

THE LOST.

Down in the crowded, busy street
A little child was lost;
He ran with weary little feet
Where hurrying hundreds crossed;
From those who stopped he turned aside,
And, filled with sudden fear,
He wildly, pitifully cried
For one who did not hear.

His anxious father came at last
And clasped the weeping boy,
And many a one who hurried past
Concealed a tear of joy.
The father kissed the little face
With all the stains it bore,
And blissful trust was in the place
Where fear had been before.

I am but a child that's lost;
By dreadful doubts oppressed
I think of gulfs that must be crossed,
And fear is in my breast,
O, will my faith return to me,
Will He come back some day
To where I linger doubtingly,
And lead me on the way?
—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

THE KIDNAPPED MILLIONAIRES

A Tale of Wall Street and the Tropics

By FREDERICK U. ADAMS

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CHAPTER II.—CONTINUED.

"Certainly he proposed a remedy," said Hestor, rallying to the support of the editorial staff. "He demands the enforcement of the anti-trust law which, if put into operation, will result in the disintegration of criminal trusts."

"You talk like a political platform, Walter," replied Hammond. "You believe nothing of the kind. You are perfectly well aware that no effective anti-trust law will be affirmed by the courts. Every time a test is made, the various courts pronounce such laws unconstitutional. Twenty states have passed anti-trust enactments, and all have met the same fate. I do not believe it is possible by law to prevent any two men, 20 men or 100 men from consolidating their interests and thereby saving and increasing their profits. The trust is the inevitable result of revolutionary forces. It possesses certain advantages. These must be conserved. On the other hand, the trust of to-day possesses certain features which menace our very existence as a people. A remedy must be found; but it must be a natural remedy. You know my views on this subject, and I do not propose to abuse your hospitality by inflicting anew on you the details of my pet theory, which may or may not be worthy of consideration."

"If we could but devise some plan to bring about a national or international congress of such men," said Hestor, taking out his pencil and jotting down a list he had in mind. "I can imagine the headlines, 'College of Financial Giants,' 'Millionaires as Reformers,' 'Syndicates to the Rescue,' 'Trusts Tremble,' 'Wealth Willing to Compromise.' It would be great! If we could get some foreign financiers with titles to stand sponsor for the idea, our home product would be more likely to follow their lead. It is worth thinking about. I am going to cable Van Horne and suggest it to him."

"No, I do not think it possible to bring such a body of men into a conference," continued Hammond, as Hestor remained silent, with a faraway expression in his eyes. "In the first place they would not meet; in the second place, they would not talk. They are not willing even to defend their methods, to say nothing of taking the initiative towards reforming them. We must possess our souls in patience; do the best we can, and let the sequence of events work out its destiny. It is our good fortune that we can better afford to wait than most of those who think they have reason to complain. A millionaire lawyer with a good practice, and the millionaire correspondent and special envoy of a newspaper, should be able to withstand the onslaughts of trust magnates for a considerable period."

"I am going to form a trust," said Hestor suddenly.

"Yes?"

"You need not laugh. I am. I am going to form a newspaper trust."

"All right, Walter," rejoined Hammond, who was familiar with Hestor's moods. "It is too late for you to begin to-night. Let me know when you are ready to draw up the papers and I will render you my best services as your attorney. Thus far I have been more successful in organizing trusts than fighting them."

"I will need your services in a short time," said Hestor, with some excitement, which Hammond attributed to the wine. "I am not jesting. Of course this is confidential."

"Certainly. I am going to Chicago

to-morrow, and will be back in about a week."

"Let me see you when you get back. I shall wish to talk with you."

"I will do so. Olive, by dear," said Hammond, addressing his sister, "it is time your aged brother was on his way home. I shall ask the permission of the ladies, and of our excellent host to depart, as I have a long journey ahead of me to-morrow—or more properly to-day—it now being past two o'clock."

"You and Walter are as ungallant as you can be," pouted Miss Le Roy, as Mr. Hestor gave the signal for the party to disperse. "Just because you have talked all you wish, we must all run along home like good little girls. I am going to give a supper party soon, and it will last until everybody has talked as much as they care to." And with this awful threat Miss Le Roy was captured by Mr. Hestor and led away to her carriage, nor did her smiling face show that her resentment was deep or lasting.

CHAPTER III.

MR. HESTOR PLANS A NEWSPAPER TRUST.

The morning after the supper Hestor appeared at the Record office at an early hour. He looked over his mail, and then wrote a note to Palmer J. Morton, the great financier and railroad magnate, requesting an early interview on a matter of some importance. This off his mind, Hestor made the rounds of the office. He chatted awhile with Mr. Chalmers and then drifted into the art department. He was in effervescent spirits, and seemed highly satisfied with all the world. Finally he returned to his room and proceeded to work off the exuberance of his animal spirits by performing a clog step to a lively tune, the words of which he sang with more regard for speed and exact time than for expression:

"There was an old geezer, and he had a wooden leg;
No tobacco could he borrow, no tobacco could he beg;
Another old geezer was as cunning as a fox,
And he always had tobacco in his old tobacco box.
(Spirited breakdown and repeat—)

"Yes, he always had tobacco in his old tobacco box."

As the versatile Mr. Hestor paused to contemplate with much satisfaction, the success which had been attained in this terpsichorean diversion Mr. Chalmers, the managing editor, entered the room.

"By the way, Chalmers," said Hestor, as he paced up and down the room, "why wouldn't it be a good scheme to let the women of New York assume entire charge of the Record for a week. Get some well-known society woman to act as editor-in-chief, and advertise for women writers of all kinds. Of course you will have to look after the mechanical and routine part of the paper, but let them collect and write all the stuff. Select young women to report the horse races, prize fights, the police news, the courts and to handle all departments of the paper. They could run just as much or as little foreign and out-of-town stuff as they pleased. They would write all of the editorials and draw all of the pictures. Great scheme—don't you think so?"

Mr. Chalmers said it would probably drive him into an insane asylum, but that it was nothing short of an inspiration. He agreed to outline a plan and to confer with some progressive women he had in mind.

While they were discussing this project, word was received from Mr. Palmer J. Morton that though very busy he would be pleased to see Mr. Hestor about four o'clock that afternoon. The financier was not unacquainted with the erratic correspondent of The Record, and while not in sympathy with the aims or methods of that paper was not inclined to incur hostility by refusing the request made by Hestor.

At four o'clock the Hestor automobile wheeled in front of a Broadway office building, and a few minutes later the famous correspondent was ushered into the magnate's private office. This apartment was severely plain.

Mr. Morton was a large, broad-shouldered man, with a close-cropped beard which must have once been black or dark brown. Shaggy grey eyebrows stood guard over eyes of steel blue-grey; eyes which looked you full in the face as if to bid you tell your innermost thoughts; and to tell them quickly. Enormous hands were knotted with muscles of which the foreman of a railroad section gang might be proud. A dark suit of blue; a scarf of the same color, without any pin; and a modest watch chain, were features of apparel which distinguished Mr. Morton from the well dressed attendants who ushered Hestor into this office.

"I am glad to see you again, Mr. Hestor. Take a chair. You will find that one more comfortable. I trust you do not intend to interview me. You know my rule." Mr. Morton looked sternly at Hestor, who smiled and replied that he had long ago abandoned that enterprise as a vain pursuit.

"I have called on a matter of business," said Mr. Hestor, briskly, as

he removed his gloves, and leaned slightly forward in his chair. "You are a busy man and I will attempt to state my proposition as concisely as possible. According to popular report and to general knowledge you have been kept the moving spirit in those great financial undertakings which have resulted in the reorganization of various industries. Your standing is such that your name is sufficient to guarantee the success of any undertaking of this character. Did it ever occur to you that there is one great industry which never yet has tested the benefits which come from a community of ownership? In other words, have you considered the possibilities of a newspaper trust?"

Mr. Hestor paused. The stern old millionaire did not answer for a moment, and seemed to be waiting for the editor to continue. Hestor was content to wait.

"I have thought of it, but I did not imagine the first suggestion would come from a representative of The Record," said Mr. Morton. Hestor was not the least abashed.

"I am not responsible for what appears in The Record, and you know enough about newspapers, and especially metropolitan papers, to understand the exigencies of politics,"



"I HAVE THOUGHT OF IT," SAID MR. MORTON.

he said. "You will concede that our criticism of trusts has not seriously interfered with your plans. In any—"

"I do not concede that," interrupted Mr. Morton. "That, however, has nothing to do with your proposition. State your plan. I am willing to listen to it."

"There is no industry in the country offering so great an opportunity for trust management as that of the newspaper press," said Mr. Hestor, with earnestness. "It is true that we have the Associated Press service, which is a co-operative affair, but this, while an invulnerable adjunct, is really a small item in the total expense of a great paper. It simply does on a small scale what can and should be done on a large scale."

"You would have a syndicate of papers—one paper in each of the large cities," suggested Mr. Morton.

"I would have a syndicate which would own two papers in all cities having populations in excess of 100,000," replied Mr. Hestor.

"Yes, I see. One republican and one democratic paper in each city. Ah—um—m. That would be quite a plan," said Mr. Morton, drawing his hand slowly over his stubbled chin. "Both under one general management, I suppose?"

"Certainly."

"Have you made any general estimates of the expense of such a plan, or prepared any synopsis of the way in which it could be executed?" asked Mr. Morton, with the first manifestation of real interest.

"I did not care to go to the trouble and expense of doing so until I had a conference with you," replied Hestor, who guarded himself against over-enthusiasm when he saw that he had made some progress. "It will require considerable capital, much work, and good judgment in the execution of the plans; and more than all, the most rigid secrecy must be maintained. You are the only man to whom this subject has been broached, and I need not ask you to regard this matter as strictly confidential in case you should decide to do nothing in the way of its advancement."

Mr. Morton nodded his head and growled a consent to this injunction, which he evidently regarded as unnecessary.

"I would start this syndicate in a chain of 30 cities, with two papers in each," continued Mr. Hestor, who rapidly noted a list. "Here are the cities I have in mind: New York, Brooklyn, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Rochester, Buffalo, Atlanta, New Orleans, Louisville, Cincinnati, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Detroit, Indianapolis, Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul or Minneapolis, St. Louis, Omaha, Galveston, Kansas City, Denver, Helena, Seattle, Tacoma, Portland, San Francisco and Los Angeles."

Mr. Hestor then entered into a detailed and comprehensive explanation of the proposed newspaper trust. He submitted figures showing that 60 papers could be purchased for less than

\$115,000,000, and proved that these papers were then earning \$7,500,000 a year, or more than five per cent. on the required investment. Hestor proposed retrenchment in three important departments, viz.: the Sunday papers, the editorial staffs, and the abolition of the advertising agency. Instead of preparing 60 Sunday papers, the syndicate would print four, each of surpassing excellence. These four papers would give all syndicate papers in contiguous territory a distinct Sunday paper. Each of these four Sunday papers would have a marked specialty, and each would strongly appeal to a certain class of readers. One would make a specialty of amusements; another of literature; the third of fiction, and the fourth of science and art—but each would be a complete magazine. Hestor showed that four such Sunday magazines could afford to employ the highest literary and artistic genius of the world, and proved that no competition with them would be possible. The saving would amount to not less than \$4,000,000 a year, in the single item of Sunday papers.

The editorial department would be conducted on a similar plan. Instead of 400 editorial writers—as at present—he would have a staff of 20; acknowledged authorities in their respective specialties. The editor-in-chief would keep in touch with the owners of the syndicate, who would thus be able to dictate the thought of the country in the leading republican and democratic papers.

"The reduced expenses of the editorial department will be about \$700,000," said Mr. Hestor. "You can place your own estimate on the financial benefits your syndicate will receive from being able to inspire and regulate the thought of a nation."

Hestor then explained how millions could be saved by dealing direct with advertisers without the intervention of the advertising agency, which he characterized as the "most stupid survival of the middle-man system." He explained that the agency levied tribute on advertiser and newspaper, and that an enormous percentage was absorbed by a worthless parasite. Hestor said that a staff of ten men could do the work now performed by several thousand.

"The expense of securing advertising will be practically nothing," concluded Hestor; "the average rates will be doubled, and we will receive all of the enormous fund which now goes to the agencies. This will be of benefit to all concerned, except to the useless and decadent advertising middle-man. I would not dare place any estimate on the added revenues from this much-needed reform. It certainly will far exceed any other item of saving."

"You make out a strong case," said Mr. Morton, after an interval, in which both gentlemen said nothing. "This is too important a matter to decide off-hand. I should not care to go into it without consulting with some of my associates. What financial interests have you in mind in this connection?"

"I propose to leave that matter entirely in your hands," replied Mr. Hestor promptly. "I do not know that I am on unfriendly terms with any of the men who are reported to be your associates in similar organizations. I stand ready to invest \$10,000,000, provided a company is financed for a total of \$125,000,000 or \$150,000,000. I have talked this matter over with Mr. Van Horne, and you can count on his co-operation."

"You have the proper confidence in your plans," said Mr. Morton. "I will discuss this project with some of my associates. If I find they deem it worthy of more careful examination, it might be well to arrange a conference and settle on some definite mode of procedure. Mind you, I am not holding out any promises. If these gentlemen evince a decided interest in the matter I will communicate with you. The secrecy of the plan will not leak out through the men I have in mind."

"When can I reasonably expect to hear from you?"

"Four of the gentlemen I have in mind meet here to-morrow afternoon at a director's meeting," said Mr. Morton, consulting a memorandum. "Later they dine with me at an uptown club. I will see what they think about it and send you word when I can see you. In the mean time it will be a good idea to reduce your plans to writing. If possible, make an estimate of the amount annually expended by your 60 papers for commissions paid to advertising agencies. Make your report as comprehensive as possible. I can give this no more time to-day. I have an engagement at five o'clock."

Mr. Morton arose, closed his desk, and shook hands with Mr. Hestor. That gentleman joined the crowd of clerks who had finished their day's work, descended the marble stairs and stepped into his automobile.

[To Be Continued.]

Knew His Worth.

He—Am I good enough for you, darling?
She—No, George; but you are too good for any other girl.—Stray Stories.

A POINT OF ENGLISH.

Frenchman Who Presented Reasonable Excuse for Not Understanding Our Language.

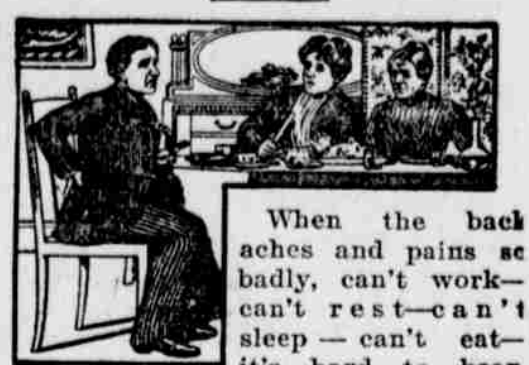
A Frenchman recently propounded through the columns of the Liverpool Daily Post a problem which may not be without interest for Americans. At any rate, it involves a principle of rhetoric which ought not to be disregarded, says the Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

"I am in Liverpool since a month," writes the French gentleman, "and I saw many things the which I stupefy; but of these things the most amaze me. On your trams cars, the passengers are requested not to board or leave the car while in motion. 'Board! I comprehend not. My friend say it is absurd to go on ship, therefore one me demanded not to go on car and not go off whilst in motion. How can that be? I see thousand passengers since four weeks go on and off a car, but they all go whilst in motion. Shall one explicate how passengers whilst not in motion have power to go on and off a car?"

His Condition.—"But he's a professional humorist." "Well?" "But you just referred to him as an 'unconscious humorist.'" "So he was on the occasion I have in mind. He had tried to be funny with a tough gent from the Fourth ward."—Philadelphia Press.

Few faults are lost, yet many are found.—Chicago Daily News.

HARD TO BEAR.



When the back aches and pains so badly, can't work—can't rest—can't sleep—can't eat—it's hard to bear.

Thousands of aching backs have been relieved and cured. People are learning that backache pains come from disordered kidneys, that Doan's Kidney Pills cure every Kidney illness—Bladder troubles, urinary derangements, Dropsy, Diabetes, Bright's disease.

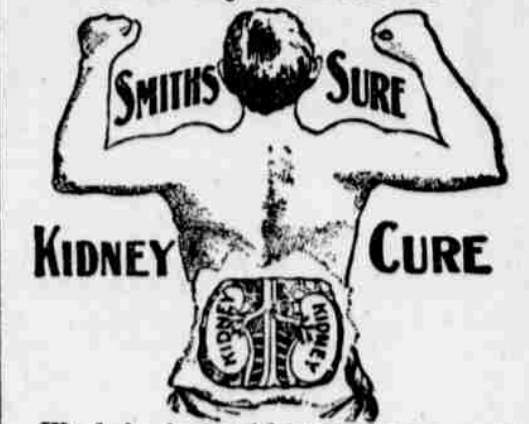
Read this testimony to the merit of the greatest of Kidney specifics:

J. W. Wells, Superintendent of Streets of Lebanon, Kentucky, living on East Main Street in that city, says:

"With my nightly rest broken, owing to irregularities of the kidneys, suffering intensely from severe pains in the small of my back and through the kidneys, and annoyed by painful passages of abnormal secretions, life was anything but pleasant for me. No amount of doctoring relieved this condition, and for the reason that nothing seemed to give me even temporary relief, I became about discouraged. One day I noticed in the newspapers the case of a man who was afflicted as I was and was cured by the use of Doan's Kidney Pills. His words of praise for this remedy were so sincere that on the strength of his statement I went to the Hugh Murrey Drug Co.'s store and got a box. I found that the medicine was exactly as powerful a kidney remedy as represented. I experienced quick and lasting relief. Doan's Kidney pills will prove a blessing to all sufferers from kidney disorders who will give them a fair trial."

A FREE TRIAL of this great kidney medicine which cured Mr. Wells will be mailed to any part of the United States on application. Address Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all druggists; price 50 cents per box.

IS YOUR LIFE WORTH 50 CENTS? If So Try A Bottle Of



We defy the world to produce a medicine for the cure of all forms of Kidney and Bladder troubles, and all diseases peculiar to women, that will equal Smith's Sure Kidney Cure. Ninety-eight per cent. of the cases treated with Smith's Sure Kidney Cure that have come under our observation have been cured. We sell our medicine on a positive guarantee, if directions are followed, and money will be refunded if cure is not effected. Manufactured by Smith Medical Co., St. Louis, Mo.

Price 50 cents and \$1.00. For sale by all druggists.

Health at Home

through Hires Rootbeer—a delightful preparation of roots, herbs, barks and berries. Nature's own prescription. Benefits every member of the family.

Hires Rootbeer

Purifies the blood, quenches the thirst and pleases the palate. A package makes five gallons. Sold everywhere by mail, 50c. Beware of imitations. Charles E. Hires Co., Malvern, Pa.