

Warriors of the Dream

By HERMANN HAGEDORN

THEY pushed their glowing joys aside,
They laid their shining hopes away;
They hearkened, pale and starry-eyed,
And closed the books and dropped the play.
They said, "There is a greater thing
Than fame or golden harvesting.
Out of the storm there came a cry
And we will answer, though we die!"

They answered from the seething plain,
They answered from the reeling height,
To the last reaching-forth, in pain,
They sent their answer down the night:
"Though hope allure and love enthrall
And precious, youth and glory seem,
Sweeter than all, greater than all
Is to give all to a dream!"

They will not come again to play
The old games through the summer day,
Or seek the cool woods or the brooks
Or open now the dusty books.
Yet, where in crowds, with restless feet,
The getters and the spenders meet,
There is, at times, a strange deep sound
Not from the sky, not from the ground,
And voices such as music hath
That shakes the heart and chokes the breath:
"Though hope allure and love enthrall
And precious, youth and glory seem,
Sweeter than all, greater than all
Is to give all to a dream!"

On its old orbit swings this earth;
Day comes, night comes; the seasons pass;
And holy memories, amid mirth,
Are but as shadows on a glass.
Men may forget and time erase
Of name and deed the last faint trace;
But in still hours, amid their joys,
Unborn, undreamed of girls and boys
Shall of a sudden be aware
Of something not of earth or air,
A burning brow, a glowing eye,
A flame, a presence and a cry:
"Though hope allure and love enthrall
And precious, youth and glory seem,
Sweeter than all, greater than all
Is to give all to a dream!"

The Wolf in the Flock

A clever crook poses as a philanthropist and persuades a minister to become a financier

By GEORGE WITTEN

HOW could he face his congregation? The Pastor paced the floor of his study, ringing his thin hands. For the past three days he had been "out" to all callers, but to-morrow would be Sunday, and he must conduct his usual services. To-morrow triumphed accusing eyes would be race the Am as he entered his pulpit. He had done nothing that was criminal or really wrong. It had simply been a case of bad judgment. But it had cost his congregation thousands of dollars. Many of them had parted with their life's savings on his advice.

He had been honest in the whole matter, but he had been a dupe. The Promoter had come to him with, apparently, good credentials. If he had only verified these, the whole matter would have been averted. But the Promoter had swept him off his feet by his wonderfully frank and open-handed manner. At first he had simply played the rôle of a devout attendant at the Sunday services. When an appeal was made for funds with which to meet the interest due on the church debt, he had given a contribution of a hundred dollars. It had been the same when the church had been called upon to give its share toward foreign missions;

Promoter had headed the subscription list with a generous donation. Then, an impecunious member of the congregation had lost his wife, and hadn't the money with which to bury her, he had come forward and had paid all the funeral expenses.

"Do all the good you can in the world, it is the only thing worth living for," was the constant saying of the Promoter.

In a few weeks he had become an usher in the church and one of the Pastor's most ardent helpers in the numerous tasks and problems that every minister has.

Just when it was that the Promoter's great "uplift work" was first divulged to the Pastor, and then to his congregation, he couldn't remember. But it had seemed such a wonderful proposition. It was going to double the purchasing value of the workingman's dollar. It was a great and daring attack on the capitalists. Under the Promoter's plan of co-operative buying and selling the man in the street would reap all the benefits

of large profits that now go to the capitalists.

With a broad-minded, generous man like the Promoter at the head of it, the plan seemed certain of success. The Pastor rejoiced that the opportunity to take part in such a great work had been afforded him, and he had joined hands with the Promoter. However, he had not been the only man of standing in his community who had given his unqualified indorsement to the stock issue. There was the Superintendent of Public Schools, the Secretary of the Y. M. C. A., and the Secretary of the Y. W. C. A.

None of these had allowed their names to be used in the promotion literature, but they had talked of the plan, and when asked for advice by those who looked to them for guidance had advised investing. The only man in the town who openly fought the proposition was the Secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, but then the Promoter had pointed out the fact that the Secretary represented the merchants of the town, who were reaping big profits and whose business would be affected. This had seemed a reasonable and logical argument, and had helped further to prove that the Promoter's plan was a real fight against the big interests.

The stock had sold with a boom. Men and women who had lived contentedly on moderate incomes, investing their small savings in Liberty Bonds and securities of proved stability that paid only small dividends, suddenly developed extravagant ambitions. There was little talk of anything else but the great equalizing plan of the Promoter. It was going to give every one the same chance in life. But those who invested first and got in on the ground floor would have advantages over those who held back and didn't come in until the plan was put into effect. The thing to do was to *invest at once*.

Homes were mortgaged, Liberty Bonds and good securities were sold, and money taken from the savings banks. There was more happiness in the community than there had ever been before. Everybody wore a smile, and the Promoter stood out among them, a Moses come to lead them from bondage. Then, crash! What had happened? The Promoter

had disappeared, his elaborate offices were closed, and the firm that had rented him his office furniture was trying to collect the rental from the stockholders. Other bills, made in the name of the corporation, were pouring in, but the officers of the enterprise had vanished.

The Superintendent of Schools was away on his vacation. The Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. was attending a convention. The Secretary of the Y. W. C. A. had taken to her bed, and remained there, too ill to see anybody. The Pastor had been left to face the enraged stockholders alone. For days his door-bell and telephone had rung incessantly. Then he did what he should have done months before, made investigation of the Promoter's credentials. These he found, to his dismay, were forgeries.

When the crash first came, the Pastor had attempted to appease the stockholders and had tried to justify his position by showing them his own elaborately engraved stock certificate, which he had bought with his small savings. But there was no reasoning with them—all they wanted was their money back. Finally he had denied himself to all callers and had attempted to concentrate his mind on his sermons. But to-morrow was Sunday, and to-morrow he must face an enraged congregation.

The position of the Pastor was only the same as that in which hundreds of honest, well-meaning men have found themselves in recent years. The promoter of to-day is a student of psychology, and, while there is always a flaw in his makeup and he has his weaknesses, he is a man of brains, who, if he exerted his efforts in the right direction, could accomplish great things. One of the greatest troubles with the average man is that he expects to find the marks of the beast in every vender of worthless securities; he looks for the "horns," while the most dangerous of the promoters are men of smart and often benevolent appearance, with soft voices and kindly manners.

The writer, in once making an investigation of a fraudulent concern that was playing the "uplift game" to the superlative degree, found the head of the enterprise to be a man with silvery white, wavy hair of the Mark Twain type; a jovial, round face with a most engaging