The Lady of the Night Wind

By VARICK VANARDY

Author of "The Two-Faced Man," "Alias the Night Wind," etc

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THIS STARTS THE STORY

A week-end house party is being held at the home of Katherine and Bingham Harvard. Among the guests are Clancy, Archer, Demming, Sears and one Conrad Belknap. Katherine discovers Belknap cheating at a game of cards. She demands that he leave her house immediately. He scornfully refuses to do so. Katherine is about to tell her husband of the occurrence, but hesitates owing to a peculiar influence which Belknap seems to exert over her. Convinced of his deception, however, and suspicious of his actions, she is all the more determined to ferret out his real identity. Katherine has formerly had an experience as a police headquarters detective under the name of Lady Kate of the Police. She intercepts a telephone call of Belknap's and discovers the name and address of a woman confederate whom he calls Berta. She learns that Belknap has set afoot some scheme. Realizing that he is suspected by Katherine, Belknap threatens to expose the fact that Katherine's brother, Roderick Maxwilton, who is believed by his parents to be dead, faces a term in prison. Bingham Harvard, who once bore the alias "The Night Wind," becomes suspicious of Belknap and Katherine's attitude toward him. Katherine's parents arrive at her home.

AND HERE IT CONTINUES

THERE was never any accounting for Tom Clancy's likes and dislikes, and they were as often prejudiced as otherwise, so far as the reason for them was concerned.

Immediately after luncheon that day Katherine invited Betty to a ride with her in her own roadster, which she always drove herself, and, telling her other guests that she would leave them to their own devices for an hour or two while she and Mrs. Clancy tore a hole in the atmosphere, she drove her car directly to the city.

Betty always had shopping to do. Tom's ample bank account did not prevent her from being an inveterate bargain hunter, and Katherine very easily found the means to leave her friend long enough to drive past the address that the telephone operator had given her the preceding night.

She sought merely to locate it, because it happened to be in a street with which she was unfamiliar—a street in the Greenwich Village section.

She knew the fringes of that neighborhood well enough, for she had, in the police days, lived in West Eleventh street for a time; but the mazes of Greenwich Village—and to a stranger the locality is something of a labyrinth—were unknown to her.

She found the address readily enough, and drove on past it without stopping, for she was intensely disappointed, and not a little disgusted. It was plain enough that "Roberta" did not live there—although it was not so plain how the woman could make use of a telephone from that address at midnight and after.

The place was a combination of stationery, toy and cigar store and news stand, and, moreover, it was only one story high, being a makeshift little building thrust in between two taller ones.

Katherine stopped her car at the next corner, got down, and walked slowly back to the address.

She occupied a moment or two in peering in at the window to select something to purchase, and then went inside. She saw at once that the building was as shallow as it was low, that there was only a very small room at the rear into which the doorway was wide open, and that the frowsy-headed woman with the cracked and beery voice who waited upon her quite evidently cooked and ate and slept in the tiny quarters. But there was a telephone of the drop-in-a-nickel type in the store, and its number was the one she had sought.

Katherine, having returned to her car, summed up the incident thus:

"Roberta lives in the neighborhood. She frees that old woman liberally for the use of the telephone, and she either carries a key to the store or rouses the woman to admit her whenever it pleases her to go there. The only way to trace her by that means would be to watch and wait just before midnight—which isn't worth while, since Roberta is due to arrive at Myquest shortly; only, if I were back at headquarters, I think that I would do it just the same. I wonder," she mused silently just before she came to a stop in front of the store where she had left Betty, "if it would not be a good idea to send for Rodney Rushton and ask him to help me. He could trace that woman for me; he could find out all about Conrad Belknap, and he——"

Betty appeared on the scene and interrupted her train of thought.

The Beautiful Pianiste

CARDS? Oh, yes, every day—and sometimes the greater part of one—with the billiard-room for scenery, bridge for the vehicle, and Archer, Sears and Demming for the goats.

Katherine chose to ignore the fact of the gambling—which she perfectly well knew took place—and left the players severely alone. She noticed that always the games were brought to a conclusion before the hour of Harvard's and Clancy's arrival from business in the city.

The four concerned in it never spoke of their play, save on the rare occasions when Belknap had lost (presumably only a small percentage of what he had theretofore gained), when, as a rule, they twitted him more or less with some small indications of temporary exultation. It was plain to Katherine, however, that the man was a loser only when he deemed it to be politic.

Throughout the days and evenings that followed upon the (to Katherine) memorable Sunday and Monday, Belknap was consistently considerate of everybody, gracious to all, and—he played the gentleman as thoroughly well as he played cards, which is high praise.

It was Wednesday evening when an incident happened which, although carefully planned by its instigators, had every earmark of casuality. A Mme. Savage arrived at Myquest. She possessed the several qualifications for a welcome at Harvard's home, of being a large stockholder in his bank, a lifelong friend of the former president of it, Chester, who was the only father that Bing had ever known, and she was one of those rare and lovable old ladies whose thought remains as young as ever it was, at eighty.

She came, she saw, and was seen, and before the evening was finished she conquered—in the fact that she succeeded in persuading Katherine to engage for the approaching week-end, to play for them, the services of one whom she described as being the most wonderful pianiste she had ever heard perform. Katherine was not given to employing hired talent for the entertainment of her guests, but when there was a chorus of approval of the idea from one group—of which Belknap, by the way, was the center—and when Bingham suggested, "Why not have her down, Katherine?" she assented.

"My goodness no," Mme. Savage said in reply to a question, "I have never met her personally. I have heard her play three or four times—maybe not so many—but I never saw her nearer than across a crowded room; and my eyesight isn't as good as it was once. Just the same I have been told that she is very beautiful—the Spanish type, you know—and—er—all that sort of thing. She does play magnificently, believe me! Do have her down, Katherine, for a change, if you want entertainment; she isn't expensive, so I've been informed. You see, she probably has been told that I have heard her play, for she wrote to me—let me see, last week it was—and asked me if I would recommend her to my friends as an entertainer; and I told my secretary to send her word that of course I would—so—well—you see"—the old lady turned toward Harvard—"you can charge it to me, Bing Harvard, if you don't like her.

"Of course I've got her address; I made a note of it on my tablets before I started. Here it is now—Senorita Cervantez, care of the Bannister Entertainment Bureau, Metropolitan Building. There you are, folks."

Katherine sent off a letter that night, requesting the services of the senorita from Friday until Monday, unless she was otherwise engaged.

Friday, at two in the afternoon, she arrived—two hours before she was expected.

She approached the house by way of the tennis courts, where some of the ladies were playing a foursome, and where Katherine was seated beside Betty, looking on.

It was Katherine who saw her first, and at once guessed her identity, indeed, there could have been no mistaking the Spanish type of beauty that was hers, and to which Mme. Savage had referred.

She walked moderately fast, with a graceful, swinging gait (daintily, like a gazelle, Tom Clancy said afterward), like one who had spent much time in the open and among the wilds, who had scaled mountains, perhaps.

Katherine left her chair and hurried to meet the senorita, with both hands outstretched in greeting, and she exclaimed, while they were yet some distance apart:

"It is Senorita Cervantez, isn't it? I am so sorry that nobody was at the station to meet you, but really, I understood that you were to arrive at four, and you must have come on the one-twenty."

Katherine saw an expression of utter amazement flash into the eyes of Senorita Cervantez; and it was only a flash, being gone again with the instant of its appearance, like the distant lightning of a summer night. Katherine was not even sure that it had expressed amazement; it might have been—anything.

And then Katherine met with a surprise; an astonishing one.

Senorita Cervantez did not reply.

She smiled—and it was a beautiful smile that lighted up her countenance wonderfully—thus indicating that she had perfectly understood all that Katherine had said. A quick and emphatic nod of her perfectly poised head accompanied the smile. The fingers of her left hand, exquisitely gloved, were lifted to her lips, and touched them, while she shook her head slowly, still smiling; and then, for a brief instant, she accepted both of Katherine's extended hands.

But she dropped them at once, and bent forward over the small black satchel she had been carrying, which she had put down as Katherine approached her.

She opened it, she thrust a hand inside, into a pocket of it, and brought forth a fountain pen and a small pad of paper; and then, to Katherine's utter amazement—even to her consternation and dismay—the senorita began to write upon it.

The tennis game was momentarily discontinued. The players were grouped together, close to the net. Betty left her chair and moved slowly toward Katherine and the new arrival—and the senorita, with never a word or a lifting of her great, dark eyes, continued to write while Katherine awaited the denouement, whatever it was to be, with many emotions.

When the topmost sheet of the pad had been half filled with written words, the senorita lifted a pair of smiling eyes and passed it to her bewildered hostess.

It read as follows:

"I regret that I cannot speak these words to acknowledge your gracious welcome. Once I thought I was to be a great singer, but on the eve of success my voice was taken from me utterly. Sometimes—not always—it is possible for me to converse in a faint whisper, although it is an effort to do so. I hear perfectly. Forgive me, and please be patient. My fingers shall talk to you, in this manner, and—still better upon the keys of a piano."

"Oh, I am so sorry!" Katherine exclaimed, and with an impulse she did not seek to control she put her hands upon the stranger's shoulders and kissed her on the cheek—and it was a glowing, olive-and-rose-tinted cheek that anybody might have been glad to kiss.

Katherine, by a gesture, summoned the others around her. She presented the senorita. She explained the situation, almost with tears in her eyes, for she felt instantly and mysteriously drawn to the woman who was so strangely bereft of the power of speech. The senorita was undoubtedly beautiful, with face and features and glowing eyes as young as Katherine Harvard's or Betty Clancy's and yet whose hair, once of midnight hue, was thickly interwoven with gray. She was tall—as tall as Katherine—and straight, and willowy, and as graceful in every motion she made as a fawn.

Katherine took the little bag, to which the pen and pad had been returned, and led the pianiste toward the house.

Bridge, in the billiard room, had been discontinued somewhat earlier than usual that day, and thus it happened that Conrad Belknap sauntered through the wide doorway at the moment when Katherine and the senorita arrived at the top of the veranda steps.

He came to a sudden stop at the threshold when he discovered them.

It seemed to Katherine—vaguely then, although she recalled the circumstances later—as if he had the impulse to turn about and escape. Instead, he moved forward, and with the expression in his eyes of one who expects to be introduced.

Katherine presented him to the senorita in a few cool and well-chosen words, to which she added, as briefly as possible, an explanation of the senorita's infirmity.

A look of wonderment—or was it genuine amazement?—appeared upon the feature of the gentlemanly cardsharp. For a brief moment it appeared as if he likewise was speechless. Then, as if he had suddenly recalled the last words of Katherine's explanation to the effect that Senorita Cervantez could hear perfectly well, he uttered a few well-selected words about the pleasure of making her acquaintance, bowed low over her extended hand (another indication of her Spanish type, by the way), and went past them down the steps.

But he turned around and stood staring at the doorway after they had passed into the house and disappeared.

There was an unmistakable grin of amused annoyance upon his face. He bore the attitude of one who is asking himself many unanswerable questions, although he uttered no words, and his lips did not move. Presently he shrugged, and threw out his hands with the palms upward, like a pawnbroker who is remarking, "Well, how much did you expect, anyhow?" and continued on his way to the tennis courts.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

The World for Sale

By SIR GILBERT PARKER

Author of "The Seats of the Mighty," "The Money Master," etc.

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HE MET her walking among the trees, very near the place where they had had their first long talk, months before, when Jethro Fawe was a prisoner in the hut in the woods. Then it was warm, singing summer; now, beneath the feet the red and brown leaves rustled, the trees were stretching up gaunt arms to the winter, the woods were no longer vocal, and the singing birds had fled, though here and there a black squirrel, not yet gone to winter quarters, was busy increasing his stores. A groundhog scuttled across his path. He smiled as he remembered telling Fleda that once, when he was a little boy, he had eaten groundhog, and she had asked him if he remembered the gipsy name for groundhog—hotchewitchi was the word. Now, as the shapeless creature made for its hole, it was significant of the history of his life during the last summer. How long it seemed since that day when love first peeped forth from their hearts like a young face at the lattice of a sunlit window. Fleda had warned him of trouble, and that trouble had come!

In his mind she was a woman like none he had ever known; she could think greatly, act largely, give tremendously. As he stood waiting, the wonderful, ample life of her seemed to come like a wave toward him. In his philosophy, intellect alone had never been the governing influence. Intellect must find its play through the senses, be vitalized by the elements of physical life, or it could not prevail. There was not one sensual strain in him, but with a sensuous mind he loved the vital thing. He was sure that presently Gabriel Druse would disappear, leaving her behind with him. That was what he meant to ask her today—to be and stay with him always. He knew that the Romanys were gathering in the prairie. They had been heard of here and there, and some of them had been seen along the Sagalac, though he knew nothing of that dramatic incident in the woods when Fleda was kidnapped and Jethro Fawe vanished from the scene.

As Fleda came toward him, under the same trees which had shielded her from the sun months ago—now nearly naked and bare—something in her look and bearing sharply caught his interest. He asked himself what it was. So often a face familiar over half a lifetime perhaps, suddenly at some new angle, or because, by chance, one has looked at it searchingly, shows a new expression, a new contour never before observed, giving fresh significance to the character.

There was that in Ingolby's mind, a depth of desire, a resolve to stake two lives against the chances of Fate, which made him look at Fleda now with a revealing intensity. What was the new thing in her carriage which captured his eye? Presently it flashed upon him—memories of Mexico and the southern United States; native women with jars of water upon their heads; the erect, well-balanced form; the sure, sinuous movement; the step measured, yet free; the dignity come of carrying the head as though it were a pillar of an Athenian temple, one of the beautiful Caryatides yonder by the Aegean Sea.

It smote him as a sudden breath of warm air strikes a face in the night coolness of the veldt. His pulses quickened, he flushed with the soft shock of it. There she was, refined, civilized, gowned like other women, with all the manners and details of civilization and social life about her; yet in spite of it all, she did not belong; there was about her still something remote and alien. It had not to do with appearance alone, though her eyes were so vivid, and her expression so swift and varying; it was to be found in the whole presence—something mountain-like and daring, something Eastern and reserved and secret, something remote—brooding like a Sphinx, and prophetic like a Sibyl. But suppose that in days to come the thing that did not belong, which was of the East, of the tan, of the River Starske; suppose that it should——

With a great effort he drove apprehension and the instant's confused wonder far away, and when, come close to him, she smiled, showing the perfect white teeth, and her eyes softened to a dreamy regard of him, all he had ever felt for her in the past months seemed concentrated into this one moment. Yet he did not look like a languishing lover; rather like one inflamed with a great idea or stirred to a great resolve.

For quite a minute they stood gazing as though they would read the whole truth in each other's eyes. She was all eager, yet timorous; he was resolved; yet now, when the great moment had come, as it were, like a stammerer fearing the sound of his own voice. There was so much to say that he could not speak.

She broke the spell. "I am here. Can't you see me?" she asked in a quizzical, playful tone, her lips trembling a little, but with a smile in her eyes which she vainly tried to veil.

She had said the one thing which above all others could have lifted the situation to its real significance. A few weeks ago the eyes now looking into hers and telling a great story were sealed with night, and the mind behind was fretted by the thought of a perpetual darkness. All the tragedy of the past rushed into his mind now, and gave all that was between them, or was to be between them, its real meaning. A beautiful woman is dear to man simply as woman, and not as the woman; virtue has slain its thousands, but physical charm has slain its tens of thousands! Whatever Ingolby's defects, however, infinitely more than the girl's beauty, more than the palpitating life in her, than red lips and bright eye, than warm breast and clasping hand, was something beneath all which would last, or should last, when the hand was palsied and the eye was dim.

"I am here. Can't you see me?"

All that he had regained in life in her little upper room rushed upon him, and with outstretched arms and in a voice choked with feeling he said:

"See you! Dear God—— To see you and all the world once more! It is being born again to me. I haven't learned to talk in my new world yet, but I know three words of the language. I love you. Come—I'll be good to you."

She drew back from him and her look said that she would read him to the uttermost word in his life's book, would see the heart of this wonderful book, and then with a hungry cry she flung her arms around his neck and pressed her wet eyes against his flushed cheek.

A half hour later, as they wandered back to the house, he suddenly stopped, put his hands on her shoulders, looked earnestly in her eyes and said:

"God's good to me. I hope I'll remember that."

"You won't be so blind as to forget," she answered, and she wound her fingers in his with a feeling which was more than the simple love of woman for man. "I've got much more to remember than you have," she added. Suddenly she put both hands upon his breast. "You don't understand; you can't understand, but I tell you that I shall have to fight hard if I am to be all you want me to be. I have got a past to forget; you have a past you want to remember—that's the difference. I must tell you the truth; it's in my veins, that old life, in spite of all. Listen. I ought to have told you, and I meant to tell you before this happened, but when I saw you there and you held out your arms to me I forgot everything. Yet still I must tell you now, though perhaps you will hate me when you know. The old life—I hate it, but it calls me, and I have an impulse to go back to it even though I hate it. Listen. I'll tell you what happened the other day. It's terrible, but it's true. I was walking in the woods——"

Thereupon she told him of her being seized and carried to the gypsy camp and of all that happened there to the last detail. She even had the courage to tell of all she felt there, but when she had finished, with a half-frightened look in her eyes, her face pale and her hands clasped before her, he did not speak for a minute. Suddenly, however, he seemed to tower over her, his two big hands were raised as though they would strike and then the palms spread out and enclosed her cheeks lovingly and his eyes fastened upon hers.

"I know," he said gently. "I always understood—everything; but you'll never have the same fight again because I'll be with you. You understand, Fleda—I'll be with you."

With an exclamation of gratitude she nestled into his arms.

Before the thrill of his embrace had passed from their pulses they heard the breaking of twigs under a quick footstep and Rhodo stood before them.

"Come," he said to Fleda. His voice was as solemn and strange as his manner. "Come!" he repeated peremptorily.

Fleda sprang to his side. "Is it my father? What has happened?" she cried.

The old man waved her aside, and pointed toward the house.

The Sleeper

THE Ry of Rys sat in his huge armchair, his broad-brimmed hat on his knee in front of him. One hand rested on the chair-arm, the other clasped the hat as though he would put it on, but his head was fallen forward on his breast.

It was a picture of profound repose, but it was the repose of death. It was evident that the Ry had prepared to leave the house, had felt a sudden weakness, and had taken to his chair to recover himself. As was evident from the normal way in which his fingers held his hat, and his hand rested on the chair-arm, death had come as gently as a beam of light. With his stick lying on the table beside him, and his hat on his knee, he was like one who rested a moment before renewing a journey. There could not have been a pang in his passing. He had gone as most men wish to go—in the midst of the business of life, doing the usual things, and so passing into the sphere of eternity as one would go from this room to that. Only a few days before had he yielded up his temporary position as chief constable, and had spent almost every hour since in conference with Rhodo.

What he had planned would never be known to his daughter now. It was Rhodo himself who had found his master with head bowed before the Master of all men.

Before Fleda entered the room she knew what awaited her; a merciful intuition had blunted the shock to her senses. Yet when she saw the Ry on his throne of death a moan broke from her lips like that of one who sees for the last time some one indelibly dear, and turns to face strange paths with uncertain feet. She did not go to the giant figure seated in the chair. In what she did there was no panic or hysteria of lacerated heart and shocked sense; she only sank to her knees in the room a few feet away from him, and looked at him.

"Father! Oh, Ry! Oh, Ry!" she whispered in agony, and admiration, too, and kept on whispering.

Fleda had whispered to him in such awe, not only because he was her father, but because he was so much a man among men, a giant, with a great, lumbering mind, slow to conceive, but moving in a large, impressive way when once conception came. To her he had been more than father; he had been a patriarch, a leader, a viking, capable of the fury of a Scythian lord, but with the tenderness of a peasant father to his first child.

"My Ry! My father! Oh, my Ry of Rys!" she kept murmuring to herself.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

R. R. Strikers Get Back-to-Work Order

Continued From Page One

and, second, what are the wages being paid in other industries for the same classes of work.

Any advances granted will be proportioned to enable the employes to maintain their standard of life and to retain competent men who might otherwise be attracted to other employment.

Blanton Scents Anarchy

A joint resolution "declaring that a state of anarchy exists in the United States, authorizing the President to free interstate mails and traffic from further unlawful interference and to adequately protect citizens in their property rights," was introduced today by Representative Blanton, Democrat, Texas.

No mention was made of the railroad strikes, but the resolution declared that "through organized effort the proper transmission of interstate mails, telegraphic communication and interstate traffic has been interfered with, retarded, and in many instances forcibly prevented altogether, thereby hampering, crippling, and attempting to destroy the industries of the United States.

"As a result of open brigandage, hitherto tolerated, demands have been made on the Government of the United States to pay out of the people's treasury into the hands of a special class, public money to the extent of billions of dollars," it continued, "with threat of revolution against the Government of the United State unless such demands are complied with, which conditions create and establish a state of anarchy in the United States.

"The President is hereby authorized," it said in conclusion, "to employ the entire naval and military forces of the United States and the resources of the government to destroy such anarchy, prevent any interference with the proper transmission of interstate mails, together with communication and interstate traffic; that he shall make secure all citizens in their private property rights and their rights and privileges to work without molestation."

Organized labor is not willing to have the government operate the railroads because it does not believe so great an industry can be conducted by "any political autocracy," Glenn E. Plumb, author of the Plumb plan for control of the roads, declared before the House interstate commerce committee.

In resuming his testimony today, Mr. Plumb was asked by Representative Sweet, Republican, Iowa, why, if the government was to own the roads, his plan did not give it authority to operate.

Plumb Opposes Government Operation

"Because we do not believe in operation by any governmental body," the witness replied. "We do not believe this great industry can be conducted by any political autocracy. If we leave operation in the hands of political appointees we would place the railway systems ultimately in the hands of politicians, and that, we submit, cannot be safely done.

"The men operating the roads have made a life study of it. We have provided an incentive to actuate every employe and in this bill we have removed restrictions placed upon them by capital."

"You believe then," Mr. Sweet asked, "that your plan will give more of an equal opportunity to those engaged in railroad work?"

"We believe it restores to those in this industry that equal opportunity of which they have been deprived."

Calls Plan "Soviet System"

Representative Rayburn, Democrat, Texas, referred to the brotherhoods' scheme as a "soviet system."

"I don't know much about Russian affairs," Mr. Plumb retorted, "so I can't say as to that."

"But would you consider it fair to workers in other industries to socialize the railways solely?" Mr. Rayburn asked.

"This plan, or modification of it, can be applied to every industry based on government grant or monopoly," Mr. Plumb said. "It can be followed in all these."

"Suppose you got all these groups of industries socialized in this fashion," said Mr. Rayburn, "don't you think that with each group jealous of the profits made by the others and the prices they would be forced to pay for supplies, would get into quarrels? How long would it be before they would eat each other up?"

"They'd get along better than similar groups of capitalists that we have now, who are more skilled in eating and anxious to do it," the witness replied. "Out of 2000 railroad corporations started in the United States, two groups have developed, controlling all rail transportation."

Mr. Plumb repeated again that the idea he advanced would "lead to operation in the interest of service and not of profits."

Congress Threatened, Says Webster

Declaring that he wished to substantiate his assertion made previously during the hearing that threats to unseat members of Congress were a part of the railroad unions' propaganda in favor of the Plumb plan, Representative Webster, Republican, of Washington, introduced into the record a stack of several hundred form letters addressed to him. All were printed and identical in wording, on letterheads bearing the name of the Brotherhoods of Railway Carmen and Clerks.

"Wages have been increased, the work day shortened and labor and the family have had more of the necessities of life under the present government control," the letter said. "He who obstructs the government in the policy of control or ownership becomes our direct enemy, and shall be posted throughout the land, and it shall be our chief policy to remove him from any political line of trust the public has given into his keeping."

"Do you indorse that as a part of the educational plan you said you were making in favor of this bill?" asked Mr. Webster.

Mr. Plumb said he did not indorse the wording, but remarked that "any body of citizens had the right to use the ballot to protect any rights they may think are in danger.

"The men are following the example which has been thrust upon them by the opposition," he continued. "It shows the condition throughout the country. The mind of the workingman is like a bed of tinder, and seeing a gleam of hope he resorts to anything to attain it."

The order that the striking shopmen return to work followed closely the declaration by President Wilson that, until the men return to work and again recognize the authority of their own organization, the whole matter of wage increases must be at a stand-still.

President Wilson's statement was contained in a communication to Director General Hines, in which the director general was authorized to take up the wage demands of the brotherhood members and decide them on their merits. It followed a letter received by the President from Chairman Cummins, of the Senate interstate commerce committee, in which was expressed the opinion of the committee that the chief executive had ample authority to deal with the situation growing out of the demands of the railroad men without additional legislation by Congress.

A statement authorized by Senator Cummins last night said:

"Senator Cummins today received a letter from Director General Hines, of the railroad administration, explaining his views of the legal situation confronting the railroad management. Mr. Hines was quoted recently as indicating the opinion that additional legal authority was needed to enable the railroad administration to deal with the rate and wage questions before it. In that interview he seemed to take the position that action of Congress in restoring the rate control of the Interstate Commerce Commission was tantamount to prohibiting any further increases of rates.

"This, Mr. Hines makes clear, is not his position, and he never authorized an interview committing him to it. He was far from a desire to criticize anything Congress had done and agreed that there is ample legal authority already reposed in the railroad administration to deal with both the wage and rate questions. In this regard, he entirely agrees with the position taken by Mr. Cummins, in his recent speech, and with the position of the committee on interstate commerce as outlined by Mr. Cummins's letter to President Wilson. However, Mr. Hines adds, he considered that the issues were so big and important to the country that he had felt that Congress ought to be consulted in adopting a policy to deal with them.

"Mr. Cummins has received nothing from the White House responsive to his letter to the President, but assumes that the presidential view will be fully developed in the addresses of the President to Congress tomorrow."

UNIONS WILL ANSWER WILSON TOMORROW

Chicago, Aug. 8.—(By A. P.)—John D. Saunders, secretary of the Chicago council of the Federation Railway Shopmen's Union, announced today that the executive board of the organization was considering President Wilson's demand that the 300,000 strikers return to work before their request for higher wages will be considered by the federal government.

He said the executive board expects to reach a decision on what action will be taken by 5 o'clock tomorrow afternoon. At that time, it is said, the union will make a formal reply to the demand by President Wilson.

President L. M. Hawver and other officials of the union were in conference behind closed doors considering President Wilson's demand. They refused to discuss the situation but admitted that the question of issuing an order sending the men back to work pending a settlement of the wage controversy by President Wilson and his advisers was receiving serious consideration.

Springfield, Ill., Aug. 8.—(By A. P.) Striking members of the Federated Carmen's Union, affiliated with the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers, were ordered back to work today by John P. Noonan, international vice president.

"We believe our men now on strike will be back on the job in a very few days in view of the President's attitude," said Mr. Noonan.

Cleveland, Aug. 8.—At a special mass-meeting this afternoon pleas will be made by union officials to striking railroad shopmen in Cleveland to return to work pending the decision of Railroad Director General Hines on the men's demand for wage increases.

"One thousand Pennsylvania railroad employes on strike here voted yesterday to remain on strike, but since President Wilson has ordered Director General Hines to act in this matter, I am going to ask the men to return to work," said William Heinger, leader of the shopmen in the Cleveland district.

Connesaut, O., Aug. 8.—All employes of the Nickel Plate railroad car shops here are on strike today following the walkout of 600 machinists, car repairmen and other shop craft this morning. They had been held at work by union officials pending the result of a national strike vote, but at a meeting last night voted to quit work today.

300 RESUME WORK IN STEEL CAR PLANT

Company Officials at Butler Expect More Strikers Back Tomorrow

Butler, Pa., Aug. 8.—(By A. P.)—Nearly 300 workmen of the Standard Steel Car Company here, who have been on strike since Wednesday, when 4000 men walked out demanding higher wages, returned to work this morning. This was the first break in the ranks of the strikers and officials of the company said today they expected a larger number of men to return to work tomorrow.

Quiet prevailed in the strike zone this afternoon and the strikers made no effort to prevent the returning men from assuming their places in the shops. The strikers held a mass-meeting this morning, at which speakers urged the men to remain firm in their demands.

P. R. T. Hearing September 19

The public service commission today fixed September 19 as the date for hearing complaint filed by the Northwest Business Men's Association of Philadelphia against fare schedules of the Philadelphia Rapid Transit Company. The hearing will be held in this city.

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES—By Daddy

"THE PRINCE OF DOLLARS"

(The Prince of Dollars seeks his lost mermaid and Peggy, Billy and Judge Owl go with him. They follow a voice singing the mermaid's song, and find it is that of a bird who has heard the mermaid singing in a building to which the bird guides them).

CHAPTER V

Through the River

PEGGY and Billy were filled with wonder when they looked across the river to the great building where the charming mermaid was toiling. How had she come to be shut up there—she who had seemed so free as she sang on the rocky isle and raced along the beach?

"Teacher! Teacher! Teacher! Teacher! Teacher!" sang Ovenbird Warbler Nightingale, but the charming mermaid sang no answering song out into the night. She waved her hand sadly and turned back to where hundreds of other girls were busily working.

"Why, do you suppose, she is in prison?" whispered Peggy to the Prince of Dollars.

"Prison!" he exclaimed, making a queer sound in his throat. "If that is a prison, then I am her jailer." Peggy and Billy looked at him in surprise. "That is one of my mills," he went on. "It is grinding out dollars for me. But no more shall it grind at night with young girls feeding the machinery. And no more shall it grind as a prison, but as a pleasant, happy working place for contented, cheerful workers. Come, we will give them all a holiday to celebrate the better days to come."

"The mill! See, it struck the mill!" screamed Peggy

The Prince of Dollars steered the auto toward a bridge which led across the river to the mill. But when they reached the river they found that the storm had turned the stream into a raging torrent and water was sweeping high over the floor of the bridge. They could not pass.

Lightning was still flashing and the thunder rolled and banged. It was the wildest night Peggy and Billy had ever seen, and the raging river before them made it seem all the wilder.

As they looked in dismay at the angry waters there came a particularly angry flash of lightning, followed sharply by a terrific crash of thunder. The jar shook the auto.

"That struck near here!" shouted Billy.

"The mill! See it struck the mill!" screamed Peggy, pointing to where a tiny burst of flame was leaping up from the roof.

"Those girls! My mermaid love! They must be saved!" shouted the prince. "Get out, Peggy and Billy! I'm going to cross that bridge."

"And we're going with you. Go! Go!" screamed Peggy.

Not waiting a second the Prince of Dollars sent his auto leaping forward. Straight at the bridge it went and right into the angry waters which swept the roadway.

Swish! Swish! Swish! The current roared against the wheels and smashed at the fenders, but the car went on, on, driven by its powerful engine. Again and again the rushing stream threatened to sweep the auto away, but each time the Prince of Dollars held the swaying car to its course. Once or twice the engine gave a splutter and seemed about to stop, only to pick up again at full strength. So swish, swash, swish, they plunged through the river and up on the bank beyond.

"Hoo! Hoo! I told you true. You drove through a river; you must fight fire, too!" screamed Judge Owl, as the Prince of Dollars stopped the automobile and dashed into the burning mill.

(Tomorrow will be told how the Prince of Dollars finds the mermaid in grave danger).

DOROTHY DARNIT—And That Wasn't Adam's Fault

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By Chas. McManus