

Complete Story.

The Sanity of Coogan.

A YANKEE MINING YARN.

BY WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT.

Griswell-street was sufficiently troubled with matters of its own without worrying over the apparent degeneration of Fortunatus Greer. This young man was neither the first nor the last promoter whose ruin proved that the keystone of his nature was of chalk formation. Among the men who have passed the foothills of success there are those whose efficiency is the final fruit of failure and discouragement. Continuous hammering has reinforced their physical endurance and lengthened the reach of their mental fibre. Their progress is growth. A contrary class seem to find a pay streak on a sunny morning. With no apparent effort they keep pace for awhile with the toiling, panting ones. Finally the rich lode is dissipated in the thin air of a precipice, night settles down, and the lack of training tells. The progress of the second class is a rise, and the difference between "rise" and "growth" is the difference between chalk and steel.

Young Greer, endowed in the beginning with usual skill in the manipulation of finances, had risen phenomenally and without bumps. At the age of 25 he found himself ready to cope with the older heads of the street, the dollar-wise and the many battled financiers, whom experience had zinc-lined. The consequences have been chronicled. The memorable issue of Wade Consolidated Petroleum, steered by the master promoter, Hugo Neiomath, of New York, wrecked Greer as well as many better men. Instead of struggling to his feet Greer refused to tolerate himself, severing all connections by means of absinthe at the "Academy."

Two weeks after the petroleum wreck Coogan, the active member of the firm of Blain and Coogan, stock brokers, dropped into the "Academy." Greer was there, his elbows resting upon the dark red polished table, his unshaven chin embedded in a pair of unsteady hands, his unnatural eyes staring fixedly at the empty glass before him.

"Will I be permitted to inquire dot young man's name?" a colossal stranger, standing next to Coogan, asked. He jerked his hand toward the defiled Fortunatus.

"A clever little fool who can't stand punishment," Coogan replied. "He lost all he had in the Wade Consolidated parachute, and he hasn't the nerve to tackle the up-grade again. I used to co-operate with him some-

what because I fked his keen way. I saw him here the morning of the wreck. He was obliterated. I put him into a Turkish bath, saw him right, staked him, and thought I had him on his feet, but he fell down the minute I left. You see, I let him have some of the Wade poison a day or so before the leak was sprung. (Wade was big gam) at the time, and I meant well enough), so I wanted to see him out of the dark. He won't even grope, and the green devil seems to have got him. I'm sorry because he has a head. . . Look at him now!"

Greer had aroused himself and was thumping upon the table. . . The two talked together at length. From Coogan's point of view the stranger was interesting, doubly so after the introduction. Coogan knew Hugo Neiomath to be a manipulating genius of New York, but he did not know that Neiomath was the wizard who changed Wade Consolidated from disaster into victory at the expense of a hundred puppets, Greer, Blain and Coogan included.

After lunching with the Belgian Coogan returned to his office, wondering why he had so hastily refused to be Neiomath's local agent, in the place of "Old Tartaric" Brett, who was about to retire. Coogan did not have the remotest idea that he had angered the New Yorker by his refusal, but such was the case. Left to himself, Neiomath directed his attention to the man at the table. F. Greer had neither lunched nor breakfasted for many weary days. He stared savagely at the elephantine stranger who sat down before him.

"In New York ve haf heard off you many times, heard off you as von uff de most bromising young men uff de Vest," began the smooth Belgian, "brosting his card into the other's twitching hand.

Greer's head swayed over the bit of pasteboard. A second later he lurched to his feet. "You are the Dutchman that 'Old Tartaric' made thousands out of?" he questioned in an intense whisper.

"In de city here, Meester Breet vas mine agent until now," Neiomath answered. "My name, by the way, is bronoune' Narrowmat. I am a Belgian, not vot you call 'Dutchman.'"

"Was it for you that he unloaded Wade Consolidated to ruin us all?"

"Meester Breet had mine orders. Ve combel no von to buy. Ve merely

try to save ourselves, vich is the first law uff nature. You are a boor man to-day; I am von mellionaire; to-morrow you are rich and I am your office boy. Is it not so—von beautiful seestem so ve get not too fat?" Neiomath laughed, involving 330 pounds in the effort.

Greer sank into his chair and, thumping on the table, ordered absinthe.

"Drink Rhine vine mit me or, better drink not at all for a while," quietly ordered the Belgian. Mysteriously enough, F. Greer banked the furious fires within him, and cooled his throat with a light wine. Though it involved the pangs of dissolution, the rebuilding of tissue began that moment. What Coogan, out of the goodness of his heart, had tried for days and failed to do, Neiomath accomplished in a moment. Having beaten back the wormwood, the master promoter resumed:

"Meester Breet is ill of health and will retire. You will take hees place as mine agent here. Before broceeding further vest, I will fully explain de possibilities of your position. By de way, are you devoted to de rising young cabalist in your midst—von Coogan?"

"I hate him," muttered Greer. "The luck of the gods stays with him, so that he cannot lose. It was Coogan who shifted his load of Wade Consolidated, or a big portion of it, upon my shoulders at the last moment."

This was rank injustice and a deplorable weakness on the part of F.

Greer, who did not remember that he had begged Coogan for more and more Wade shares while the latter were soaring, who refused to remember how Coogan had stood by him in a hundred substantial ways when Greer was a callow youth from college, and when he was a bruised and profitless wreck after the fall. Basest of metals is ingratitude. Neiomath also had his grievance against Coogan, an inconsiderable one, to be sure, but a grievance. He made answer soothingly:

"I will remember de sentiment. Meanwhile be bolite und helpful to Meester Coogan. Our time vill come; I say, our time vill come!"

A general mistake was made by men in touch with Coogan. With one or two exceptions, financiers believed that the fortune of the humorous millionaire was the result of luck rather than talent. A lordly generosity, features that defied the wheel-marks of passing yeans, hair that would not turn grey, a body that would not sweat blood in a disastrous moment, a mind that was broad enough to cover innumerable side issues apart from the primary task of fortune-building—all these characteristics were deemed incompatible with deep-rooted talent, and the street's estimate of Coogan suffered. The world never saw Coogan when his sleeves were rolled up and his athletic intelligence was battling with a heavy-weight problem, but there were such moments in his life—moments when

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