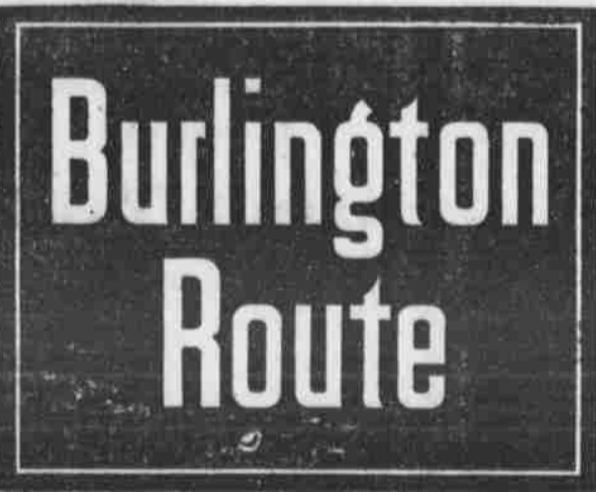


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The Chicago Special leaves at 7:00 a. m.—a daylight train to Chicago.
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All the above trains carry comfortable chair cars, seats free; up-to-date palace sleeping cars, the kind with the large toilet rooms and roomy berths; the Burlington dining cars—you pay for what you order—every equipment to make traveling comfortable.



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THE "DOUBLE CROSS" AT BUENA VISTA

By Frank B. Moore.

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They all had their hammers out that winter in Buena Vista. It seemed, too, as if Providence had joined the knockers and was using a sledge. Only a few steadfast souls like the able and conservative editor of the Evening Journal remained firm. In every issue, editorially, he advocated hope, unity and progression in one column, while in the next he chastised with stinging adjectives the president of the railroad who had ordered the shops moved away.

Buena Vista was a railroad town. Four long, slender lines of steel glistened through its suburbs, met in its heart and led away toward the points of the compass over the billowy prairies that touched the vague horizon—in summer a blending green and blue, in winter varying brown and gray. The shops were the life of its all divisions centered there and every two men in three had something to do with the railroad. Round about it lay the most fertile agricultural land that God had set down in the center of the state men had named Missouri.

Old General Gordon de Smet, coming back from the Mexican war, had camped on a sloping green and, with a poetical fancy, called it Buena Vista—Good View. Twenty miles away he had seen a herd of antelope that furnished paper for his camp. Hurrying arguments had stumbled into a fringe of cottonwoods along a smooth prairie stream and they called it Silver river. There they stayed. The soldier, the gold seeker, the natural born farmer from Virginia agreed that heaven smiled quite joyously on them, and so, happily, one morning the sun rose on a row of low, wooden houses where the night before it had set on a straggling group of tents. And Buena Vista was on the map. Then came the railroad and the town grew.

None remember why it was, and few scarcely recall when it was, but a magnate whose name two decades ago was the best known in Wall street swore vengeance against the town.

"I shall make the grass grow in your streets," he said, and left the council of citizens in a towering rage. His name and his son's name daily appear in the second column on the editorial page of the Evening Journal. From that day the prosperity of the thriving city of 20,000 began to wane. Even the able and conservative editor of the Evening Journal, while advocating hope, unity and progression publicly in its columns, privately admitted that it looked blue for Buena Vista. With a stanch few he organized a Business Men's club. "Knocks for knockers" was their motto—"We must get manufacturers," their watchword.

"We have depended altogether too long on the railroad for our prosperity," an article read in the Journal after the first meeting of the club. "Let us now turn our attention to something more substantial. We have coal and water here in abundance and our natural resources should be developed."
So it came to pass that much correspondence with commercial centers near and far began to attract notice to the advantages of Buena Vista as an admirable site for factories.

There was no surprise, therefore, when one fine April morning an unpretentious and businesslike stranger called upon Major William Turner, the oldest real estate dealer in Buena Vista, and extended a card by way of introduction. It read: "Benjamin X. Audrey, Buffalo, N. Y." Mr. Audrey asked a great many questions about property values and spent three days very pleasantly the guest of members of the really dealing fraternity, who saw that he dined regularly, drank at moderate intervals and rode behind good horses over all the suburbs and vacant places.

Within a week Mr. Audrey of Buffalo had properly drawn options on every one of the dozen choicest building sites in the town. He wore a very cheerful look as he bade his new-made friends adieu. "You will hear from me soon," he said to the little group of real estate men on the station platform.
Now, as things were seemingly taking a

more roseate color the ancient enemies of the prosperous days were revived, and when the erstwhile friends of Mr. Audrey of Buffalo looked after the departing train, in the mind of each one thought was uppermost—that deal must be mine. As a natural consequence there was a growing reticence manifest in real estate circles.

"It's a fine day," said Captain Wolfey, "real estate and fire insurance," dryly to Major Turner.
"A very fine day, indeed," replied Major Turner politely to Captain Wolfey.
"But there may be rain soon. We need it," interpolated Senator Carmack, with an exhibition of brilliancy that was truly remarkable for a man who made his mark oratorically as lieutenant governor and presiding officer of the state senate in the legislature of 1888.

Not a word was said about the dozen options the gentlemanly Mr. Audrey was carrying off in his inside pocket, but each Buena Vistian hoped his own would return profitably.
For the next three days a profound and all-pervading silence reigned over the real estate and manufacturing situation. Records in the court house received a thumping as records never received before. There was an undertone of adroit inquiry that set the keen nose of Eddie Hustle, the Journal's local editor, on the scent of a story. Eddie knew that Major Turner's clerk, Larry O'Brien, was a bright boy, and he invited him out to play pool. Larry enjoyed winning four games easily, and poured a stein or two of beer through his green cravat, but he was second cousin to the sphinx on business matter.

It was April 14—Major Turner remembered the day because it was his birthday—a gentleman of imposing appearance registered at the Elks, the leading hotel, as "John L. Wilson, Detroit." Mr. Wilson wore a silk hat, new and glistening, a ruddy complexion and side-whiskers of that tinge. He looked prosperous, and might be taken for "the old man" in any large business concern. That was the impression young Earl Saunders, secretary of the Business Men's club, received when Mr. Wilson of Detroit called on him to make a few inquiries.

"Yes, I am interested in manufacturing in Detroit," Mr. Wilson admitted to Major Turner, when discussing business matters an hour later.
Mr. Wilson was greatly chagrined to learn that an option was already taken on a beautiful building site owned by the major. His disappointment seemed to deepen as he saw agent after agent and found apparently that all the desirable sites for manufacturers were held at option by a man who had been looking over the field a few days before.

"An option on that for \$7,000!" he said regretfully to Mr. Burdick of Burdick & Meyers. "Why, I would have made it \$10,000 spot cash."

In the course of two days Mr. Wilson of Detroit had admired twelve beautiful building sites in Buena Vista and had praised them far beyond their market value; he had also created the impression that he was a manufacturer of furniture, of immense wealth, and that his firm was intent on establishing a southwestern branch.

The day after Mr. Wilson's departure Mr. Audrey appeared in Buena Vista.
"Ah, Major Turner," he cheerily remarked, as he stepped into that gentleman's office. "I have returned to discuss further my proposition with you."
"I'll show you what I'll do, Mr. Audrey," said the major for that option, "the major is, shortly.
"Isn't the land for sale, or have you a better offer?"
"I think I'll hold on to it a little while longer."
"The option is yours for \$200," the stranger agreed after a little reflection.

"All right," said Major Turner, thinking of the greater profit he would make; "it's \$500."
It was a busy day for Mr. Audrey. When it became known he was in town there was a general search for him. He sat in his room at the Elks hotel and received real estate agents all the forenoon. When the last one had gone he held in his hand a dozen checks aggregating \$6,000.

"The manufacturing business does pay," he murmured to himself satisfactorily, as he sent below for a highball. Then Mr. Audrey buttoned his coat, stepped out to the First National bank and converted his checks into cash.

Under the influence of a soft, brown curl brushing his cheek in the cool of the evening, Larry O'Brien forgot his maxim that day—"a still tongue denotes a wise head." In a rubber-tired buggy he was whirling through a suburban lane with his first sweetheart beside him and his mind dwell on the future.

"There's a big furniture factory coming from Detroit and the town'll be fixed," said Larry characteristically to Mabel. The soft breezes were bringing up from the south, the freshening odors of spring. The wayside grasses were murmuring to the sprouting daisies. Larry quoted a familiar line from "Locksley Hall," then he told a great deal more about the coming enterprise—all in "strictest confidence."

When the drive ended and Mabel was set down at her own gate she found her dearest friend, Catherine, there. It would be no LeTrayal of confidence to tell her the joyous tidings. She told Catherine; Catherine on the way home told her dear friend, Edna; Edna told Rosemary and by 9 o'clock the intimate chum of the intimate chum of Mabel's dearest friend, down to the ninth relation of confidantes, knew that there was something remarkably interesting doing in business circles.

The Hon. Horatio Mulberry, attorney-at-law, was removing his dressing gown preparatory to retiring when his daughter, Geraldine, burst into the room and asked if he knew "a big furniture factory was coming from Detroit."

"Yes, it's all settled," said Geraldine, adding naively, "everybody knows it."
Judge Mulberry thought that he knew a little more about furniture factories than anybody else in that town, and when his daughter's revelation came to him he thoughtfully drew his fingers across his chin while he pondered. Then he took off his slippers and began to draw on his shoes.

"There's an important letter in my office that should get off on the midnight train," he said in response to his wife's anxious inquiry as to where he was going "at that time of the night." "I've just remembered it."

Instead of going to his own office, however, he went to the telegraph office and wrote this dispatch addressed to a Saginaw manufacturer:

Agent of Detroit people here moving mysteriously. If we can make announcement now the field is ours.
Then Judge Mulberry returned home and to rest.

"There surely is something doing," said Operator Jack Whitney to his chief in the telegraph office at noon the next day. "This is the twelfth message of this kind I've sent today."
He sat at the key and clicked off: John L. Wilson Detroit Mich.—Your offer is accepted. Answer. William Turner.
"There must be some awakenings in the old town," said Peter Osterbach, proprietor of the Cafe Owl, to his chef, at the same hour. "This is twelve small dinners for three tonight and all of them ordered by real estate men. What is doing, eh? We'll see."
Three score hot birds and more than three score cold bottles were prepared by

the chef of Cafe Owl at 9 o'clock. The large dining-room was decorated with small flags and a dozen tables were arrayed in snowy linen.

"I can't understand it yet how dem fellers has reasons for blowing themselves," commented Herr Osterbach to himself. "But it may be a surprise party—like leap year, maybe."
That evening Major Turner and his two friends were the first to arrive. The major stopped in slight amazement when he saw the ample preparations and brilliantly lighted dining-room.

"Why, what's going on here, a banquet?" he asked the proprietor.
"Ach, yes! Some small dinner parties! You are one. Herr Osterbach was broadly smiling. "Your table it was here."
Presently Mr. Burdick of Burdick & Meyers sauntered in with two guests.

"Ah, major, a little dinner party! I am having a birthday myself," he said.
The rival real estate men eyed each other suspiciously and when Senator Carmack appeared with two friends, closely followed by Captain Wolfey and his two guests, the air of mystery increased. Seven more trios were quickly added to the diners, and the repartee was replete with innuendo.

"Now, major," urged one of Turner's guests, "what's the good news—what's it all about? The duck is dead, but you had a birthday last week."
"Be patient," replied the veteran real estate dealer, wondering some himself what the explanation was to be. "I'm expecting a telegram and if it comes it may enlighten us."
Covert glances were exchanged from time to time between the tables, but none of the reserve of the dozen hosts extended to the two dozen guests at the feast.

"I suppose we'll have the surprise opened for dessert," suggested City Treasurer Laughart, who sat at Captain Wolfey's table.
"I hope dessert will not be puzzle pictures," protested Captain Earhart of Company D, N. F. M., from a table on the other side of the room.

While the forks were popping the Hon. Horatio Mulberry entered, accompanied by a suave, smooth faced, stockily built man, whom he introduced to those nearest him as "Mr. Jerome, a New York detective and an old friend of mine. He's out here on the trail of a couple of smooth crooks wanted in his town. Who are supposed to be working in this neighborhood?"

"Judge, won't you join us?" asked one of a convivial trio. "We're attending a surprise party, and you might as well be in at the finish."
"If there's anything left," the lawyer answered, and sought a table with his friend.

At that moment a messenger boy appeared with a bunch of telegrams in his hand. He went from one table to another and began to distribute them, the last to the Hon. Horatio Mulberry. His was the only steady hand that lifted the yellow envelope and tore the end. The others favored were the dozen hosts of the dinner parties.

"Now it's coming!"
"All together!"
"Telephone the news to Mary!"
And kindred remarks calculated to make a rift in the suspense were passed along.

There followed a moment of permeating silence. Judge Mulberry arose, held aloft his telegram, and said:
"Gentlemen, I have here a bit of very pleasing news. Listen." And he read, with deliberation:
SAGINAW, Mich., April 23.—To the Hon. Horatio Mulberry, Buena Vista, Mo.: Tell your people that we accept your offer, and with establish our large southwestern branch agency and factory in your city. The Universal Furniture Company.
H. B. THOMPSON, President.
"Hurrah for Buena Vista!" some one

cried, and a chorus went up from every throat.

"That's it," said Major Turner, quietly, folding his telegram and putting it in his pocket.
The others were quick to follow the act, and only the Imp who delivered them knew that the other twelve telegrams were from Detroit and read:
"John L. Wilson not known here."

YE OLD-TIME LADIES' MAN

Characteristics of a Unique Individual Who Flourishes in Different Ages.

Out of old newspapers, as well as "out of old books," come fragments of recorded experience and ripe wisdom oftentimes apropos to present-day conditions. The characteristic of "a ladies' man" are aptly set forth in a copy of the Nantucket Inquirer for 1828, in a style probably framed on the famous Addison, and the conclusion of the whole matter is reached through a series of sometimes apt, always quaintly flavored comparisons.

"There have been characters in all ages of the world to whom this motto has been applicable. It would not be difficult, even in sacred history, to point out a few, at least, who were similar to such as are at the present time denominated ladies' men; and profane history abounds with instances almost innumerable. But to go back to remote ages of the world, even to the time that Jacob kissed Rachel, for a character to exhibit in this speculation would be quite unnecessary, for the present age furnishes a great variety of specimens.

"First—A ladies' man is not like a gentleman's man. The former addresses himself to the passions, the latter to the understanding; the former attempts to be witty, while the latter is contented with being regarded as a man of sense; the former compliments the ladies, in hopes of being complimented in turn; the latter speaks in terms of commendation from a consciousness of female merit; the former affects more complaisance than he feels, the latter feels more than he expresses; the former is always adulatory, the latter is always candid; the former is always fawning, the latter is always respectful; the former expresses friendship without feeling it, the latter, often from motives of delicacy, conceals that which he feels; the former is always gay, the latter is always polite; the former is always unreserved, the latter is discreet; the former is ambitious of distinguished attentions, the latter contents himself with a reasonable share; the former would fain make the ladies believe they are a race of superior

beings and too divine for a terrestrial residence, the latter confers on them a just tribute of honor by regarding them as rational creatures, and, like the other sex, designed to be at least a while on earth before being translated to the empyrean abodes of bliss; the former is admired only by ladies of weak mind, the latter receives the homage and respect from women of the "brightest understanding; the former, like a meteor, may dazzle for a moment, the latter shines with a steady and serene light; the former makes a better gallant than husband, the latter a better husband than gallant; the former is despised by the most valuable part of both sexes, the latter is esteemed by all whose esteem is worth having.

"We shall now"—the writer has laid his foundation—"attempt briefly to show what a ladies' man is like. He is like a balloon, decked in gay attire, that attracts attention by fantastic and ridiculous tricks; he is like a lunatic, for he makes sonnets to the moon and recites tender stanzas to the ladies; he is like a butterfly, fond of living among flowers, but makes no honey; he is like a serpent, that associates to destroy; he is like a jackdaw, because he thinks he has no equal; he is like a weathercock, turned in any direction by a sigh; he is like a mole, for you never know where to find him; he is like a mock sun, which shines only in an impure atmosphere; he is like the dew, for he passeth off in vapors; he is like a mermaid, never what he appears to be; he is like froth, for he dwells only on the surface of things; and, indeed, he is like anything except a true gentleman and a profitable companion."—New York Tribune.

TOD SLOAN ASKS DAMAGES

American Jockey Wants French Jockey Club to Pay Him Forty Thousand Dollars.

PARIS, Nov. 24.—The suit of "Tod" Sloan, the American jockey, against the French Jockey club came up in the civil court today. Sloan claims \$40,000 damages for being warned off the turf in connection with Count De Sain-Palais' Rose De Mai, winning the race for the prix de Diane, at the Chantilly races, May 17, 1902. The case is attracting much attention, as it involves the Jockey club's sole control of the turf administration.

Maitre Labori began the presentation of Sloan's case by protesting against the action. The main point of M. Labori's argument was that Sloan being in this case, neither the trainer, nor the jockey, but merely employed to gallop horses, was not subject to the jurisdiction of the club. The case was adjourned for a week.

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