THE LONE STAR RANGER

A ROMANCE OF THE BORDER

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HARPER & BROTHERS PUBLISHERS **NEW YORK AND LONDON** MCMXV

CHAPTER I.

So it was in him, then-an inherited fighting instinct, a driving intensity to He was the last of the Duanes, that old fighting stock of Texas. But not the memory of his dead father, nor the pleading of his soft-voiced mother, nor the warning of this uncle who stood before him now, had brought to Buck Duane so much realization of the dark passionate strain in his blood. It was the recurrence, a hundredfold increased in power, of a strange emotion that for the last three years had arisen in him.

"Yes, Cal Bain's in town, full of bad whisky an' huntin' for you," repeated the elder man, gravely.
"It's the second time," muttered

"Son, you can't avoid a meetin'.

Leave town till Cal sobers up. He
ain't got it in for you when he's not
drinkin'."

"But what's he want me for?" demanded Duane. "To insult me again! I won't stand that twice."

He's got a fever that's rampant in Texas these days, my boy. He wants gun-play. If he meets you he'll try to kill you."

Here it stirred in Duane again, that bursting gush of blood, like a wind of flame shaking all his inner being, and subsiding to leave him strangely

'Kill me! What for?" he asked. "Kill me! What for?" he asked.
"Lord knows there ain't any reason.
But what's that to do with most of
the shootin' these days? Didn't five
cowboys over to Everall's kill one another dead all because they got to
jerkin' at a quirt among themselves?
An' Cal has no reason to love you.
His girl was sweet on you." "I quit when I found out she was

"I reckon she ain't quit. But never mind her or reasons. Cal's here, just drunk enough to be ugly. He's achin'to kill somebody. He's one of them four-flush gun-fighters. He'd like to be thought bad. There's a lot of wild cowboys who 're ambitious for a reputation. They talk about how quick they are on the draw. They ape Bland an' King Fisher an' Hardin an' all the big outlaws. They make threats about joinin' the gangs along the Rio Grande. They laugh at the sheriffs an' bragabout how they'd fix the rangers. Cal's sure not much for you to bother with, if you only keep out of his way."

"You mean for me to run!" asked Duane, in scorn. I reckon she ain't quit. But never

Duane, in scorn. "I reckon I wouldn't put it that way.

Just avoid him. Buck, I'm not afraid
Cal would get you if you met down
there in town. You've your father's

eye an' his slick hand with a gun. eye an' his slick hand with a will What I'm most afraid of is that you'll

Duane was silent, letting his uncle's earnest words sink in, trying to realize their significance. "If Texas ever recovers from that

fool war an' kills off these outlaws, why, a young man will have a look-

"I reckon you wouldn't," replied the I man. "You'd be like your father. was ever ready to draw—too ready. In times like these, with the Texas rangers enforcin the law, you Dad would have been driven to the river An', son, I'm afraid you're a chip off the old block. Can't you hold in-keep your temper—run away from trouble? Because it'll only result in you gettin' the worst of it in the end. Your father was killed in a street fight. An' it was told of him that he shot twice after a bullet had passed through his heart. Think of the terrible nature of a Think of the terrible nature of a man to be able to do that. If you have any such blood in you, never give it

"What you say is all very well, uncle," returned Duane, "but the only way out for me is to run, and I won't do it. Cal Bain and his outfit have already made me look like a coward. He says I'm afraid to come out and face him. A man simply can't stand that in this country. Besides, Cal would shoot me in the back some day if I didn't face him."

Well, then, what 're you goin' to " inquired the elder man.

lose your temper an' talk wild. Never

. "What do you think? What could you expect of a man who never wore a glove on his right hand for 20 years?" street or in the shops knew that Buck "Well, he'd hardly have said much.

Dad never talked. But he would have done a lot. And I guess I'll go down town and let Cal Bain find me."

Then folle sed a long aller.

Then folle red a long silence, during which Duane sat with downcast eyes, and the uncle appeared lost in sad thought of the future. Presently he turned to Duane with an expression spirit which showed wherein they were of the same blood that denoted resignation, and yet

"You've got a fast horse — the fastest I know of in this country. After you meet Bain hurry back home. I'll have a saddle bag packed for you and the horse ready." r you and the horse ready."
With that he turned on his heel and

with that he turned on his heel and went into the house, leaving Duane to revolve in his mind his singular speech. Buck wondered presently if he shared his uncle's opinion of the result of a meeting between himself and Bain. His thoughts were vague. But on the instant of final decision, when he had settled with himself that he would meet settled with himself that he would meet Bain, such a storm of passion assailed him that he felt as if he was being shaken with ague. Yet it was all in-ternal, inside his breast, for his hand was like a rock and, for all he could

of this strange force in him, made him onder and shake his head. It was as if he had not all to say in this matter. There appeared to have been in him a reluctance to let himself go, and some voice, some spirit from a distance, something he was not accountable for, had compelled him. That hour of Du-ane's life was like years of actual living, and in it he became a thoughtful

He went into the house and buckled on his belt and gun. The gun was a Colt .45, six-shot, and heavy, with an ivory handle. He had packed it, on and off, for five years. Before that it had been used by his father. There were a number of notches filed in the bulge of the ivory handle. This gun was the one his father had fired twice after being shot through the heart, and his hand had stiffened so tightly upon it in the death-grip that his fingers had to be pried open. It had never been drawn upon any man since it had come into Duane's possession. But the cold, bright polish of the weapon showed how it had been used. Duane could draw it with inconceivable rapidity, and at 20 feet he could split a card pointing edgewise toward him.

Duane wished to avoid meeting his mother. Fortunately, as he thought, she was away from home. He went out and down the path toward the gate. The air was full of the fragrance of blossoms and the melody of birds. Outside in the road a neighbor woman stood talking to a countryman in a wagon; they spoke to him; and he heard, but did not reply. Then he began to stride down the road toward the town.

Wellston was a small town, but important in that unsettled part of the great state because it was the trading-center of several hundred miles of territory. On the main street there were perhaps fifty buildings, some brick, some frame, mostly adobe, and one-third of the lot, and by far the most prosperous, were saloons. From the road Duane turned into this street. It was a wide thoroughfare lined by hitching-rails and saddled barses and hitching-rails and saddled horses and vehicles of various kinds. Duane's eye ranged down the street, taking in all at a glance, particularly persons moving leisurely up and down. Not a cowboy was in sight. Duane slackened his stride, and by the time he reached Sol white's place, which was the first saloon, he was walking slowly. Several people spoke to him and turned to look back after they had passed. He paused at the door of White's saloon, took a sharp survey of the interior, then step-ped inside.

The saloon was large and cool, full of men and noise and smoke. The noise ceased upon his entrance, and the silence ensuing presently broke to the clink of Mexican silver dollars at a monte table. Sol White, who was be-hind the bar, straightened up when he saw Duane; then, without speaking, he bent over to rinse a glass. All eyes except those of the Mexican gamblers why, a young man will have a lookout," went on the uncle. "You're 23
now, an' a powerful sight of a fine fellow, barrin' your temper. You've a
chance in life. But if you go gunfightin', if you kill a man, you're
ruined. Then you'll kill another. It'll
be the same old story. An' the rangers
would make you an outlaw. The rangers
would make you an outlaw. The rangers
ers mean law an' order for Texas.
This even-break business doesn't work
with them. If you resist arrest they'll
kill you. If you submit to arrest, then
you go to fail, an' mebe you hang."
"Td never hang," muttered Duane,
darkly.
"I recker way muttered Duane,
"The power of the Mexican gamblers
were turned upon Duane; and these
splances were keen, speculative, questioning. These men knew Bain was
looking for trouble; they probably had
had boasts. But what dio Duane
intend to do? Several of the cowboys
and ranchers present exchanged glances. Duane had been weighed by unerring Texas instinct, by men who all
packed guns. The boy was the son of
his father. Whereupon they greeted him
and returned to their drinks and cards.
Sol White stood with his big red hands
out upon the bar; he was a tall, rawboned Texan with a long mustache out upon the bar; he was a tall, raw-boned Texan with a long mustache can't change life all in a minute. Even

waxed to sharp points. "Howdy, Buck," was Duane. He spoke carelessly and a ed his dark gaze for an instant. He spoke carelessly and avert-

looking for me bad." "Reckon there is, Buck," replied hite. "He came in heah aboot an hour ago. Shore he was some riled an' a-roarin' for gore. Told me confid-ential a certain party had given you a

white silk scarf, an' he was nell-bent dering. "Anybody with him?" queried Duane.
"Burt an' Sam Dutcalt an' a little cowpuncher I never seen before. They-all was coaxin' him to leave town. But he's looked on the flowin' glass, Buck,

an' he's heah for keeps."
"Why doesn't Sheriff Oaks lock him up if he's that bad?"

"Oake went away with the rangers. There's been another raid at Flesher's ranch. The King Fisher gang, likely. An' so the town's shore wide open." Duane stalked outdoors and faced down the street. He walked the whole length of the long block, meeting many "I haven't decided—yet."

"No, but you're comin' to it mighty ist. That damned spell is workin' in ou. You're different today. I rember how you used to be moody an' returned a hundred yards on his way when the street was almost empty. He had not returned a hundred yards on his way when the street was wholly deserted. A few heads protruded from doors and people—farmers, ranchers, clerks, merchants, Mexicans, cowboys, and women. It was a singular fact that when he turned to retrace his steps the was much afraid of you then. But now you're gettin' cool an' quiet, an' you think deep, an' I don't like the light in your eye. It remainds me of your father."

"I wonder what Dad would say to me today if he were alive and here," said Duane.

when the street was wholly deserted. A few heads protruded from doors and around corners. That main street of Wellston saw some such situation every few days. If it was an instinct for Texans to fight, it was also instinctive for them to sense with remarkable quickness the signs of a coming gun-play. Rumor could not coming gun-play. Rumor could not fly so swiftly. In less than ten min-

> to within 50 paces of a saloon he swerved into the middle of the street, stood there for a moment, then went ahead and back to the sidewalk. He passed on in this way the length of the block. Sol White was standing in the door of his saloon.

"Buck, I'm a-tippin' you off," he said, quick and low voiced. "Call Bain's over at Everall's. If he's a-huntin' you bad, as he brags, he'll show there."

Duane crossed the street and started down. Notwithstanding White's statement Duane was wary and slow at account of the statement of the state

ment Duane was wary and slow at every door. Nothing happened, and he traversed almost the whole length of the block without seeing a person. Everall's place was on the corner.

Duane knew bimself to be cold, steady. He was conscious of a strange fury that made him was transfer.

fury that made him want to leap ahead. He seemed to long for this encounter more than anything he had ever wanted. But, vivid as were his sensations, he felt as if in a dream.

Before he reached Everall's he heard loud voices, one of which was raised high. Then the short door swung outhigh.

If Bain was drunk he did not show it in his movement. He swaggered forward, rapidly closing up the gap. Red, sweaty, disheveled, and hatless, his face distorted and expressive of the most malignant intent, he was a wild and sinister figure. He had already killed a man, and this showed in his demeanor. His hands were extended be-fore him, the right hand a little lower than the left. At every step he bellowed his rancor in speech mostly curses. Gradually he slowed his walk, then halted. A good 25 paces separated the more

'Won't nothin' make you draw, you "I'm waitin' on you, Cal," replied

Bain's right hand stiffened-moved. Duane threw his gun as a boy throws a ball underhand—a draw his father had taught him. He pulled twice, his shots almost as one. Bain's big Colt boomed while it was pointed downward and he was falling. His bullet scat-

and he was failing. His bullet scat-tered dust and gravel at Duane's feet. He fell loosely, without contortion. In a flash all was reality for Duane. He went forward and held his gun ready for the slightest movement on the part of Bain. But Bain lay upon his back, and all that moved were his breast and his eyes. How strangely the red had left his face—and also the dis-tortion! The devil that had showed in Bain was gone. He was sober and con-scious. He tried to speak, but failed. His eyes expressed something pitifully human. They changed—rolled—set

blankly. drew a deep breath and his gun. He felt calm and Duane sheathed cool, glad the fray was over. One vio-lent expression burst from him: "The

When he looked up there were men around him.

"Plumb center," said one. Another, a cowboy who evidently had just left the gaming table, leaned down and pulled open Bain's shirt. He had the ace of spades in his hand. He laid it on Bain's breast, and the black fig-ure on the card covered the two bullet holes just over Bain's heart.

Duane wheeled and hurried away. He heard another man say: "Reckon Cal got what he deserved. Buck Duane's first gun play. Like father like son!

CHAPTER II.

A thought kept repeating itself to Duane, and it was that he might have spared himself concern through his imagining how awful it would be to kill a man. He had no such feeling now. He had rid the community of a drunken, bragging, quarrelsome cow-

boy.

When he came to the gate of his home and saw his uncle there with a mettlesome horse, saddled, with canteen, rope, and bags all in place, a subtle shock pervaded his spirit. It had slipped his mind—the consequence of his act. But the sight of the horse and the look of his uncle recalled the and the look of his uncle recalled the fact that he must now become a fu-gitive. An unreasonable anger took

hold of him.
"The d—d fool!" he exclaimed, hotly. "Meeting Bain wasn't much, Uncle
Jim. He dusted my boots, that's all. Jim. He dusted my boots, that's all. And for that I've got to go on the "Son, you killed him-then?" asked

the uncle, huskily.
"Yes; I stood over him—watched him die. I did as I would have been done die.

"I knew it. Long ago I saw it comin'. But now we can't stop to cry over spilt blood. You've got to leave town an' this part of the country.

"Mother!" exclaimed Duane "She's away from home. You can't

your mother, who's a good, true woman, was his greeting to had had her share in making you what carelessly and avert- you are this moment. For she was one ed his dark gaze for an instant.

"Howdy, Sol," replied Duane, slowly.
"Say, Sol, I hear there's a gent in town times, before you was born, developed in her instinct to fight, to save her life, her children, an' that instinct has cropped out in you. It will be many years before it dies out of the boys how in Toyac. born in Texas.

"I'm a murderer," said Duane, shud-"No, son, you're not. An' you never will be. But you've got to be an outlaw

till time makes it safe for you to come ome."
"An outlaw?"
"I said it. If we had money an' in fluence we'd risk a trial. But we've neither. An' I reckon the scaffold or jail is no place for Buckley Duane. Strike for the wild country, 'an wherever you go an' whatever you do—be a man. Live honestly, if that's possible.

If it isn't, be as honest as you can. If you have to herd with outlaws try not to become bad. There are outlaws who're not all bad—many who have been driven to the river by such a deal as this you had. When you get among these men avoid brawls. Don't drink; don't gamble. I needn't tell you what to do if it comes to gun play, as likely it will. You can't come home. When this thing is lived down, if that time ever comes, I'll get word into the un-settled country. It'll reach you some settled country. It'll reach you some day, That's all. Remember, be a man.

Duane, with blurred sight and contracting throat, gripped his uncle's hand and bade him a wordless fare-well. Then he leaped astride the black

out of town. As swiftly as was consistent with a care for his steed, Duane put a distance of 15 or 18 miles behind him. With hat he slowed up, and the matter of ding did not require all his faculties. He passed several ranches and was seen by men. This did not suit him, and he took an old trail across country. It was a flat region with a poor growth of mesquite and prickly pear cactus. Occasionally he caught a glimpse of low hills in the distance. He had hunted often in that section, and knew hill and saw a considerable stretch of country beneath him. It had the gray sameness characterizing all that he had traversed. He seemed to want to see wide spaces—to get a glimpse of the great wilderness lying somewhere beyond to the southwest. It was sunbeyond to the southwest. It was sunset when he decided to camp at a likely spot he came across. He led the horse to water, and then began searching through the shallow valley for a suitable place to camp. He passed by old camp sites that he well remembered. These, however, did not strike his fancy this time, and the significance of the change in him did not consider the significance of the change in him did not consider the significance of the change in him did not consider the significance of the change in him did not consider the significance of the change in him did not consider the significance of the change in him did not consider the significance of the change in him did not consider the significance of the change in him did not consider the significance of the change in him did not consider the significance of the change in him did not consider the significance of the change in him did not consider the significance of the change in him did not strike the significance of the change in him did not strike the significance of the change in him did not strike the significance of the change in him did not strike the significance of the change in him did not strike the significance of the change in him did not strike the significance of the change in him did not strike the significance of the change in him did not strike the significance of the change in him did not strike the significance of the change in him did not strike the significance of the change in him did not strike the significance of the change in the significance of the significance of the significance of the sign

sight of Duane he seemed to bound into the air, and he uttered a savage roar. Duane stopped in his tracks at the outer edge of the sidewalk, perhaps a dozen rods from Everall's door.

mesquites and oaks, at a goodly dis-tance from the old trail. He took sad-dle and pack off the horse. He looked among his effects for a hobble, and, finding that his uncle had failed to put one in, he suddenly remembered that he seldom used a hobble, and never on his horse. He cut a few feet off the end of his lasso and used that. The horse, unused to such hampering of his free movements, had to be driven

out upon the grass.

Duane made a small fire, prepared and ate his supper. This done, ending the work of that day, he sat down and filled his pipe. Twilight had waned into dusk. A few wan stars had just begun to show and brighten. Above the low continuous hum of insects sounded the evening carol of robins. Presently the birds ceased their sing ing, and then the quiet was more no-ticeable. When night set in and the place seemed all the more isolated and lonely for that Duane had a sense of relief

It dawned upon him all at once that he was nervous, watchful, sleepless. The fact caused him surprise, and he began to think back, to take note of his late actions and their motives. The change one day had wrought amazed him. He who had always been free, him. easy, happy, especially when out alone in the open, had become in a few short hours bound, serious, preoccupied. The silence that had once been sweet now meant nothing to him except a medium whereby he might the better hear the sounds of pursuit. The loneliness, the night, the wild, that had always been beautiful to him, now only conveyed a sense of safety for the present. He watched, he listened, he thought. He felt tired, yet had no inclination to

rest. He intended to be off by dawn, heading toward the southwest. Had he a destination? It was vague as his knowledge of that great waste of mesquite and rock bordering the Rio Grande. Somewhere out there was a refuge. For he was a fugitive from refuge.

justice, an outlaw. This being an outlaw then meant eternal vigilance. No home, no rest, no sleep, no content, no life worth the living! He must be a lone wolf or he must be a lone wolf or he must herd among men obnoxious to him. If he worked for an honest living he still must hide his identity and take risks of detection. If he did not work on some distant outlying ranch, how was he to live? The idea of stealing was repugnant to him. The future seemed gray and somber enough. And he was 22 years also

he was 23 years old.

Why had this hard life been imposed upon him?

why had this hard life been imposed upon him?

The bitter question seemed to start a strange iciness that stole along his veins. What was wrong with him? He stirred the few sticks of mesquite into a last flickering blaze. He was cold, and for some reason he wanted, some light. The black circle of darkness weighed down upon him, closed in around him. Suddenly he sat bolt upright and then froze in that position. He had heard a step, It was behind him—no—on the other side. Some one was there. He forced his hand down to his gun and the touch of cold steel was another icy shock. Then he waited. But all was silent—silent as only a wilderness arroyo can be, with its low murmuring of wind in the mesquite. Had he heard a step? He began to breathe again.

But what was the matter with the light of his comp fire? It had taken

He began to breathe again.

But what was the matter with the light of his camp fire? It had taken on a strange green luster and seemed to be waving off into the other shadows. Duane heard no step, saw no movement: nevertheless, there was another present at that camp fire vigil. Duane saw him. He lay there in the middle of saw him. saw him. He lay there in the middle of the green brightness, prostrate, mo-tionless, dying. Cal Bain! His features were wonderfully distinct, clearer than any cameo, more sharply outlined than those of any picture. It was a hard face softening at the threshold of eternity. The red tan of sun, the coarse signs of drunkenness, the ferocity and hate so characteristic of Bain were no hate so characteristic of Bain were no longer there. This face represented a different Bain, showed all that was human in him fading, 'ading as swiftly as it blanched white. The lips wanted to speak, but had not the power. The eyes held an agony of thought. They revealed what might have been possible for this man if he lived—that he saw his mistake too late. Then they roled

his mistake too late. Then they rolled, set blankly, and closed in death.

That haunting visitation left Duane sitting there in a cold sweat, a remorse at his vitals, realizing the curse that was on him. He divined that never would he be able to keep off that phantom. He remembered how father had been eternally pursued by the furies of accusing guilt, how he had

never been able to forget in work or in sleep those men he had killed.

The hour was late when Duane's mind let him sleep, and then dreams troubled him. In the morning he bestirred himself so early that in the gray gloom he had difficulty in finding his horse. Day had just broken when he struck the old trail again.

He rode hard all morning and halted in a shady spot to rest and graze his in a shady spot to rest and graze his horse. In the afternoon he took to the trail at an easy trot. The country grew wilder. Bald, rugged mountains broke the level of the monotonous horizon. About 3 o'clock in the afternoon he

came to a little river which marked the boundary line of his hunting territory. The decision he made to travel up stream for a while was owing to two facts—the river was high with quick-sand bars on each side, and he felt re-luctant to cross into that region where his presence alone meant that he marked man. The bottom lands through which the river wound to the southwes were more inviting than the barrens he had traversed. The rest of that day he rode leisurely up stream. At sunset he penetrated the brakes of willow and cottonwood to spend the night. It seemed to him that in this lonely cover he would feel easy and content. But he did not. Every feeling, every imag-ining he had experienced the previous night returned somewhat more vividly and accentuated by new ones of the same intensity and color. In this kind of travel and camping

he spent three more days, during which he crossed a number of trails, and one road where cattle—stolen cattle, prob-ably—had recently passed. This time exhausted his supply of food, except salt, pepper, coffee and sugar, of which he had a quantity. There were deer in of the brakes; but, as he could not utties. close enough to kill them with a revolver, he had to satisfy himself with
him, a rabbit. He knew he might as well
untry.
rowth
assuredly would be his lot.

Somewhere up this river there was village called Huntsville. It was di tant about 100 miles from Wellston, and where to find grass and water. When he reached his higher ground he did not, however, halt at the first favormorphing spot, but went on and the spotses of erable money, for him, in his posses-sion, and he concluded to visit Huntshe could find it, and buy s

(Continued Next Week.)

Army Pistol Shoots Colors. From the Popular Science Monthly.

A decided novelty in the way of pistols has been perfected for use by the United States signal corps for the purpose of communicating at night Cartridges firing spurts of flame of see, not a muscle about him quivered.

He had no fear of Bain for of any other arms but a vague fear of himself, chaps burst out upon the sidewalk. At a secluded spot, under cover of thick ite message to the distant lookout, various hues are used for ammunities the color of the flame carrying a defin

THE OLD FLAG.

(Copyright, 1915, by the McClure News-paper Syndicate.)
It was June. But the day was cool, the sun shone brightly on the crowds that thronged the village streets. For

It was Flag day and the people were celebrating the event.

In the yard of a tiny cottage in the midst of a bare field sat old Sergeant Landon. His faded blue uniform looked rusty and his gray hair un-combed. In fact, the whole place had a look of dilapidation as if everything were tumbled to pieces, for there was no one to see to things about the house

since Jim, who was but 15, had to go to work in the factory.

Jim wanted to go in the army, but he knew he had to care for his grandfather whose small pension would not afford him support alone for the Sergeant did not wish to go to a soldiers' Home as long as he could be with his only grandchild. So Jim and the Sergeant got along the best they could, but there was not much of any "best" about it.

But today the old sergeant was happy. He could see all about him the fluttering of flags, even though he was too poor to buy one. If he only had a new, big one to hang from his humble porch!

Down the street he could see a crowd assembling and a boy ran by at

General Edwards is coming up the street in a few minutes leading a pro-cession," said the boy as he paused for a moment. "Haven't you got a flag?"
The Sergeant shook his head. He
was too poor to buy one, but he did not
let his neighbors know that. Then
soddenly he remembered—he did have a flag. Stumbling as fast as his aged legs would carry him he went into the house. Back under his bed was an old chest, and this he opened reverently. From its depth he took a bundle

wrapped carefully in brown paper.

Slowly he cut the string and unwrapped the covering. Out on the bed
tumbled a flag. But it was not new
and bright. Grim with the smoke of
battle; blackened by powder stains,
torn by bullets, it hung limp and dusty.

It is the old flag of my regiment." It is the old flag of my regiment."
whispered the Sergeant, in an awed voice. "The one the boys carried through shot and shell for months. It is not bright, but far more beautiful for its stains. I will hang it out—it will be the greatest flag of all."

In the street came, the sounds of

Up the street came the sounds of bands, and the tramp of marching feet, the sidewalks filled with the usual crowd of small boys preceding a pro-cession. Under the arching trees the parade came, dozens of bright banners borne aloft till their fluttering tops stirred the leaves.

The old Sergeant stood at his broken gate with his flag waving. Brightly the sun shone on his whitening hair and on the tattered banner which he waved so prouly. Proudly the men swept past to the sound of drums and fifes, and then in an open carriage came General Edwards. His eye caught sight of the old flag.

General Edwards. His eye caught sight of the old flag. "Halt!" he ordered, and the parade stood still. Without pausing a mo-ment he dropped from the carriage



and walked over to the old Sergeant.
"Where did you get that flag?"
asked the General. It is the one my old regiment bore for many months in the Civil War.'

"It is the flag of the regiment in which I served also," exclaimed the Sergeant, "I have treasured it for years—who are you?"
"When I followed that banner I was called "Little Bill' Edwards." laughed

the general. "I was but a boy of 16." "What! exclaimed the Sergeant.
'You 'Little Bill' Edwards—why I remember you will-I was Private Lan-

So there in front of the whole crowd the two men embraced with tears in their eyes. And the General made the Sergeant get into the carriage with hang the flag above the coachmen's seat.

Time to Save Water Powers.

Time to Save Water Powers.

From the Milwaukee Journal.

The way "pork" "gets by" is the way that any other bad legislation gets bypressure of public business and other things more exciting occupy the public mind. For at least a year the public has been able to think of very little beside the issues growing out of the great war in Europe. That is the reason why the Shields water power bill has gone as far as it has in congress. The public, which was awakened four or five years ago by the Ballinger scandal, to the danger that this country would be robbed of those great natural resources which still belong to the people, has all but forgotten the intense importance of the conservation question. Yet every day it becomes more evident that water power is going to be an increasingly vital factor in the life of the nation. The development of means of long distance transmission of the electric current and the adoption of electric power by the railroads, which has already begun, are only two of many evidences that sooner or later, every bit of water power in the country will become marketable. Giving up this water power, and it is giving it up to lease it under conditions which mean that the public practically loses its interest, is losing not merely a great sum of money, but losing a great sum of money year after year through all future time. It is simply robbing posterity.

Conservation, it is true, means using

terity.

Conservation, it is true, means using natural resources. And there is no necessity of locking away the water powers and letting no one use them because we are afraid someone will steal them. The kind of brains that frame the Shields' bill are capable of framing a measure which are capable of framing a measure which will allow the utilization of water power as fast as there becomes a market for it, on terms fair to the capital and enter-prise necessary to develop it, and not un-fair to the public interest.

Electrical Business Increases. In sharp contrast with the conditions obtaining a year ago the business in

electrical manufactures, it is reported in the Electrical World, during the first quarter of 1916 reached unprecedented levels. From the beginning of the year to the end of March the three largest distributors of electrical goods in the United States (the General Electric company. Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing company and the Western Electric company), booked orders totaling well over \$80,000,000, or at the rate of about \$325,000,000 a year. While it is recognized that the figures for quarter's business are no strict crit erion of what the business will be for the year, still it offers an interesting means of comparison with the aggregate business of these companies for

In a machine invented in England to test the durability of textiles, dull edged blades are rubbed by an electric motor against the fabrics until they are worn through

****************** MEN AND CONDITIONS ARE ABNORMAL, WE MUST BE READY, SAYS EDISON

···· From Interview With Thomas Edison in New York Herald.

Asked if he was kept busy as ever these days, Thomas Edison waved his hand to an adjoining room. "Keep my bed in there," he said. Mr. Edison is back at his old practice of grim labor, and when he has to stick to a job all night tumbles on the cot for snatches of sleep.

The war," explained the inventor, "will go along for another year in Europe. When you have 130,000,000 or

"All Depends on the Germans."

"Any possibility of this country getting in the row?"
"That all depends on the Germans," said Mr. Edison. "We ought to protest, of course, to a certain extent," he continued. "But we ought not to carry too far our protests too far our protests, so as to make it impossible for Germany to comply with our demands. When a people are fighting for their lives you can't make distinctions too fine."

Stay In Mexico. "How about our duty in Mexico?"

was the next query.
"The army ought to stay there until they get the man we went after," was

his instant answer.
Mr. Edison said the Americans were now apparently alert to the need for prepardness.
"That is, everybody except Ford," re

"That is, everybody except Ford," resaid with a laugh." He does not want any one to fight and wants to keep every one rich. I don't believe he thinks how bad a mass of people can get when they become dead mad. THE AMERICAN PEOPLE ARE AWAKE. THEY CAN SEE CONDITIONS WE HAVE TO FACE. THE WORLD IS NOT IN NORMAL CONDITION. IF MEN WERE NORMAL WE WOULD NEED NO PREPAREDNESS, BUT WE MUST BE PREPARED TO MEET CONDITIONS THAT NOW EXIST, WITH MEN ABNORMAL, AND CONSEQUENTLY UNABLE TO THINK STRAIGHT. NO ONE IS SAFE TO-SEQUENTLY UNABLE TO THINK STRAIGHT. NO ONE IS SAFE TO-DAY. Why, we see it every day, during a strike, for instance. Old employes, the finest kind of men; kind fellows and loyal, are suddenly obsessed by the mcb spirit. Then they act as if they were crazy and do things that are simply awful. AND THAT SEEMS TO BE THE WAY MEN ARE BECOME; THEIR NORMAL MENTAL APPARATUS IS ENTIRELY DISTURBED. In business affairs you cannot talk to a man who is a dead man; wait until tomorrow. You can do no business with a man who has not a normal mentality. CONSEQUENTa normal mentality. CONSEQUENT-LY WE NEED TO BE PREPARED, AS YOU CANNOT TELL WHAT MEN OR WHAT NATION MAY BECOME ABNORMAL."

He's a Real Man.

Switching the conversation to things political, Mr. Edison was asked if he still remained a warm admirer of Colonel Roosevelt. He paused a second, then swung round and said quickond, then swung round and said quick-ly: "He's a real man. His report is good and clean. There is a man with a wonderful intelligence of our en-vironment, and, as far as I can see, the only man who comes right out and speaks the truth, though in doing so hundreds of thousands of voters go against him. Is there any other public man in the United States who has done this? If so I'd like to hear his name. And he is a man of great executive ability."

"How about Justice Hughes?" was the next query.

Shoemaker to His Last. "Hughes better not bother with politics. He ought to stay on the bench. Let the shoemaker stick to his last."

"And President Wilson?"

"President Wilson isn't bad," said
Mr. Edison. "But he's a changeable.

However, as presidents go, he's pretty

Prosperity in this country will con-Prosperity in this country will continue until the war ends and for a year in addition, in Mr. Edison's judgment. Not for a time after the war closes does the inventor expect there will be any emigration to this country, but later more than ever will come over to our shores from Europe. In the long run Mr. Edison could not see where we will gain anything by Ger-many, France and England becoming exhausted by the fighting.
"The world is lopsided now," said the

inventor, "and we will have to pay for some of this war before we are through It will be the same as if disaster visited Illinois or Pennsylvania. We feel it, too."

Asked his views of industrial lessens European countries which previously League club, of New York city, and is supplied us with necessaries. Mr. Edison said the United States ought to manufacture everything her natural resources permit, and only buy from other nations articles they beat us in,

considering quality or price.
"But take dyes. America should make her own, not buy from Germany. There are many other things Germany can make that are cheaper and better than we manufacture, and we can take these products from her in exchange for articles we make."

Corn For Ammunition.

Corn For Ammunition.

From the Wall Street Journal.
It's an ill wind that doesn't blow the farmers some good. The armies of Europe look to them for a great deal of their supplies. The soldiers are fed and clothed with the products of the farm, and now they are looking to the farmers for a part of their ammunition.

Cotton seed oil is used to manufacture glycerin, which goes into the manufacture of nitro-glycerin, and this helped to put the price of seed up to an unusual figure. About 3,000,000 bales of cotton have been used in a year in the manufacture of explosives. Not content, with that, starch and alcohol are being used in the composition of high power explosives.

The different industries in this country have more than doubled their consumption of corn on this account. A barrel of pork, a cask of alcohol, a side of beef or a consignment of explosives may not look much alike, yet in a measure they are concentrations of cotton meal and corn. A sol-

signment of explosives may not look much alike, yet in a measure they are concentrations of cotton meal and corn. A soldier is clothed with cotton. His occasional bath is with cotton oil soap. His beef, pork, butter, eggs and condensed milk represent corn and cotton; when he helps to fire a shell he is still using corn and cotton. His life is sustained, and that of his enemy taken, by the use of the same products of the farm.

Heating By Electricity. From the Electric World.

From the Electric World.

For the purpose of determining the desirability of heating office buildings by means of surplus electricity, the Washington Water Power company of Spokane has been experimenting for the past three years, and has just announced that the plan is practicable. The company, for the last three years, has been successfully heating by electricity its own four-story office building, using a special steam boiler connected to the ordinary steam radiators originally installed for use on the standard coal fired boilers. In the "electric steam" boiler the electricity is introduced into the boiler in socalled "cartridge units" The chimney or flue is closed and a fan used to circulate the hot air through the tubes of the boiler. The advantage of this system is that all the present steam apparatus can be used, and, if desired, the plant can be changed in less than an hour from an electric to a coal fired boiler. This feature is attractive where "waste" electricity is used.