THE TEMPTING OF TAVERNAL

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

ETNOPSIS.

Leonard Tavernake befriends Beatrice Frankh, an American girl in distress in Loudon,
h, an American girl in distress in Loudon,
h, are seen and the present from committing suicide, and
h prevents her from committing suicide, and
he prevents her from committing suicide, and
he prevent to be brother and stater. Shortly
help from the head of the subject Beatrice a shier,
ries to make Tavernake tell where Beatrice is,
he he has married a rich man and is
he septing him prisoner in a desolate part of
resided. The offers to finance Tavernake in
head for the head of the thought
for the head in the head of the head of

the fer beautiful sister, Elizabeth, (Mrn. Gordner).

An American detective, Pritchard, tells Tavarake that Mrs. Gardner is associating with a sumber of crooks. Tavernake tells her this, a sumber of crooks. Tavernake tells her this, is on effect in warn her. She asks his help. Later Tavernake proposes to Beatrice, who has sed from him, and is refused.

Tavernake, attempting to save the life of Pritchard, who has been attacked and in-relief site a deserted house, follows a desegred site and facility, through a subterranean passor, comes upon four associates of Mrs. Gardner, best upon killing the detective. By a lacky more he source Pritchard life. The next day he feels an irresistible desirn to see Mrs. Gardner again.

CHAPTER XXIII-(Continued)

"Yet she sent you away!" "She sent m: away. She didn't care what became of me. She was watching what became of the time before he came, the door all the time before he came. Who is he, Pritchard?"

"That sounds a simple question,"

"The sounds a simple question,"

"The

means a good deal. There's mischlet afoot tonight, Tavernake." You seem to thrive on it," Tavernake

"Any more bunkum?" retorted, drily. "Any more bunkum?" Pritchard smiled. "Come," he said. "you're a sensible "Come," he said. "you're a sensible chap. Take these things for what they're worth. Believe me when I tell you now that there is a great deal more in the coming of this man than Mrs. Wenham

coming of this man than Mrs. Wenham Gardner ever bargained for."
"I wish you'd tell me who he is," Tavernake begged. "All this mystery about Beatrice and her sister, and that lay old hulk of a father, is most irritation."

Pritchard nodded sympathetically. Pritchard nodded sympathetically.
"You'll have to put up with it a little longer, I'm afraid, my young friend," he declared. "You've done me a good turn. I'll do you one. I'll give you some good advice. Keep out of this place so long as the old man and his daughter are hanging out here. The girl's clover—oh, he's as clover as they make them. she's as clever as they make them—but she's gone wrong from the start. They ain't your sort, Tavernake. You don't sile's gone world, Tavernake. You don't fit in anywhere. Take my advice and hook it altogether."

Tavernake shook his head,
"I can't do that just now," he said.
"Good-night! I'm off for the present, at

any rate."
Pritchard, too, rose to his feet. He passed his arm through Tavernake's.
"Young man." he remarked, "there are ryong man, he remarked, there are not many in this country whom I can trust. You're one of them. There's a sort of solidity about you that I rather admire, You are not likely to break out and do silly things. Do you care for

"I detest them." Tavernake answered, "especially the sort I tumbled into the

Pritchard laughed softly. They had left the room now and were walking slong the open space at the end of the restaurant, leading to the main exit.
"That's the difference between us," he declared thoughtfully. "Now adventures to me are the salt of my life. I hang about here and watch these few respectable-looking men and women, and there doesn't seem to be much in it to an outsider, but, see whiz! there's sometimes things underneath which you fellows don't tumble to. A man asks another in there to have a drink. They make a cheerful appointment to meet for lunch, to motor to Brighton. It all sounds so harmless, and yet there are the seeds of a conspiracy already sown. They hate me here, but they know very well that wherever they went I should be around. suppose some day they'll get rid of me.

"More bunkum!" Tavernake muttered. They stood in front of the door and passed through into the courtyard. On their right, the interior of the smaller restaurant was shielded from view by a covered with flowers and shrubs. Pritchard came to a standstill at a certain point, and stooping down looked through. He remained there withlooked through. He remained there with-out moving for what seemed to Taver-nake an extraordinarily long time. When he stood up again, there was a distinct change in his face. He was looking more serious than Tavernake had ever seen him. But for the improbability of the thing, Tavernake would have thought that he had turned pale. "My young triend," he said, "you've got

"My young relend," he said, "you've got to see me through this. You've a sort of fancy for Mrs. Wenham Gardner, I know. Tonight you shall be on her side."
"I don't want any more mysteries."
Tavernake protested. "I'd rather go

"If can't be done," Pritchard declared, taking his arm once more, "You've got to see me through this. Come up to my

They entered the court and ascended the eighth floor. Pritchard turned on

the lights in his room, a plainly furnished and somewhat hare apartment. From a suphoard he took out, a pair of rubbersoled shoes and threw them to Tavernake. "Put those on," he directed.
"What are we going to do?" Tavernake atked.

"You are going to help me." Pritchard answered. "Take my word for it. Tavernake. it's all right. I could tackle the job alone, but I'd rather not. Now drink this whiskey and soda and light a cigarette, I shall be ready in five minutes."

But where are we going?" Tavernake

"You are going," Pritchard replied, "on an errand of chivalry. You are going to become once more a rescuer of woman in distress. You are going to save the life of your beautiful friend Elizabeth."

CHAPTER XXIV

CLOSE TO TRAGEDY.

The actual words of greeting which passed between Elizabeth and the man whose advent had caused her so much emotion were unimpressive. The newcemer, with the tips of his fingers resting upon the tablecloth, leaned slightly toward her. At close quarters, he was even more unattractive/than when Tavernake had first seen him. He was faultily shaped; there was something a little decadent about his deep-set eyes and receding forehead. Neither was his expres-

ing forehead. Neither was his expression prepossessing. He looked at her as a man looks upon the thing he hates. "So, Elizabeth," he said, "this pleasure has come at last!"

has come at last!"
"I heard that you were back in England," she replied. "Pray sit down."
Even then her eyes never left his. All the time they seemed to be fiercely questioning, seeking for something in his features which eluded them. It was terrible to see the change which the last few minutes had wrought in her. Her smooth, sirlish face had lost its comeliness. Her eyes, always a little narrow. Seamed to have receded. It was such a change, this, as comes to a brave man who in the prime of life, feels fear for the first time.

am glad to find you at supper." he ared, taking up the menu. "I am say. You can bring me some grilled ets at once." he added to the walter at once to the walter and the walter wal who stond by his side, "and some brandy.

A Tale of Love, Mystery and Intrigue

some show of courage. "You know me too well to believe me capable of seeking a meeting which I feared. It is the strange thing which has happened to you during these last few months-this last year. Do you know-has any one told you-that you seem to have become even more like-the image of—"

He nodded understandingly.

He nodded understandingly.

"Of poor Wenham! Many people have told me that. Of course, you know that we were always appallingly alike, and they always said that we should become more so in middle-age. After all, there is only a year between us. We might have been twins."

"It is the most terrible thing in liternesses I have were seen." the woman con-

nesses I have ever seen," the woman con-tinued slowly. "When you entered the room a few seconds ago, it seemed to me that a miracle had happened. It seemed to me that the dead had come to life."
"It must have been a shock," the man nurmured, with his eyes upon the table-

you see it in my face? I do not always look like a woman of forty. Can't you see the gray shadows that are there? You see, I admit it frankly. I was ter-

"And why?" he asked.
"Why?" she repeated, looking at him wonderingly. "Doesn't it seem to you a terrible thing to think of the dead coming back to life?"

He tapped lightly upon the tablecloth for a minute with the fingers of one hand. Then he looked at her again.
"It depends," he said. "upon the manner of their death."

An executioner of the Middle Agea could not have played with his victim more skillfully. The woman was shivering now preserving some outward appearance of calm only by the most flerce and un-

"What do you mean by that, Jerry?" she asked. "I was not even with-Wenham, when he was lost. You know all about it. I suppose—how it happened?"

about it. I suppose—how it happened.

The man nodded thoughtfully.

"I have heard many storles," he admitted. "Before we leave the subject for ever, I should like to hear it from you, from your own lips."

There was a bottle of champagne upon

the table, ordered at the commencement of the meal. She touched her glass; the waiter filled it. She raised it to her lips and set it down empty. Her fingers were clutching the tableclots.

"You ask me a hard thing, Jerry," she "It is not easy to talk of anything said. so painful. From the moment we left New York, Wenham was strange. He drank a good deal upon the steamer. He used to talk sometimes in the most wild way. We came to London. He had an attack of delirium tremens. I nursed him through it and took him into the country, down into Cornwall. We took a small cottage on the outskirts of

a fishing village—St. Catherine's, the place was called. There we lived quietly place was called. There we lived quietly for a time. Sometimes he was better, sometimes worse. The doctor in the village was very kind and came often to see him. He brought a friend from the neighboring town and they agreed that with complete rest Wenham would soon be better. All the time my life was a miserable one. He was not fit to be alone and yet he was a terrible companion. I did my best. I was with him half of and yet he was a terrible companion. I did my best. I was with him half of every day, sometimes longer. I was with him till my own health began to suffer. At last I could stand the solitude no longer. I sent for my father. He came

and lived with us."
"The professor." her listener murmured.
She nodded.

"It was a little better then for me,"
she went on, "except that poor Wenham
seemed to take such a dislike to my father. However, he hated every one turn, even the doctors, who always did their best for him. One day, I admit, I their best for him. One any interest lost my temper. We quarreled; I could not help it—life was becoming insupportable. He tushed out of the house—it was about 3 o'clock in the afternoon. I have never seen him since."

The man was looking at her, looking at her closely, although he was blinking all the time.

"What do you think became of him?" he asked. "What do people think?"

She shook her head. "The only thing he cared to do was wim," she said. "His clothes and hat were found down in the little cove near

were found down in the little cove near where he had a tent."
"You think, then, that he was drowned?" the man asked.
She nodded. Speech seemed to be becoming too painful.
"Drowning," her companion continued, helping himself to brandy, "is not a pleasant death. Once I was nearly drowned myself. One struggles for a short time

myself. One struggles for a short time and one thinks—yes, one thinks!" he myself. He raised his glass to his lips and set

"It down.
"It is an easy death, though," he went on, "quite an easy death. By the way, were those clothes that were found of noor Wenham's identified as the clothes he were when he left the house?"

She shook her head.
"One could not say for certain," she answered. "I never noticed how he was dressed. He were nearly always the same sort of things, but he had an end-

less variety."
"And this was seven months ago-seven months."

She assented. "Poor Wenham," he murmured. "I sup-pose he is dead. What are you soling to to, Elizabeth?"

"I do not know," she replied. "Soon "I do not know," she replied. "Soon I must go to the lawyers and ask for advice. I have very little more money left. I have written several times to New York, to you, to his friends, but I have had no answer. After all, Jerry, I am his wife. No one liked my marrying him, but I am his wife. I have a right to a share of his property if he is dead. If he has deserted me, surely I shail be allowed something. I do not even know how rich he was."

The man at her side smiled.

"Much better off than I ever was," he declared. "But, Elizabeth!"

"Well?"

"Meil?"
There were rumors that, before you left New York, Weiliam converted very large sums of money into letters of credit and bonds, very large sums indeed."
She shook her head.
"He had a letter of credit for about a thousand pounds, I think," she said.

The half a fetter hausand pounds. I think," she said. There is very little left of the money he had with him."
"And you find living here expensive. I here say?"

dare say?"

"Very expensive indeed," she agreed, with a sigh. "I have been looking forward to seeing you, Jerry, I thought, perhaps, for the sake of old times you might advise me."

"Of old times," he repeated to himself softly. "Elizabeth, do you think of them sometimes?"

sometimes?"
She was becoming more herself. This was a game she was used to playing. Of old times, indeed! It seemed only yesterday that these two brothers, who had the reputation in those days of being the richest young men in New York, were both at her feet. So far, she had scarcely been fortunate. There was still a chance, however. She looked up. It seemed to her that he was tooing his compositive. Yes, there was something of the old gleam in his eyes! Once he had been madiy enough in love with her. It ought not to be impossible! sometimes?

Nothing else."

The waiter bowed and hurried off. The woman played with her fan but her florers were shaking.

"I fear." he remarked, "that my combine is rather a shack to you. I am serry to see you looking so distraised."

"I have told you these things. It has been so very, very painful for me. Won't you try how to be is rather a shack to you. I am serry to see you looking so distraised."

"It is not that" she answered with

"You speak as though the rest of us," she remarked, "were qualified to take orders in wickedness." have thought so often of those times we

spent together in New York. Won't you be my friend again? Won't you help me through these dark days?"

Her hand touched his. For a moment Her hand touched his. For a moment he snatched his away as though stung. Then he caught her fingers in his and held them as though in a vice. She smiled, the smile of conscious power. The flush of heauty was streaming once more into her face. Poor fellow, he was still in love, then! The fingers which had closed upon hers were hurning. What a nity that he was not a little more predon't like your mood in the least," he interrupted.

pity that he was not a little more pre-"Yes," he muttered, "we must be friends, Elizabeth. Wenham had all the uck at first. Perhaps it's going to be

ny turn now, eh? He bent toward her. She laughed into his face for a moment and then was once more suddenly coloriess, the smile frozen upon her lips. She began to shiver.
"What is it?" be asked. "What is it.

Elizabeth?" "Nothing," she fattered, "only I wishdo wish that you were not so much ike Wenham. Sometimes a trick of your roice, the way you hold your head-it

errifles me!"
He laughed oddly. "You must get used to that, Elisabeth," be declared. "I can't help being like him, you know. We were great friends always until you came. I wonder why you pre-ferred Wenham?"

"Don't ask me-please don't ask me that," she begged. "Really, I think he happened to be there just at the moment that," she begged. I felt like making a clean aweep of everything, of leaving New York and every one and starting life again, and I thought Wenham meant it. I thought I should be able to keep him from drinking and to help him start a new life altogether over here or on the Continent."
"Poor little woman," he said, "you have been disappointed. I am afraid."

"I am only human, you know." she went on. "Every one told me that Wenham was a millionaire, too. See how much I have benefited by it. I am almost penniless. I do not know whether he is dead or allve, I do not know what to do to get some money. Was Wenham very

rich. Jerry?' The man laughed. "Oh, he was very rich indeed!" he assured her. "It is terrible that you should be left like this. We will talk about it together presently, you and I. In the meantime, you must let me be your

"Dear Jerry," she whispered, "you were niways generous."
"You have not spoken of the little prude -dear Miss Beatrice," he reminded her

suddenly. Elizabeth sighed, "Boatrice was a great trial from the first," she declared. "You know how she disliked you both-she was scarcely even civil to Wenham, and she would never have come to Europe with us if father hadn't insisted upon it. We took her down to Cornwall with us and there she became absolutely insupportable. She was always interfering between Wenham and me and imagining the most absurd things One day she left us without word of warning. I have never seen her

The man stared gloomfly into his plate "She was a queer little thing," he mut-tered. "She was good, and she seemed to like being good."

He helped himself to more brandy "Think back," he said. "Think of "Think back," he said. "Think of those days in New York, the life we led, the wild things we did week after week, month after month, the same eternal round of turning night into day, of struggling everywhere to find new pleasures, pulling vice to pieces like children trying to find the inside of their playthings."

He drummed for a moment upon the tablecloth with his fingers.
"We were talking of Beatrice. You don't even know where she is now, then?"
"I have no idea," Elizabeth declared.

'She was with you for long in Corn-

Elizabeth toyed with her wineglass for minute. "She was there about a month," she admitted.

admitted.

"And she didn't approve of the way you and Wenham behaved?" he demanded.

"Apparently not. She left us, anyway. She didn't understand Wenham in the least. I shouldn't be surprised," Elizabeth went on, "to hear that she was a hospital nurse, or learning typing, or a clerk in an office. She was a proper

clerk in an office. She was a young woman of gloomy ideas, sithough she was my sister."

He came a little closer toward her.

"Elizabeth," he said, "we will not tab; any more about Beatrice. We will not talk any more about anything except our

"Are you really glad to see me again, Jerry?" she saked softly.
"You must know it, dear," he whispered.
"You must know that I loved you always, that I adored you. Oh, you knew it! Don't tell me you didn't. You knew it. Elizabeth!"

She looked down at the tablecloth.
"Yes, I knew it," she admitted, softly.
"Can't you guess what it is to me to
see you again like this?" he continued.

"It is something for me, too, to feel that I have a friend close at hand."
"Come," he said, "they are turning out the lights here. You want to know about Wenham's property. Let me come up-stairs with you for a little time and I will tell you as much as I can from

He paid the bill and helped her on with her cloak. His fingers seemed like burn-ing spots upon her flesh. They went up in the lift. In the corridors he drew her to him and she began to tremble, "What is there strange about you.

Jerry?" she faltered, looking into his face. You are glad to see me? Say you are glad to see me'

. I am glad," she whispered Outside the door of her rooms she hest-

"Perhaps," she suggested, faintly-wouldn't it be better if you came tomorrow morning?" Once more his fingers touched her and again that extraordinary sense of fear seemed to turn her blood cold. "No," he replied. "I have been put off

You must let me in, you long enough! must talk with me for half an hour. I will go then, I promise. Half an hour Elizabeth, haven't I waited an eternity He took the keys from her fingers and

opened the door, closing it again behind them. She led the way into the sitting com. The whole place was in darkness,

but she turned on the electric light. The cloak slipped from her shoulders. He took her hands and looked at her. "Jerry," she whispered, "you mustn't

She wrenched herself free with an effort. She stepped back to the corner of the room, as far as she could get from Her heart was beating him. Somehow or other, neither of these two young men, over whose lives she had certainly brought to bear a very wonder-ful influence, had ever before stirred her pulses like this. What was it, she wondered? What was the meaning of it? Why didn't he speak? He did nothing but look, and there were unutterable things in his eyes. Was he angry with her because she had married Wenham or was he blaming her because Wenham had gone? There was passion in his face, but such passion! Desire, perhaps, but what else? She caught up a telegram which lay upon her writing desk, and tore t open. It was an escape for a moment She read the words, stared, and read them cloud incredulously. It was from her

"Jerry Gardner sailed for New York today," She looked up at the man, and as she ooked her face grew gray and the thin

sheet went quivering from her lifeless fingers to the floor. Then he began to laugh, and she knew. "Wenham!" she shricked. "Wenham!" There was murder in his face, murder

almost in his laugh. "Your loving husband!" he answered.
She sprang for the door, but even as she moved she heard the click of the bolt shot back. He touched the electric shot back. He touched the electric switch and the room was suddenly in darkness. She heard him coming to-ward her, she felt his hot breath upon

her cheek. "My loving wife!" he whispered. "At

> CHAPTER XXV. THE MADMAN TALKS.

Tavernake turned on the light. Pritch ard, with a quick leap forward, seized Wenham around the walst and dragged him away. Elizabeth had fainted: she lay upon the floor, her face the color of marble.

"Get some water and throw over her," Pritchard ordered.

Tayernake obeyed. He threw open the window and let in a current of air. In a moment or two the woman stirred and

raised her head.
"Look after her for a minute," Pritchard said. "Fil lock this flerce little peron up in the bathroom."

Pritchard carried his prisoner out.

Tavernake leaned over the woman who was slowly coming back to consciousness. "Tell me about it," she asked, hoursely

"Locked up in the hathroom," Taver-nake answered. "Pritchard is taking care of him. He won't be able to get "You know who it was?" she faltered.

"I do not." Tavernake replied. "It isn't my business. I'm only here because Pritchard begged me to come, thought he might want help." She held his fingers tightly.

"Where were you?" she asked.
"In the hathroom when you arrived,
Then he holted the door behind and we had to come round through your bed-"How did Pritchard find out?"

"I know nothing about it." Tayernake epiled. "I only know that he peered through the latticework and saw you

"It must have been rather a shock to

him," she said. "He has been convinced for the last six months that I murdered Wenham, or got rid of him by some means or other. Help me up!" She staggered to her feet. Tavernake assisted her to an easy chair. Then ook at me like that. You terrify me

Pritchard came in ng on the edge of the bath playing with

"Showing the exactly, with a shawl pin, where he meant to have stabled you." Pritchard areas and to have stabled ou," Pritchard answered, drily, "Now by dear lady," he continued, "It seems o me that I have done you one injustice, at any rate. I certainly thought you'd helped to relieve the world of that young erson. Where did he come from? Peraps you can tell me that."
She shrugged her shoulders.

"I suppose I may as well," she said. 'Listen, you have seen what he was like tonight, but you don't know what it was to live with him. It was Hell!'—she sobbed-"absolute Hell! He drank, he took drugs, it was all his servant could do to force him even to make his tollet. It was impossible. It was crushing the

"Go on!" Pritchard directed. the loneliest spot in Cornwall. We moved there and I left him-with Mathers. I promised Mathers that he should have twenty pounds a week for every week he kept his master away from me. He has kept him away for seven months."

"What about that story of yours-about his having gone in swimming." Pritchard asked.

"I wanted people to believe that he was dead," she declared deflantly. "I was afraid that if you or his relations found him. I should have to live with him or give up the money." Pritchard nodded. "And tonight you thought-"I thought he was his brother Jerry," she went on. "The likeness was always

amazing, you know that. I was told that Jerry was in town. I felt nervous, some-how, and wired to Mathers. I had his reply only last night. He wired that Wenham was quite safe and contented. not even restless."

"That telegram was sent by Wenham himself." Pritchard remarked. "I think you had better hear what he has to

"No. I couldn't bear the sight of him again!"
"I think you had better," Pritchard insisted. "I can assure you that he is quite harmless. I will guarantee that." He left the room. Soon he returned, his

arm locked in the arm of Wenham Gardner. The latter had the look of a spoilt child who is in disgrace. He sat sullenly upon a chair and glared at every one. Then he produced a small crumpled doll, with a thread of black cotton around its neck, and began swinging it in front of him, laughing at Elizabeth all the time. "Tell us." Pritchard asked, "what has become of Mathers?"

He stopped swinging the doll, shivered

for a moment, and then laughed.
"I don't mind," he declared. "I guere
I don't mind telling. You see, whatever
I was when I did it. I am mad now-quite mad. My friend Pritchard here says I the arm am mad. I must have been mad or I violently shouldn't have tried to hurt that dear beautiful lady over there."

He leered at Elizabeth, who shrank

"She ran away from me some time ago," he went on, "sick to death of me ahe was. She thought she'd got all my money. She hadn't. There's plenty more—plenty more. She ran away and left me with Mathers. Hhe was paying him so much a week to keep me quiet, not to much a week to keep me quiet, not to let me go anywhere where I should talk, n keep me away from her so that she muld live up here and see all her friends and spend my money. And at first I didn't mind, and then I did mind, and I got angry with Mathers, and Mathers

wouldn't let me come away, and three nights ago I killed Mathers." There was a little thrill of horror. He looked from one to the other. By degrees their fear seemed to become communicated to him.

'What do you mean by looking like that, all of you?" he exclaimed, "What does it matter? He was only my man-servant. I am Wenham Gardner, millionaire. No one will put me in prison for that. Ecsides, he shouldn't have tried to keep me away from my wife. Anyway, it doesn't matter. I am quite mad. Mad people can do what they like. They have to stop in an asylum for six months. and then they're quite cured and they start again. I don't mind being mad for six months. Elizabeth," he whined: "come and be mad, too. You haven't been kind to me. There's plenty more money—plenty more. Come back for a little time and I'll show you.

"How did you kill Mathers?" Pritchard asked.
"I stabbed him when he was stooping down," Wenham Gardner explained.
"You see, when I left college my father thought it would be good for me to do something. I dare say it would have been, but I didn't want to. I studied surgery for six months. The only thing I remember was just where to kill a man behind the left shoulder. I remembered that. Mathers was a fat man. membered that. Mathers was a fat man, and he stooped so that his coat almost burst. I just leaned over, picked out the exact spot, and he crumpled all up. I expect," he went on, "you'll find him there still. No one comes near the place for days and days. Mathers used to leave me locked up and do all the shop-ping himself. I expect he's lying there

cw. Some one ought to go and see." Elizabeth was sobbing quietly to her-elf. Tavernake felt the perspiration break out upon his forehead. There was something appalling in the way this oung man talked.

"I don't understand why you all look so serious," he continued. "No one is going to hurt me for this. I am quite You see, I am playing with Sane men don't play with dolls. I hope they'll try me in New York, though. I am well known in New York. I know all the lawyers and the jurymen. Oh, they're up to all sorts of tricks in New York! Say, you don't suppose they'll try me over here?" he broke off suddenly,

turning to Pritchard. "I shouldn't feel so much at home here."
"Take him away!" Elizabeth begged.
"Take him away!" Pritchard nodded. "I thought you'd better hear," he said. am going to take him away now. I vall send a telegram to the police staion at St. Catherine's. They had better go up and see what's happened." Pritchard took his captive once more by The young man struggled

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

Do You Know that Railroad Expansion Makes Work and Stimulates Industry?

Money saved by the railroads flows back to the people. The \$2,000,000 paid annually by the railroads of Pennsylvania and New Jersey to unnecessary trainmen, forced upon them by the Full Crew-or "excess man crew"-Laws, deprives the people of the big benefits and advantages this money, properly expended, would

Because the efficient development of the railway industry in these States is so materially identified with the prosperity of the farmer, business man, working man, and scores of more or less affiliated industries, the railroads ask the people to help them save this huge amount-now absolutely wasted-that it may go to

useful purposes and work toward restoration of general prosperity. This \$2,000,000 spent for 80 locomotives, for example, would make one year's work for 1745 men, as follows:

of material going into these locomotives, 851 men would get employment as follows: 45 140 In blast furnaces In coal and coke production . 400

Wages for all these men would amount to \$1,750,000. This wage money going into circulation would make work in hundreds of other directions.

Railroad development bears upon all industries. It affects hundreds of businesses, thousands of individuals. Under normal conditions, the railroads constitute a great constructive force. Increasing their facilities and improving their systems results in stimulating all industry and business and automatically creates work for innumerable persons in many occupations.

Increased industrial activity swells passenger and freight traffic. This means more trains and real work for additional crews. In turn, it necessitates more locomotives and cars, increased equipment, erection of new and remodeling of old stations, reduction of grades and curves, elimination of grade crossings, construction of sidings in producing territories, increased passenger and freight terminal facilities.

The welfare of the people and the prosperity of the railroads are closely linked. The railroads find their prosperity in the general welfare. They seek not to decrease, but to increase, employ-Communicate in person, by letter, or otherwise-TODAYwith your elected representatives at Harrisburg and Trenton. Ask

them to repeal the Full Crew Laws. Call attention to the fact that, of 282 editorials received to date, 229 urge the repeal of the laws. Let all get together to start the wheels of industry turningto open wide the doors to prosperity.

SAMUEL REA, President, Pennsylvania Railroad.

THEODORE VOORHEES, President, Philadelphia and Reading Railway. R. L. O'DONNEL, Chairman,

Executive Committee, Associated Railroads of Pennsylvania and Naw Jersep711 Commercial Trust Building, Philadelphia.

DANIEL WILLARD,

President, Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

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