

Keep your face to the sunshine + you can not
see the shadows *E. G. Lewis*

ORDER NUMBER TEN

Being Cursory Comments
on Some of the Effects of

THE GREAT AMERICAN FRAUD ORDER

By E. G. LEWIS

Sometime President, *The Peoples United States Bank*



UNIVERSITY CITY PUBLISHING COMPANY
UNIVERSITY CITY
SAINT LOUIS, MISSOURI
1911

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Order No. 10.

July 6, 1905.

It having been made to appear to the Postmaster General upon evidence satisfactory to him, that the Peoples United States Bank, its officers and agents as such, and E. G. Lewis at Saint Louis, Missouri, are engaged in conducting a scheme or device for obtaining money through the mails by means of false and fraudulent pretenses, representations, and promises, in violation of the act of Congress entitled "An act to amend certain sections of the Revised Statutes relating to lotteries, and for other purposes," approved September 19, 1890,—

Now, therefore, by authority vested in him by said act and by the act of Congress entitled "An act for the suppression of lottery traffic through international and interstate commerce and the postal service, subject to the jurisdiction and laws of the United States," approved March 2, 1895, the Postmaster General hereby forbids you to pay any Postal Money Order drawn to the order of said parties, and you are hereby directed to inform the remitter of any such postal money order that payment thereof has been forbidden, and that the amount thereof will be returned upon the presentation of the original order or a duplicate thereof applied for and obtained under the regulations of the Department.

And you are hereby instructed to return all letters, whether registered or not, and other mail matter, which shall arrive at your office directed to the said parties, to the postmasters at the offices at which they were originally mailed, to be delivered to the senders thereof, with the word "Fraudulent" plainly written or stamped upon the outside of such letters or matter. Provided, however, that where there is nothing to indicate who are the senders of letters not registered or other matter, you are directed in that case to send such letters and matter to the Dead-Letter office with the word "Fraudulent" plainly written or stamped thereon, to be disposed of as other dead matter under the laws and regulations applicable thereto.

GEO. B. CORTELYOU,
Postmaster General.

PUBLISHERS' PREFACE

Enjoyment and comprehension of the cursory comments on the great American Fraud Order of which this volume is comprised, require that the reader be acquainted with the following circumstances:

The victim of Order No. 10, Edward Gardner Lewis, the son of an Episcopal clergyman, displayed from a very early age an aptitude for business enterprise and an intellectual precocity bordering upon genius. As a student at Trinity College, Hartford, Conn., young Lewis took up one commercial venture after another. He transacted, in all, a gross business amounting to many thousands of dollars. Immediately on leaving College in his Junior year, he married, and became the southern Sales Manager for the Waterbury Watch Company. This concern at that time was striving to introduce a line of high grade watches. The name Waterbury was then confined to the cheap "long-wind" two-dollar-and-fifty-cent-watch which had been previously exploited. There was a presumption on the part both of the public and the trade that a Waterbury watch and a cheap watch were synonymous terms. Lewis' task was to overcome this presumption. His sales were extraordinary, but this connection as traveling man was cut short at Nashville, Tenn., in the fall of 1895 by the sudden and serious illness of his wife.

While casting about for another business opening, Lewis' attention was drawn, quite by accident, to the

properties of Pyrethrum, the ordinary "Persian" insect powder, as an insecticide, and especially when burned, as a mosquitocide. Adapting himself to the situation with the remarkable versatility which has characterized his whole career, he investigated the properties of this substance, and, with the assistance of local chemists, he placed on the market a mosquitocide called "Anti-Skeet." Incidentally he devised two or three other proprietary articles. On these he drove a thriving trade and during two summers made considerable sums of money. The introduction of "Anti-Skeet" in St. Louis, one of the principal drug centers of America, brought Lewis to the attention of the Moffitt-West Drug Company, then a leading wholesale concern in that city. Recognizing Lewis' ability, they undertook to organize and finance a subsidiary concern, the Corona Company, allowing him in return for the right of sale of his proprietary articles, and for his services a substantial interest. The Moffitt-West Company, having become involved in the panic of 1897, was unable to carry out its obligations to finance the Corona Company. Lewis thereupon organized the Hunyadi Salts Company. This concern became involved in a lawsuit with the proprietors of Hunyadi Water, won its case, and established its standing with the drug trade, only to find itself at the end of its resources on the threshold of a profitable career.

These various excursions into the drug trade and the field of proprietary articles, including medicines, are interesting chiefly as disclosing the point of contact between Lewis and the publishing business, as publishing

has since been the principal field of his activities. As an advertiser of "Anti-Skeet" and similar products, expending annual appropriations of fifty thousand to one hundred thousand dollars he was exposed to the solicitation of the whole advertising fraternity. He was especially courted by representatives of advertising agencies, (among whom he afterwards numbered many of his staunchest friends,) and by representatives of the then existing type of mail order periodicals.

A shrewd advertiser, Lewis sucked dry the advertising men representing mail order journals, of the information concerning their own and other publications, which they were only too eager to impart, and bethought him, not unnaturally, that the grass might be greener on the other side of the fence.

The vicissitudes of his ventures in the drug trade lent emphasis to his inclination toward the comparatively stable mail order periodicals. Contact with their representatives revived a boyish ambition to become a publisher which had been quenched temporarily by failure, at the age of twelve, as publisher of a periodical having a subscription list of fifty, that came to an end after two issues with disastrous consequences to the owners' finances.

Now, however, Lewis seized the opportunity to embark in the publishing business. He established in 1899 the Winner Magazine, a typical mail order periodical of the old school, now happily extinct forever. This is not the place to review the evolution of the Winner, into the Woman's Magazine—a clean, wholesome, progressive publication, totally distinct from the old-fashioned class of mail order journals in which it origi-

nated, and recognized as a pioneer in the transformation of the whole mail order field.

Suffice it to say that the summer of 1904—World's Fair year at St. Louis—saw the Woman's Magazine housed in its unique new building, adjacent to the Fair Grounds, witnessed the entertainment of approximately eighty thousand subscribers as guests in "Camp Lewis," an elaborate tent city, and the reception at its plant of nearly one million visitors. The publication itself, rated as the fourth in America from the standpoint of mail order advertising, was appraised at one million dollars and upwards. It was earning at the rate of approximately a quarter of a million dollars a year.

Lewis about this time conceived the Peoples United States Bank, primarily as a convenience to the rural population, with whom he chiefly dealt, in their relations with himself and the mail order merchants who advertised in his columns. The Bank was promoted extensively in the Woman's Magazine. Its capital of one million dollars when first organized was increased to two and a half millions, and was proposed to be increased later to five million dollars. All had been over-subscribed. It was at this juncture, on July 6, 1905, on the report and recommendation of certain Post Office Inspectors, what is called a Fraud Order, was issued by Postmaster General Cortelyou against the Peoples United States Bank and E. G. Lewis personally, whereby they were deprived of the privilege of receiving any sort of communication by mail.

Evidently by collusion between the Republican ad-

ministration of the State of Missouri, and the Republican administration of the Post Office Department at Washington involving the Post Office Inspectors, themselves the personal representatives of the Postmaster General, the Banking Department of the State of Missouri intervened, took possession of the assets of the Bank and procured the appointment of a Receiver. The first Receiver was summarily ejected by the same Court by which he was appointed. The State Banking Department, however, over the protests of the Bank's officials, procured the appointment of a second Receiver, who proceeded to liquidate the affairs of the Bank. The Supreme Court of the State of Missouri later declared the appointment of the second Receiver to have been likewise illegal and unwarranted. The Bank was returned by this decree to the custody of its officials. But in the meantime its affairs had been wound up. The depositors were paid in full. The stockholders received a dividend of eighty-five cents on the dollar—afterwards increased to eighty-seven cents. Thus it appeared that the Bank was a sound and solvent institution at the time the Fraud Order was issued.

Lewis was subsequently indicted for "having devised a scheme (the Bank) in the nature of a scheme to defraud." He was twice brought to trial in the Federal Courts. The first trial resulted in a "hung" jury. The presiding Judge brought the second trial abruptly to a close by taking the case from the jury, and summarily directing a verdict of acquittal. He declared from the bench that "he would be unworthy to sit in his high

place" if he allowed the trial to proceed. He further pronounced the evidence of the defendant's (Lewis') good faith to have been "overwhelming."

Lewis, as publisher and editor of the Woman's Magazine, and claiming the privilege of free speech, arraigned with pungent, caustic and incisive criticism the chief actors, in what he was pleased to call the "assassination" of the Bank. In the heat of controversy he developed unsuspected resources of sarcasm, irony and invective. Yet throughout the pages of these cursory comments gleams the opulent atmosphere of an Indian Summer. A sunny optimism, a sweetness of spirit and a debonair light-heartedness breathe from all his outpourings during this period of storm and stress, which betoken anything but a broken spirit or a disposition rendered sour or cynical by his hurts and wrongs.

The Woman's Magazine had during the years 1905 and 1906 in excess of one and a half million circulation. There was not a Post Office in America where copies were not received. Lewis' comments on the great American Fraud Order during this period sat ill upon the queasy consciences of the officials against whom they were directed. Perchance their political associates and allies took alarm. On an investigation and report by the same Post Office Inspectors (in part) who advised the Fraud Order against the Peoples United States Bank, on March 4, 1907, Mr. Cortelyou, before leaving the Post Office Department and assuming (to the amazement of the civilized world) his post as Secretary of the Treasury of the United States, signaled the clos-

ing hours of his administration as Postmaster General, by affixing his signature to a letter to the Postmaster at St. Louis withdrawing the second-class privilege from the Woman's Magazine and the Women's Farm Journal. Thus he effectually barred those publications from the mails at a cost to the publisher mounting into the hundreds of thousands of dollars.

Luckily for him, some months previously, Lewis had founded the Woman's National Daily, a newspaper for women. Notwithstanding sundry adverse reports and recommendations of the same Post Office Inspectors on that newspaper, Lewis forced on the war until in December, 1907, the second-class entry of the Woman's Magazine and Woman's Farm Journal were restored upon conditions as regards mechanical appearance, subscription price and advertising policy, in all respects the same as formerly, but upon an enforced reduction of the subscription list such that both those periodicals were eventually forced to the wall in the competition.

In the Fall of 1906, the Fraud Order against Lewis, then having been but recently withdrawn, his publications were still debarred from the privilege of second-class entry in the mails, he himself was under indictment for having devised "a scheme (the Bank) in the nature of a scheme to defraud." At this time, on petition of his neighbors and upon full hearing, as provided for by law, a tract of land was incorporated into a separate municipality under the title of University City. This lay adjacent to the City of St. Louis upon its western border and embraced within its limits the plant of the

Lewis Publishing Company and the estates of the University Heights Realty and Development Company, both promoted and largely owned by Lewis. The Judges of the Court having jurisdiction under the Statutes of Missouri appointed Lewis the first Mayor. That office he has since occupied continuously, his successive re-elections having been given by his neighbors with practical unanimity.

It was under conditions such as these, and in relation to the facts above narrated, that these "cursory comments upon the great American Fraud Order" were uttered. Only from some such brief review as this can its effects be properly comprehended.

The intent of the Fraud Order is to silence its victim and crush him utterly. At the least it is calculated to bring about a mood of penitence and humility suited to his supposed offenses. But Order No. 10 produced in the author of these pages sundry sentiments on optimism, on friendship, on innovation, on confidence in those having authority, the right of protest, and other topics.

These are herein submitted to the candid reader in the belief that they are likely to lift him upon the horns of this dilemma: Does Lewis deserve to rank among the most consummate actors of all ages, confronting his accusers with a clear brow of innocence, while harboring at heart the black consciousness of guilt? Or, rather, was he the victim, and, through him, were his innocent associates victims, at the hands of an un-American bureaucracy, of acts of high-handed oppression?

The issue being one of truth and justice may be safely entrusted to the aroused and enlightened consciences of a free people.

THE PUBLISHERS.

INTRODUCTORY

Probably one of the principal differences between a dog and a human being is that the latter can and does look into the future—"dream" if you wish to call it that—and having dreamed proceeds to constructively bring that dream into a tangible reality. The dog can only bark and snap at the new and beautiful thing that passes him, of which he has no power to conceive or grasp, and hence, when it becomes a reality and confronts him, not understanding it because it is new to him, he rushes snarling and barking at it to tear it to pieces to prevent its progress. Unfortunately, evolution has not taken all of this dog trait out of a great many of us, to whom any new plan must be a fraud and impracticable because we never did and never will dream ahead of our kennels.

Recently a young man soared on wings heavier than air six thousand feet straight up into the sky, then stopped his engine and in great circles swooped to earth again like a superb eagle. If he had done it a hundred and fifty years ago he would have been burned at the stake. The Wright brothers passed through an ordeal of ridicule but three or four years ago, and every man and woman, who seeks to leave the beaten paths, dream and then give their whole life and energy to accomplishing the dream, must pass through it, no matter how clean, useful, beautiful and economically sound the

dream may be. Then, having snapped and barked the new idea and its dreamer into despair, disgrace or ruin; having perhaps injured and for a time blighted the efforts of those who seek to build, does the human dog offer anything or give anything in its place? No, he seeks his kennel, curls himself up in the sun of others' past dreams, now accepted facts, and prides himself that he has "protected" some one who neither asked his protection nor needed it. He simply made an injurious nuisance of himself, and if we could only license him with a dog tax, chain him up so as to limit his damage, he would be really useful. At large, irresponsible, with nothing to lose, his joy is in creating alarm, perhaps frightening a beautiful, strong and useful team of horses into a runaway, smashing their carriage and killing its innocent occupants.

Every sincere, independent man or woman who undertakes to accomplish anything which sets the old dry bones of their environment to rustling, wakes up such human dogs and sets them to barking. It does not matter how fine and useful the thing is that you would do; if something new, it is pronounced impossible, a fake, a fraud, and everything else in the dictionary of the human barker. Straightway the two-legged dogs come out into the light and raise their voices in loud protest, seeking to "protect" you from something they know nothing about and which they don't want to and don't care to know about. It is new to them, and that is enough to condemn it. The bigger, finer and newer your dream, the louder the barks and the more dogs it will attract. A great parade brings them out from

every corner. Every man or woman who ever accomplished any fine big thing for the betterment of the human race had to meet this snapping, barking pack. Often they were torn to pieces by it, yet the dogs were honest dogs. Take your history and read the story of any step forward in human progress. It is always the same story. If you would lead in your community, no matter how fine your ideals, how self-sacrificing your efforts, how beautiful and useful your purpose, you must be prepared to meet the dog type, for he has been a part of the race since the beginning. If you are afraid of dogs and their barks, do not seek to better yourself and your neighbors, but stay in the crowd that stands still and watches the parade, and the dogs will not notice you. If you wish to accomplish something, to develop and improve yourself and your surroundings, to dream and then make the dream come true, be prepared to give the best there is in you to meet attack, abuse, misrepresentation, barks and snaps that will try your courage, your endurance and your very soul.

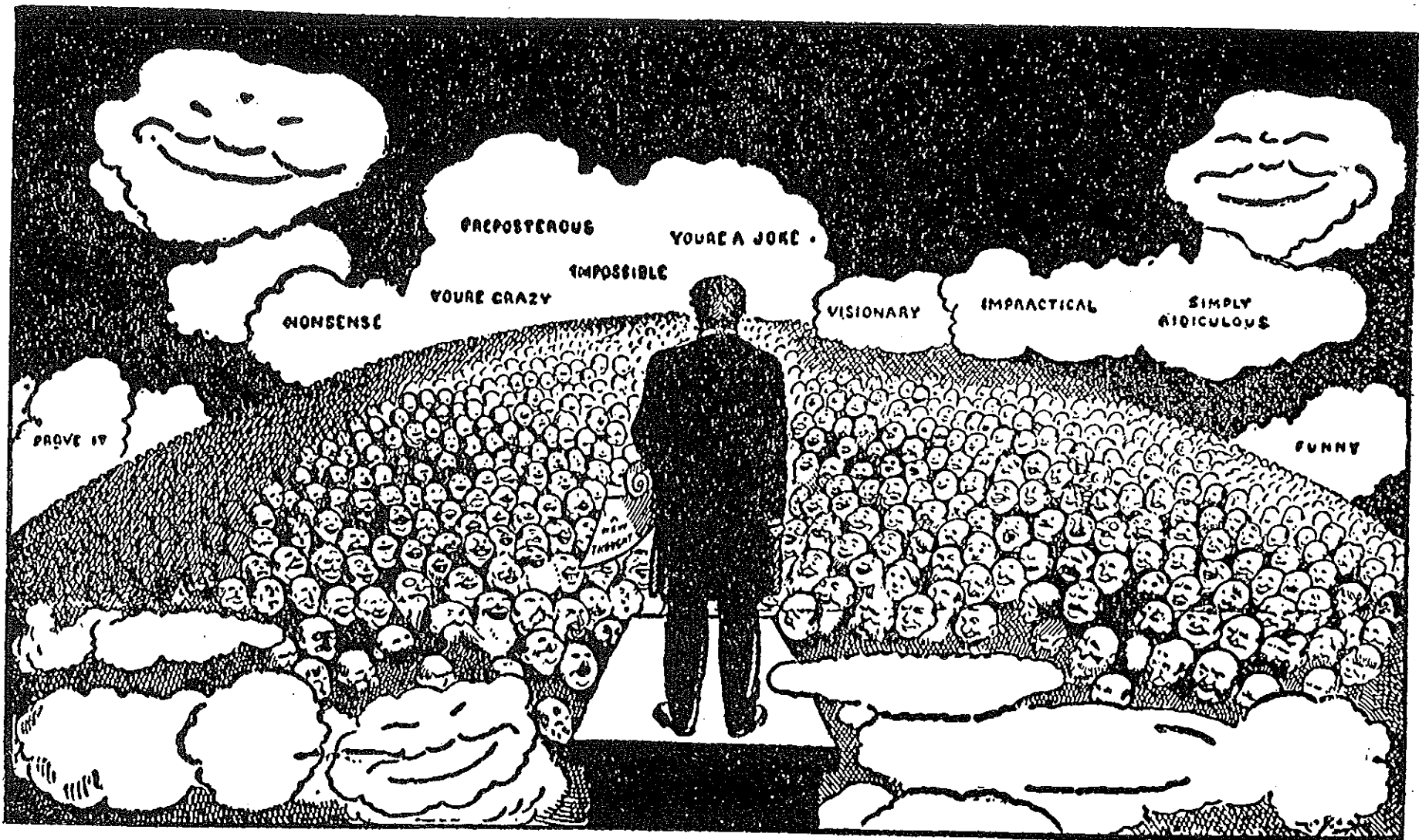
There is no such thing as something for nothing. The greater the accomplishment sought, the finer and broader and more useful the thing to be done, the more bitter the attack and the heavier the price you must pay. The nearer the front you get the fiercer will be the attack upon you. Whatever you are seeking to accomplish, you may be sure of one thing, and that is that the price in effort and in heartaches will be exactly in proportion to its greatness.

Before retiring last night I lay on the grass under the

stars and looked up at them in silent wonder; each tiny, twinkling spark of light a great world unknown to us. Millions and millions of great worlds, and millions more beyond them which we can not all see, all moving in perfect and wonderful harmony and order for countless millions of years, and will continue to do so as many more. I thought of the wonderful knowledge we have gained, of the better understanding of things beginning to dawn on our minds, and all we know and all we have accomplished seemed pitifully little beside the vast universe of which we are atoms. A sense of human helplessness, frailty and vanity swept over me. Why was it? What is it all for and where is it all going? What was the use of striving, struggling, trying day and night to accomplish something, to move the peg one notch higher, when all that we could do must in a few short years crumble back to dust? My collie dog came and put his nose against my face, then curled up beside me and went to sleep. I had the answer. He was a dog and could not dream, but only bark at the stars. I, a man, could both dream up to the stars and then bring them down to me by a life of earnest effort of giving the best there is in me without stint, of faithfulness to trust, of courage under trial and difficulty, of seeking for better things. I lifted my own soul, mind and heart a peg higher and nearer to harmony with the life of the universe. I could build something that would not die or crumble to ashes, and in its building I could gain all that was worth gaining. The other choice was to curl up with my dog and stop dreaming. You, too, must

choose. What we are dreaming and then doing will live long after us, for no step forward in human improvement is ever really lost, although the tangible evidences of it in stone and mortar may long since have crumbled. Only thus can we build our own character and set the peg one notch higher for those who follow.

E. G. Lewis. —*September, 1910.*



HOW THE WORLD RECEIVES A NEW IDEA.

through this journal I could tell the people why they were denied it. As for a postal bank, I saw no reason why I and my millions of readers should not create and organize it ourselves, providing a national form of exchange at par for small remittances and building up an institution so exactly fitted to the needs and requirements of the people that it must eventually be taken over by the Government, or force the Government to give us a better one. The people certainly had as much right to do so as the express companies. Then, too, I would found here a great postal library, so that the people in remote rural districts might have the free use of its instruction and improvement at the cost of a postage stamp, the books being delivered and called for by rural delivery. Other institutions would follow, each in turn supplying some great need or meeting some widespread requirement of the great new rural life and of the vast mass of the "common" people, who neither owned trusts nor held special privileges.

You are all familiar with what followed: How the bank was formed and three millions of dollars poured into it in a short few months; how its certified check system of exchange at par for small remittances rapidly spread over the nation, meeting the needs of the people and lessening the tribute to the express trust; how our little city was chartered; how our plans seemed to succeed with amazing growth, for they had the people, the "common" people, behind them, each one, though with but a single dollar, an equal partner in that dream of great and better things; of how, in the night, without warning that bank, sound and solvent, was struck down, and efforts made to suppress this little magazine; the

use of the mails denied us, and even the express companies attempted to refuse matter for transmission between us; of how for a year we were prohibited from even communicating with wife or loved ones by mail; of how the local postal officials seemed to be in a frenzy to accomplish our utter destruction in any way and by any means; of how hundreds of thousands of copies of our paper were secretly seized, and what was done with them is yet unknown, although postage was fully paid on them; of how our sealed first-class mail was seized and held by the local officials, although no charge that we knew of lay against us; of how we were secretly indicted, but have never yet (six years) been tried; of how receivers were forced into the bank, which had six times enough cash on hand to pay its every liability; of how, again and again, it was sought to ruin and suppress this little magazine and still its voice; of how its readers and the stockholders of the bank poured nearly two million dollars in to its support, sending it by express when denied the use of the mails; of how a great new plant, the largest and finest publishing plant in the world was built by our readers, and a great national daily newspaper started in the midst of the combined attack by local postal officials, State and the express trust; of how for two years we have been in a state of siege, denied the commonest rights accorded to condemned criminals, and yet no man dared come forward in open court and accuse us; of how, again and again, we sought the courts of our land for relief, only to be told that no court had the power to review the mandates of a postal official, that the use of the mails was a "privilege" in which no citizen had any rights and that the postmaster, through the

borne in on me the full knowledge of the momentous change rapidly coming about in conditions of the thought and lives of the vast multitude living in the villages and rural districts of the land. Nearly sixty-five per cent of the population of this nation resides on farms and in towns of less than three thousand inhabitants. A few years ago this life was isolated, crude, lacking in the comforts and conveniences of the cities, and a steady flow had been for years directed from it to the cities. In those few years, Rural Free Delivery had become established, and the farmer received his daily mail at his home twenty miles back in the country as conveniently as the city man did his. Telephones spread their network from farm house to farm house, while the trolley line brought the rural inhabitant in touch with his neighbors for miles around. The whole character of rural life was changing with lightning rapidity, yet these new conditions were apparently unknown and ungrasped, both by the Government and the great leaders of thought and progress in cities.

The thought became a passion, I hoped to lead in this vast movement towards making rural life better and happier; towards opening up a great new empire, which would make so attractive the life of the woods and the field, the source from which our cities and our nation itself must draw their life blood and renewed strength, that the flow would turn and the millions living in crowded cities would seek again the fields and flowers, where the city slaves could become useful, self-respecting, healthy men and women; where the under dog could have another chance.

St. Louis was strategically located. Eighty-five per

cent of all the rural routes in America start within a radius of five hundred miles of this city. An article, paper or letter mailed here to-day would to-morrow be delivered on eighty-five per cent of all the rural routes of America. Why should it not become the center, the heart of this great new movement and life? Why should not its institutions, its teachers, its strong men, become the great central hub of this vast new empire?

Better yet, I would found and build up about the home of this little magazine, already in touch with these millions of rural homes, a separate little city; a city of great institutions, devoted to the service, the uplifting and the help of these millions. About these institutions we would build our own homes, founding a beautiful little city within a city, the center of the confidence, good will and thought of the mass of the people, the capital of this vast new rural empire. Two things were lacking in this rural development of our people; first, a parcels post; second, a great postal banking institution. Against these two necessities which would make complete the rural life and development of the nation, was set the face of one of the most powerful influences in our national life; the express trust. In defiance of the whole people of a great nation this influence had been powerful enough to suppress every attempt to give the people either a national parcels post or a national postal bank. Out of sixty-nine thousand cities and towns, less than nine thousand had banks. Nearly thirty-five per cent of the post offices did not issue money orders. The great mass of the people, residing in the rural districts, had no facilities for banking and no form of exchange for remittance. I could not establish a parcels post, but

XII

ON AFTERTHOUGHTS

Nearly eight years ago I began the publication of this little magazine. The hope and ambition behind it was to make it the journal of the great mass of the people, especially those in the rural districts, where the high-priced magazines seldom if ever went. It is needless to go back over those early years with their bitter struggles, when even the household furniture and the family heirlooms were at times given in pledge to that idea. It grew—in fact, it grew so fast that at one time I owed several hundred thousand dollars in the effort to keep up the mechanical facilities with that growth. In a few short years it caught up with and passed every other publication in the world, reaching the enormous circulation of a million and a half copies each issue, going into approximately every tenth home in America. It gained and held the confidence of the people, and from coast to coast it became the welcome guest in the homes of rich and poor alike. It was clean, and to keep it clean more than half of all advertising offered us, advertising accepted by its competitors, was absolutely refused at any price for its columns.

Finally, the tide turned and it became one of the most valuable and profitable publishing properties in the world. A great publishing plant, one of the finest, most complete and costly publishing establishments in the world was erected for it, and I loved it and its beautiful home, with its hundreds of happy, prosperous employes, as only one who has created and brought forth

such an idea can love it. The wealth it brought was but a small thing as compared with the confidence, respect and good will of its millions of readers spread in every hamlet in the land. Gov. D. R. Francis laid the cornerstone of its beautiful home, and I told him then—he, a great man and I but a boy—that this institution would be true to itself and would never do a cowardly or dishonorable act.

The great plant was completed, and then came the World's Fair, when over 80,000 of our readers were our guests, and this institution was a source of pride to the City of St. Louis and to the American people. During the eight months of the Fair, over a million people visited our building, and this little magazine became the best-known publication in the world. The leading men of St. Louis contributed two hundred thousand dollars to its capital; hundreds of the people of St. Louis earned their daily bread and butter in it; and a million dollars per year was brought into and expended in St. Louis in the production of this little ten-cent magazine. It would be hard to find a happier institution, one more useful, more potential for good, or one that meant more to a greater number of people. We asked no favor, we sought no privilege, we gave value received and desired only to conduct our business fairly, honorably and in full accord with the law and the rights of our fellowmen. If anyone was being wronged, we asked only the privilege of righting it; if we were infringing any postal rule, we asked only that we be advised of it and permitted to correct the error.

Becoming, as I did finally, the center of the confidences of over two million homes, there was unconsciously

postal secret spy system, could confiscate any man's property, destroy his business and brand him publicly as a felon on secret evidence which he would never know, and no American court could give him relief; of how we had introduced in Congress the "Crumpacker bill" providing for a court review of "fraud orders," and how you so urged its passage on your Congressmen that it was passed by the House and then suppressed in the Senate by unknown influences; of how, then without a moment's warning, at the urging of the local postal officials, this little paper was deprived of the use of the mails and a final blow struck us, to close our mouths forever.

It is not my purpose to hold useless postmortems over these things. The future is with and before us, and we have too much work to do to have time for useless regrets. A great spirit and a great principle are involved. The freedom of the press, the right to the use of the mails, the right of fair and open trial, and a power in our courts to review the mandates of any postal official will all come as the fruits of our struggle, and they will be ample compensation for all that has passed. We can yet do all we have set out do, stronger and more determined than before. That deception and malice was used in order to prejudice high officials against us, is now generally felt and regretted. What we have before us now is the rebuilding of this great institution, the re-establishing of this little magazine, stronger, more fearless in the service of the people than before.

We are now assured from the highest quarters of absolutely fair and unprejudiced treatment, that in all things we will be accorded "exactly the same treatment

as is accorded all other publishers," and that our affairs will be taken up "without prejudice." This is all we have ever asked, all we ask now. If we have broken the laws, try us in open courts. If we have wronged any man, let him come forward. Mr. Cortelyou, who under the representations and charges of certain officials and others, issued the order denying this Magazine the mails, has himself requested that it be given again the use of the mails, subject to the regulations enforced against all publishers alike.

We have not been idle in these past five months. Two great new presses have been built for us, which will print this little Magazine in beautiful colors, making it one of the handsomest magazines published. These presses are now being erected and the next issue, barring accident, will appear in the new dress, a beautiful cover in five colors, and the fancy work and fashion articles in the real colors of the original designs and goods. Many new features will be added, the number of pages increased. The very best authors, contributors and illustrators will all do their part toward making it the best magazine published. Will you do your part to help us to place it in a million new homes? Let us all work together. Who knows but that we will yet carry to completion the great idea in all its details and that this institution and its papers of the people will become a powerful factor in our national life, for the betterment and uplifting of the people. It is worth trying.

To the multitude of subscribers to this little paper, and the other millions who have given us moral support and encouragement, I thank you. In the bitter hours of our struggles against what seemed hopeless assault,

AGENTS WANTED.

For a limited time "The Siege of University City and E. G. Lewis' Own Story" will be sold by mail orders at a reduced price of \$2.00. As soon as the book is ready for distribution the regular price of \$3.00 will be charged and sales will be made through agents only.

Many applications for agencies have been received. Many letters are received daily asking for territories.

Members of the American Woman's League, or persons formerly employed as solicitors by the Lewis Publishing Company, will be given preference in the assignment of field, provided their applications are sent in at once. Exclusive territory will be granted, and all orders received by mail, after the assignment of territory, will be credited upon the account of the agent in whose name the territory is reserved, provided that the conditions are lived up to by the agent.

"The Siege of University City and E. G. Lewis' Own Story" is undoubtedly destined to become one of the biggest selling subscription books on the market today, owing to the popular and national interest in E. G. Lewis and the Woman's League movement. It will be the easiest book to sell of any published in the last decade. Both the friends and foes of E. G. Lewis will buy it. This, added to the large commissions which can be offered makes this a splendid opportunity for live agents to build up a big income.

If you have not already filed your application, do so at once before someone else gets the territory you want. Address, UNIVERSITY CITY PUBLISHING COMPANY, University City, St. Louis, Mo.

Advance Subscription Order Blank

Read Carefully before filling out. Use pencil.

Advance Subscription Orders Price \$2.00

When published, The Siege of University City and E. G. Lewis' Own Story will cost \$3.00 and upwards.

Advance subscription orders will be accepted FOR A LIMITED TIME at \$2.00 cash with the order shipped collect, or 25c additional shipped by mail or express prepaid.

Complete book guaranteed to contain over 600 pages, printed on good paper, strongly bound in cloth, fully illustrated.

Special De Luxe Edition, Price \$10.00

The friends of Mr. Lewis will wish to have the superb de luxe first edition of The Siege of University City and E. G. Lewis' Own Story. This edition is limited to one thousand numbered copies. Each copy will be autographed by Mr. Lewis. This edition will NOT be SOLD BY AGENTS, but exclusively on mail orders and by private subscription among Mr. Lewis' friends. The publishers reserve the right, if this limited first edition is oversubscribed, to respect Mr. Lewis' wishes in the distribution of copies.

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