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Next Week  
**A Novel The Idyl of Twin Fires**  
**A Week**  
BY  
WALTER P. EATON

## "THE TAMING OF RED BUTTE WESTERN"

By  
**Francis Lynde**  
Copyright, 1916  
By Charles Scribner's Sons  
**A Novel**  
**A Week**

### And the Lusitania, Sir, Would Never Have Been Sunk

—CHARLES EVASION HUGHES.

Had Hughes been president on the day the Lusitania was sunk he would have done nothing about it for the very simple reason that if he had been president on that day, the Lusitania would not have been sunk.

Why not, you ask?

Because Hughes was president and a man appointed by him was secretary of state.

What is our authority for such a ridiculous statement, you ask?

Candidate Hughes.

Listen—

At Louisville, while the "hundred per cent candidate" was speaking, a man in the audience asked him this question:

"I ask you, with all respect, Mr. Hughes, what you would have done had you been president when the Lusitania was sunk?"

This was what Hughes said:

"Sir, I would have had the state department, at the very beginning of the administration, so equipped as to command the respect of the world. Second, I would have so conducted affairs in Mexico as to show that our words meant peace and good will, and the protection at all events of the lives and property of American citizens. And next, when I said strict accountability, every nation would have known that that was meant; and further, when notice was published with respect to the action threatened, I would have made it known in terms unequivocal and unmistakable, that we should not tolerate a continuance of friendly relations thru the ordinary diplomatic channels if that action were taken.

"And the Lusitania, sir, would never have been sunk."

Cracky! The U-53 sent the steel stocks down from 7 to 15 points the first trade. Now if it will clip four bits a bushel off the price of wheat we will start a petition to congress to give it a regular job off Nantucket.

#### Referendum No. 6—Vote "No"

THE legislature railroaded an anti-picketing bill thru at its last session. It was not considered on its merits, nor was there any adequate investigation. No member of the labor movement was permitted to be heard on it before its passage. Gov. Lister approved the bill, and signed it. But 30,000 voters signed the referendum petition and it is now up to the people's vote on November 7.

The bill provides that workers in this state shall be denied the right to carry on any sidewalk, street or public place, or even upon private property, any sign, transparency, banner, any writing or printing which would disclose the cause of any strike or lockout. It not only attempts the most drastic law against picketing in all but three states in the Union, but virtually attacks free speech and a free press.

State Labor Commissioner Olson said of this law: "A mistaken idea prevails that a drastic law of this kind will tend to minimize industrial disturbance. The contrary, however, is true, as is evidenced by the lawlessness and anarchy that has always followed industrial disputes in the states of Colorado and West Virginia for some years past, and both these states have such anti-picketing laws. The only other state in the Union having such a law is Alabama."

Peaceful picketing is just as much a right of the laborer as it is the right of employers to advertise in newspapers their side of an industrial dispute. There are plenty of laws to take care of those who commit violence without resorting to anti-picketing laws.

This law, if passed, will only fan the flames of passion in industrial disputes higher than ever. It is a breeder of contempt for law because it is not giving the workingman a square chance to present his case to the public in the manner which his limited finances permit.

Politeness is to human nature what warmth is to wax.—Schopenhauer.

#### Civil Service and Crooked Cops

BOTH Mayor Gill and Chief Beckingham have been ranting in recent statements against their inability to cope with crooked policemen because of the civil service.

That is absurd. The civil service gives no protection to crooks and grafters. Nor does it protect any officer who is lax in his duties.

Any statement to the contrary is silly rot.

If you get your head stuck in a bog, your legs may's well go after it.—George Eliot.

## EFFICIENCY IN DIGESTION

In order to build up the system there must be, first of all, efficiency in digestion. From this source comes proper nourishment of the body, enriched

blood, liver and bowel regularity, a strengthening of all the forces that stand for better health. Try

## HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS

as soon as any stomach weakness develops. It is for Poor Appetite, Indigestion, Cramps and Constipation.

## EDDY'S COLYUM

Ernie Ball, who plays at the Orpheum, says he has an auto that won't pass a cafe without stopping.

Wonder if it's always Ball-bearing?

The exact number who registered in Seattle is 97,773. Marked down from 100,000?

We notice beans have gone up in price. Big demand for 'em, no doubt, since Boston won.

And they've raised the prices on onions a cent or two. Too strong.

ANOTHER COMPLAINT HAS BEEN FILED AGAINST LOGAN BILLINGSLEY, BUT WHAT'S A COMPLAINT AMONG FRIENDS?

Silence is golden, but the "Golden Special" seems to create considerable noise, pro and con, principally "con."

Whenever a reichstag member hankers for a row, he talks about peace.

WHEN A GIRL FINDS HERSELF IN A BOX AT THE OPERA FOR THE FIRST TIME, SHE IMAGINES SHE IS THE WHOLE SHOW.

Hughes and La Follette on the same ticket remind us of Burbank's wonders.

Does Harry Thaw's return to Matteawan for a social call prove anything, or doesn't it?

### Editor's Mail

LAND AND HIGH COSTS

Editor The Star: May I offer this in answer to your call for opinions as to the way out of the high-cost-of-living problem?

For immediate relief, public opinion must back the workers in their demands for an increase in wages. The biggest fortunes of this country have been doubled in the past two years. This means a permanent increase of 100 per cent in the income of the capitalist.

Capital increases its income noiselessly, and is unnoticed, but labor must make a noise, altho it need not commit violence. Let us bear with a little noise and unrest if it will help the great body of the people get a living wage.

Then we must do something for permanent relief. We have to pay certain people about five billion dollars each year for the privilege of living and working on the land within the United States. Those people call themselves landlords. They don't claim to be lords of creation, but merely lords of the land. Did anybody ever hear of a lord of the shovel or the saw or the hammer?

We can bring permanent prosperity by exalting the shovel and saw, exempting all labor products from taxation, and compel the landlord to earn his title by paying all the taxes. This will cut the cost of labor products without cutting wages.

We should also start an endless chain demand that the Robert Crosser bill pass thru congress. It proposes to divide the public domain into farms. The title is to remain in the government, but the occupant is to have permanent use by simply paying the rental value of the land to Uncle Sam. This will give a farm, the improvements of which are to be financed by the government, for a mere song.

There is every reason to believe that President Wilson is ready to back some such measure. A post-card-writing public should urge its passage. THEODORE TEEPE.

(Continued From Our Last Issue)

#### CHAPTER VII

A Girl's Whim  
Lidgerwood was not making the conventional excuse when he gave a deskful of work as a reason for not accepting the invitation to dine with the president's party in the Nadia. He worked at headquarters straight thru until seven o'clock in the evening.

"Was there anything special in today's mail?" he said at last to his secretary, Grady, to whom he trusted routine correspondence.

"Only this," answered Grady, turning up a letter marked "Immediate."

The letter was from Flemeister. All things considered, it was a little puzzling. Flemeister's letter was distinctly friendly.

The occasion for the neighborliness arose upon an extension right-of-way involvement. A ranchman named Groffeld was fighting the extension. The ranchman, so the letter stated, had passed thru Little Butte early in the day, on his way to Red Butte. He would be returning by the accommodation late in the afternoon, and would stop at the Wire-Silver mine, where he had stabled his horses. If Lidgerwood could make it convenient to come over to Little Butte on the evening passenger train from Angels, the writer of the letter would arrange to keep Groffeld overnight, and the right-of-way matter could doubtless be settled satisfactorily.

Lidgerwood looked at his watch. It was too late to catch 205, the evening train. He would be obliged to order out the service-car and go special.

He turned to Grady, saying: "Will Mr. Pennington, Flemeister, at Little Butte, that I am coming out with my car, and should be with him by eleven o'clock. Then call up the yard office and tell Matthews to let me have the car and engine by eight-thirty, sharp."

Then Lidgerwood left the office and walked quickly to the Nadia, persuading himself that he must, in common decency, tell the president that he was going away.

The president's private car was side-tracked on the short spur at the eastern end of the Crow's Nest, and when Lidgerwood reached it he found the observation platform fully occupied.

"Hello, Mr. Lidgerwood, is that you?" called Van Lew. "I thought you said this was a bad man's country. We have been out here for a solid hour, and nobody has shot up the town or even whooped a single lonesome war-whoop."

"It does not do so bad, really—that part of it which doesn't stay up pretty late," laughed Lidgerwood. Then he came closer and spoke to Miss Brewster. "I am going west in my car, and I don't know just when I shall return. Please tell your father that every-

body here is excited at the prospect of your coming. If you don't see what you want, you are to ask for it."

"Will your run take you as far as the Timanyoni Canyon?"

"Yes; thru it, and some little distance beyond."

"You have just said that we are to ask for what we want. Did you mean that?"

"Surely," he replied unguardedly. "Then we may as well begin at once," she said coolly; and turning quickly to the others: "Oh, all you people; listen a minute, will you? Hush, Carolyn! What do you say to a moonlight ride thru one of the grandest canyons in the West in Mr. Lidgerwood's car? It will be something to talk about as long as you live. Don't all speak at once, please."

But they did. There was an instant and enthusiastic chorus of approval.

"Sorry," announced Lidgerwood. "I shall have to anticipate the Angels gossip a little by telling you that we are in the midst of a pretty bitter labor fight. I can't take you over the road tonight."

"Why not?" inquired Eleanor. "Because it may not be entirely safe."

"Nonsense!" she flashed back. "What could happen to us on a little excursion like this?"

"I don't know, but I wish you would reconsider and remain with the Nadia."

"I shall do nothing of the sort," she said, wilfully. And then, with totally unnecessary cruelty, she added: "Is it a return of the old malady? Are you afraid again, Howard?"

The taunt was too much. Eleanor had won. She and her friends climbed aboard the service-car and the moonlight ride began.

#### CHAPTER VIII

Forty-two miles southwest of Angels, at a point where all further progress seems definitely barred by the huge range, the Red Butte Western, having picked its devious way to an apparent cul-de-sac among the foothills and hogbacks, plunges abruptly into the echoing canyon of the Eastern Timanyoni and on to the landmark hill known as Little Butte.

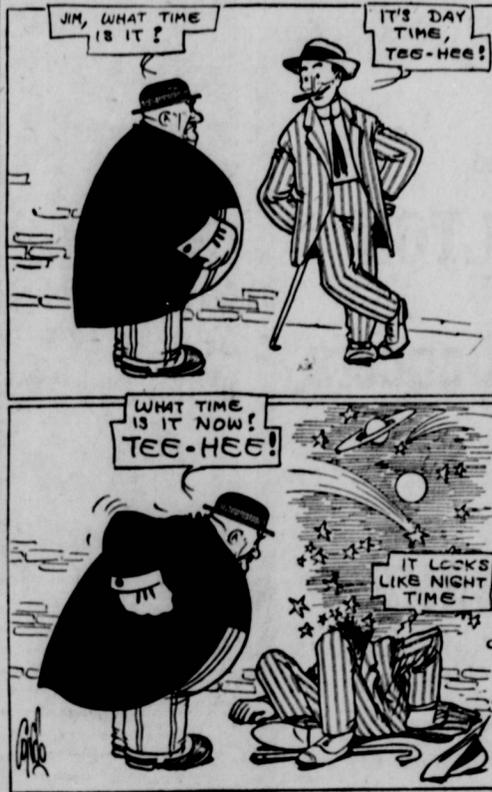
Elsewhere than in a land of sky-piercing peaks, Little Butte would have been called a true mountain. On the engineering maps of the Red Butte Western its outline appears as a roughly described triangle with five-mile sides, the three angles of the figure marked respectively by Silver Switch, Little Butte station and bridge, and the Wire-Silver mine.

Train 205, with ex-engineer Judson aboard, was on time when the bulk of Little Butte loomed black in the moonlight. As the train slowed down, Judson peered out thru the window just in time to see a man drop from the forward step of the smoker. Judson, too, dropped from the car, and silently stalked his fellow passenger.

Straight to the Wire-Silver camp led the chase. All of the old buildings were dark, but two new and unpainted ones were brilliantly lighted, and there were sounds familiar enough to Judson.

"Say!" he ejaculated, under his breath, "if that engine ain't a dead match for the missing switch engine pullin' a grade, I don't want a cent! Double cylinder, set on the quarter, and choo-choo!" like it ought to have a pair o' steel rails under it instead of being a power plant stationary."

### Outbursts of Everett True



the man Judson was stalking had already disappeared into Flemeister's office, the second of the new unpainted buildings.

Judson crept close to the building. The figure of a man sitting in a chair was sharply silhouetted on the drawn window-shade. Judson stared, rubbed his eyes, and stared again. That the man whose shadow was projected upon the window-shade was Rankin Hallock, he could not doubt. But there was something in the erect, bulking figure unfamiliar.

A crawling minute later Judson was crouching beneath the loosely jointed floor of the lighted room. Almost at once he was able to verify his guess that there were only two men in the room above. At all events, there were only two speakers. They were talking in low tones, and Judson had no difficulty in identifying the rather high-pitched voice of the owner of the Wire-Silver mine.

The man whose profile he had seen in the window-shade had the voice which belonged to the outlined features, but the listener under the floor had a vague impression that he was trying to disguise it.

The bell of the private-line telephone rang in the room above. It was Flemeister who answered the bell-ringer.

"Hello! Yes, this is Flemeister. What's that—a message about Mr. Lidgerwood? \* \* \* All right! fire away."

"Who is it?" came the inquiry, in the grating voice which fitted, and yet did not fit, the man whom Judson had followed from his boarding of the train at Angels to Silver Switch.

"It's Goodloe, talking from his station office at Little Butte," replied the mine owner. "The dispatcher has just called him up to say that Lidgerwood left Angels in his service-car, running special, at eight-forty, which would figure it here at about eleven, or a little later."

"Look here," said the man Judson believed to be Hallock. "Your plan is needlessly bloody. In the ordinary run of things, it will be only a few days or weeks before Lidgerwood will throw up his hands and quit, and when he goes out, I go in."

There was a pause, and Judson shifted his weight cautiously from one elbow to the other. Then Flemeister began, without heat and equally without compunction.

"You say it is unnecessary; that he could not doubt, all of you," she called. "We mustn't forget that this isn't a planned excursion for us; it's a business trip for Mr. Lidgerwood. We must make ourselves small, accordingly, and not bother him."

And so for an industrious hour Lidgerwood scarcely realized he was not alone. For the greater part of the interval the sightseers were out on the rear platform, listening to Miss Brewster's stories of the Red Desert. She was in the midst of one of the most blood-curdling when Lidgerwood, having worked thru his bunch of papers, opened the door and joined the platform party.

But there was little chance for speech, even if the overwringing grandeur of the stupendous crevice, seen in their most impressive presentation as alternating vistas of stark, moonlighted crags and gulches and depths of blackest shadow, had encouraged it. The hiss and whistle of the air brakes, the harsh, sustained note of the shrieking wheel flanges shearing the inner edges of the rail heads on the curves, and the stuttering roar of 265's safety valve were continuous.

Suddenly the roar of the echoing canyon walls died away, and the

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protested the other man: "It's a front, I tell you! You say the night passenger from Red Butte is late. I know it's late now; but Cranford's running it, and it is all down-hill from Red Butte to the bridge. Cranford will make up his thirty minutes, and that will put his train right here in the thick of things. Call it off for tonight, Flemeister. Meet Lidgerwood when he comes and tell him an easy lie about your not being able to hold Groffeld for the right-of-way talk."

Judson heard the creak and snap of a swing-chair suddenly righted, and the floor dust jarred thru the cracks upon him when the mine-owner sprang to his feet.

"Call it off and let you drop out of it? Not by a thousand miles, my cautious friend! Want to stay here and keep your feet warm while I go and do it? Not on your tinfole, you yapping hound! You can bully and browbeat a lot of railroad buckles when you're playing the boss act, but I know you! You come with me or I'll give the whole snap away to Vice-President Ford. I'll tell him how you built a street of houses in Red Butte out of company material and with company labor. I'll prove to him that you've scrapped first one thing and then another—condemned them so you might sell them for your own pocket. I'll—"

"Shut up!" shouted the other man, hoarsely. And then, after a moment that Judson felt was crammed to the bursting point with murderous possibilities: "Get your tools and come on. We'll see who's got the yellows before we're thru with this!"

CHAPTER IX  
At Silver Switch

Like that of other railroad officials whose duties constrain them to spend much time in transit, Lidgerwood's desk work went with him up and down on the two divisions, and before leaving his office in the Crow's Nest to go down to the waiting special, he had thrust a bunch of letters and papers into his pocket.

It was his surreptitious transference of the letters to the closed service car desk, observed by Miss Brewster, that gave the president's daughter an opportunity to make partial amends for having turned his business trip into a car party.

"Listen a moment, all of you," she called. "We mustn't forget that this isn't a planned excursion for us; it's a business trip for Mr. Lidgerwood. We must make ourselves small, accordingly, and not bother him."

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"Your engineer was right!" rejoined the superintendent, sharply. "She's coming!" And even as he spoke the white glare of an electric headlight burst into full view on the shelf-like cutting along the northern face of the great hill, pricking out the smallest details of the waiting special, the closed switch, and the gleaming lines of the rails.

With this powerful spotlight to project its cone of dazzling brilliance upon the scene, the watchers on the railed platform of the superintendent's service car saw every detail of the swift outworking of the tragic spectacle for which the hill-facing curve was the stage setting.

When the oncoming passenger-train was within three or four hundred yards of the spur track switch and racing toward it at full speed, there came a short, sharp whistle-scream, a crash as of the ripping asunder of the mechanical soul and body, and a wrecked train lay tilted at an angle of forty-five degrees against the bank of the hill-side cutting.

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(Continued in Our Next Issue)

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