



WILL BE GREAT FIGHT

Postmaster General Forsees Vigorous Contest Over Parcel Post Scheme

SAYS IT WOULD BE POPULAR

Meyer Declares System Must Come—Claims It Would Bring Cheaper Service and More Revenue—Appeal Against Hill—Lumbermen vs. Railroads.

Washington, Oct. 18.—A great fight will occur during the coming session of congress over the parcel post proposition.

Postmaster General von Meyer is committed to a parcel post and while he admits that a bill providing for such a system will be vigorously opposed, he says that he feels convinced that the best interests of the country demand it and that it must come.

In reply to the principal objections that have been heretofore raised by the retail merchants in the smaller towns of the country that a parcel post is in the interest of the big catalog houses of the larger cities, Postmaster General von Meyer says that the system he proposes to establish will make good to all country merchants, even at the smallest cross-road town.

In other words, the new postmaster general would make the parcel post very popular by extending its provisions to all rural free delivery routes in the country, thus enabling the small merchants to deal with their country customers at a small expense, and at the same time saving the farmers many a trip to towns and villages.

Briefly stated, the proposed parcel post system will admit to the mails parcels and packages of a weight of eleven pounds, maximum postage to be 12 cents a pound (four pounds is now the maximum at 16 cents a pound) and a local service on rural delivery routes at 5 cents a pound, with 2 cents for every additional pound up to eleven. This local service will be confined to each rural route and cannot be extended beyond it. Mr. von Meyer believes this, if adopted, will make the rural delivery of mail self-sustaining, and the postal service as a whole would probably create a surplus.

Postmaster von Meyer claims that an extension of the parcel post in the United States would be enormously facilitated by the use of telephones. Telephone wires have followed in the wake of the rural free delivery wagon. The postage is now too expensive and the limit of the package too small, but instead of a four-pound package for 16 cents, let there be an eleven-pound package for 25 cents, and the rural free delivery will telephone to town for half the things they want—for hardware, groceries and dry goods—and in turn will be sending to town butter, cheese, eggs and vegetables. A great saving of time and money would be the extension that Mr. von Meyer wants. It would be a boon to manufacturers of great varieties of small articles.

The postmaster general refuses to consider whether this would involve the express companies. He approaches the matter purely as a parcel post extension that should give postal patrons a quicker and cheaper service.

In the supreme court of the United States an appeal was filed in the suit of Clarence H. Verner, of New York, to compel J. J. Hill, president of the Great Northern railway, to restore to the plaintiff as owner of 300 shares of the Great Northern stock, as well as to the other stockholders of that company, the profit of \$10,000,000 which Hill is alleged to have made by purchasing in 1900 and 1901 \$25,000,000 worth of Chicago, Burlington & Quincy railroad stock at an average of \$150 a share and then selling it to his own company for \$200 a share.

So the supreme court is asked to remand the suit back for trial to the supreme court of the state of New York, where it was originally brought in May, 1907. At that time, on petition of the defendant, the suit was taken to the circuit court for the Southern district of New York on the ground of adverse citizenship. The court dismissed the suit on the ground that the plaintiff did not own his interest in the Great Northern company at the time the injury complained of occurred. It is alleged that it is not necessary for this showing in the state courts of New York.

Pacific coast lumber manufacturers have united with the lumbermen all over the United States in attempts to compel the railroads to provide stakes for the flat cars used in transporting lumber. This item, apparently unimportant, is alleged to amount to \$3,000,000 annually. Shippers claim that the stakes are legitimately a portion of the railroad equipment, which railroads should furnish.

At present when a car reaches its destination the stakes are thrown away and new ones must be provided for each shipment. This matter has been brought to the attention of the interstate commerce commission, which will take it up Wednesday next, on which date the railroads will make answer to the demand of the lumbermen. The commission is also giving attention to the question of car shortage, it being reported that the railroads are not making an earnest effort to meet the situation. As an instance of the benefit even the small reductions are to shippers, it is stated at the office of the commission that the cut of 10 cents per hundred weight on oranges was worth \$540,000 on 28,000 cars, comprising California's annual output of that fruit.

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The Spoilers.

By REX E. BEACH.

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CHAPTER XIX:
EARLY in the evening Cherry Mallette opened her door to find the Bronco Kid on her step. He entered and threw off his rubber coat. Knowing him well, she waited for his disclosure of his errand. His sallow skin was without a trace of color, his eyes were strangely tired, deep lines had gathered about his lips, while his hands kept up constant little nervous explorations as though for days and nights he had not slept and now hovered on the verge of some hysteria. He gave her the impression of a smoldering mine with the fire eating close up to the powder. She judged that his body had been racked by every passion till now it hung jaded and weary, yielding only to the spur of his restless, restless spirit.

After a few objectless remarks he began abruptly:
"Do you love Roy Glenster?" His voice, like his manner, was jealously eager, and he watched her carefully as she replied without quibble or deceit:
"Yes, Kid, and I always shall. He is the only true man I have ever known, and I'm not ashamed of my feelings."

For a long time he studied her and then broke into rapid speech, allowing her no time for interruption.
"I've held back and held back because I'm not talker. I can't be in my business. But this is my last chance, and I want to put myself right with you. I've loved you ever since the Dawson days, not in the way you'd expect from a man of my sort perhaps, but with the kind of love that a woman wants. I never showed my hand, for what was the use? That man out-held me. I'd have quit four years back only I wouldn't leave this country as long as I were part of it, and up here I'm only a gambler, fit for nothing else. I'd made up my mind to let you have him till something happened a couple of months ago, but now it can't go through. I'll have to down on my knees and beg you. I'm not a wretched. No, it's a thing I can't talk about—a thing that's made me into a wolf, made me skulk and walk the alleys like a dogo. It's put murder into my heart. I've tried to assassinate him. I tried it here last night—but I was a gentleman once—till the cards came. He knows the answer now, though, and he's ready for me, so when we meet, I felt that I had to tell you before I cut him down or before he got me."

"You're talking like a madman, Kid," she replied, "and you mustn't turn against him now. He has troubles enough. I never knew you cared for me. What a tangle it is, to be sure. You love me, I love him, he loves that girl, and she loves a crook. Isn't that tragically enough without your adding to it? You come at a bad time, too, for I'm half insane. There's something dreadful in the air tonight!"

"I'll have to kill him," the man muttered doggedly, and, plead or reason as she would, she could get nothing from him except those words till at last she turned upon him fiercely.
"You say you love me. Very well, let's see if you do. I know the kind of a man you are, and I know what this feud will mean to him, coming just at this time. Put it aside and I'll marry you."

The gambler rose slowly to his feet. "You do love him, don't you?" She bowed her face, and he winced, but continued: "I wouldn't make you my wife that way. I didn't mean it that way."

At this she laughed bitterly. "Oh, I see. Of course not. How foolish of me to expect it of a man like you. I understand what you mean now, and the bargain will stand. Just the same, if that is what you came for, I wanted to leave this life and be good, to go away and start over and play the game square, but I see it's no use. I'll pay. I know how relentless you are, and the price is low enough. You can have me—and that marriage talk—I'll not speak of again. I'll stay what I am for his sake."

"Stop!" cried the Kid. "You're wrong. I'm not that kind of a sport." His voice broke suddenly, its vehemence shaking his slim body. "Oh, Cherry, I love you the way a man ought to love a woman. It's one of the two good things left in me, and I want to take you away from here where we can both hide from the past, where we can start new, as you say."

"You would marry me?" she asked.
"In an hour and give my heart's blood for the privilege, but I can't stop this thing, not even if your own dear life hung upon it. I must kill the man."

She approached him and laid her arms about his neck, every line of her body pleading, but he refused steadfastly, while the sweat stood out upon his brow.
She begged: "They're all against him, Kid. He's fighting a hopeless fight. He laid all he had at that girl's feet, and I'll do the same for you."

The man growled savagely. "He got his reward. He took all she had."
"Don't be a fool. I guess I know. You're a faro dealer, but you haven't any right to talk like that about a good woman, even to a bad one like me."

Into his dark eyes slowly crept a hungry look, and she felt him begin to tremble the least bit. He undertook to speak, paused, wet his lips, then carefully chose these words:
"Do you mean—that he did not—that she is a—good girl?"

"Absolutely."
He sat down weakly and passed a shaking hand over his face, which had

begun to twitch and jerk again as it had on that night when his vengeance was thwarted.
"I may as well tell you that I know she's more than that. She's honest and high principled. I don't know why I'm saying this, but it was on my mind and I was half distracted when you came. She's in danger tonight, though—at this minute. I don't dare to think of what may have happened, for she's risked everything to make reparation to Roy and his friends."
"What?"
"She's gone to the Sign of the Sled, alone with Struve."
"Struve?" shouted the gambler, leaping to his feet. "Alone with Struve on a night like this?" He shook her fiercely, crying: "What for? Tell me quick!"
She recounted the reasons for Helen's adventure, while the man's face became terrible.
"Oh, Kid, I am to blame for letting her go. Why did I do it? I'm afraid—afraid."

"The Sign of the Sled belongs to Struve, and the fellow who runs it is a rogue." The Bronco looked at the clock, his eyes bloodshot and dull like those of a goaded, fly maddened bull. "It's 8 o'clock now—ten miles—two hours. Too late!"
"What all?" she questioned, baffled by his strange demeanor. "You called me the one woman just now, and yet—"

He swung toward her bravely. "She's my sister."
"Your—sister? Oh, I—I'm glad. I'm glad—but don't stand there like a wooden man, for you're work to do. Wake up. Can't you hear? She's in peril!" Her words whipped him out of his stupor so that he drew himself somewhat under control. "Get into your coat. Hurry! Hurry! My pony will take you there." She snatched his garment from the chair and held it for him while the life ran back into his veins. Together they dashed out into the storm as she and Roy had done, and as he swung the saddle on the buckskin, she said:
"I understand it all now. You heard the talk about her and Glenster; but it's wrong. I lied and schemed and striven against her, but it's over now. I guess there's a little streak of good in me somewhere, after all."

He spoke to her from the saddle. "It's more than a streak, Cherry, and you're my kind of people." She smiled wanly back at him under the lantern light.

"That's left handed, Kid. I don't want to be your kind. I want to be his kind—"

Upon leaving the rendezvous Glenster and his two friends slunk through the night, avoiding the life and lights of the town, while the wind surged out of the voids to seaward, driving its wet burden through their flapping slickers, pelting their faces as though enraged at its failure to wash away the purposes written there. Their course brought them to a cabin at the western outskirts of the city, where they paused long enough to adjust something beneath the brims of their hats.

Past them ran the iron rails of the narrow gauged road which led out across the quaking tundra to the mountains and the mines. Upon this slender trail of steel there rolled one small, dingly teapot of an engine which daily creaked and clanked back and forth at a snail's pace, screaming and

walling its complaint of the two high loaded flatcars behind. The ties beneath it were spiked to planks laid lengthwise over the semi-liquid road-bed, in places sagging beneath the surface till the humpbacked, short waisted locomotive yawed and reeled, squealed like a drunken fishwife, and night it panted wearily into the board station and there sighed and coughed and hissed away its fatigue as the coals died and the breath relaxed in its lungs.



"I don't want to be your kind. I want to be his kind."

Early to bed and early to rise was performed the motto of its grimy crew, who lived near by. Tonight they were just retiring when stayed by a summons at their door. The engineer opened it to admit what appeared to his astonished eyes to be a Krupp cannon propelled by a man in yellow oiled clothes and white cotton mask. This weapon assumed the proportions of a great one eyed monster, which stared with baleful fixity at his vitals, giving him a cold and empty feeling. A way back beyond this Cyclops of the Sightless Orb were two other strangers likewise equipped.

The fireman arose from his chair, dropping an empty shoe with a thump; but, being of the west, without cavil or waste of wind he stretched his hands above his head, balancing on one foot to keep his unshod member from the damp floor. He had unbuttoned his belt, and now, loosened by the movement, his overalls seemed bent on sinking forward in an ecstasy of abasement at the intrusion, whereupon with convulsive grip he hugged them to their duty, one hand and foot still elevated as though in the grand balling sign of some secret order. The other man was new to the ways of the north, so backed to the limit of his quarters, laid both hands protectively upon his middle and doubled up, remarking fervidly:
"Don't point that damned thing at my stomach."

"Ha, ha!" laughed the fireman, with unnatural loudness. "Have your joke, boys."
"This ain't no joke," said the foremost figure, its breath bellying out the mask at its mouth.
"Sure it is," insisted the shoeless one.
"Must be. We ain't got anything worth stealing."

"Get into your clothes and come along. We won't hurt you." The two obeyed and were taken to the sleeping engine and there instructed to produce a full head of steam in thirty minutes or suffer a premature taking off and a prompt ejection from the realms of applied mechanics. As stimulants to their efforts two of the men stood over them till the engine began to sob and sigh reluctantly. Through the gloom that curtained the cab they saw other dim forms materializing and climbing silently on to the cars behind. Then, as the steam gauge touched the mark, the word was given, and the train rumbled out from its shelter, its whirring plaut at curb and crossing whirled away and drowned in the storm.

Slapjack remained in the cab, gun in lap, while Dextery climbed back to Glenster. He found the young man in good spirits, despite the discomfort of

his exposed position, and striving to light his pipe behind the shelter of his coat.
"Is the dynamite aboard?" the old man questioned.
"Sure. Enough to ballast a battleship."

As the train crept out of the camp and across the river bridge, its oil light or glimmer the sparks that were snatched and harried by the blast, the partners seated themselves on the powder cases and conversed guardedly while about them sounded the low murmur of the men who risked their all upon this cry to duty, who staked their lives and futures upon this hazard of the hills, because they thought it right.

"We've made a good fight, whether we win or lose tonight," said Dextery. Roy replied, "My fight is made and won."
"What does that mean?"
"My hardest battle had nothing to do with the Midas or the mines of Anvil. I fought and conquered myself."

"Awful wet night for philosophy," the first remarked. "It's apt to sour on you like milk in a thunderstorm. S'pose you put overalls an' gum boots on some of them Boston ideas an' lead 'em out where I can look 'em over an' find out what they're up to."

"I mean that I was a savage till I met Helen Chester and she made a man of me. It took sixty days, but I think she did a good job. I love the wild things just as much as ever, but I've learned that there are duties a fellow owes to himself and to other people, if he'll only stop and think them out. I've found out, too, that the right thing is usually the hardest to do. Oh, I've improved a lot."

"Gee, but you're popular with yourself. I don't see as it helps your looks any. You're as homely as ever—an' what good does it do you, after all? She'll marry that big guy."
"I know. That's what rankles, for he's no more worthy of her than I am. She'll do what's right, however, you may depend upon that, and perhaps she'll change him the way she did me. Why, she worked a miracle in my attitude toward life—my manner!"

"Oh, your manners are good enough as they lay," interrupted the other. "You never did eat with your knife."
"I don't believe in hankin' it," Glenster laughed.
"No, when it comes to intimacies with decorum, you're right on the job along with any of them easterners. I watched you close at them Frisco hotels last winter, and say, you know as much as a horse. Why, you was wise to them tablewares and pickle forks equal to a head waiter, and it give me confidence just to be with you. I remember putting milk and sugar in my consommé the first time. It was pale and in a cup and looked like tea, but not you. No, sir! You survived plenty to clean your fingers, I reckon."

Roy slapped his partner's wet back, for he was buoyant and elated. The sense of nearing danger pulsed through him like wine.
"That wasn't just what I meant, but it goes. Say, if we win back our mine, we'll hit for New York next, eh?"
"No, I don't aim to mingle with no higher civilization than I got in Frisco. I use that word 'higher' like it was applied to meat. Not that I wouldn't seem apropos. I'm stylish enough for Fifth avenue or anywhere, but I like the west. Speakin' of modes an' styles, when I get all lit up in that gray woosted suit of mine, I guess I make the jaded sightseers set up an' take notice, eh? Somethin' don't ever minute in the cranin' of necks, what? Nothin' gaudy, but the acme of neatness an' form, as the feller said who sold it to me."

(To Be Continued.)
Why Not?
(Milwaukee Sentinel.)
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