

"Luck": Short Story of a Young Man's Success

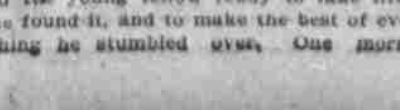
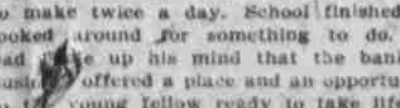
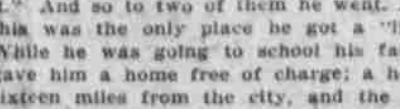
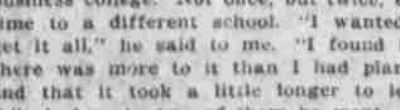
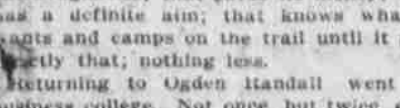
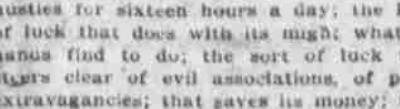
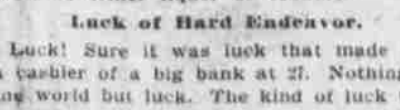
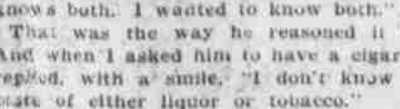
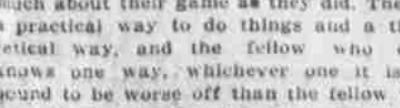
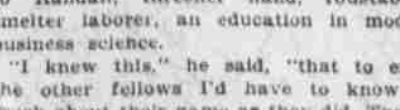
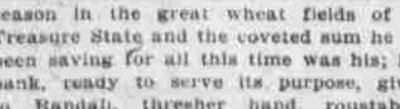
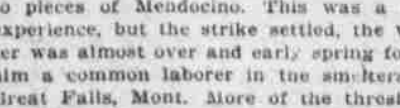
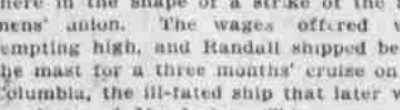
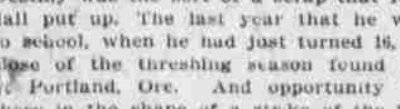
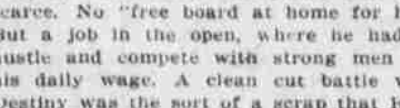
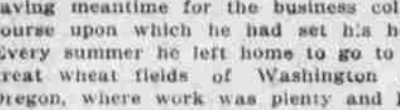
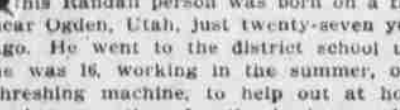
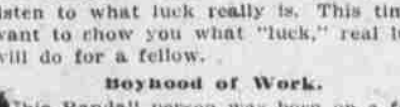
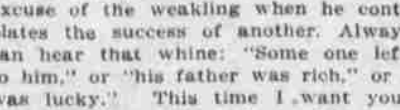
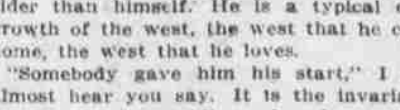
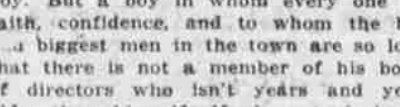
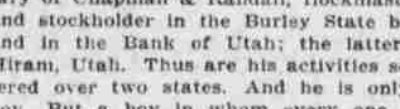
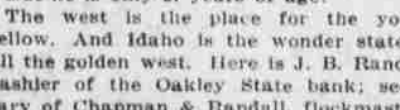
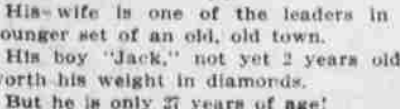
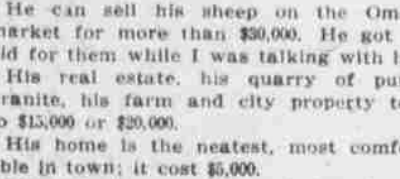
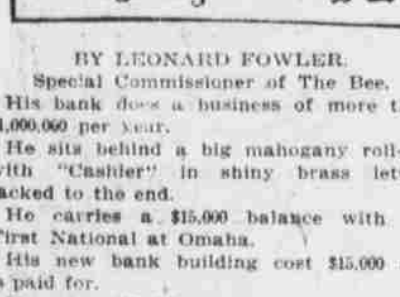
Steering Ship in Storm



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Threshing



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OAKLEY STATE BANK BUILDING AT OAKLEY, IDAHO

at that time he was only 19 years old, de-

clined to send him to West Point.

Titus entered the academy in July, 1901,

and immediately he was a marked man.

The cadets had heard all about him, and

as a "pibe" one of the things required of

him was to show up in unexpected places

at unexpected times and then, to solemnly

announce to whoever happened to be

around: "I am the hero of Peking; I am

the fellow who first scaled the walls of the

forbidden city."

Titus was game, however. He took his

medicine and soon became one of the most

popular men in the academy. While a

cadet Titus was one of the most active

workers in the Young Men's Christian as-

sociation, and was the president of the

organization when he graduated in 1905.

When he received his commission he was

ordered back to the Fourteenth, the regim-

ent in which he made his record as an

enlisted man.

When he joined the Fourteenth as an

officer Titus became intensely interested

in the religious welfare of the men and

was the leader in much of the evangelical

work that was done in the command. The

year following his commission in 1906 the

Fourteenth was ordered to Manila, and on

its arrival there Titus became interested

in the work of the Salvation Army and

identified himself with its work among

the soldiers. He was married about that

time, and his wife became and is still his

associate in his efforts for the spiritual

and moral uplift of the American soldier.

Last year Titus announced his intention

of resigning his commission to enter the

ministry, but General Luke E. Wright, who

had known him in the Philippines and who

was then the secretary of war, knew of his

record and decided he was too good a man

to be allowed to leave the service. When

Taft became president Secretary of War

Dickinson agreed with General Wright, and

so it was that Lieutenant Titus was asked

to remain in the army, with the promise

that he would be made a chaplain as soon

as he could qualify for the position.

Under the law no man can be a chap-

lain in the army unless he is ordained

minister of some religious denomination in

good standing, with recommendation from

some ecclesiastical body of five accredited

ministers from some denomination. Lieu-

tenant Titus thereupon decided to be or-

dnained. A few months ago he was made

a minister of the United Brethren, a relig-

ious body incorporated under the laws of

Colorado.

Last week Titus took his examination

and the report of the examining board is

now in the hands of Secretary Dickinson.

The board is certain he will make a fine

chaplain, but reported that, owing to the

fact that the young officer has as yet

had no personal experience, he could not

qualify.

In the meantime Titus remains an offi-

cer in the line, and while attending to his

military duties will find a way to get the

pastoral experience that will make him

eligible for the black broadcloth uniform

of an army chaplain.—New York Times.

LORD MACAULAY

England's Greatest Historian. Said in The Edinburgh Review:

"When I devour the pregnant pages of Ainsworth I am lost in amazement that his wonderful historical novels have not an abiding place in every home. A dabbler in history myself, I can fully appreciate the charm which his romantic style imparts to an often dry subject. His close adherence to established facts woven together in such attractive form renders his series of romances indispensable in the family circle. He always charms, but never misleads."

Ainsworth has done for English history what Dumas did for the French. Both wrote romances, interwoven with history, in such a way that they occupy the foremost place as historical romances in the literary annals of these countries. Ainsworth spun his web of fiction about the courts of Windsor, St. James, the Louvre, and the Escorial, and he is never so happy as when picturing Charles II and his madcap court at Whitehall, his witty sayings and his galaxy of beauties, the pliant Louise de Querouaille, the dazzling duchesses, poor bewitching Nelly, and, large as life, Sir Peter Lely a-pointing of them. The gay court of Paris is shown at its most interesting period. Crichton, the Admirable, was a brilliant Scotsman, whose handsome person, accomplishments, and courage, earned for him that title. The scene is laid during the time of Catherine de' Medici, and is full of the intrigues of Henry III, the incognito adventures of bon Henri of Navarre.

Probably no more graphic accounts have ever been written of the Plague of London and of the Great Fire than those in "Old Saint Paul's," and few historical works contain the equal of the descriptive writing in "Cardinal Pole," "The Constable of the Tower," or "The Star Chamber." In "John Law" is given an extraordinary interesting account of the Mississippi bubble and of the varied career of the great promoter.

To Ainsworth's skill and energy we are indebted for brilliant pictures of the Tower of London, Theobald's, Tower Hill, Newgate, Raleigh Gardens, etc., which he peopled with realistic portraits of the most interesting characters in English history—of Henry VIII, his wives, daughters, cardinals, and headmen;—of Queen Anne, of the Duchess Sarah, and her Duke of Marlborough;—of the Lord Mayor of London and his practice-town, etc., etc.

Ainsworth, born in 1805, carried on the work in historical romance ended by the death of Scott. With Ainsworth's death, in 1882, there was sundered the last of the chain of a brilliant coterie of English novelists of the nineteenth century: Thackeray, Dickens, Ainsworth.

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"Gives a vivid picture of the times and places with which he dealt."—New York Herald.

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"Makes the Tower of London the sympathetic background of all the mysteries of court intrigue that compass the unfortunate Lady Jane Grey; at Windsor Castle he unfolds the romance of Bluff King Hal and his many wives."—Philadelphia Times.

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Medals: 1876, Philadelphia. 1878, Paris. 1880-1, Melbourne. 1883, Vienna. 1889, Paris. 1893, Chicago. Awarded Grand Prix and Gold Medal by the International Jury at Paris Exposition, 1900. Under auspices of the United States Government, exhibited at Louisiana Purchase Exposition, 1904.

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Albion, (Cassia County) Idaho.

found him at the cashier's desk of the
Ogden State bank at Ogden, asking for
"something to do."

"It was the president who sat at that desk
that morning; the cashier was out, and
Randall frankly and plainly asked for
"something to do." The president was ac-

customed to being asked for almost any
and every place in the bank, but "some-
thing to do" was a new one on him. Not

necessary to detail what Randall answered
to the questions fired at him. He got
his job, which paid \$25 per month. And for

four months Randall worked for that
monthly stipend, riding every single day
sixteen miles to work and riding sixteen

miles back when the bank was closed. He
stayed with it; was the first at the bank
and the last to leave it. He was "on the

job" all day long and all the time. When
he took his first month's pay home his
family looked at it with the laconic re-

mark, "Better come back to the farm, it
pays better." "You watch me," replied
Randall, "I'll make that old man pay me

\$150 a month before I leave that bank."

And he did.
Of course it was Luck; just pure luck.
It was the sort of Luck that is waiting

outside the barn door at 5 o'clock in the
morning; the Luck that waits, just outside
the door to greet the first fellow down to

business, the Luck that helps a man de-
termine to get across anyway, over the
hard places of life. Oh, it was Luck, all

right, nothing but Luck.
All the Way Up.

After about four months he quit carrying
the little red bag of the bank collector
around the down town streets, and by

degree he worked in every single de-
partment of the bank up and including the
paying teller's cage, which, you must

know, is next to assistant cashier. Then
the Ogden banks wanted a secretary for
the clearing house. And Randall was se-

lected for that job. It was never an easy
one, but when the panic came he was
there, at the desk, night and day, ready

for any and every emergency. Did they
take Randall out and put in an older man?
Not on your life; they did not. Randall

was there, as wise as any of the older
ones; with youth and strength to stand
the strain. He had been everything in a

bank; knew the whole routine, and he
stuck to the job; nailed to the mast, he
was on deck. And, well, you know how

Ogden, Utah, came through the panic.
All the Way Up.

Some Utah Capitalists.
In the First National bank at Ogden is a

man named David Eccles. That man is
worth \$100,000 in his own name and right.
Also there is M. B. Browning, whose in-

come is in excess of \$500,000 per year.
Browning is the inventor of the automatic
principle in all the Colt's fire-arms. He

makes lots of money. It's like the Selden
patent to automobiles. This man Brown-
ing is many times a millionaire. David

Eccles is the head of the sugar beet in-
dustry of the inter-mountain country; he
is the head of the lumber interests of eastern

Oregon. Browning is associated with
him. When that resignation of Randall's
came to these men, there was a consulta-

tion for that job. It was never an easy
one, but when the panic came he was
there, at the desk, night and day, ready

for any and every emergency. Did they
take Randall out and put in an older man?
Not on your life; they did not. Randall

was there, as wise as any of the older
ones; with youth and strength to stand
the strain. He had been everything in a

bank; knew the whole routine, and he
stuck to the job; nailed to the mast, he
was on deck. And, well, you know how

Ogden, Utah, came through the panic.
All the Way Up.

Some Utah Capitalists.
In the First National bank at Ogden is a

man named David Eccles. That man is
worth \$100,0