

THE CITY OF NUMBERSAYS BY FRANCIS LYNDE

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SYNOPSIS.

Brouillard, chief engineer of the Niogua irrigation dam, meets J. Wesley Cortwright and explains the reclamation work to him. Cortwright organizes a company and obtains government contracts to furnish power and material. Steve Massingale is a gold miner who has been successful in bringing a railroad branch to the place, thus opening a new market for the "Little Niogua" mine ore. Brouillard tells Amy Massingale of his need for money for the cost of his dead father's debts. She tells him to be true to himself. He declines for the extension, Mirapola, the city of numbersays, boom. Cortwright persuades Brouillard to become consulting engineer of the power company in return for \$10,000 stock. Proposal of work on the road threatens a panic. Brouillard spreads the Maslingale story of placer gold in the river bed and starts a gold rush. Brouillard is to be the promoter of the project. Amy tells Brouillard that her father is in Cortwright's financial straits. He tells her he has made \$10,000 and declares his love. She loves him, but shows him that he has become famous. A real gold find is made. Brouillard's father's debts. Cortwright's son abouts Steve Massingale. Brouillard threatens Massingale to give up the dam. The Maslingale story of the dam's abandonment. Brouillard's father's debts. Cortwright's son abouts Steve Massingale. Brouillard threatens Massingale to give up the dam. The Maslingale story of the dam's abandonment. Brouillard's father's debts. Cortwright's son abouts Steve Massingale.

"I can smash you," said the man in the chair, "without harm to me. No, you can't even do that. No man's fate is in another man's hands." He was moving toward the door, but Cortwright stopped him. "One more word before you go, Brouillard. It is to be war between us on this on?" "I don't say that. It would be awkward for both of us. Let it be arranged as you like. Don't interfere with me and I won't interfere with you." "Ah!" said the millionaire. "Now you have brought it around to the point I was trying to reach. You don't want to have anything more to do with me, but you are not quite ready to cash in and pull out of the game. How much money have you got?" "The cool impudence of the question brought a dull flush to the young man's face, but he would give the enemy no advantage in the matter of superior self-control. "That is scarcely a fair question—even between armed neutrals," he objected. "Why do you want to know?" "I'm asking because you have just proposed the noninterference policy, and I'd like to know how fairly you mean to live up to it. A little while ago you interfered in a small business matter of mine very pointedly. What because of the one hundred thousand dollars you gave old David Massingale?" "How do you know I gave him a hundred thousand dollars?" "That's dead easy," laughed the man in the pivot chair, once more the genial bureaucrat. "You drew a check for that amount and cashed it, and a few minutes later Massingale, whose account had been drawn down to nothing, bobs up at Schermhorn's window with ex-

claim and spend another million or so in wages that can be turned loose in Mirapola. Is that it?" "You've surrounded it very neatly," laughed the promoter. "Once, some little time ago, I might have felt the necessity of convincing your scruples, but you've got away all that foolishness. It's a little tough on our good old Uncle Samuel, I'll admit, but it'll be only a pin-prick or so in comparison to the money that is thrown away every time congress passes an appropriation bill. And, putting it upon the dead practical basis, Brouillard, it's your own and only salvation—personally, I mean. You've got to unload or go broke, and you can't unload on a falling market. You think about it and then get quick action with the wire. There is no time to lose." Brouillard was looking past Cortwright and out through the plate glass window which commanded a view of the great dam and its network of forms and stagings. "It is a gambler's bet and a rather desperate one," he said slowly. "You stand to win all or to lose all in making it, Mr. Cortwright. The town is balancing on the knife-edge of a panic."

CHAPTER XVIII—Continued. For the better part of a fortnight the tidal waves of property, as evinced by increasing speculative values, kept on rolling in, each one apparently a little higher than its immediate predecessor. Then the flood began to subside, though so slowly that at first it was only by a careful comparison of the daily transfers that the recession could be measured. Causes and consequences extraneous to the city itself contributed to the almost imperceptible reactionary tendency. For one, the Buckskin Mining and Milling company reluctantly abandoned its promise of plating barren furrows on Jack Mountain, and a little later went into liquidation, as the phrase ran, though the eastern bondholders probably called it bankruptcy. About the same time the great cement plant, deprived of the government market by the slackening of the work on the dam, reduced its output to less than one-fourth of its full capacity. Most portentous of all, perhaps, was the rumor that the placers at Quadangle were beginning to show signs of exhaustion. It was even whispered about that the two huge gold dredges recently installed were not paying the expenses of operating them. Quite naturally, the pulse of the wonder city beat sensitive to all these depressive rumors and incidents, responding slowly at first, but a little later in accelerated throbbings which could no longer be ignored by the most optimistic bidder at the "curb" exchanges. Still there was no panic. As the activities in local affairs fell off and the Mirapola market slackened, a little crowd of speculators gathered in line at the real estate offices for their turn at the listings, the prudent ones, with Mr. Cortwright and his chosen associates far in the advance of the field, were placing Mirapola property temptingly on view in distant markets; placing them and selling them with blazey of advertising worthy of the envy of those who have called themselves the suburb builders of Greater New York. It was after this invasion of the distant market was fully in train that Cortwright once more sent for Brouillard, receiving the engineer this time in the new offices of the power company on the main street, the light and solid corner opposite Bourgas.

CHAPTER XIX The Man on the Bank Brouillard, walking out of Mr. Cortwright's new offices with his thoughts afar, wondered if it were by pure coincidence that he found Castner apparently waiting for him on the sidewalk. "Once more you are just the man I have been wanting to see," the young missionary began, promptly making use of the chance meeting. "May I break in with a bit of bad news?" "There is no such thing as good news in this God-forsaken valley, Castner," he said. "There is trouble threatening for the Cortwrights. Stephen Massingale is out and about again, and I was told this morning that he was filling himself up with bad whiskey and looking for the man who shot him." Brouillard nodded unsympathetically. "You will find that there is always likely to be a second chapter in a book of that sort—if the first one isn't conclusive." "But there mustn't be this time," Castner insisted warmly. "We must stop it; it is our business to stop it." "Your business, maybe; it falls right in your line, doesn't it?" "No more in mine than in yours," was the quick reply. "Am I my brother's keeper?" said the missionary, looking at the man with the long-legged stride of the athletic young shepherd of souls. "Not if you claim kinship with Cain, who was the originator of that very badly outworn query," came the answer shortly. "What has come over you lately, Brouillard? You are a friend of the Massingales; I've had good proof of that. Why don't you care?" "Great heavens, Castner, I do care! But if you had a cut finger you wouldn't go to a man in hell to get it tied up, would you?" "You mean that I have brought my cut finger to you?" "Yes, meant that, and the rest of it, too. I'm not fit company for a decent man today, Castner. You'd better edge off and leave me alone." Castner did not take the blunt intimation. For the little distance intervening between the power company's handsomely appointed building he tramped beside the young engineer in silence. But at the entrance to the Niogua he would have gone his way if Brouillard had not said abruptly: "I gave you fair warning; I'm not looking for a chance to play the Good Samaritan to anybody—not even to Stephen Massingale, much less Van Bruce Cortwright. The reason is because I have a pretty decent backbone of my own to carry. Come up to my rooms if you care to spare a few minutes. I want to talk to a man who hasn't parted with his soul for a money equivalent—if there is such a man left in this bottomless pit of a town."

"There is no such thing as good news in this God-forsaken valley, Castner." "The careless thinker would say that it would yell 'Fire!' and go up in the air so fast that it could never climb down," was the prompt reply. "But we'll have the medicine dropper handy in the first place, everybody can afford to stay and boost while Uncle Sam is spending his million or so right here in the middle of things. Nobody will want to pull out and leave that cow un milked. In the second place, we've got a mighty good antidote to use in any sure-enough case of hydrophobia your quick dam building may start."

"You could let it leak out that, in spite of all the hurrah and rush on the dam, congress is really going to interfere before we are ready to turn the water on," said Brouillard meaningly and as if it were only his thought slipping into unconscious speech. "Precisely. We could make that prop hold if you were actually putting the top course on your wall and making preparations to drop the stop-gate in your apartment."

"I'll be the rejoinder, and it was made in the same half-baited monotone. "But while we are still on the knife-edge of . . . a little push . . . Mr. Cortwright, if there were one solitary righteous man left in Mirapola—" "There isn't," chuckled the promoter, turning back to his desk while the engineer was groping for the door knob—"at least, nobody with that particular brand of righteousness backed by the needful inside information. You go ahead and do your part and we'll do the rest."

"Will the clean-minded young missionary persuade the engineer to soberly and together they ascended to Brouillard's office. Once behind the closed door, Brouillard struck out viciously. "You fellows claim to hold the keys to the confidence shop, suppose you open up and let out a little of the precious commodity to me, Castner. Is it ever justifiable to do evil that good may come?" "No," there was no hesitation in Brouillard's laugh as he harshly derisive. "I thought you'd say that. No qualifications asked for, no judicial weighing of the pros and cons—the evil of the evil, if of the goodness of the good—just a plain, big 'No.'"

"The young missionary left his chair and began to walk back and forth on his side of the office desk. "Will the clean-minded young missionary persuade the engineer to soberly and together they ascended to Brouillard's office. Once behind the closed door, Brouillard struck out viciously. "You fellows claim to hold the keys to the confidence shop, suppose you open up and let out a little of the precious commodity to me, Castner. Is it ever justifiable to do evil that good may come?" "No," there was no hesitation in Brouillard's laugh as he harshly derisive. "I thought you'd say that. No qualifications asked for, no judicial weighing of the pros and cons—the evil of the evil, if of the goodness of the good—just a plain, big 'No.'"

USE OF CONFLICT LABOR IN OHIO BUSINESS METHODS USED BY STATE OFFICIALS IN OPERATION OF CORRECTIONAL INSTITUTIONS. HELPED TO KEEP DOWN COST Many Improvements Made in the Caring for the State's Thousands of Inmates Was One of the Great Problems Left for the Present Administration to Solve. By Claude C. Waltemire, Correspondent of the Ohio Republican Association. Columbus, O.—Few people give serious thought to the thousands of inmates of Ohio's great correctional and reformatory institutions. The maintenance of these unfortunate consumes a larger percentage of taxes than any other requirement and occasions much worry to those engaged in looking after their welfare. The ever increasing multitude of dependents and lack of facilities for their proper care was one of the problems inherited by Governor Willis and the State Board of Administration, which has direct charge of the institutions and their inmates. A preceding administration, with the aid of press agents with vivid imaginations, and a legislature that appropriated the people's money with reckless abandon, regardless of business methods, has sought to make political capital of the fact that Governor Willis has refused to be stampeded into hasty action and has taken the necessary time to investigate the various needs of the state institutions, alert in guarding the taxpayers money but with heart full of human sympathy for those in trouble and distress. While, unlike some of his critics, the governor has not been advertising his thoughts, his mind has been busy with the problem of the state's wards and a comprehensive plan of procedure has been evolved which will meet the approval of the taxpayers and afford needed relief to those requiring it. Co-operation Is Big Help. President C. C. Philbrick and the other members of the State Board of Administration understand the wishes of Governor Willis and are working with him harmoniously to hasten to fruition the plans for many improvements. It is the intention to use the labor of the state's wards wherever possible, and a careful investigation has revealed not only many idle men who are unemployed in the state, but a source of profit instead of expense to the state, but ways are rapidly being devised to use the labor of these people in many ways not attempted heretofore. The penitentiary of course will furnish much labor, but other institutions, such as the Mansfield Reformatory, the Boys' Industrial School, the Marysville Reformatory and the Institution for Feeble-minded will all be called upon to assist in contributing to their maintenance. Under the operation of the indeterminate sentence law, which prevents a judge from sentencing any one for a definite term, the population of the penitentiary has increased rapidly and is now the largest in its history, numbering in round numbers about 1,900 inmates. Of this number experience and experiments have demonstrated to the Board of Administration that only about 23 per cent can safely be used under the so-called honor system, which permits the working of prisoners away from the penitentiary practically without guards. About 300 of this class of prisoners are now working in different parts of the state. Forty are employed in the cultivation of 400 acres of ground owned by the state in Pickaway county, about 22 convicts from Columbus. Last year these convicts raised farm and garden produce of a value in excess of \$10,000, and it is confidently expected that a much better showing will be made this year. In the April issue of its Bulletin, the National Tax Association is recognized as the authoritative body in the United States on tax matters, and is composed of the leading tax officials and students throughout the country. In the April issue of its Bulletin, it has the following to say of the Parrett-Whittemore law: "On the whole, the new system preserves an admirable balance between local independence and state control. It should work well. State machinery for state tasks; local machinery for local tasks; co-operation between state and local machinery at all times; adjustment of local differences by an impartial state tribunal; this, we believe, is the true philosophy of the subject."

In a separate, and as it happens the opening, article of the same issue of the Bulletin appears an article under the heading, "Has Ohio Gone Back?" and devoted to a discussion of the state's rejection of the Warnes law. Stating emphatically that its information is not derived from any officer or employee of the State Tax Commission, but from its own correspondents, the Bulletin declares that the late experiment (under the Warnes law) furnished no real test of "selection or fitness." Concluding its comment upon this ill-fated law are these significant sentences: "The big lesson from the Ohio experience is the incompatibility of politics and centralization. We can stand, or at least survive, politics in assessment work, if the police be decentralized and centralized. But we cannot stand politics in a centralized system of assessment. Not only must a centralized system be divorced from politics; it must be clearly and obviously divorced from politics; it must be above suspicion."

And in none of these respects did the Warnes law measure up to the test. Such a striking opinion coming from such an authoritative national body, wholly divorced from any Ohio political influences whatever, needs no comment whatever. The final funeral oration upon the leading Cox measure has thus been passed.

Home-Made Spreads. Every woman likes to own a handsome bedspread, but the majority of spreads call for such expensive materials that few can afford to indulge in such luxuries. When any woman's reach, however, is the spread made of unbleached muslin. All over its surface conventional scrolls are outlined by means of huge French knots done in heavy white cotton. The edge of the spread is finished with cotton fringe. The sham that matches the spread is one long piece of the muslin a little wider than the pillows it is designed to cover. This is treated in the same manner as the spread and can be finished with the cotton fringe at the end or can be used all the way around.

Who Remembers Rickrack? It is a good many years ago since Rickrack was the fashionable trimming for petticoats and other intimate garments and now we are to use it on hats, a use to which it has never been put before. No less an artist than Odette has made excellent use of it so far this season, and the seed being

so, it is no telling to what lengths the fad may go for there is no shortage of Rickrack in the market, since it never wears out. The Rickrack hat has a crown of fine Tuscan braid, the brim around which is made of the Rickrack, which was dyed a pleasing shade of pastel blue. The brim, the width of the Rickrack, was made double and wired between the layers. The only trimming used was a band of ribbon of the same shade of blue dyed around the crown and finished with a loose bow of several loops extending out to the edge of the brim.

Violet Bodice. Some of the new lace blouses show underbodies of pale velvet crepe or silk. These are especially attractive for wear with a suit in some shade of purple or blue. Silk Bags. Some of the new silk bags have tortoise shell tops, and these tops can be bought separately, so that the silk foundations of any sort can be attached.

Questions of Man— Replies by God

By REV. B. B. SUTCLIFF Extension Department Moody Bible Institute of Chicago

Suppose a minister is preaching on the word "believe." A member of the audience suddenly begins to ask question and the minister answers in words from the Scriptures. The first question is: Whom Am I to Believe? "If we receive the witness of man the witness of man the witness of God is greater; for this is the witness of God which he hath testified of his son." 1 John 5:9. It is not the church, nor the minister, nor any company of men the sinner is to believe in. It is God himself as he speaks concerning his son. There might possibly be some hesitation in believing what man would say, but there can be no hesitation in accepting the testimony of such a credible witness as God. The sinner is asked to believe none except the God of the Scriptures. Another question is immediately asked, viz: What Am I to Believe? God's own answer to this is "the that believeth not God hath made him a liar; because he believeth not the record that God gave his son. And this is the record that God hath given to us: eternal life, and this life is in his son." 1 John 5:10. That record is the gospel concerning God's son, Jesus Christ, who was delivered for our offenses, who died for our sins according to the Scriptures, who was our own self-bearer of sins in his own body on the tree, and who was raised from the dead the third day according to the Scriptures. This is what God declares concerning his son, and this is what the sinner must believe in order to have God's gift of eternal life. I am to believe, on the authority of God's own testimony, that Christ died for my sins and that he rose from the dead and ever liveth to make intercession for me.

The congested condition that has existed in some of the institutions has been relieved by the opening of the Lima Hospital and plans are well under way to care for the crowded condition in institutions where the Lima Hospital could not afford relief.

FAVORED BY TAX ASSOCIATION National Organization Commends Parrett-Whittemore Tax Law. Of great interest to the people of Ohio is the opinion of the National Tax Association complimenting the Parrett-Whittemore tax law, passed by the Willis administration, and its corresponding disapproval of the law of the preceding administration. The National Tax Association is recognized as the authoritative body in the United States on tax matters, and is composed of the leading tax officials and students throughout the country. In the April issue of its Bulletin, it has the following to say of the Parrett-Whittemore law: "On the whole, the new system preserves an admirable balance between local independence and state control. It should work well. State machinery for state tasks; local machinery for local tasks; co-operation between state and local machinery at all times; adjustment of local differences by an impartial state tribunal; this, we believe, is the true philosophy of the subject."

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When Housework Drags

Keeping house is hard enough when well. The woman who has a bad back, blue, nervous spells, and dizzy headaches, has a hard lot, for the family tasks never let up. Probably it's the result of kidney trouble and not the much-feared "woman's weakness." Strengthen the kidneys with Doan's Kidney Pills. They are as harmless as they are effective and may be used for children with weak kidneys, too.

An Indiana Case Mrs. W. E. Foy, 822 1/2 Broadway, Louisville, Ind., says: "My back ached almost constantly and when sitting down I was in misery. The least motion or a cold made me worse. Doctors and medicines were too frequent and costly. After using Doan's Kidney Pills I was cured. Doan's Kidney Pills corrected all the ailments. I have been in the habit of using them ever since." Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box. DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS. FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Don't Persecute Your Bowels Cut out cathartics and purgatives. They are brutal, harsh, and injurious. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Purely vegetable. Act gently on the bowels, cleanse the system, and give the stomach a new lease of life. Get a box of these pills at any drug store. SMALL PILL, SMALL PRICE. GENUINE MUST BEAR SIGNATURE.

Important to Mothers Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of J. C. FLETCHER. In Use for Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria.

Do you think the English tongue will ever become a dead language? "Of course it will. It's being murdered every day."

To keep clean and healthy take Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They regulate liver, bowels and stomach. Adv.

If They Told the Truth. "Mr. Chairman, I'm glad to say that I can't make an interesting speech, but even if I could I wouldn't waste it on so little intelligence as I see before me this evening—sitting, you are, half dazed with food, alcohol and tobacco."

Willie's Misfortune. Willie has difficulty in his speech, and a little girl who came to see him was very much interested in it. "What makes him talk that way?" she asked another girl, who told her that he was "tonguetied." When she got home she told her mother about it. "Mother," she said, "that little boy had his tongue tied with a hard knot, and could hardly talk at all."

Fiber board is being made from sugar cane on one of the islands of Hawaii. GLASS OF WATER Upset Her. People who don't know about food should never be allowed to feed persons with weak stomachs. Sometimes a young woman who lives in Me. had an attack of scarlet fever, and when convalescing was permitted to eat anything she wanted. Indiscriminate feeding soon put her back in bed with severe stomach and kidney trouble. "There I stayed," she says, "three months with my stomach in such condition that I could take only a few teaspoonfuls of milk or beef juice at a time. Finally Grape-Nuts was brought to my attention and I asked my doctor if I might eat it. He said, 'yes,' and I commenced at once. "The food did me good from the start and I was soon out of bed and recovered from the stomach trouble. I have gained ten pounds and am able to do all household duties, some days sitting down only long enough to eat my meals. I can eat anything that I want to eat, but I still continue to eat Grape-Nuts at breakfast and supper and like it better every day. "Considering that I could stand only a short time, and that a glass of water seemed to heavy, I am fully satisfied that Grape-Nuts did for me and in every case they speak highly of the food."