



SERIAL STORY

THE MAKER OF MOONS

By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

Illustrations by J. J. Sheridan

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CHAPTER I.

Concerning Yue-Lou and the Xin I know nothing more than you shall know. I am miserably anxious to clear the matter up. Perhaps what I write may save the United States government money and lives, perhaps it may arouse the scientific world to action; at any rate it will put an end to the terrible suspense of two people. Certainly it is better than suspense.

If the government dares to disregard the warning and refuses to send a thoroughly equipped expedition at once, the people of the state may take swift vengeance on the whole region and leave a blackened, devastated waste where today forest and flowering meadow land border the lake in the Cardinal Woods.

You already know part of the story, the New York papers have been full of alleged details. This much is true: Barris caught the "Shiner," red handed, or rather yellow handed for his pockets and nose and dirty fangs were stuffed with lumps of gold. I say gold advisedly. You may call it what you please. You also know how Barris was—but unless I begin at the beginning of my own experience you will be none the wiser after all.

On the 31 of August of this present year I was standing in Tiffany's chatting with George Godfrey of the designing department. On the glass counter between us lay a crated serpent, an exquisite specimen of chiseled gold.

"No," replied Godfrey to my question, "it isn't my work; I wish it was. Why, man, it's a masterpiece!"

"Where?" I asked.

"Now, I should be very glad to know also," said Godfrey. "We bought it from an old Jew who says he lives in the country somewhere about the Cardinal Woods. That's near St. Louis, I believe."

"Lake of the Stars?" I suggested.

"Some call it Starlit Lake—it's all the same. Well, my rustic Reuben says that he captured the sculptor of this snake for all practical and business purposes. He got his price, too. We hope he'll bring us something more. We have sold this already to the Metropolitan museum."

I was leaning idly on the glass case, watching the keen eyes of the artist in precious metals as he stoned over the old serpent. "A masterpiece!" he muttered to himself, fondling the glittering coil, "look at the texture! when!" But I was not looking at the serpent. Something was moving—something pocket-sized, snarling, something soft and yellow with crablike legs all covered with coarse yellow hair.

"What in heaven's name!" said I, "have you got in your pocket? It's crawling out! It's trying to creep up your coat, Godfrey!"

He turned quickly and dragged the creature out with his left hand.

I shrank back as he held the repulsive object dangling before me, and he laughed and placed it on the counter.

"Did you ever see anything like that?" he demanded.

"No," said I, truthfully, "and I hope I never shall again! What is it?"

American Dare-Devilry

IN THIS ISSUE

you will find the opening chapters of the new serial we have promised our readers entitled:

The Maker of Moons

By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

It is a story very much above the average in originality of plot, stirring adventure and pleasing romance. One of the very best of the many great productions of the greatest of American writers.

Read It. You Will Like It

REAR-ADMIRAL EMORY RETIRED



Rear Admiral William Henry Emory, U. S. N., who retired the other day on account of the age limit, began his long and honorable naval career when he entered the Naval academy in 1852, and ended it when as "admiral of the blue" he lowered his flag last November at Hongkong as commander of the second squadron of the Asiatic fleet and left his flag ship, the Lo Isola, to return home.

In these 46 years Rear Admiral Emory had commanded a number of separate vessels, the first being the Palos, when he was 25 years old; one a division of four battleships in the Atlantic fleet in 1896, and then as a squadron of eight, which he has just left.

Rear Admiral Emory was born in Washington, D. C., December 17, 1846. His first duty was aboard the Savannah, the Froquois and the Naumuck, on the Asiatic station. Work in the observatory in Washington followed until, in 1871, when he sailed on the Relief, bearing stores for famine sufferers in France. Thence he went to the far east on the Colorado and the flagship Lackawanna.

Duty at the Naval academy for two years preceded his appointment as first lieutenant of Admiral Howells' flagship, the Trenton, on the European station, and as executive officer on the Wyoming, which service lasted until 1890. Then came his attachment to the staff of President Arthur at the National celebration and the staff of Admiral Porter until 1891, when he was selected to command the Bear on the Greely relief expedition.

During the Spanish war Commander Emory commanded the Yosemite, manned by the Maryland Naval Reserves. Alongside maintained the blockade off Porto Rico, being attacked by five Spanish vessels, of which the Yosemite destroyed one, the Antonio Lopez.

In his credit work Rear Admiral Emory received many seals, raised the bark Java Gray and towed her to San Francisco, for which he received the thanks of the chamber of commerce. In Manchuria he performed good service in protecting Japanese missions from attacks by Chinese mobs. For this work the emperor of Japan thought to decorate him.

RICHER THAN ROCKEFELLER



Thomas Barlow Walker of Minnesota, is the second man to be discovered who is credit of with being richer than John D. Rockefeller. But when as John D.'s wealth is to cash and stocks that return a handsome dividend in cash every three months, the Walker millions are represented by enormous timber tracts. In his own hands, this plain, quiet Minnesota has 20,000 acres of the finest sugar pine and yellow pine on the upper Sierra Nevada mountains in northern California, while his holdings in his own state of Minnesota make upwards of a million acres. And still he objects to being referred to as "the timber king." His timber riches are even more valuable than those of Frederick Wegman, although the latter has been made famous as the man who is richer than the Standard Oil magnate. Walker began life at Kenosha, O., 65 years ago, and made his way upward through the prosaic career that included berry picking, selling newspapers, clerking, working as traveling salesman, teaching school, surveying and finally lumbering. He started the latter with out either money or influential friends, but he succeeded in landing a contract to furnish ties for a railroad and that opened the way. He was helped early in his career by James J. Hill, then "Minnesota's wheel agent." Now that he has made his pile, he spends most of his time in picture and pottery collecting, while his sons look after the business.

"I don't know that, either," laughed Godfrey. "I found it, clinging to the box that this gold serpent was brought in. I suppose my old Reuben is responsible."

"If the Cardinal Woods are the lurking places for things like this!" said I. "I am sorry that I am going to the Cardinal Woods."

"Are you?" asked Godfrey, "for the shooting?"

"Yes, with Barris and Pierpont. Why don't you lift that creature?"

"Go on, on your shooting trip and let me alone," laughed Godfrey.

I shuddered at the "crash" and bade Godfrey goodbye until December.

That night Pierpont, Barris and I sat chatting in the smoking car of the Quebec express when the long train pulled out of the Grand Central depot. Old David had gone forward with his dogs, poor things, they hated to ride in the baggage car, but the Quebec & Northern road provides no sportsmen's cars, and David and the three Gordon sisters were in for an uncomfortable night.

Except for Pierpont, Barris and myself the car was empty. Barris, trim, stout, ruddy and bronzed, sat drumming on the windowledge, puffing a short fragrant pipe. His gun-case lay beside him on the floor.

"When I have white hair and years of discretion," said Pierpont, languidly, "I'll not flirt with pretty sergents; I will, you know, Roy?"

"You mean the maid with the cap in the Pullman car," said Pierpont.

"Yes," said Pierpont.

I smiled, for I had seen it also. Barris whistled his crisp gray mustache and yawned.

"You children had better be tending off to bed," he said. "That lady's maid is a member of the secret service."

"Oh," said Pierpont, "one of your colleagues?"

"You might present us, you know," I said, "the journey is monotonous."

"Wrong!" Billy Pierpont, said Barris, coolly. "I found it, clinging to the box that this gold serpent was brought in. I suppose my old Reuben is responsible."

"Gold was an element when I went to school," said I.

"It has not been an element for two weeks," said Barris. "And, except Gen. Drummond, Prof. La Grange and myself, you two youngsters are the only people except one old world who know it—or have known it."

"Do you mean to say that gold is a composite metal?" said Pierpont slowly.

"I do. La Grange has made it. He produced a scale of pure gold day before yesterday. That nugget was manufactured gold."

Could Barris be joking? Was this a colossal hoax? I looked at Pierpont. He muttered something about that getting the silver question, and turned his head to Barris, but there was that in Barris' face which forbade jesting, and Pierpont and I sat silently pondering.

"Don't ask me how it's made," said Barris, quietly. "I don't know. But I do know that somewhere in the region of the Cardinal Woods there is a gang of people who do know how gold is made, and who make it. You understand the danger this is to every civilized nation. It's got to be stopped at once. Drummond and I have decided that I am the man to stop it. Wherever and whoever these people are—these gold-makers—they must be caught, every one of them—caught or slain."

"Or shot," repeated Pierpont, who was owner of the Cross-Cut gold mine and found his income too small. "Prof. La Grange will of course be prudent—science need not know things that would upset the world."

"Little Willy," said Barris, to whom "your income is safe."

"I suppose," said I, "some flaw in the nugget gave Prof. La Grange the tip."

"Exactly. He cut the flaw out before sending the nugget to be tested."



Barris had drawn a telegram from his pocket, and as he sat turning it over and over between his fingers he smiled. After a moment or two he handed it to Pierpont, who read it with slightly raised eyebrows.

"It's not—I suppose it's either," he said. "I see it's signed by Gen. Drummond."

"Drummond, chief of the government secret service," said Barris.

"Something interesting?" I inquired, holding a cigarette.

"Something so interesting," replied Barris, "that I'm going to look into it myself."

"And break up your shooting trip?" "No. Do you want to hear about it?"

"No. Do you want to hear about it?"

"Yes," replied that immaculate young man.

Barris rubbed the amber mouthpiece of his pipe on his handkerchief, cleared the stem with a bit of wire, puffed once or twice, and leaned back in his chair.

"Pierpont," he said, "do you remember that evening at the United States club when Gen. Miles, Gen. Drummond and I were examining that gold nugget that Capt. Niles had? You examined it also, I believe."

"I did," said Pierpont.

"Was it gold?" asked Barris, drumming on the window.

"It was," replied Pierpont.

"I saw it, too," said I, "of course it was gold."

"Prof. La Grange saw it also," said Barris. "He said it was gold."

He worked on the flaw and separated gold into its three elements.

"He is a great man," said Pierpont, but he will be the greatest man in the world if he can keep his discovery to himself."

"Who?" said Barris.

"Prof. La Grange was shot through the heart two hours ago," replied Barris, slowly.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

WORKER MUST LOVE VOCATION.

First Requisite for the Attainment of Success in Any Line.

A prime qualification for success in any art, trade or profession is the love of it, though love alone will by no means bring success in it. The love must be reciprocal; that is, the vocation must desire the follower, for reasons which must remain as much a mystery to him as to any of his witnesses.

"She was love-worthy," says Helene, in treating of a more passionless case, "and he loved her; but he was not love-worthy, and she loved him not." The fond youth, university-bred or self-made, may have ever so great a desire for journalism, but journalism will have no desire for him, unless he has the peculiar charm for it which commands affection in all cases. He can only prove the fact by trying and by longing to try with a longing that excludes the hope of every other reward beside the favor of the art he wishes to embrace.

Riches, fame, power may be in the event, but they are not to be in the quest. The wish to succeed in it for its own sake must be his first motive, and the sense of success in it must be left to add themselves, without his striving for them. So far as he strives for them, they will alloy and dilute his journalistic success.

W. D. Howells, in Harper's Magazine.

I look upon the simple and childish virtues—sincerity and honesty as the root of all that is sublime in character—style.

WHY NOT OWN LAND?

ONE OF THE BEST WAYS TO MAKE MONEY IS TO INVEST IN WESTERN CANADA.

"Deep down in the nature of every properly constituted man is the desire to own some land." A writer in the Iowa State Register thus tersely expresses a well-known truth. The reason is where is the best land to be had at the lowest prices, and this the same writer points out in the same article. The fact is not disguised that the writer has a personal interest in the statement of his case, and there is no hidden meaning when he refers to Western Canada as presenting greater possibilities than any other part of the American Continent, for the man who is inclined to till the soil for a livelihood and possible competence.

What interests one are the arguments advanced by this writer, and when fairly analyzed the conclusion is reached that no matter what personal interest the writer may have had, his reasons appear to have the quality of great soundness. The climatic conditions of Western Canada are fully as good as those of Minnesota, the Dakotas or Iowa, the productiveness of the soil is as great, the social conditions are on a parity, the laws are as well established and as carefully observed.

In addition to these the price of land is much less, easier to secure. So, with these advantages, why shouldn't this—the offer of Western Canada—be embraced. The hundreds of thousands of settlers now there, whose homes were originally in the United States, appear to be—satisfied. Once in awhile complaints are heard, but the Canadiana have never spoken of the country as an "alien land," no matter what they may have thought. The writer happened to have at hand a few letters, written by former residents of the United States, from which one or two extracts are submitted. The purpose is to prove that the writer of the Register has a good basis of fact in support of his statements regarding the excellency of the grain growing area of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta.

On the 29th of April of this year, W. H. Conley, of Leavenworth, Alberta, wrote a friend in Detroit. He says: "The weather has been just fine ever since I came here in March, and I believe we could find it if we wanted to some small bunches of snow around the edge of the lake. There is a frost nearly every morning; at sunrise it begins to fade away, then those blue flowers open and look as fresh as if there had been no frost for a week. . . . There is no reason why this country should not become a garden of Eden; the wealth is in the ground and only needs a little encouragement from the government to induce capital here. There is everything here to build with—good clay for bricks; coal underground; plenty of water in the spring lakes, and good springs coming out of the banks."

EASY FOR THE PAINTER.

Worthy individual had All the Details in His Mind.

A Chicago artist relates how a wealthy individual from Kansas City, with his wife and three sons and four daughters, once called upon him.

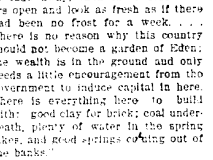
"Here we are," exclaimed the head of the family. "Nearly a dozen of us. Mr. Painter, how much for a painting of the whole of us, discount for cash?"

"That will depend," answered the artist, smiling with his hand.

"Upon the dimensions, style, etc."

"Oh, that's all fixed," responded the other breezily, with the air of a man who knows exactly what he wants. "We are to be dashed off in one place as large as life, sitting on the lawn of my place just outside of Little Old K. C. singing 'Hail Columbia.'"—Harper's Weekly.

MAKING THE MOST OF IT.



"Don't be alarmed, Mrs. Ash, this microscope is in order to enable me to see what I'm eating!"

DREADFUL DANDRUFF.

Girl's Head Encrusted—Feared Loss of All Her Hair—Baby Had Mite. Crust—Mississippi's Wife Made.

Two Perfect Cures by Cuticura.

"For several years my husband was a missionary in the Southwest. Every one in this high and dry atmosphere has more or less trouble with dandruff and my daughter's scalp became so encrusted with it that I was alarmed for fear she would lose all her hair. After trying various remedies in desperation I bought a cake of Cuticura Soap and a box of Cuticura Ointment. They left the scalp beautifully clean and free from dandruff. And today I can say that the Cuticura Remedies were complete success. I have also used successfully the Cuticura Remedies for so-called 'milk-crust' on baby's head. Cuticura is a blessing. Mrs. J. A. Douglas, 519 Fifth St., Cambridge, O., Jan. 20, 1908."

Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston.

Thy yesterday is thy past; thy today is thy future; thy tomorrow is a secret.—Wycliffe.