

YOUNG EDITOR OF GRAND JUNCTION

Early Career of Man Who Became Great in the Insurance World.

WAS FEARLESS AND HONEST

Darwin P. Kingsley's Lively Experiences in Pioneer Times in Colorado and His Rise to High Position.

By RICHARD SPILLANE.

A mild-looking, clear-eyed youth, named Kingsley, arrived one day in 1883 in a wild little town in the far western end of Colorado, near the Utah line. The town had been founded by Governor Crawford of Kansas, who saw with prophetic eye that some day it would be a center of industry. Two roaring rivers, the Grand and the Gunnison, met there and joined their waters. The site selected for the town had been a favorite camping ground for the White River Utes and the Uncompahgre for ages before white men knew America. No more beautiful setting could man find for a home. Near where the rivers joined, the valley broadened into a great bowl, the sides of which were formed by towering cliffs. To the north were the Book Cliffs, to the southeast the San Miguel peaks and to the northeast the Grand Mesa; to the south lay the glorious Uncompahgre range. Two hundred miles to the northeast was Denver. Midway between lay Leadville and the Continental Divide. Far to the south was the Santa Fe trail. The Utes were gone. Leadville was playing out. Prospectors, gamblers, run men, fortune seekers and the footmen and jetsam of western humanity were wandering over the mountains

adults. He looked for work, but there was no work for which he was fitted. He could not deal faro if he would, and he would not work in a barroom if he could. There was little farming, for at that time irrigation had not been developed in Colorado.

The beauty of the land appealed to him strongly. The ruggedness of No Thoroughfare canon is enough to stir the imagination of any man. Monument canon is one of nature's wonder works, and Little Book Cliffs and Mount Garfield are enough to inspire rhapsody. The whole valley was a picture. Once upon a time in a prehistoric age, this great bowl of the mountains was an inland sea, and the gulls of the Pacific still come to visit there. A naturalist finds the land a never-ending joy, but a young man who must make a living has sterner things to think about.

Became an Editor.

Kingsley had to do something, or return to the East. He was not one to acknowledge defeat. He studied the situation thoroughly and saw only one way in which he would get a job. There was a printer in Grand Junction who had a few fonts of type and an apology for a press. The man's name was Price. He got out a little newspaper which he called the Grand Junction News. Price liked the printing business, but he did not care much for the newspaper end. Kingsley talked with him, and Price expressed a willingness to sell a half interest in the business if Kingsley would rustle up the money to pay for it. Kingsley did not have the necessary capital, but he had a friend in Wisconsin and this friend lent the money to him at seven per cent, and when it was paid over to Price, Kingsley became editor of the Grand Junction News.

A new county had been formed in western Colorado, and Governor Grant had appointed officers to conduct its affairs pending a regular election. The county was named Mesa and Grand Junction was made the county seat. Governor Grant was a worthy and good man, but some of the men he sent to Mesa county were rather sad specimens. The young editor had his own idea of civil service and of town gov-

the state convention was held he was nominated by the Republicans for state auditor and superintendent of insurance. He was elected and for two years administered the affairs of those offices. Colorado never had a better auditor or better superintendent of insurance.

Kingsley had a great liking for insurance, as well he might, inasmuch as a \$1,000 insurance policy had been the means of giving him an education. He studied insurance in all its phases, and the more he studied, the more it appealed to him. When his term of office expired he had many opportunities to engage in business, for offers of positions were showered upon him.

In the Insurance Business.

Of all the offers that came to him, one, from an insurance company proved most attractive. He took it. He loved the work and entered into it with all his heart. He did so well that the company sent him to Boston to take charge of its offices there. Boston proved a rich field for him. He did magnificently. He inspired his men with some of his own energy and enthusiasm, made friends and did a tremendous amount of business.

He was in Boston for about three years, and then the company called him to New York, to become superintendent of all its agencies. He was as good a superintendent as he had been canvasser or branch manager. Next he was made third vice-president of the company, and then vice-president, and five years ago he was made president.

It seems very simple, as it is printed here, how this man rose. Essentially he is no different today from what he was when he edited that little newspaper in Grand Junction, Colo. He has broadened and is more studious, perhaps, but he has the same ideals, the same earnestness of character, the same keenness of perception and the same courage today that he had in 1883. He has grown and prospered, but so has the little city in which he played his part in making. Today Grand Junction is the center of what is known as "the Little Empire of the Western Slope." The gamblers, the gunmen and the footmen and jetsam of western humanity have passed to other fields.

The valleys of the Grand and the Gunnison are rich with agricultural wealth. Irrigation has transformed the land. In few places of the world does the soil yield more bountifully. Tens of thousands of tons of fruit are shipped from Grand Junction every year. Fine, big stores and brick structures stand where the saloons, the dance halls, the faro banks were housed in shacks in '83. There are banks and libraries and churches and handsome dwellings in the beautiful city. It is a land transformed, it is a land of peace and plenty. All is changed but nature's work. The Grand and the Gunnison still pour their waters down the valleys, the picturesque Book cliffs still stand guard at the north, to the southeast rises the San Miguel peaks, to the northeast the snow-capped Grand mesa, and to the south the glorious Uncompahgre ranges. The seagulls come from the far distant Pacific, as did the seagulls of countless ages ago.

The Indians are only a memory, almost as distant a memory as the faro banks and the dance halls. Occasionally a prospector wanders in from the hills, but not often. Edwin Price, who had that little printing shop in the wild, turbulent town and was proud of his few fonts of type and his apology for a press, is there still. For sixteen years he has been postmaster. He is the last of the old guard. He was in at the birth of Grand Junction, and he will remain there as long as he lives.

May Dream of Old Days.

In his magnificent office on Broadway, or up in the University club or the Union League club, or in his handsome home at Riverdale Kingsley may dream at times of those days when an armed guard protected him at Grand Junction and when he carried a pistol in his coat pocket and had his finger on the trigger for instant use when he went abroad. He does not look much like the man supposed to be the type to defy the western "bad man." But quiet, earnest men are the ones with moral courage.

New York knows Kingsley and knows him well, but it is not prouder of him than is Grand Junction, when they point to the early files of the Grand Junction News, for the Grand Junction News is still printed, and show you the editorials and the other articles that Darwin P. Kingsley wrote, and when you read the time-yellowed columns they will tell you that the man who wrote them is president of one of the greatest life insurance companies in the world and trustee of many hundreds of millions of dollars. And they will tell you that before he went to Colorado he was a farm boy in Vermont and that he worked early and late to get an education and that he knew hardship and toil as farm boys are likely to know them. And all they tell you about this man's career is true. (Copyright, 1914, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Jockey Had Easy Return to London.

Many people have had worries in getting back to England from the continent. But Trigg, the jockey, who turned up at Brighton from Austria, got through easily enough. He was lucky enough to meet a king's messenger, who knew him. "I followed him like a dog follows his master." The king's messenger just showed a paper whenever there was trouble, and "everybody instantly stood erect and saluted."—London Chronicle.

The Bridal Trousseau.

The old idea of providing brides with a score or more of gowns, wraps and hats has quite gone by. Even the fashionable trousseau of today contains no more than a dozen gowns, if as many. Styles change so fast that by fall the gowns for the June wedding, necessarily made some weeks before the ceremony, begin to look odd. Some authority has declared that the best dressed woman in Paris buys no more than three new toilets each year, but the opinion may be ventured that she is altering her last year's supply most of the time. The vast assortments of lingerie have also dwindled. Nobody provides such a multitudinous wedding outfit nowadays as used to be required.—Leslie's.

Between two evils it is better to marry for money than for a chance to get even.

It's easier to get a poor wife than a good cook.

Empty Titles.

The emperor of Austria, it has been noted, lays claim to the title marquis of Antwerp. If all European sovereigns could make good their minor territorial titles there would, indeed, be a reconstruction of the map. The king of Italy, for instance, is officially styled king of Sardinia, France, Spain and England, of Italy and Jerusalem, of Greece and Alexandria, of Hamburg and Sicily, Master of the Deep, King of the Earth. The king of Spain also claims to be king of Jerusalem, king of Galicia (a title shared with the emperor of Austria), and, in addition, king of Gibraltar, of the West Indies and of India.

Shame on Him.

"What is your friend so elated about?" "Seems his wife is marooned in Europe."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

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Mrs. O. F. McHargue, 117 W. 9th St., Jacksonville, Florida, writes: "I had catarrh and throat trouble. Three bottles of Peruna cured me. As a minister's wife I come in contact with all classes of people, and shall always speak a good word for Peruna. I have given trial bottles to a few friends. Wishing you abundant success, I remain, yours truly."

Physicians Recommend Castoria

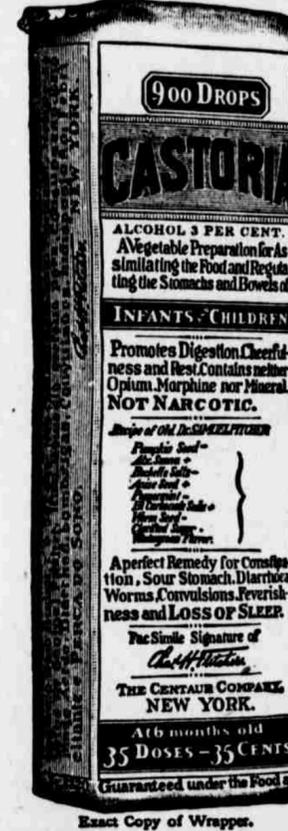
CASTORIA has met with pronounced favor on the part of physicians, pharmaceutical societies and medical authorities. It is used by physicians with results most gratifying. The extended use of Castoria is unquestionably the result of three facts: *First*—The indisputable evidence that it is harmless; *Second*—That it not only allays stomach pains and quiets the nerves, but assimilates the food; *Third*—It is an agreeable and perfect substitute for Castor Oil. It is absolutely safe. It does not contain any Opium, Morphine, or other narcotic and does not stupefy. It is unlike Soothing Syrups, Bateman's Drops, Godfrey's Cordial, etc. This is a good deal for a Medical Journal to say. Our duty, however, is to expose danger and record the means of advancing health. The day for poisoning innocent children through greed or ignorance ought to end. To our knowledge, Castoria is a remedy which produces composure and health, by regulating the system—not by stupefying it—and our readers are entitled to the information.—Hall's Journal of Health.

Letters from Prominent Physicians addressed to Chas. H. Fletcher.

Dr. B. Halstead Scott, of Chicago, Ill., says: "I have prescribed your Castoria often for infants during my practice, and find it very satisfactory."
 Dr. William Belmont, of Cleveland, Ohio, says: "Your Castoria stands first in its class. In my thirty years of practice I can say I never have found anything that so filled the place."
 Dr. J. H. Taft, of Brooklyn, N. Y., says: "I have used your Castoria and found it an excellent remedy in my household and private practice for many years. The formula is excellent."
 Dr. R. J. Hamlen, of Detroit, Mich., says: "I prescribe your Castoria extensively, as I have never found anything to equal it for children's troubles. I am aware that there are imitations in the field, but I always see that my patients get Fletcher's."
 Dr. Wm. J. McCrann, of Omaha, Neb., says: "As the father of thirteen children I certainly know something about your great medicine, and aside from my own family experience I have in my years of practice found Castoria a popular and efficient remedy in almost every home."
 Dr. J. R. Clausen, of Philadelphia, Pa., says: "The name that your Castoria has made for itself in the tens of thousands of homes blessed by the presence of children, scarcely needs to be supplemented by the endorsement of the medical profession, but I, for one, most heartily endorse it and believe it an excellent remedy."
 Dr. R. M. Ward, of Kansas City, Mo., says: "Physicians generally do not prescribe proprietary preparations, but in the case of Castoria my experience, like that of many other physicians, has taught me to make an exception. I prescribe your Castoria in my practice because I have found it to be a thoroughly reliable remedy for children's complaints. Any physician who has raised a family, as I have, will join me in heartiest recommendation of Castoria."

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 The Kind You Have Always Bought
 In Use For Over 30 Years.
 THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.



PARADISE FOR THE ARTIST

Devotees of the Brush Are Accorded Accommodations Without Price at Inn at Capri.

Capri, beautiful in itself as a winter resort, offers an irresistible invitation to artists, since it has an inn where anyone, by painting a picture on the wall can get free board.

To the lovely island of Capri, with its perennial summer, its blue grotto, and its lemon groves, came, some fifty years ago, a ruined artist. He opened an inn, and died rich. In his will, leaving the inn to his heirs, he made these conditions:

"The charge per day, two bottles of red Capri wine included, is never to be more than six francs.

"If any artist is too poor to pay he shall paint a picture upon some wall-space, receiving all the accommodation accorded to those paying the highest price.

"If any German artist shall come to the inn he shall be accommodated, and shall receive the amount of his fare to Germany upon his promising never to return to Italy."

The inn is conducted today on these conditions. Its walls are covered with paintings. Now and then a German gets his fare home.

Correct.

"Love levels all things," quoted the sage. "Yes, everything but heads," corrected the fool.

Queer Talk.

"So poor old Bill has gone under." "Yes, they say his business is going up."

Her Memory All Right.

Mrs. Geddes had a new maid, and she found it necessary to repeat her instructions several times before Nora obeyed them. The mistress had told her repeatedly about the finger-bowls, and one day, when there were guests they were again forgotten.

"Now Nora," said Mrs. Geddes, extremely exercised over the omission, "this is the sixth time I've had to tell you about the finger-bowls. Didn't the woman you last worked for have them on the table?"

"No, mum," replied Nora, "her friends always washed their hands before they cum."

Accounting for it.

"That girl has a swelled head." "That's only because she wears such big 'rats.'"

Men who have nothing else to apologize for should apologize for being on earth.

After a girl gets to be about so old she makes a bonfire of the baby picture of herself taken in a washbowl.

Fighting the White Plague.

Adequate hospital facilities for the 35,000 residents of Ohio who are suffering from tuberculosis has been decided upon by the prevention of tuberculosis and officials of the state board of health. It is proposed to create 12 hospital districts of from four to six counties each, wherein campaigns will be inaugurated for the erection of district tuberculosis hospitals to be maintained jointly by the co-operating counties.

Through the erection of these 12 district hospitals, supplementing the present sanitarium, antituberculosis workers believe that the 35,000 victims will be adequately cared for, and that the people of the state will be so well protected through this hospitalization that eventually Ohio's death rate of 7,000 per year will be reduced materially.

Many a woman regrets that she didn't change her mind before she changed her name.

Better an ounce of did than a pound of going to do.

Get the Molting Over Quickly

Molting time is lost time—there are no eggs with which to pay the feed bills. Get it over—Feed a good full ration and be sure to include

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25c. pkgs. to 25 lb. pail at \$2.50. It's a gentle, invigorating tonic—just what the hens need. **Pratts Lice Killer** 25c. to \$1.00 and all Pratts Products are guaranteed—satisfaction or money back. **Pratts 160 page Poultry Book—160 pages** Pratts 160 page Poultry Book is a complete guide, handsomely illustrated. Be sure to get a copy. Sent postpaid for 10c. **PRATT FOOD CO., PHILA., CHICAGO, TORONTO.**



His Finger Was on the Trigger.

seeking new treasure houses in the wonderful land of riches.

The town had been named Grand Junction and it had five or six hundred inhabitants when the mild-mannered, clear-eyed Kingsley arrived there. He was from Vermont and had been born in Alburg, in that state, May 5, 1857. He had known poverty and had experienced hardship. He had worked on a farm, and farm work in Vermont is very hard. It had been difficult for him to get an education. He was so earnest, so hard-working, so eager for an education that he had won the good opinion of all who knew him. He had longed to go to a university, but he did not have the money. A kindly farmer had offered to supply the wherewithal.

How He Went to College.

"I know," said the farmer, "that you will pay the money back if you live. Now, if you will give me security, so that in case you die I will be repaid, I will furnish the money."

The farm boy thought a moment, and saw a way. He took out a life insurance policy for \$1,000 in favor of the farmer, and he went to the University of Vermont. He did what he could to work his way through college, and all the actual money he spent in his first year at the university was \$165. After getting his bachelor's degree in 1881 he went West to Denver, and there for a year he taught school. Then he moved further West, to Grand Junction.

That raw, boisterous little town, at the junction of the Grand and Gunnison, must have been a shock to the young man from Vermont. It had plenty of dance halls, lots of gambling houses and many saloons. He wanted work. What could a farm boy or a teacher do in Grand Junction at that time? There were no children to teach; the town was composed of

ernment. He had the courage to express his convictions. Some of the things he wrote for the Grand Junction News offended the county officials and aroused the resentment of the gamblers and the pluguglies of Grand Junction. They looked upon him as a tenderfoot from the East, and it was not long before he was in a peck of trouble.

Men went armed in Grand Junction, in those days, and settled their difficulties with the gun. The tenderfoot from Vermont became a marked man. The gamblers, the dance hall people and the saloon keepers wanted to get rid of him. He annoyed them. But he won the admiration of the sturdy, earnest, clean-living men of all that country.

His Life in Danger.

At last things came to such a pass that the life of the editor hung by a thread. For three weeks an armed guard protected him from the men who would take his life. When he went out in the street he had a pistol in his coat pocket and his finger was on the trigger, ready for instant use. To add to the intensity of feeling, an election was approaching. The gang wanted to remain in office. Kingsley wanted to oust them. That election was fought bitterly. When the votes were counted, the cause of decency had won. The men whom Kingsley supported were elected. That was the first regular election in the county of Mesa. He had fought for decency, for honesty and for right, and Grand Junction and Colorado were better for his coming.

The little town came to have a pride in the young man from Vermont, and the following year he was elected a delegate to the national Republican convention, the one that nominated James G. Blaine for president of the United States. A few years later when