CRISIS OF HIS LIFE

Great Sacrifice of Chinaman and Awe-Inspiring Sign in Vermilion.

By GERTRUDE MARY SHERIDAN.

A beautiful young girl sat at an open window gazing out upon a garden redolent with lilac bloom. Her hands were clasped, her eyes fixed upon the full moon sailing on in silver state, her soul's thoughts going forth to her lover at the other end of the world.

She was Agnes Norton, and the person upon whom her heart centered was Wade Latham, author and artist. Once he had been a law reporter, and quite incidentally had acquired information upon which rested the vital issues of the great Norton will case. The Norton family rose or fell on the final decision upon that noted litigation. It was now appealed to the highest court, and General Norton was sure that the newly discovered evidence of young Latham would turn the scales of justice in [illegible] favor.

It was natural on account of this that Agnes and Wade should meet. It was just as natural that they should love. They seemed made for one another. No engagement existed between them, but when they had last parted the farewell meeting of their eyes told both that their hearts and their future were united.

The Norton case would not come up for a year. Wade had an offer from a publication to invade central China and bring back something new from pen and pencil to give to the world. Success in this effort meant, further, a recognition by the Academy of Design. It was a great commission for a young man and Wade ambitiously undertook its execution.

A year had nearly gone by. Agnes had not heard from her lover for nearly three months. The will case came up in thirty days. The general was anxious and worried. And Agnes sat dreaming of Wade at the other end of the world.

She pictured him among great temples, far extending mountain chains, amid splendid pageants of richly



A Friendless Hunted Fugitive.

garbed mandarins—only the glare and glitter of a vast empire filled her mind.

At that very hour the man she loved was at the crisis of his life—a lone figure amid a lonely, lonely scene. He crouched behind the figure of an idol in a Chinese burial ground, pale, worn, his clothing in shreds, his only possessions the picture of Agnes next to his heart and his artist outfit and portfolio.

That was stored with sketches and memoranda of immense value to science and literature, but courage had died out of his heart. Thousands of miles from civilization, a friendless hunted fugitive, he was lurking in this forlorn retreat clinging with a natural love of life to a mere thread of hope.

He drew further into the shadow of his refuge as he made out two forms approaching. Wade was expecting somebody, but he was in a situation where he dared not risk confronting an enemy, and he knew that he was in danger of meeting such. Then at a glance he made out friends, and spoke to them in the native dialect, which he had mastered quite proficiently during his stay in the district.

Both the new comers were Mongolians. One poorly dressed advanced, kotowed humbly to Wade, and even kissed his feet—reverently, gratefully.

"See," he said, arising and waving his companion forward as though he were some supreme person—"it is the high one of our family—Kwang Lo."

Wade welcomed the lithe erect young man introduced. There was a quiet dignity that attracted.

"I am the sacrifice," he said simply.

"The sacrifice?" repeated Wade in wonderment.

"It is so," was the quiet reply. "It is you who a month since found the mandarin at the home of my kinsman. He was about to be beheaded for an infringement of the law. It was that or the payment of 1,100 taels. Without that, not only would he be executed, but his oldest son and all the others imprisoned. The sacred burial would be denied. It would take generations of prayers and sacrifice to wipe out the stain."

Wade well remembered the circumstances. Sheer pity for the unfortunate family had, indeed, induced him to part with nearly all his surplus stock of money.

"Since then," continued Kwang Lo, "the evil mandarins, thinking you had money, have imprisoned you in the hopes of winning the bribe ransom you could not pay. Last night my kinsman here enabled you to escape from jail. They will seek you everywhere. From here two hundred miles across the mountains to Beiro, if you are seen it is death for you. They have sent for me, the high one of the family, to get you beyond peril, and because for some great reason that is not our affair you must be in your native land speedily."

"But I have no means to pursue my journey from Beiro to Canton," suggested Wade.

"They shall be provided," quietly assured Kwang Lo.

"Master, within your case—open it," spoke the other native.

Wade did as directed. Kwang Lo reached within it and drew from among the colored pencils a wood encased crayon of vermilion hue.

"Give it to me," he directed. "It shall be your safe conduct. Within an hour be prepared for the journey."

True to his promise Kwang Lo reappeared shortly with a two-wheeled push cart holding a close wicker box top. Across this was a broad sheet of bamboo bearing some Chinese letters in bright vermilion.

In an instant Wade knew what this meant. The royal sign manual was always written with a vermilion pencil. Kwang Lo intended to force a safe conduct to Beiro by deluding the natives with that counterfeit awe-inspiring sign manual of the ruler of the realm.

Within that wicker covert Wade Latham was conveyed to Beiro. When it was opened he found himself in the rear room of a Chinese pawn shop. Kwang Lo had disrobed to the waist. Encircling him was a band of gold, heavy and unbroken, bearing native characters. There was some talk between him and the keeper of the shop. Then money passed, and Kwang Lo came forward and placed in Wade's hand a sum equal to two hundred American dollars.

"You are safe to travel hence to Canton," he said—"you can return to your native land as soon as money can speed you now."

"But this money—"

"I have agreed to remain here the slave of the shop keeper until I am redeemed," was the explanation. "The family circlet, sacred for generations—surely my family will not allow it to pass to others at my death! But that is naught to you. I am the sacrifice—I glory in thus doing for the man who saved my kinsman!"

That sublime sacrifice was first in the thoughts of Wade Latham when he landed on American soil. As quickly as he could reach his friends more than the amount necessary to redeem Kwang Lo and his family talesman was transmitted to Beiro to make of him a free man.

In time to act as a witness in the great lawsuit and to see it won for General Norton, honored and famous through his contributions to science and literature, Wade Latham gained a still richer prize after all his perilous adventures—the hand of loyal, happy Agnes Norton.

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It Pays to Advertise.

In New York a drygoods merchant had the biggest "ad" that was ever played to win. He played four immense lights in front of his store in such shape that they acted as X-rays. The reflection showed the figures and flesh of all the women who passed between the lights in their diaphanous skirts which is the current fashion.

As a result great crowds assembled to see the show and it was more attractive than the most daring undress of a comic opera chorus.

Some of the women who had dressed to show themselves so shamelessly pretended indignant virtue and had the merchant brought into court.

Thereupon the wise judge released the merchant, with the remark that he could burn his lights where he pleased and if the women dressed so indecently that they made an exhibition of their persons possible, it was their own fault.

So the lights burn merrily on. And the crowds gather and the immodest women of this most ludicrous age pass through the lights and are inspected and commented upon, and brazen men grow bold and talk disparagingly of womankind and—What are we coming to anyhow?

But clearly, it pays to advertise.

Advertisers Are in Good Company.

Mr. Business Men, have you ever thought that advertising put you in good company? It is an old saying that a man is known by the company he keeps. Then you join the ranks of the biggest and most successful merchants and manufacturers of the world.

How many concerns can you name in Chicago, in New York, in Kansas City, in Boston, in any large city in the country? Name them and you will notice that all are big advertisers and all are leaders in their lines. Ask your friends to name the most successful merchants they know in the big cities and in each case the name of a great advertiser will be mentioned.

The same rule is true of smaller cities and towns. The successful merchants are the advertisers. The advertiser stamps himself as one having confidence in himself and his wares, as one proud of his calling and seeking publicity and the test of patronage. Join the ranks of successful advertisers.

True Aim of Advertising

Many advertisers are making a half-way success of their advertising problems.

Are they not invariably the ones who are advertising to get business, rather than to build business?

They get the business—but at too great a cost.

The methods employed—and not advertising itself—are to blame.

Their half-success is due to the fact that they haven't developed a thorough understanding of advertising.

They do not recognize the higher, truer utility of advertising in its function as a business builder.

If you should step out, for the first time, on a baseball diamond and endeavor to hit a home run, you might accidentally excel the men-in-training upon your first attempt. Your luck might enable you to do as well or better than the men who were practising to do the thing scientifically.

But as the days went by you might return to the diamond and again strike at the ball without even hitting it.

Meanwhile the men whom you at first surpassed would have acquired "form," and would double and treble your record.

So, too, with the merchant who is advertising simply to get business.

The advertiser who has developed "form"—who has gone at the thing scientifically—who has advertised to build business on a broad basis instead of merely getting business for a day—forges nearer and nearer to the front.

The true aim of advertising is to attract permanent buyers—repeaters—to the store of the advertisers.

In advertising, as in any other form of salesmanship, it is vitally important that your efforts be directed toward a certain class—folks most likely to be interested in your product.

It is more profitable to reach ten such persons than a thousand who are not.

Success in advertising does not depend upon the mere number of people you reach.

That idea, in fact, if carried to the extreme, will result in the undoing of any advertiser.

But success in advertising does depend first, upon your ability to find a field for your product; and next, upon your ability to cultivate that field into its greatest productiveness.

Competition tends more and more each day toward definite, focused, specialized effort.

A small farm that has been brought to a high state of cultivation will grow more marketable produce—energy and cost considered—than a larger one under haphazard working.

A pound of effort rightly directed in advertising accomplishes more than a ton of pressure distributed over too large a surface.

IF ADVERTISING STOPPED

What Discontinuance of One of the Greatest Agencies of Civilization Would Mean.

Can you imagine what existence would be like if all advertising were eliminated? asks a writer in the Woman's Home Companion, and then goes on to say:

It would mean more than the absence of advertising in the pages of the periodicals and newspapers. It would mean that the grocer would not have his name or business over his door or on his window. The druggist would not display the globes of colored water. The minister would not announce the topic of his next sermon from the pulpit. There wouldn't be signboards at the country crossroads, nor on the street corners in the cities.

If you wanted to go to a store, particularly the best store, no one could direct you, for that is advertising by word of mouth. Frankly, you would find it practically impossible to live without advertising, although you might manage to exist after a fashion.

The great agents of civilization are those which save time and increase the comfort and convenience of the people. These are the things that make the railroads and the many applications for electricity—the telegraph, the telephone, light and power—so enormously valuable. There is no way of estimating its capacity for saving time, for increasing comfort.

Logic Must Be Animated.

Convincing argument, cold logic, common sense boiled to the bone won't do in advertising—however perfectly they may be executed. It takes more than these to start a dollar moving. Fire an argument with suggestion, make the logic excite the imagination, clothe the common sense with sentiment—then see what happens. It is an error to estimate man as a being who always thinks out his acts and does what is logical. Man, on the average, is a creature of suggestion. He is a slave to his wants—often at the expense of his needs. Create a want—the needs will take care of themselves. Use logic, but animate it with suggestion.

CASTORIA

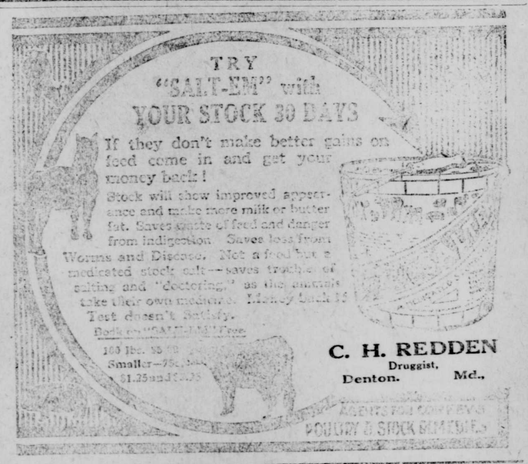
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Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

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By Edward W. Pickard

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The first article of the series will be printed in our issue of

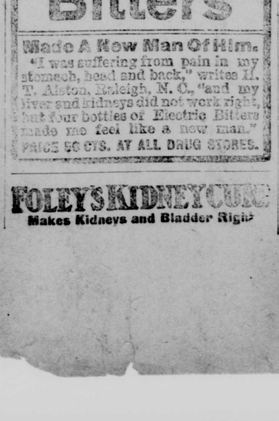
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