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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

(Continued From Our Last Issue)

It was a moment for action rather than for words, and when he cleared the platform hand-rail and dropped, running, Lidgerwood was only the fraction of a second ahead of Van Lew and Jeffers. With Bradford swinging his lantern for Williams and his fireman to come on, the four men were at the wreck before the cries of fright and agony had broken out upon the awful stillness following the crash.

The baggage-car, riding high upon the crushed tender, was body whole, but the smoker, day-coach and sleeper were all more or less shattered, with the smoking-car already beginning to blaze from the broken lamps. Lidgerwood's genius for swift and effective organization came out strong under the hammer-blow of the occasion.

"Stay here with Bradford and Jeffers, and get that engineer out!" he called to Van Lew. Then, with arms outspread, he charged down upon the train's company, escaping as it could through the broken windows of the cars. "This way, every man of you!" he yelled, his shout dominating the clamor of cries, crashing glass, and hissing steam. "The fire's what we've got to fight! Line up down to the river, and pass water in anything you can get hold of! Here, Groner—to the train conductor, who was picking himself up out of the ditch into which the shock had thrown him—send somebody to the Pullman for blankets. Jump for it, man, before this fire gets headway!"

Lidgerwood was by this time plenty of willing hands to help. The Timanyoni is a man's country, and there were few women in the train's passenger list. Quickly a line was formed to the near-by margin of the river, and water, in hats, in buckets improvised out of pieces of tin from the wrecked car-roofs, hauled upon the fire, beat it down, and presently extinguished it.

Then the work of extricating the imprisoned ones began. In a very little time the length and breadth of the disaster were fully known, and its consequences alleviated, so far as they might be with the means at hand. There were three killed outright in the smoker, two in the half-filled day-coach, and none in the sleeper; six in all, including the fireman planned beneath the wreck of the tender. Cranford, the engineer, was dug out of his coal-covered grave by Van Lew and Jeffers, badly burned and bruised, but still living; and there were a score of other woundings, more or less dreadful.

Freed of the more crushing responsibilities, Lidgerwood found Bradford and Groner, and with the two conductors went down the track to the point of derailment to make the technical investigation of causes.

Ordinarily the mere fact of a destructive derailment leaves little to be discovered when the cause is sought afterward. But singularly enough, the curved track was torn up only on the side toward the hill; the outer rail was still in place.

"Broken flange under 204, I'll bet," said Groner, holding his lantern down to the gashed ties. But Bradford denied it.

"No," he contradicted, "Cranford was able to talk a little after we toted him back to the service car."

"We're far enough to put the handcuffs onto Mr. Pennington Flemister any time you say," said Judson. "There was one little rope, when you got ready to take that missing switch-engine back, you'll find it choo-chooing away yonder in Flemister's new power-house that he's built out of boards made from Mr. Benson's bridge timbers."

Lidgerwood took a slender, gold-banded cigar from his desk-box, and passed the box to the ex-engineer.

"We'll get Mr. Pennington Flemister—and before he is very many hours older," he said, definitely. "It's a queer sort of mix-up, Mr. Lidgerwood," Judson volunteered, lingering his cigar tenderly.

"Knowin' what's what, and some of us do, you'd say them two'd never get together, unless it was to cut each other's throats."

Lidgerwood nodded. "I've heard there was bad blood between them; it was about that building-and-loan business, wasn't it?"

"Shucks no; that was only a drop in the bucket," said Judson. "Hallock was the original owner of the Wire-Silver. Didn't you know that?"

"No."

"He was, and Flemister beat him out of it. Then, when he'd done that, he reached out and took Hallock's wife—just to make it a clean sweep, was the way he bragged about it."

"Heavens and earth!" ejaculated the listener. Then some of the hidden things began to define themselves in the light of this astounding revelation: Hallock's unwillingness to go to Flemister for the proof of his innocence in the building-and-loan matter; the invasion of the service-car at Copah by the poor demented creature whose cry was still for vengeance upon her betrayer. Truly, Flemister had many crimes to answer for. But the revelation made Hallock's attitude all the more mysterious.

The early dawn of the summer morning was graying over the desert when the special drew into the Angels yard. Lidgerwood had the yard crew place the service car on the same siding with the Nadia, and near enough so that his guests, upon rising, could pass across the platforms.

That done, he climbed the stair in the Crow's Nest, meaning to snatch a little sleep. But McCloskey, the door-faced, was waiting for him in the upper corridor—with news that would not wait.

He says it was a broken rail; says he saw it, all in good time to give her the air before he hit it. They walked on down the line, looking for the actual point of derailment. When it was found it proved Cranford's assertion—in part. There was a gap in the rail on the river side of the line. At one of the joints the fish-plates were missing, and the rail ends were sprung apart sideways sufficiently to let the wheel flanges pass thru. Groner went down on his hands and knees, with the lantern held low, and made another discovery.

"This ain't no happenso, Mr. Lidgerwood," he said, when he got up. "The spikes are pulled!" Lidgerwood's eyes were blood-shot. "I'd like to ask you two men, as men, what devil out of hell would set a trap like this for a train-load of unoffending passengers?"

Bradford's slow drawl dispelled a little of the mystery.

"It wasn't meant for Groner and his passenger-wagon, I reckon. In the natural run of things, it was 26g and the service-car that ought to hit this thing first—24g being supposed to be a half-hour off her schedule. It was aimed for us, all right enough. And it wasn't meant to throw us into the hill, neither. If we'd hit it goin' west, we'd be in the river. That's why it was sprung out instead of in."

When Lidgerwood got back to the service-car, he was surprised to find Judson waiting for him.

"Since you fired me as an engineer," grinned Judson, "I've appointed myself your private detective. I just dropped out here in the wilds to make a report to you."

Lidgerwood looked at the engineer of his passengers for the run back to Angels, he listened to the ex-engineer's report, sitting quietly while Judson told him of the plot and of the plotters. At the close, he said gravely: "You are sure it was Hallock who got off of the night train at Silver Switch?"

It was a test question, and the engineer did not answer it off-hand.

"I'd say yes in a holy minute if there wasn't so blamed much else tied onto it, Mr. Lidgerwood. I was sure, at the time, that it was Hallock. All I can say crosswise, is that I didn't get to see him face to face anywhere; in the gulch, or in the office, or any place else."

"Yet you are convinced, in your own mind?"

"I am."

"You say you saw him and Flemister get on the hand-car and pump themselves down the old pump, of course, you couldn't identify either of them from the top of the ridge?"

"That's a guess," admitted the ex-engineer, frankly. "All I could see was that there were two men on the car. But it fits in pretty good; I hear 'em plannin' what good 'em's going to do; foller 'em a good bit more'n halfway thru the mine tunnel; hike back and hump myself over the hill, and get there in time to see two men—some two men—rushin' out the hand-car to go somewhere. That ain't court evidence, maybe, but I've seen more'n any jury that'd hang 'em off 'em on it."

Lidgerwood was frowning thoughtfully.

"We're far enough to put the handcuffs onto Mr. Pennington Flemister any time you say," said Judson. "There was one little rope, when you got ready to take that missing switch-engine back, you'll find it choo-chooing away yonder in Flemister's new power-house that he's built out of boards made from Mr. Benson's bridge timbers."

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"The trouble-makers have sent us their ultimatum at last, he said gruffly. "We cancel the new 'Book of Rules' and reinstate all the men who have been discharged, or a strike will be declared and every wheel on the line will stop at midnight tonight."

CHAPTER X.
Storm Signals

The Lidgerwood had not slept for many hours, it was apparent to

at least one member of the headquarters force that he did not go to bed immediately after the arrival of the service car from the West; the proof being a freshly typed telegram which Operator Dix found impaled upon his sendin'hook when he came on duty in the dispatcher's office at 7 o'clock in the morning.

The message was addressed to Leckhard, at Copah. It was in cipher, and it contained two unmodified words—"Fort" and "McCook" which small circumstance set Dix to thinking—Fort McCook being the army post, 12 miles as the crow flies from Copah.

Dix went off duty at 11, his second trick beginning at 3 in the afternoon. It was between 3 and 4 when McCloskey rapped at the door of his chief's sleeping room. Fifteen minutes later Lidgerwood joined the trainmaster in the private office.

"I couldn't let you sleep any longer," McCloskey began apologetically, "and I don't know but you'll give me what-for as it is. Things are thickening up pretty fast."

"Put me in touch," was the command.

"All right, I'll begin at the front end. Along about 10 o'clock this morning, Davidson, the manager of the Copperette, came down to see Mr. Brewster. He gave the president a long song and dance about the tough trail and the upshot of it was that Mr. Brewster went out to the mine with him alone, leaving the party in the Nadia here."

Lidgerwood said, "Damn!" and let it go at that for the moment.

"Taking it for granted that you mean to fight this thing to a cold finish, I've done everything I could think of. Thanks to Williams and Bradford, and a few others like them, we can count on a good third of the trainmen; and I've got about the same proportion of the operators in line for us. Taking advantage of the 24-hour notice the strikers gave us, I've scattered these men of ours east and west on the day trains to the points where the trouble will hit us at 12 o'clock tonight."

"Good!" said Lidgerwood briefly. "How will you handle it?"

"At midnight, in every important office, where a striker throws down his pen and grounds his wire, one of our men will walk in and keep the rail rolling. And on every train in transit at that time, some sort of deadheading crew of men will be ready to fall in line and keep it coming when the other fellows fall out."

Again the superintendent nodded his approval. The trainmaster was showing himself at his loyal best.

"That brings us down to Angels and the present, Mac. How do we stand here?"

"That's what I'd give all my old shoes to know," said McCloskey, his homely face emphasizing his perplexity. "They say the shopmen are against us, and if that's so, we're outnumbered here, six to one. I can't find out anything for certain. Gridley is away, and nobody else knows anything about the shop force."

But the president's wife would not listen for a moment to an ex-

"I wish Gridley were here," said Lidgerwood. "He could handle the shop outfit. I'm rather surprised that he should be away. He must have known that the volcano was about ready to spout."

"Gridley's a law to himself," said the trainmaster. "Sometimes I think he's all right, and at other times I catch myself wondering if he wouldn't tread on me like I was a cockroach, if I happened to be in his way."

Having had exactly the same feeling, and quite without reason, Lidgerwood generously defended the absent master mechanic.

"That is prejudice, Mac, and you mustn't give it room. Gridley's all right. We mustn't forget that his department, thus far, is the only one that hasn't given us trouble and doesn't seem likely to give us trouble. Is there anything else, Mac?"

"Yes; one more thing. The grievance committee is in session up at the Celestial. Tryon, who is heading it, sent word down a little while ago that the men would wreck every dollar's worth of company property in Angels if you didn't countermand your wire of this morning to Superintendent Leckhard."

"I haven't wired Leckhard."

"They say you did; and when I asked 'em what about it, they said 'you'd know.'"

Lidgerwood left the Crow's Nest and walked quickly uptown. Crossing to the corner opposite the hotel, the superintendent entered the open door of Schleisinger's Emporium.

"How you vas, Mr. Litcherwood?" was the German's greeting.

"I have come to swear out another warrant," said Lidgerwood. "Get your blank and fill it in."

"Oh, mein Gott!" protested Schleisinger, but he rummaged in the catch-all packing box and found the pad of blank warrants. Lidgerwood dictated slowly: when it came to the filling in of Hallock's name, Schleisinger stopped, open-mouthed.

"D mean dot, Mr. Litcherwood; you don't neffer mean dot?"

"I am sorry to say that I do; sorrier than you or any one else can possibly be."

With the warrant in his pocket, a magistrate's order calling for the arrest and detention of Rankin Hallock on the double charge of train-wrecking and murder, Lidgerwood left Schleisinger's, sought out Judson and gave him the warrant to serve.

Lidgerwood then hurried to the siding and presented himself at the door of the Nadia. Happily, for his purpose, he found only Mrs. Brewster in possession, the young people having gone to climb one of the bare mesa hills behind the town for an unobstructed view of the Timanyonis.

The superintendent told Mrs. Brewster briefly of the threatened strike and its promise of rioting. He tried to show her that the presence of the private-car party was a menace, alike to its own members and to him. The run to Copah could be made on a special schedule and the party might be well outside of the danger zone before the armistice expired. Would she not defer to his judgment and let him send the Nadia back to safety while there was yet time?

But the president's wife would not listen for a moment to an ex-

pedient which did not—could not—include the president himself.

The superintendent, feeling argument useless, kept on his way to his office. Scarcely had he closed the door upon his entrance into his own room when it was opened again with McCloskey's hand on the latch.

"They've got Dix hid away uptown somewhere," he said. "But there was a message, all right, and with your name signed. It was in code, your private code. I got onto a little while ago, on the Copah wire, and pumped him. He says there was a code message, and that Dix sent it. But when I asked him to repeat it back here, he said he couldn't—that Mr. Leckhard had taken it with him somewhere down the main line."

"Since there is only one man besides myself in Angels who knows the private-office code, I'd like to know what that message said," declared Lidgerwood.

McCloskey nodded. "You mean Hallock?"

"Yes."

"By graves! I'd have him safe under lock and key before the shindy begins tonight, if it was my job."

Lidgerwood had turned to his desk and was opening it.

"He will be," he announced quietly. "I have sworn out a warrant for his arrest, and Judson has it and is looking for his man."

(Concluded in Our Next Issue.)

Yes! What Would T. R. Have Done?

COL. ROOSEVELT in his Louisville speech Wednesday only emphasized the fact that **PRESIDENT WILSON DID KEEP US OUT OF WAR.**

What were Roosevelt's suggestions, summed up in a nutshell? First, we should have jumped into the European war when Belgium was invaded.

Second, we should have been at war with Germany after the Lusitania affair.

Third, we should be at war with Carranza in Mexico. "If we had done, as we ought to have done," the colonel vehemently cried, "our neutrality would have been a badge of honor and not one of shame."

If we had done what Roosevelt apparently would want us to do, but doesn't say so definitely, we would have been at war with at least two countries—and then we would have no neutrality at all.

Furthermore, only professional partisans carry back the word from Europe that our neutrality doesn't command the honor and respect of the world. **NONPOLITICAL OBSERVERS WHO HAVE BEEN IN EUROPE, LIKE IRVIN COBB, WILLIAM G. SHEPHERD, AND NINE-TENTHS OF THE WRITERS AND AUTHORS OF AMERICA, ARE FOR WILSON.** The professional republican politician is the only one who sees "dishonor" because Wilson kept us out of war where Roosevelt would have plunged us into it.

Is not the American flag respected by the belligerents? What nation has slighted it?

The Lusitania carried an English flag. It was an English ship. Should Wilson have gone to war because it was sunk?

He did not, but he secured a change in the whole submarine policy of Germany with the result that such commanding respect did the U-53 have for the American flag that it did not even halt the steamer Kansas, which carried contraband of war. The captain of the Kansas expressed surprise at the fact that he was not held up.

At the same time, a Swedish steamer WAS held up and searched. And Sweden is a neutral country. Plainly, the American flag of neutrality is held in higher esteem than that of other neutrals.

Roosevelt's vindictiveness against Wilson was not born out of the war policies, but now war seems to be his passion. If not war, what other alternative does Roosevelt suggest?

Nothing. THE ISSUE OF THE CAMPAIGN, THEN, IS SIMPLY: WILSON—PEACE, PROSPERITY, HUMANITARIAN LEGISLATION.

HUGHES—WAR, WIDOWS, ORPHANS, DESOLATION.

Watch Us Soak the Consumer!

AND now those pesky Japanese are crushing another purely American industry.

Notwithstanding a tariff of 40 per cent, Japanese manufacturers are flooding this country with five-cent baseballs and selling them at 30 cents a dozen, to the consternation of American manufacturers. Of course, it must be stopped. If an import duty of 40 per cent is not sufficient to protect this infant industry we will make it 80, b'gosh! And in this case the American school boy will pay the cost of the "protection" and he is not old enough to vote. Here's where we nail the consumer again.

High tariff forever!

We're Not So "Remote"

THE one lesson taught by the raid of the U-53 off Nantucket, which Uncle Sam should take to heart, is that the theory that America's greatest safeguard is the Atlantic ocean is finally exploded. We can no longer depend upon our "remoteness" to protect seaboard cities and our coastwise traffic from depredations of a foreign foe. We should be grateful to Germany for the object lesson at this time, for the contracts for our greater navy will be let within the next 60 days. With the fact that we may need them at almost any time thus emphasized, the naval building board will surely use all diligence against delay in the construction and delivery of the new vessels, particularly the swift battle cruisers. It should also arouse the next congress to the urgency of legislation tending to an immediate completion of the inland waterways system.

Spurned by his sweetheart, Mr. Mike Marmardi of New York grabbed a bottle of green stuff, swallowed the contents and composed himself to die for Cupid's sweet sake. Never swallow anything in a lady's boudoir. Mr. Marmardi filled up on hair tonic.

A Clear Issue

ROOSEVELT leads off the National Hughes Alliance's appeal for campaign funds with this, amongst other war cries:

"America, which sprang to the succor of Cuba in 1898, has stood an idle spectator of the invasion of Belgium." Hughes—war, widows, wastage. Wilson—peace, prosperity, progress. The American people never had a clearer issue.

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Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin Relieves Baby When Other Medicines Failed.

There is nothing so necessary to a child's health and comfort as regularity of the bowels. All children are especially susceptible to stomach trouble and any overstrain of the sensitive organs has a tendency to obstruct circulation. This condition is responsible for much of the illness of childhood.

To relieve constipation, a mild laxative should be employed. Cathartics and purgatives are violent in their action and should be avoided. Mrs. Alfred Du Bois, Mt. Holly, N. J., says Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is without doubt the most effective remedy for constipation she has ever used and that it is the only remedy she could find for her baby. Little Earl was badly constipated during his first year and nothing she tried seemed to help him until she got a bottle of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. Now he is a fine, strong, healthy boy, and she thanks Dr. Caldwell for it. Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is a combination of simple laxative herbs with pepsin, free from opiates or narcotic drugs; it acts gently without griping or other discomfort, and appeals to children be-



cause of its pleasant taste. Druggists everywhere sell it for fifty cents a bottle, and every mother should have it in the house for use whenever occasion arises. To avoid imitations and ineffective substitutes always be sure to ask for Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. See that a facsimile of Dr. Caldwell's signature and his portrait appear on the yellow carton in which the bottle is packed. A trial bottle, free of charge, can be obtained by writing to Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 455 Washington St., Monticello, Illinois.

EDX

COLYUM

MILO, IT SEEMS, WOULD LIKE TO HAVE THE JUDICIAL TRAIN RE-ROUTED TO TAKE HIM ABOARD.

HOT NEWS
(That Has Not Happened Yet)
Billingsley is serving a jail sentence. Flour has gone down. Margret tells who the real grafters are. Hughes explains what he would have done.

Sergt. Putnam is Puttin' 'em in jail, all right.

Evidently the republicans are now planning a campaign slogan against Lester on the lines of that popular song, "Where Did You Get That Hat?"

We used to think it marvelous that an aeroplane could go up. But now it's a mere "bag of shells," as Dan Landon would say. Even potatoes and onions go up.

It's funny how the war has boosted prices on everything—excepting the Ford.

Where are those drink fountains the city was going to furnish prior to the first of the year?

Tommy came out of a room in which his father was tacking down carpet. He was crying lustily.

"Why, Tommy, what's the matter?" asked his mother.

"P-p-papa hit his finger with the hammer," sobbed Tommy.

"Well, you needn't cry at a thing like that," comforted his mother. "Why didn't you laugh?"

"I did," sobbed Tommy, disconsolately.

TEMPORARY OBJECTION
A shoemaker was fitting a customer with a pair of boots, when the buyer observed that he had but one objection to them, which was that the soles were a little too thick.

"If that is all," replied the shoemaker, "put on the boots, and the objection will gradually wear away."

"Tommy," said his father, "if you had a little more spunk, you would stand better in your class. Do you know what spunk is?"

"Yes, str," replied the little fellow. "Spunk is the past of spank."

HE KNEW SCOTICISM
McTavish and Macpherson are adrift at sea in an open boat. McTavish (on his knees)—O, Lord, I ken I've broken maist o' Thy commandments. And I've been a hard drinker all my days. But, O, Lord, if we're spared this time, I promise never—

Macpherson—I widna commit myself ower far, Donald. I think I see land—Life.

A Smithsonian expert predicts an Indian will occupy the White House. Our vote's for Chief Meyers.

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