight that I had lost." Quick, safe, reliable and guaranteed. 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free at W. L. Hand & Co.

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