

THE COWPUNCHER

(Continued from Page 9)
posure. "If you have nothing more to
urge against Mr. Elden perhaps you
will go."

Forsyth took his hat. At the door
he paused and turned, but she was al-
ready ostensibly interested in a maga-
zine. He went out into the night.
The week was a busy one with Dave
and he had no opportunity to visit the
Duncans. Friday Edith called him on
the telephone. She asked an inconse-
quential question about something
which had appeared in the paper, and
from that the talk drifted on until it
turned on the point of their expedition
of the previous Sunday. Dave never
could account quite clearly how it hap-
pened, but when he hung up the re-
ceiver he knew he had asked her to
ride with him again on Sunday, and
she had accepted. He had ridden with
her before, of course, but he had never
asked her before. He felt that a subtle
change had come over their relation-
ship.

He was at the Duncan house earlier
than usual Sunday afternoon, but not
too early for Edith. She was dressed
for the occasion; she seemed more
fetching than he had ever seen her.

She led the way over the path fol-
lowed the Sunday before until again
they sat by the rushing water. Dave
had again been filled with a sense of
Reenie Hardy, and his conversation
was disjointed and uninteresting. She
tried unsuccessfully to draw him out
with questions about himself; then
took the more astute tack of speaking
of her own past life. It had begun in
an eastern city, ever so many years
ago—

Chivalry could not allow that to
pass. "Oh, not so very many!" said
Dave.

"How many?" she teased. "Guess."

"Nineteen," he hazarded.

"Oh, more than that."

"Twenty-one?"

"Oh, less than that." And their first
confabulation was established.

"Twenty," thought Dave to himself.

"Reenie must be about twenty now."

"And I was five when—when Jack
died," she went on. "Jack was my
brother, you know. He was seven. . . .
Well, we were playing, and I stood on
the car tracks, signaling the motor-
man, to make him ring his bell. On
came the car, with the bell clanging,
and the man in blue looking very
cross. Jack must have thought I was
waiting too long, for he suddenly
rushed on the track to pull me off."

She stopped, and sat looking at the
rushing water.

"I heard him cry, 'Oh, daddy, dad-
dy!' above the screech of the brakes."

"Sorrow is a strange thing," she
went on, after a pause. "I don't pre-

"Yes, I am waiting. . . . It must be
so."
"It is cold," she said. "Let us go
home."

CHAPTER VI.

Whatever the effect of this conver-
sation had been upon Edith, she con-
cealed it carefully, and Dave counted
it one of the fortunate events of his
life. He had been working under the
spur of his passion for Irene, but now
this was to be supplemented by the
friendship of Edith. That it was more
than friendship on her part did not
occur to him at all, but he knew she
was interested in him and he was
fobly determined that he would
justify her interest and confidence.
But just at this time another inci-
dent occurred which was to turn the
flood of his life into strange channels.
Dave had been promoted to the distinc-
tion of a private office—a little six-by-
six "box stall," as the sport editor de-
scribed it—but, nevertheless, a dis-
tinction shared only with the managing
editor and Bert Morrison, compiler
of the woman's page. Her name was
Roberta, but she was masculine to the
tips and everybody called her Bert.

Into Dave's sanctuary one after-
noon in October came Conward. His
habitual cigarette hung from his ac-
customed short tooth, and his round,
florid face seemed puffier than usual.
His aversion to any exercise more vig-
orous than offered by a billiard cue
was beginning to reflect itself in a
premature rotundity of figure.

"Lo, Dave!" he said. "Alone?"

"Almost," said Dave, without look-
ing up from his typewriter. Then,
turning, he kicked the door shut with
his heel and said, "Shoot!"

"This strenuous life is spoiling your
good manners, Dave, my boy," said
Conward, lazily exhaling a thin cloud
of smoke. "If work made a man rich
you'd die a millionaire. But it isn't
work that makes men rich. Ever think
of that?"

"If a man does not become rich by



"If a Man Does Not Become Rich by
Work He Has No Right to Become
Rich at All," Dave Retorted.

work he has no right to become rich
at all," Dave retorted.

"What do you mean by that word
'right,' Dave? Define it."

"Haven't time. We go to press at
four."

"That's the trouble with fellows like
you," Conward continued. "You
haven't time. You stick too close to
your jobs. You never see the better
chances lying all around. Now sup-
pose you let them go to press without
you today and you listen to me for a
while."

Dave was about to throw him out
when a gust of yearning for the open
spaces swept over him again. It was
true enough. He was giving his whole
life to his paper. Promotion was slow,
and there was no prospect of a really
big position at any time. He remem-
bered Mr. Duncan's remark about
newspaper training being the best

preparation for something else. With
sudden decision he closed his desk.

"Shoot!" he said again, but this time
with less impatience.

"That's better," said Conward.

"Have you ever thought of the future
of this town?"

"Well, I can't say that I have. I've
been busy with its present."

"That's what I supposed. You've
been too busy with the details of your
little job to give attention to bigger
things. Now let me pass you a few
pieces of information—things you
must know, but you have never put
them together before. What are the
natural elements which make a coun-
try or city a desirable place to live?
I'll tell you. Climate, transportation,
good water, variety of landscape, op-
portunity of independence. Given
these conditions, everything else can
be added. Then there's transportation.
This is one of the few centers in
America which has a North-and-
South trade equal to its East-and-West
trade. We're on the crossroads. Every
settler who goes into the North—and
it is a mighty North—means more
North-and-South trade. I tell you,
Dave, the movement is on now, and
before long it'll hit us like a tidal
wave. I've been a bit of a gambler
all my life, but this is the biggest
jack-pot ever was, and I'm going to
sit in. How about you?"

"I'd like to think it over. Promo-
tion doesn't come very fast on this job,
that's sure."

"Yes, and while you are thinking it
over chances are slipping by. Don't
think it over—put it over. I tell you,
Dave, there are big things in the air.
They are beginning to move already.
Have you noticed the strangers in
town of late? That's the advance
guard—"

"Advance guard of a real estate
boom?"

"Hish! That's a bad word. Get

away from it. Say 'industrial develop-
ment.'"

"Let me elaborate. We'll say Alkali
Lake is a railway station where lots go
begetting at a hundred dollars each. In
drops a well-dressed stranger—buys
ten lots at a hundred and fifty each—
and the old-timers are chuckling over
sticking him. But in drops another
stranger and buys a block of lots at
two hundred each. Then the old-timers
begin to wonder if they didn't
sell too soon. By the time the fourth
or fifth stranger has dropped in they
are dead sure of it, and they are try-
ing to buy their lots back. All sorts
of rumors get started, nobody knows
how. New railways are coming, big
factories are to be started, minerals
have been located, there's a secret war
on between great moneyed interests.
The town council meets and changes
the name to Silver City—having re-
gard, no doubt, to the alkali in the
slough water. The old-timers, and all
that great, innocent public which is
forever hoping to get something for
nothing, are now glad to buy the lots
at five hundred to ten thousand dollars
each, and by the time they've bought
it up the gang moves on. It's the
smoothest game in the world, and
every community will fall for it at
least twice. . . . Well, they're here."

"Of course, it's a little different in
this case, because there really is some-
thing in the way of natural advantages
to support it. It's not all hot air."

"Now, Dave, I've been dipping in a
little already, and it struck me we
might work together on this deal.
Your paper has considerable weight,
and if that weight falls the right way
you won't find me stingy. For instance,
an item that this property— he pro-
duced a slip with some legal descrip-
tions—"has been sold for ten thousand
dollars to eastern investors—very
conservative investors from the East,
don't forget that—might help to turn
another deal that's just hanging. Sorry
to keep you so long, but perhaps you
can catch the press yet." And with
one of his friendly mannerisms Con-
ward departed.

Dave sat for some minutes in a
quandary. He was discouraged with
his salary, or, rather, with the lack of
prospect of any increase in his salary.
Conward's words had been very unset-
tling. They pulled in opposite direc-
tions. They fired him with a new en-
thusiasm for his city, and they intim-
ated that a gang of professional
land-gamblers was soon to perpetrate
an enormous theft, leaving the public
holding the sack. Still, there must be
a middle course somewhere.

At any rate, he could use Conward's
story about the land sale. That was
news—legitimate news. Of course, it
might be a faked sale—faked for its
news value—but reporters are not paid
for being detectives. The Evening Call
carried a statement of Conward's sale,
and on that statement was hung a col-
umn story on the growing prosperity
of the city and its assured future, ow-
ing to its exceptional climate and
natural resources, combined with its
commanding position on transporta-
tion routes, both east and west and
north and south.

During the following days Dave had
a keener eye than usual for evidences
of "industrial development." He found
them on every hand. Old properties,
long considered unsalable, were chang-
ing owners. Money moved easily;
wages were stiffening; tradesmen
were in demand. There was material
for many good stories in his investiga-
tions. He began writing features on
the city's prosperity and prospects.
The rival paper did the same and there
was soon started between them a
competition of optimism. The great word
became "boost." The virus was now
in the veins of the community, pulsing
through every street and byway of the
little city. Dave marveled, and won-
dered how he had failed to read these
signs until Conward had laid their por-
tent bare before him. But as yet it
was only his news sense that respon-
ded; his delight in the strange and the
sensational. He was not yet inoculated
with the poison of easy wealth.

His nights were busy with his inves-
tigations, but on Sunday, as usual, he
went out to the Duncans'. Mrs. Dun-
can explained that Edith had gone to
visit a girl friend in the country;
would be gone away for some time.
Dave felt a foolish annoyance that she
should have left town. She might at
least have called him up. Why should
she call him up? Of course not? Still,
the town was very empty. He drove
with Mrs. Duncan in the afternoon,
and at night took a long walk by the
river. He had a vague but oppressive
sense of loneliness. He had not real-
ized what part of his life these Sunday
afternoons with Edith had come to be.

A few days later Conward strolled
in, with the inevitable cigarette. He
smoked in silence until Dave complet-
ed a story.

"Good stuff you're giving us," he
commented, when the article was fin-
ished. "Remember what I told you the
other day? It's just like putting a
match to tinder. Now we're off."

Conward smoked a few minutes in
silence, but Dave could not fail to see
the excitement under his calm exterior.
He had, as he said, decided to "sit" in
in the biggest game ever played. The
intoxication of sudden wealth had al-
ready fired his blood.

He slipped a bill to Dave. "For your
services in that little transaction," he
explained.

(Continued in Next Issue)

RAISING THE PRICE

Mother: "Johnny, will you be quiet
for a bit?"
Johnny: "I'll do it for two bits."—
Awgwan.

Earl Mallory left for Omaha
Wednesday evening on business.

THE IDEAL PAPER.

A countryman went crazy on hypo-
notism. He imagined he was the
greatest hypnotist on earth. He was
a powerful fellow and the officers
knew he would put up a stiff fight.
They were in a quandary about getting
him to the asylum until the local editor
suggested a scheme. He told the
crazy man there was a villain in the
asylum who would unravel a thrilling
scoop for the paper if he were hypo-
notized. The insane man consented to
the editorial staff and do the job.

On the train he drew about him a
crowd and insisted on hypnotizing the
editor. To keep him good natured the
editor consented. After making a few
passes with his hands in front of the
editor's face, the insane man said:
"You are now hypnotized."
"I am," admitted the scribe.

"You are an editor!" declared the
hypnotist.

"I am," was the answer.

"You don't smoke, chew, drink or
swear at your delinquent subscribers!"

"I do not," admitted the editor.

"You never trade advertising for
merchandise, never cutthroat your
competitor's prices, never accept
church sociable tickets for ice cream!"

"Never!"

"You do not accept pay for political
advertising; you run your paper on a
strictly cash, moral and religious ba-
sis. You never sass your rival across
the street, take dried sweet corn on
subscription or lie about your circula-
tion, in fact you run an ideal news-
paper!"

"All of which is true," declared the
editor emphatically.

"Say," ejaculated the hypnotist,

"what a fix you would be in if I failed

to awaken you!"—Kingwood (W. Va.)
Argus.

TROPHIES

Madge: "Did you send his presents
back when you broke the engage-
ment?"

Marjorie: "Of course not. Did you
send back the silver cups you had won
when you resigned from the golf
club?"—New York Sun.

Charity should begin at home and
then work its way out to where human
need is greatest.

If those abandoned farms are to be
redeemed there will be no need of un-
employment in this country.

No legislation has yet been evolved
that will keep soft cider from turning
hard.

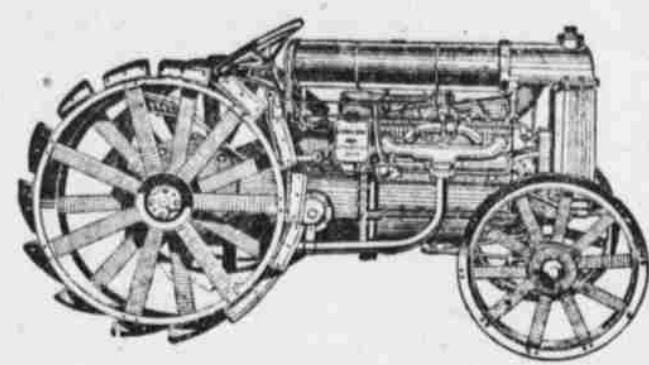
Fordson
The Age of MACHINE POWER
on the Farm

is upon us. It is the latest advanced step civilization has taken. It is full of the promise
to lift the great burden of drudgery, and wearisome, wearing-out toil, from the muscles
of man and carrying them, with much more profit, by power of Machinery, with the result
that

LARGER PRODUCTION, MORE PROFIT and GREATER WEALTH

will come, with the accompanying larger comforts, benefits and progress to humanity
everywhere.

OPERATION COSTS LITTLE MORE
THAN UPKEEP ON ONE HORSE



AND IT DOES THE WORK OF MANY.
Come in and Let us Explain Comparative
Costs.

Coursey & Miller

DISTRIBUTORS
Alliance -- -- Nebraska

BUILD NOW

The Home Building
Urge Is On
OWN YOUR
OWN HOME

Mr. Renter, this is addressed to you. No
doubt you have often looked forward to the
time when you would own a little home of
your very own, a place on which every dollar
expended is a dollar earned rather than a
dollar wasted. In other words, a home that
means more to you than merely a roof over
your head.

Fall into line with the rest of the former
rent payers who are now planning their
HOMES. The opportunity to build at pre-
war prices was never better.

SO WHY HESITATE—
CONSULT US TODAY.

Our advice and estimates cost nothing and
we will build a home according to your own
specifications.

Forest Lbr. Co.

WM. BEVINGTON, Manager

