

hundred dollar specimens of his work with the veteran teller of an uptown bank where he was well known.

"Look it over carefully," he requested. "It does n't look quite right to me."

"It is all right, though," said the teller. "It's one of the new hundreds, Mr. Walker."

"Thanks," said Chub, and went away with his head high in the air. That night he packed bills to the extent of \$100,000 in the false bottom of a steamer trunk. After that he destroyed to the smallest particle his complete counterfeiter's equipment, including the Dell Mungry plates. It took him until long after midnight, but when he had finished there was nothing left in the world to indicate that he had been engaged in the manufacture of counterfeit money.

WHEN it came vacation time next summer Chub announced his desire to make a journey to Alaska, and, securing a leave of absence, took his departure. Incidentally, in the course of the next month some score of money changers across the sea, ranging from Liverpool to Vienna, charged one of those careless young American millionaires outrageous rates of exchange for converting \$100,000 of United States bank notes into the perfectly good money of their own countries. The United States notes were all counterfeit, but of such excellence that they were accepted and banked without a hitch. The careless young millionaire had a different name in each transaction. He carried things with a high, free hand, and in Paris he shipped via American express to a New York address a certain package. After that package had left his hands there was nothing on or about his person or belongings to indicate that he had dabbled the slightest in foreign finances. Then the careless young millionaire disappeared.

Ten days later Chub Walker was lolling comfortably in a Pullman rushing along the east bank of the Hudson River toward New York City. It was a beautiful summer afternoon and Chub watched with keen enjoyment the little yachts and motor boats that rippled the blue of the noble river. All those things were his now if he wanted them. He leaned back comfortably as the outlying signs of the metropolis began to flash past. It all bespoke the power and pleasure that lay ahead of him. He was coming back to New York fixed for life.

As he stepped off the train and permitted a porter to take charge of his bags he moved with a new, a triumphant manner. He strolled out of the train area leisurely, watching with a distinct sense of satisfaction. Through the concourse he elbowed his way disdainfully. The place was filled with commuters waiting for their trains home, slavish, sycophantic cogs in the city's life. And Chub now was one of the masters. At the carriage entrance he beckoned a taxi and ordered the porter to place his bags inside. He had tipped the porter, given his instructions to the chauffeur and was stepping into the cab when a phenomenally strong thumb and forefinger fell on his right elbow in such a way as to render the arm helpless, and a low voice said: "Just a minute, Walker."

Chub swung around. A short block of a man who had followed him out of the train and through the depot was standing eyeing him reprovingly.

"You gave me a fine chase, you did, Walker," said the man, shaking his head. "Why could n't you shove your queer on this side of the water instead of making me chase you all over the continent? Liverpool, London, Copenhagen, Amsterdam, Vienna, Paris—and that European cooking never does agree with me."

"Who the devil are you?" demanded Chub.

"Secret service," was the laconic reply. "Been with you ever since you ducked the Chicago train at Buffalo and beat it up to Montreal and caught the northern Empress for Liverpool. You made me hustle, but I never was more than a hundred yards behind. Now, will you let me step into that machine with you and ride down to headquarters without making any fuss, or"—He glanced suggestively at Walker's lamed elbow.

In a daze Chub permitted the man to assist him into the taxi. The world suddenly had turned black for him. What was wrong? What had happened? Somewhere in his wonderful scheme there had been the one error that had rendered all his brilliance null. But what was it? Where was the flaw?

Chub was still asking himself these questions when the gates of the Federal prison opened for him again and he was again led into the warden's office. There his speculation suddenly stopped. Clarkson was in the office. He was dressed in a new suit of blue serge, he held his hat in one hand, and his suitcase lay at his feet. He was saying goodbye to the warden.

"You?" gasped Chub. "You going outside?"

"Yep," said Clarkson. He was a different Clarkson. He looked Chub full in the eyes. He was no longer humble or apologetic.

"For how long?" Chub was puzzled. He felt a little chilled and could n't understand why.

Clarkson looked him over from head to toe, and at each glance Chub wilted without knowing why.

"For all of it, kid," said Clarkson softly. "They gave me all of it—for turning you up!"

THE room went around for Chub; he breathed in gasps. He heard, far away, Clarkson talking: "You fell for my game right. I knew that if a smooth guy ever got to working my plates again the government would give me all of it for turning him up. So I began to lay for that kind of a guy here. He had to be real smooth. They could have nicked a boob themselves without my help. You were it—you were made to order for me. I got word to the wife where the plates were and to let me know when they disappeared. I knew you had 'em, because you'd conned me into telling you where they were. They were afraid of those plates—in the hands of a smooth guy. And I was the only one that could tell 'em the smooth guy was you. So I dickered with 'em, and—and so they gave me all of mine. And I'm certainly much obliged, Walker. Yes, I'm very glad I met you."

In a fog Chub saw Clarkson pick up his suitcase. He wanted to leap on him and tear him to pieces, but he was unable to move. At the door Clarkson turned.

"You were bound to get it some time anyhow, Walker," he said. "You're one of the wise guys who think they can make the crooked game pay."

#### Before and After

"Alexander is a character in his way and is always surprising my household with his original opinions and homely philosophy," says Senator James E. Martine. "Not long ago he was hoeing and hilling some potatoes down on our Jersey farm, and I stood by while he was trying to drive the chickens away from the freshly turned earth. They kept him very busy and finally, instead of losing patience, he turned to me and said:

"Boss, do you know dat a chicken am de most accomodatinist thing what lives?"

"How is that Alexander?" I asked him.

"Why, it's like dis, Boss. Yo' eats 'em befo' dey's bawn and yo' eats 'em aftah dey's daid."

# The Truth About Florida

There are all kinds of lands in Florida—good, bad and indifferent. This statement is just as true of Illinois land. It is true of Iowa. It is true of California or any state, north, east, south or west.

Some regions in Florida are worthless for agricultural purposes. Other tracts have and are today returning their owners a rich income every year. These good tracts were bought by people of judgment—people who kept their eyes open and saw what they were buying. People who have been "stung" in their land purchases in Florida and other states bought carelessly. They did not investigate. They knew little of the soil, climate and rainfall. They did not ask, "Has anybody ever made money growing vegetables and oranges here?" They took the word of the land salesman. Sometimes they lost their money. Instead of blaming the land company or their own careless judgment, they criticized the entire state.

The time has come for a change in Florida land selling—in all land selling. We have begun that change.

The Wauchula Development Co. was organized after a 28,000 mile search for land that could be sold under a guarantee. The tract is different from ordinary Florida land. It is known as Combination Soil. Now this Wauchula Combination Soil is equally well adapted to vegetables and citrus fruit.

It offers peculiar advantages. Our settlers come here with a little money.

They set out their grape fruit and orange trees. Then instead of wasting money on living expenses while waiting for these trees to mature, they earn money by growing vegetables. They plant vegetables between the tree rows. The warm, pleasant climate, abundant rainfall, good drainage, produces three crops a year—sometimes four.

Settlers in the Wauchula, Florida, District practically pay their way from the start. Once you're established, vegetables earn a good comfortable living right along. And all the time the grape fruit and orange trees are getting bigger.

When they begin to bear the real profits come in. Orange growers make \$3,000 to \$8,000 a year. Some make \$10,000 and more. We don't emphasize these high incomes especially, because there are not so many of them. But \$3,000 a year, \$5,000 and \$8,000 are common.

\$500,000 bank deposits in three small towns within a radius of five miles prove the grove owner's prosperity. Steve Griffin made over \$6,000 from 15 acres of grape fruit and orange trees this last year—only part of his grove. W. L. Warren made over \$2,000 the first year he was down here. Some men here don't feel that they are doing well unless they make better than \$1,000 on every acre every year.

## Wauchula, Fla., District Combination Soil Proved by Crops —Fortunes Built from Small Investments

### Guarantee by Bankers

The Wauchula Development Company is a home company of bankers, long-established, with financial responsibility to carry out every promise. Their records will stand the most rigorous investigation. This is their guarantee to you:

"Start payments on your land as soon as possible, to get the best choice of location. Come down and see your plot any time within a year. If you're not satisfied, we return your money with six per cent for the time we've had it."

We give you the facts about Florida. We tell you the truth about the district around Wauchula. But we don't expect you to accept our statements blindly.

Come down here and look things over. You'll find here every opportunity we promise and more. Start payments on your land now. The payments are small. Any time within a year you can come down here and inspect your land. If it isn't as represented, we'll give you back your money with 6 per cent interest. (See Bankers' Guarantee.)

Pick oranges from the trees. Talk to the grove owners. Let them tell you what they make. Note the character of the soil. See how it grows vegetables as well as grape fruit and oranges.

Question the new settlers. See what they have done in the few months they've been here.

Walk around Wauchula. Look at its pleasant homes, its schools, its churches, lodges, stores, banks. Observe the new building going up in the last year. Visit Vandolah, the new town west of Wauchula. See the activity of this region.

Come down during shipping season if you can. See what splendid service the railroad gives. Study the cash prices paid. Figure out how much you could make.

Talk to natives and newcomers about climate and water supply. Ask about their health down here. Learn what fishing and hunting there is for vacation time.

### Live Well from the Start—Grow Soon to An Income of \$3,000 to \$8,000

### Write for Facts

You don't have to wait for prosperity at Wauchula. You begin to make it from the start. And year by year your income is bigger.

Don't set a limit on your future. Come to Wauchula where you can keep on making more money steadily. Ten acres is enough to begin on. Buy more land as you can use it. Every acre means more money added to your income.

Get the facts. Get the story of the Wauchula District as the grove owners tell it. Study their recommendations. Read the figures of earnings. Then go over our offer carefully—the moderate prices, the easy terms, the guarantee by bankers.

Write today for complete information. Mail a letter or a postal or the coupon. Address

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Box 32  
Wauchula, Florida

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Please send me actual facts regarding your combination vegetable and citrus fruit land. Also prices, terms, bankers guarantee.  
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