

The PRICE By FRANCIS LYNDE ILLUSTRATIONS by C. D. RHODES

SYNOPSIS

Kenneth Griswold, an unsuccessful writer because of some technical holds up Andrew Galbraith, president of the Bayou State Securities, in the president's private car and escapes with \$10,000 in cash. He goes aboard the Belle Julie as a deckhand. Charlotte Farham of Wahaska, Minn., who had seen him cash Galbraith's check in the bank, recognizes him and sends a letter of betrayal to Galbraith anonymously. Griswold is arrested in St. Louis, but escapes from his captors. He decides on Wahaska, Minn., as a hiding place, and takes the train. He falls ill on the sleeper and is cared for and taken to her home in Wahaska by Margery Grierson, daughter of Jasper Grierson, the financial magnate of Wahaska. Margery finds the stolen money in Griswold's suitcase. Broffin, detective, takes the train. Margery asks her father to get Edward Raymer, the financial bot water and then help him find the money. Griswold recovers to find that Charlotte has not recognized him. He uses Margery and Charlotte as models for the characters in his book and reads the manuscripts to them. Broffin spies on Margery, who throws him off the scent regarding Griswold. Margery and Griswold save Galbraith from drowning and as he recovers, corroborates the banker's recognition of Griswold. The men at Raymer's iron works strike.

CHAPTER XXII—Continued.

"The Federated Iron Workers, I suppose." "Not in a thousand years! They are only the means to an end. The tilting chair squeaked again, and he went on: "If I'm going to show you how you can dodge this fight, I'll have to knock down a door or two first. If I blunder in where I'm not wanted, you can kick me out. There is one way in which you can cure all this trouble-stickness without resorting to surgery and blood-letting."

"Name it," said Raymer eagerly. "I will; but first I'll have to break over into the personalities. Have you made up your mind that you are going to marry Margery Grierson?" Raymer laughed silently, leaning his head back on the cushion of the lazy chair until his cigar stood upright. "That's a nice way to bluff a man in the dark!" he chuckled. "But if you're in earnest I'll tell you the straight-forward truth: I don't know."

"You mean that Margery Grierson doesn't measure up to the requirements of the Wahaskan Four Hundred?" There was satirical scorn in the observation, but Raymer did not perceive it. "Oh, I don't know as you would put it quite that baldly," he protested. "But you see, when it comes to narrowing and settling down and raising a family you have to look at all sides of the thing. The father, as we all know, is a cold-blooded old wren-wolf; the mother, nobody knows anything about save that—happily, in all probability—she isn't living. And there are you. Yet I won't deny that there are times when I'm tempted to shut my eyes and take the high dive, anyway—at the risk of splashing a lot of good people who would doubtless be properly scandalized."

"By this time Griswold was gripping the arms of his chair savagely and otherwise trying to hold himself down; but this Raymer could not know. "You have reason to believe that it rests wholly with you, I suppose?" came from the tilting chair after a little pause. "Miss Grierson is only waiting for you to speak?" "That's a horrible question to ask a man, Kenneth—even in the dark. If I say yes to it, it can't sound any other way than boastful and—caddish. Yet I honestly believe that—Oh, hang it all! can't you see how impossible your making it, old man?"

"Not impossible; only a trifle difficult," was the qualifying rejoinder. "It is easier than this on. That is the peaceful way out of the shop trouble for you, Raymer. When you can go to Jasper Grierson and tell him you are going to marry his daughter, the trouble will be as good as cured. This labor trouble that is threatening to smash you is Jasper Grierson's reply to the move you made when you let me in and choked him off. He is reaching for you."

Raymer held his peace and the atmosphere of the room grew pungent with tobacco smoke. "I'm feeling a good bit like a yellow dog, Kenneth," he said, at length. "After what I've admitted and what you've said, I'm left in the position of the poor devil who would be damned if he did and be damned if he didn't. You have succeeded in fixing it so that I can't ask Margery Grierson to be my wife, however much I'd like to."

and she might as well not have any father—better, perhaps, as God bears me, Raymer, I'm going to see to it that she gets a square deal." "By George! I believe you are in love with her, yourself!" "I am," was the cool reply. "Well, of all the— Say, Griswold, you're a three-cornered puzzle to me yet. I don't know what the other three-fourths of the town is saying, but my fourth of it has it put up that you've everlastingly cooked my goose at Doctor Bertie's; that you and Charlotte are just about as good as engaged. Perhaps you'll tell me that it isn't true."

"It isn't—yet." "But it may be, later on? Now you are getting over into my little garden patch, Kenneth. If you think I'm going to stand still and see you put a wedding ring on Charlotte Farham's finger when I know you'd like to be putting it on Madge Grierson's?" Griswold's low laugh came as an easing of stresses. "You can't very well marry both of them, yourself, you know," he suggested mildly. "And then: "If you were not so badly torn up over this shop trouble, you'd see that I'm trying to give you the entire field. I shall probably leave town tomorrow, and I merely wanted to do you, or Miss Grierson, or both of you, a small kindness by way of leave-taking."

"Do you mean to tell me that you are going away, leaving me bucked and gagged by this labor outfit to live or die as I may? Great Scott, man! If my money's gone, yours goes with it!" "You are freely welcome to the money, Edward—if you can manage to hang on to it; and I have pointed out the easy way to salvage the industrial ship. You can't you give me your blessing and let me go in peace?" The blessing was not withheld, but neither was it given.

"I came here with my own back-load of trouble, but it seems that I'm not the only one in the caravan," said the young ironmaster, thoughtfully. "What is it, Kenneth? anything you can unload on me?" "You wouldn't understand," was the gentle evasion. Once again Raymer took refuge in silence. After a time he said: "You've been a brother to me, Griswold, and I shall never forget that. But if I needed your help in the money pinch, I'm needing it worse now. I'll do the right thing by Margery; I think I've been meaning to, all along; if I haven't, it's only because this whole town has been fixing up a match between Charlotte and me ever since we were school kids together—you know how a fellow gets into the way of taking a thing like that for granted merely because everybody else does?"

"Yes, I know." "Well, I guess it isn't a heart-breaker on either side, if Charlotte cares, she doesn't take the trouble to show it. Just the same, on the other hand, I've got a shred or two of decency left, Kenneth. I'm not going to marry myself out of this fight with Jasper Grierson—not in a million years. Stay over and help me see it through; and when we win out, I promise you I'll do the square thing."

"There's only one other way, Edward; and that is to fight like the devil," he said, speaking as one who has weighed and measured and decided. "What do you say?" "If you will stay," Raymer began, hesitantly. "I'll stay—as long as I can." Then, with the note of harshness returning, "We'll make the fight, and we'll give these snickers of yours all they are looking for. Shut the plant doors tomorrow morning and make it a lock-out. I'll be over bright and early and we'll place a bunch of wire orders in the cities for strike-breakers. That will bring them to time."

Raymer got up slowly and felt in the dark for his hat. "Strike-breakers!" he growled. "Griswold, it would make my father run over in his coffin if he could know that we've come to that! But I guess you're right. Everybody says I'm too soft-hearted to be a master of men. Well, I must be getting home. Tomorrow morning, at the plant? All right; good-night."

And he turned to grope his way to the door and through the dark upper hall and down the stair.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Narrowing Walls.

Griswold joined the conference with Raymer and the shop bosses in the offices of the plant the following morning. Having slept upon the quarrel, Raymer was on the conciliatory hand, and four of the five department foremen were with him. The prompt closing of the shops had had its effect, and a deputation of the older workmen came to plead for arbitration and a peaceful settlement of the trouble. But Griswold fought it and finally carried his point. "No compromise" was the answer sent back to the locked-out workmen, and with it went the ultimatum, which Griswold himself snapped out at the leader of the agitators: "Tell your committee that it is unconditional surrender, and it must be made before five o'clock this afternoon. Otherwise, not a man of you can come back on any terms." Then Griswold proceeded to make the breach impossible by calling upon the sheriff for a guard of deputies. Raymer shook his head gloomily. "That settles it beyond any hope of a patch-up," he said sorrowfully. "If we hadn't declared war before, we've done it now. I'm prophesying that nobody will weaken when it comes to the pay-roll test this afternoon."

"Because we have taken steps to protect our property?" rasped the fighting partner. "Because we have taken the step which serves notice upon them that we consider them criminals, at least in intention. You'd resent it yourself, Griswold. If anybody should pull the law on you before you had done anything to deserve it, I'm much mistaken if you wouldn't—"

"Oh, hell!" was the biting interruption, and Raymer could not know upon what inward fires he had unwittingly flung a handful of inflammables. Broffin was as sure now that Griswold was his man as he was of his own present inability to prove it. "Hell make a miss-go, sooner or later," the pertinacious one was saying to himself as he strolled past the Raymer plant with a keen eye for the barred gates, the lounging guards in the yard, and the sober-faced workmen coming and going at the work office. "If he can carry a steady head through what's coming to him here, he's a better man than I've been attacking him up to be."

Later, a big, red-faced man with his hat on the back of his head and a paste diamond in his shirt bosom, came to join the shifting group on the office sidewalk. Broffin marked him. The man's name was Clancy; he was a Chicago ward worker, sham labor leader, demagogue; a bad man with a "pull." What chance had brought the Chicago ward bully into a village labor fight he was not long in finding. Clancy had come because he had been hired to town. The remainder was easy. The town gossip had supplied all the major facts of the Raymer-Grierson checkmate, and Broffin saw a great light. It was not labor and capital that were at odds; it was competition and monopoly. And monopoly, invoking the aid of the Clancys, stood to win in a canter.

Broffin dropped the stick he had been whittling and got up to move away. Though some imaginative persons would have it otherwise, a detective may still be a man of like passions—and generous prepossessions—with other men. For the time Broffin's Anglo-Saxon heritage, the love of fair play, made him forget the limitations of his trade. "By grapples, the old swine!" he was muttering to himself as he made a slow circuit of the plant inclosure. "Somebody ought to tell them two young ducks what they're up against. For a pincenny, I'd do it, myself. Huh!—and the little black-eyed 'em at once while the old money-octopus cats 'em all!"

Thus Broffin, circling the Raymer works by way of the four enclosing streets; and when his back was turned the man called Clancy pointed him out to the group of discontents. "D'ye see that felly doubling the fence corner? Ye're a fine lot of Jays up here in th' backwoods! Do I know him? Full well I do! An' that shows ye what honest workin' men has got to come to, these days. Didn't ye see him sittin' there on that castin'? Th' bosses put him there to keep tricks on ye. If ye have the nerve of a bunch of hoboes, ye'll watch yer chances and stop on him like a cockroach. He's a Pinkerton!"

Wahaska was duly thrilled and excited when, on the day following the storm and shipwreck, it found itself the scene of an angry conflict between capital and labor. It was a crude surprise, both to the West side and to "Pottery Flat," to find the new book-writing partner not only taking an active part in the fight, but apparently directing the capitalist hostilities with a high hand. At half-past four it was whispered about that war had been declared. Raymer and Griswold were telegraphing for strike-breakers; and the men were swearing that the plant would be picketed and that seals

would be dealt with as traitors and enemies. "It was between half-past four and five that Miss Grierson, driving in the basket phaeton, made a stop in front of the Farmers' and Merchants' bank. Since it was long past the closing hours, the curtains were drawn in the bank doors and street-facing windows. But there was a side entrance and she went straight to the door of the private room, entering without warning. Her father was not alone. In the chair at the desk-end sat a man forlorn of face, hard-eyed and gross-bodied. His hat was on the back of his head, and clamped between his teeth under the bristling mustaches he held one of Jasper Grierson's fat black cigars. The conference paused when the door opened; but when Margery crossed the room and perched herself on the deep seat of the farthest window, it went on in guarded tones at a silent signal from the banker to his visitor.

There was a trade journal lying in the window-seat, and Miss Grierson took it up to become duly immersed in a study of the advertising pictures. It was listened to the low-toned talk it was only mechanically, one would say. Yet there was a quickening of the breath now and again, and a pressing of the white teeth upon the ripe lower lip, as she turned the pages of the advertising supplement; these, though only detached sentences of the talk, drifted across to the window-seat: "You're fixed to put the entire responsibility for the racket over on to the other side of the house?" was one of the overheard sentences; it was her father's query, and she also heard the answer. "We're going to put 'em in bad, don't you forget it. There'll be some broken heads, most likely, and if they're ours, somebody'll pay for 'em." A little farther along it was her father who said: "You've got to quit this running to me. Keep to your own side of the fence. Murray's got his orders, and he'll pay the bills. If anything breaks loose, I won't know you. Get that?" "I'm on," said the red-faced man; and shortly afterward he took his leave.

When the door had closed behind the man who looked like a ward heeler or a walking delegate, and who had been both, and many other and more questionable things, by turns, Jasper Grierson swung his huge chair to face the window. "Well?" he said, "how's Galbraith coming along?" "The smoldering fires in the daughter's eyes leaped up at the provocation lurking in the grim brutality; but they were dying down again when she put the trade journal aside and said: "I didn't come here to tell you about Mr. Galbraith. I came to give you notice that it is time to quit. When I asked you to put Mr. Raymer under obligations to you, I said I'd tell you when it was time to stop."

The president of the Farmers' and Merchants' lifted his chair to the lounging angle and laughed; a slow gurgling laugh that spread from lip to eye and thence abroad through his eye frame until he shook like a grotesque incarnation of the god of mirth. "I am to turn around and help him out of the hole, am I? Oh, no; I guess not," he denied. "It's business now, little girl, and the tea-fights are barred. I'll give you a check for that span of blacks you were looking at, and we'll call it square."

"Does that mean that you intend to go on until you have smashed him?" she asked, quietly ignoring the putative bribe. "I'm going to put him out of business—him and that other fool friend of yours—if that's what you mean."

Again the sudden lightning glowed in Margery Grierson's eyes; again there was a struggle, short and sharp, between the leaping passions and the indomitable will. Yet she could speak softly. "What is the reason? Why do you hate these two so desperately?" she asked. "Jasper Grierson fanned away the nimbus of cigar smoke with which he had surrounded himself and stared gloomily at her through the rift.

"Who said anything about hating?" he denied. "That's a fool woman's notion. This is business, and there ain't any such thing as hate in business."

"I hate it!" she said coldly. Then she dragged the talk back to the channel it was leaving. "I ought to have broken in sooner; I might have known what you would do. You are responsible for this labor trouble they are having over at the iron works. Don't bother to deny it. I know. That was your 'heeler'—the man you had here when I came. You don't play fair with many people; don't you think you'd better make an exception of me?"

Grierson was mouthing his cigar again and the smoky nimbus was thickening to its customary density when he said: "You're nothing but a spoiled baby, Madge. If you'd cry for the moon, you'd win it; and you'd have it. I've said my say, and that's all there is to it. Trot along home and tend to your tea parties; that's your part of the game. I can play my hand alone."

She slipped out of the window-seat and crossed the room quickly to stand before him. "I'll go when you have answered one question," she said, the suppressed passions finding their way into her voice. "I've asked for bread and you've given me a stone. I've said 'please' to you, and you slapped me for it. Do you think you can afford to shove me over to the other side?"

"I don't know what you're driving at, now," was the even-tempered rejoinder. "Don't you? Then I'll tell you. You have been pinching this town for the lion's share ever since we came here—"

times, I finally pressed the bulb. Once only did I come near a break in their clearing. When I walked down the clearing and focused the chief and the man with the withered arm, who were standing near one of the tribal prisoners, they suddenly rushed toward me, but an assuring "Tiek! Tiek!" fortunately pacified them. The man objected to the motion-picture camera, and I was forced to give a few yards of the police ribbon to each member of the tribe before leading the men. The Inno-

cent Indians wrapped themselves in the invaluable film and crowded round the camera while I sang, "Take Me Back to New York Town," and turned the crank—Youth's Companion.

Southern Town With Vision. A combination of foresight with the municipal ownership principle has given the United States one taxless town. This phenomenal community is Harrisville, W. Va., which 20 years ago bought a natural gas well and piped the town. Later the municipal

perched the remainder of his instructions. When she had finished he looked up and wagged his head apprehensively. "Yes; I see what you mean—and it's none of my business what you mean it for," he answered. "I'll get the evidence, if there is any."

"It must be like the other; in black and white," she stipulated. "And you needn't say 'if.' Look for a red-faced man with stiff mustaches and a big make-believe diamond in his shirt-front, and make him tell you."

Miss Grierson was opening her purse and she passed a yellow-backed banknote to her newest confederate. "Your retainer," she explained. Broffin's grin this time was wholly of appreciation. "You're the right kind—the kind that lends trumps all the while, Miss Grierson," he told her. Then he did the many thing. "I'll go into this just as you say—what? But it's only fair to warn you that it may turn up some things that'll freeze you. You know that old sayin' about sleepin' dogs?"

Miss Grierson was gathering the reins over the little Morgan's back and her black eyes snapped. "This is one time when we are going to kick the dogs and make them wake up," she returned. "Good-by, Mr. Broffin."

Griswold got up and crushed his soft hat upon his head. "Only fools and dead folk are denied the privilege of changing their minds," he returned. "Let's go up to the Winnebago and feed."

The dinner to which they sat down a little later was a small feast of silence. Though he had not betrayed it, Griswold was fiercely impatient to get away to Margery. "Twice, on his way to her after leaving Raymer, he fancied he was followed, and twice he stepped behind the nearest shade-tree and tightened his grip upon the thing in his right-hand pocket. But both times the rearward sidewalk showed itself empty. Since false alarms may have, for the moment, all the shock of the real, he found that his hands were trembling when he came to unlatch the Grierson gate, and it made him vindictively self-scorful. Also, it gave him a momentary glimpse into another and hitherto unmeasured depth in the valley of stumblings. In the passing of the glimpse he was made to realize that it is the coward who kills; and kills because he is a coward."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

What to do with a water-soaked watch is often a problem when one is caught in the wilderness, or in a community where no jeweler is to be found. Lack of knowing what steps to take often results in much expense, if not in the utter ruin of the watch. Watches made with both a screw case and screw back may be dried easily by removing the front and back, emptying the watch of as much water as will run out, reversing the crystal, screwing it on the back of the watch, and then laying it where the sun will have a chance to reflect through the crystal.

The heat of the sun on the crystal will draw the moisture from the works in fifteen or twenty minutes, says the Technical World. If water still remains in the works, the crystal may be unscrewed, wiped and replaced, and the process repeated. After the sun has had a screw of the water out of the glass it is safe to conclude that there is no more in the works, and the oil originally on them, warmed by the sun, lubricates the parts.

There should be no more trouble with the watch, although it is advisable to have it examined by a jeweler at the earliest opportunity.

Timepiece is Not Necessarily Ruined if Unfortunately It Has Been Water-Soaked.

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Kultur That Counts. Captain Muller of the Bavarian landwehr, desired to have a fireplace built in his commodious underground quarters in the second line trenches. "Sergeant," said he, "fetch me a couple of men who can do the job. I don't want any of your volunteer professors and doctors, but handy fellows—bricklayers or that sort of thing."

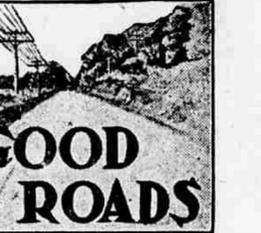
New York Evening Post. Alfalfa offers one of the best honey-making materials. Alkali is also valuable, as is sweet clover.

Right Amount of Roughage. Remember that a little too much roughage will be just about enough.

Cheapest Wood. The wood that longest resists decay is cheapest in the end.

Good Pasture for Hogs. Hogs cannot be raised with profit without good pastures.

Watch Colt's Feet. Watch the feet of the growing colt.



GOOD ROADS

BEST WIDTH OF GOOD ROADS

Old Turnpikes, Still Our Best Roadways, Were Not Wide—Built for Service and Profit.

One of the best roads I have ever driven over was just wide enough for two vehicles to pass without scraping the paint off each other's hubs. I am not sure that sometimes the hubs did not touch. But it was a road that was always in good condition and the men who kept it up seemed to do so with comparative ease, writes W. E. Rose of Iowa in Farm Progress.

Some of the old turnpikes, still our best roadways, were not a rod in width. When these roads were built they were built for both service and profit, and in figuring the future profits the builders saw that the wider the roadway and the wheel track the more maintenance cost and, therefore, the less profits.

It is a pity that the men who laid out the first 60-foot and 66-foot highways hadn't taken a leaf from the book of the turnpike builders. If they had we would not have millions of acres of land lying waste than idle across our public highway right of ways. Say that the road runs 20 miles from county seat to county seat. Along its length there will be anywhere from 80 to 120 acres of land growing up in weeds, road grass, brush and thickets where it is not being washed into deep roadside gullies. Why, in some states there is a full half million acres of land that is being wasted in just that way and land in these states is selling anywhere from \$30 to \$200 an acre!

Many of the best and most famous roads of Europe are but 16 1/2 feet in width and they handle some of the very heaviest highway traffic. Right now in those countries and townships in this country where hard roads, permanent highways, are being constructed, few of them are being built more than 18 feet wide and a good many of them are even narrower.

The railroads, wasteful as they are in some things, are beginning to realize the waste of a useless right of way.

An Improved Road in Maryland. A road running through Illinois has its truckage fringed with alfalfa. Some farmers have resented the waste and are beginning to cultivate the land out to the wheel tracks. This may cause a little trouble at times, but after all it is not a great deal better than letting the roadsides grow up in ironweeds, sumacs, briars and thickets.

Any of our road vehicles needs no more than a six-foot clearance. Figure out for yourself how many farm wagons could drive abreast on a 66-foot highway and then try to imagine any necessity for any such arrangement. On a highway one rod in width there is room for two vehicles to pass with about four and one-half feet to spare. Why have the roads, then, 66 feet wide?

Some of those days our roads will be narrowed. We have not really "let the pinch of a real land need as yet. When we do, then there will be a sudden narrowing of these wide stretches that are now weed incubators and seeders. In the meanwhile why not make some use of the soil flanking the public highways? Why not seed it in grass and mow it as you would a meadow? Of course the land belongs to the state, to the public, but it is worse than useless. Why not make it give some return to someone?

VICTORY ACHIEVED BY TACT

How Explorer Overcame the Objections of South American Natives to Face Camera.

After his startling experience, when he tried to photograph a group of South American savages, Mr. Algot Larue visited the Indians in their retreat and, after studying his hosts for several days, persuaded them to pose for him. He gives an account of his success as a photographer of savages

in his book, "The Lower Amazon." I judged it to be the proper moment for taking photographs because many of the more critical Indians were away working on a large canoe. It was a risky act to bring forth again "the little black thing that grows big and has an evil eye," but it was of vital importance for me to record my sojourn on a photographic film.

Slowly I lifted the camera out of the bottom of the knapsack. I took the back off and held the open kodak in front of the chief's eyes so he could see the empty bellows. He nodded and touched it. The tickling sound of the shutter amused the chief, and he imitated the sound by saying, "Tiek! Tiek!" Then I set the shutter on a time exposure, and let them look through the lens. That also pleased them. The chief even called the camera marakoh, or plaything. I felt rather safe, and ventured to roll a film in place and set the shutter for business. I pointed it at the chief as he sat in the middle of the clearing, and saying, "Tiek! Tiek!" a number of



"D'ye See That Felly Doublin' the Fence Corner?"



He Stepped Behind the Nearest Shade-Tree and Tightened His Grip.



An Improved Road in Maryland.