



The WATER BEARER
By J. ALLAN DUNN
AUTHOR OF "A MAN TO HIS MATE"
"RIMROCK TRAIL"

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MISS MORGAN

Synopsis—Jolly fishing Hermans creek, in California, Caleb Warner, civil engineer, and a New Englander, is witness of the end of a coyote pulled down by two wolfhounds, urged on by a girl rider. Admiring the hounds, he introduces himself, and learns her name is Clinton. With western hospitality she invites him to the ranch to meet her father. At the Clinton home Warner learns his new friend's name is Betty. He is welcomed by her father, Southern Civil War veteran and owner of Hermans valley. Warner tells them something of his ambitions and his feeling that he is destined to be a "Water-Bearer." In the town of Golden Warner shares an apartment with his old Columbia college chum, Ted Baxter, carefree and somewhat dissipated youth, only child of his widowed mother, who controls the family fortune. At a club luncheon Baxter introduces Caleb to Wilbur Cox, leading business man and president of the water company which supplies the needs of Golden. He gives Cox an inkling of his ambitions, and Cox, impressed, invites him to dinner that night.

CHAPTER IV—Continued

The dinner was served in one of the private dining rooms of the club, known as the Red room. The guests were those of the luncheon, with the addition of young Cox and Caleb. It appeared that they had been in some conference that afternoon and that the dinner marked the end of satisfactory arrangements. The talk was all of mutual interests, Big Business.

It appeared that the afternoon's conference had been called in connection with the threat of other Californian cities to wrest from Golden its supremacy as the metropolis of the Pacific coast. The great fire, following the earthquake, had given them opportunity to creep up in population and general progress. Los Angeles was the most formidable competitor, with Oakville, across the bay from Golden, once only thought of as a suburb of the peninsular city but now, as the actual terminal of transcontinental railroads that ended at deep water, an active rival.

With so small a party Caleb was in easy earshot of the conversation. His interests naturally centered on Wilbur Cox and they quickened at the mention of water supply.

"The board of public works will approve the plans for filling the mains with salt water from the bay in case of any big conflagration," said Cox. "That will not only obviate any repetition of disaster through the conduits breaking between here and the reservoirs, as they did in the quake, but will prove a saving."

Jack Cox turned back to Caleb. "The governor insists that the vital thing the matter with Golden's growth is the question of adequate supply," he said in an undertone. "Naturally he concentrates on that point."

"Is there a shortage?" asked Caleb. "Likely to be, they tell me. Better quiz the governor if you're interested. He'll pour out information on that subject like a water-gate once he gets started."

Here was food for thought. Water shortage meant water development. It might mean an opportunity.

"The government project will take years to put through," the host was saying. "Meantime we've got to get busy."

"We're leaving that end of it to you, Cox," said Winton. "Conserving water, buying and selling water—at a profit is your business."

"A reasonable profit."

"And a reasonable dividend," capped Winton with a dry smile.

The dinner was not protracted. And it broke up completely. These men seemed all to have definite things to do even at the close of the day. The guests shook hands affably with Caleb.

"An engineer? Intending to locate here? You'll find plenty to do." Such was the consensus of their greetings. The result was heartening. Out here in the West they seemed to accept a man as efficient until he proved himself otherwise, he decided. In the East it was different. A stranger would stay years on approval, almost under suspicion, until he made good.

Jack Cox invited him to visit Imperial valley, as his guest, to see what had been done there and Caleb responded in kind to the cordiality and evident earnestness of the solicitation. But he had an idea—Baxter would have called it a hunch—that he would do well to stay in Golden for a while. And cultivate Cox. His Yankee mind suggested that here was a direct opening.

Cox widened it.

"I am in town for a few days," he said. "You must come up to my office for a chat over things. And perhaps you would like to look over the Crystal

Springs property? Our head engineer makes regular tours. He goes Tuesday, by the way. I can arrange with him to show you round. We have some dams there that he is justly proud of. The line of earthquake fault ran right through them—and you can see for yourself how they stood it. How about it?"

Caleb accepted eagerly. He had heard of the Crystal Springs dam. His resistance to the tumbler had been the world talk of engineering.

"I shall be glad to come and see you," he said. "And glad of the chance to see the property. Thank you."

"Good! I shall expect you then. I hope you have enjoyed yourself."

Young Cox paired off with his father as the guests dispersed, and Caleb decided to walk home. An attendant gave him an envelope with his coat and hat. It was a card to the club, good for six weeks, applied for by Baxter and countersigned by Wilbur Cox. Caleb slipped it into his pocket gratefully. It was late before he turned in. Baxter was still out—playing his "game."

On his mahogany bureau there was ranged a galaxy of youth and beauty, the faces of about a dozen girls—the number varied—whimsically framed.

Baxter styled them the "Gallery of the Three P's." Past, Present and Possible. "I frame the past in gunmetal," he said, "symbolic of spent ammunition. The present partners in the game smile at you from silver, indicative of fair, untarnished happiness. Those of the future, the possibilities, are hon-



Soon He Was Deep in the History of Golden.



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ored by gold. True it is only plated—but it is gold on the surface—harbinger of dawn, of coming pleasure, of the glow of anticipation. It is the hand that may fall to you in the next deal, Cal, that holds the real thrill of the game. That is why, when a 'possible' becomes a 'present,' I shift the fair from gold to a silver grading, not that they are less dear, if more familiar, but because the bloom always brushes off the peach when you handle it."

When, the morning after the dinner, Caleb entered Baxter's room to find it, as he had anticipated, untenanted; he noticed a change in the line-up of the "three P's." One of the gold frames had been put away. One of the silver ones held a new face. It had not been one of those among the "possible," Caleb thought, though he had not paid very close attention to Baxter's gallery. This girl had, it would seem, capitulated too quickly to have ever been classed as a "possible."

Caleb surmised it was the blond stenographer whom Baxter had termed the "peach," with whom he was now playing the "game." In the photograph there was a suggestion that the

girl's poised pencil hovered for a second, while her face lifted and her eyes gazed wide at Caleb, then it dipped and automatically inscribed stenographic characters. They were blue eyes and the face one he had seen before. Where? The dress was more demure, the blond hair less fancifully arranged, but there was no mistaking the features, the general expression, startled from business calm to personal interest.

Miss Morgan was Baxter's "peach," the girl whose photograph now occupied one of the silver frames on Baxter's bureau. Baxter was home, asleep, the girl was on duty. There were shadows under her eyes but there was a flush in her cheeks as she stared at Caleb with an interrogation that was almost a challenge, before she bent to her work as Cox went on with the letter.

Caleb imagined what she was wondering. He had been mentioned to her by name by Baxter. She was trying to guess whether Baxter had done the same by her, whether Caleb had seen her photograph, what chance had brought him to the private office and her into it on the same occasion?

Caleb's face showed nothing and, when the letter was ended, he was again reading the journal. Nor did he look up when the girl left at Cox's "that is all, Miss Morgan." He did not wish to embarrass the girl. What she did in her own time was, if it did not prove detrimental to her duties, her own affair—most certainly not his. She did not return. A few minutes later the secretary came quietly in with the letter of introduction which Cox read, signed, slid into its unsealed envelope and passed to Caleb.

bloom of this peach was artificial. The face was petulant, fond of pleasure, disinclined to count the cost. Caleb idly fancied that the eyes held possibilities of storm that would be more than just a rain of tears on occasion, that the mouth could become hard and sullen if its owner were crossed.

He had breakfast alone in the apartment house dining room. It was Sunday. He thought of visiting El Nido but old custom precluded the idea of a Lord's day social call. He wondered if the public library would be open, thinking that he would like to read up the water history of Golden, of Oakville and Los Angeles, and then he remembered the card in his pocket. The club library should prove adequate. The Altruists was a literary as well as an artistic institution. So he walked down town, to find the place almost deserted. Everyone in Golden, it seemed, made the most of holidays out-of-doors.

There was no one in the library with its easy chairs and big tables, its desks and deep lounge in front of a mammoth fireplace. The walls were lined high with books, well arranged, so that it was little trouble to find what he wanted. Soon he was deep in the history of Golden, with a big map of the Bay region close beside him.

He went to bed early. Sometime in the night Baxter came home. Caleb found him sleeping the next morning, his head tucked on a forearm, handsome but jaded, settled until noon. Caleb waited until Cox should have had time to answer his mail and then presented himself at the offices of the Crystal Springs company. Cox's greeting was cordial.

"Do you mind waiting a few moments?" he asked. He pressed a desk button and a shrewd-looking young chap entered whom Caleb rated as Cox's secretary.

"Send me a stenographer, Harry, will you?" asked Cox. "I have given you all you can handle and I want to get out some instructions on that cement matter. The stuff is far from standard or contract quality."

The stenographer entered, a girl, quiet, dressed in a dark business suit, deftly taking the dictation given her by Cox in a low, unhesitating voice. Caleb, looking over an engineering journal, hardly noticed her.

"Take this letter," said Cox, then turned to Caleb, as the girl changed a page in her notebook. "I find that Hincley, our engineer in chief, is not coming in this morning. He will be at Crystal Springs tomorrow, so I am going to give you a letter to him. A car will be here for you in the morning at eight-thirty, if that suits you. I am sorry I cannot give the time to go with you myself."

It was said graciously, with a certain air of assurance that Cox would actually have gone with Caleb if he could have spared the day.

"Now, Miss Morgan," said Cox. "To E. H. Hincley, introducing Mr. Caleb Warner."

The girl's poised pencil hovered for a second, while her face lifted and her eyes gazed wide at Caleb, then it dipped and automatically inscribed stenographic characters. They were blue eyes and the face one he had seen before. Where? The dress was more demure, the blond hair less fancifully arranged, but there was no mistaking the features, the general expression, startled from business calm to personal interest.

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Miss Morgan is evidently Baxter's "peach." A smart girl with a grievance?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Idea of Inferiority Not at All Uncommon

The feeling of inferiority is an experience so nearly universal that it cannot be considered abnormal or evidence of disease, declares a writer in *Hygeia Magazine*. Most of us have had this feeling at some time in our lives, such as when making a speech, undertaking a new job, or taking a prominent part in some social function. The stammering, trembling, palpitation and emptiness of mind which comes at being called on to face a new situation are familiar to all of us.

However, by establishing habits of courage and self-reliance and by learning to attend to the matter in hand rather than to our feelings, most of us have been able to overcome these dif-

ferences. If these feelings of inability to meet the situation are not faced frankly and overcome, one establishes a habit of fear. Then the sense of failure and the feelings of inferiority become habitual, and one's lot will be indeed unhappy.

Salt Water in Hudson

There is a slight indication of salt in the Hudson river as far up as Troy. However, this varies with floods. In case of floods the tides push the sea water back and the salt water does not go very far up. Without floods, however, the water is brackish as far up as Troy.

Improved Uniform International Sunday School Lesson

(By REV. F. B. FITZWATER, D.D., Dean, Moody Bible Institute of Chicago, 1237, Western Newspaper Union.)

**Lesson for May 15
PETER AT PENTECOST**

LESSON TEXT—Acts 2.
GOLDEN TEXT—Repent and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost.—Acts 2:38.
PRIMARY TOPIC—Peter Preaches About Jesus.
JUNIOR TOPIC—The Gift of Power.
INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—Peter at Pentecost.
YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—The Source of Spiritual Power.

1. The Day of Pentecost Fully Come (vv. 1-13).

Pentecost is from a Greek word meaning "fifty." It was the feast held fifty days after the wave sheaf offering (Lev. 23:16). The wave sheaf typifies the resurrection of Christ (I Cor. 15:20-23).

2. The gift of the Holy Spirit (vv. 2-4).
On this day the Holy Spirit descended upon the disciples. From that time forth He would work on a new basis, having the crucified, risen and ascended Christ to present to the world.

3. Upon whom the Spirit came (v. 1; cf. 1:13-15).
The twelve and others, both men and women to the number of one hundred and twenty, showing that the gift of the Holy Spirit was for all believers, not merely the apostles.

4. The marks of the Spirit (vv. 2-4). These marks were external and internal.
(1) External.
(a) The sound of a mighty wind (v. 2). This is suggestive of the mysterious, pervasive and powerful energy of the Spirit.
(b) The tongues of flame (v. 3). Each of the one hundred and twenty was crowned with such a tongue. Tongues show the practical purpose of the Spirit's gift—witnessing.
(c) Speaking in foreign tongues (v. 4). This was a temporary endowment for a special purpose.
(2) Internal.
This is seen in the transformation wrought in the disciples. Peter, who shortly before this, covered before a Jewish maid, now with lion boldness stands before the chief rulers and declares that they had murdered their King, therefore guilty before God.

5. The effects (vv. 5-13).
(1) The multitude were filled with amazement and wonder. The gift of the Spirit transforms common men into men of power and influence.
(2) Some mocked and foolishly attempted to account for this remarkable occurrence. They accused the disciples of being intoxicated.
II. Peter's Sermon (vv. 14-47).
Peter's sermon is as wonderful as the gift of tongues. His analysis is perfect.

1. The introduction (vv. 14-21).
(1) Defense of the disciples against the charge of being drunk (v. 15). This he does by citing Jewish custom showing that they would not be drunk at such an early hour of the day.
(2) A scriptural explanation. He showed that this was a partial fulfillment of that which Joel predicted would come to pass (vv. 16-21; cf. Joel 2:28-32) before the messianic judgment, viz., an outpouring of the Holy Spirit and the salvation of all who call upon the name of the Lord.

2. The proposition, or theme (v. 36). This was the messianicship of Jesus.
3. The argument (vv. 22-36). It was threefold.
(1) From Christ's works (v. 22). He was approved of God among the Jews by His miracles, wonders and signs which God did by Him in their midst with which they were familiar.
(2) From His resurrection (vv. 23-32). The Old Testament Scriptures had foretold the death and resurrection of Christ (Ps. 16:8-10). The disciples were living witnesses of Christ's resurrection for they had seen and talked with Him, and handled Him since the resurrection (v. 32).

(3) From His ascension to be on the right hand of God (v. 32). The proof that He had ascended on high was the wonderful miracle of the Spirit's operation in their midst; for He had said that upon His ascension into heaven He would send forth the Spirit.
4. The effect of the sermon (vv. 37-42).
Many people were convicted of their sins, some three thousand of whom repented and were baptized. The daily life of these believers was proof of the Spirit's gift.

(1) They continued steadfastly in the apostolic teaching (v. 42).
(2) They continued in fellowship with the apostles (v. 42).

Trusting God

An undivided heart which worships God alone, and trusts Him as it should, is raised above all anxiety for earthly wants.

Hand and Heart of God

In creation we see the hand of God, and at Calvary we see the heart of God.—Echos.

Spiritual Happiness

Spiritual happiness is possible under all circumstances.—Echos.

LIFE'S LITTLE JESTS



FARMER COMES TO TOWN

"I wish to buy some stocks and bonds. Nothing speculative. Public utility stuff preferred."
"Aren't you the farmer I boarded with last summer?"
"I am."
"Beg pardon, but last summer you talked dialect."
"That was for the summer boarders, my friend. I am talking finance now."

SHE'D BRIBE THEM



He—Do you think she'd tip the scales at a hundred and fifty pounds?
She—Yes, she'd actually bribe them if she could.

Some Credit in That

Boasting's a thing most men despise; But if you have that bent, Better to boast about your rise Than brag of your descent.

Infested

A conversation with an old Dartmoor farmer's wife turned on an empty house in the neighborhood.
"I am surprised," said the visitor, "that such a fine place should stand empty so long."
"Ah, sir," replied the old lady, "it's a fine house, but it's festive with rats."
—London Tit-Bits.

Considerate

Miss Thirtynodd—Oh, Mr. Blunt, this is so sudden.
Mr. Blunt—I know, but I thought you could stand surprise better than suspense.

Ruinous

Mrs. Crawford—Is that all you have left of the beautiful dinner set you got as a wedding present?
Mrs. Crabshaw—Yes; the breaks were against me.

Comforting Picture

Vera—I'm going to have the baby's picture taken today.
Henry—Have it taken when he's asleep. I'd like to know what he looks like that way.

GOOD FOR EXTRA SHOTS



He—Why does she have all her pins in the form of arrows?
She—So that Cupid will have plenty of ammunition, I suppose.

Fear the Band

We have a brand new radio, And folks, it's simply grand To turn a little dial or two, And hear a whole string band.

No Chance

Jerry—Saw Bill today.
Ted—What did he say?
Jerry—Nothing. His wife was with him.

Sidewalk Conversation

"Pardon me, madam," said the polite motorist, "I splashed one of your stockings."
"Would you kindly splash the other one?"
"Why?"
"I prefer them to match."

The Danger Signal

"How do you like your efficiency expert?"
"Fine! He says I have too much work to do."—Thrift Magazine.

Her Come-Back

He—Now that we are married, perhaps I might venture to point out a few of your little defects.
She—Don't bother, dear. I am quite aware of them. It was those little defects that prevented me from getting a much better man than you are.

Enough Said

Mr. Brewer—You had beauty and brains when I married you, Jane.
Mrs. Brewer—Well, I had beauty, but I couldn't have had brains, John.



Slowing Up?

OVERWORK, worry and lack of rest, all put extra burdens on the kidneys. When the kidneys slow up, waste poisons remain in the blood and are apt to make one languid, tired and aching, with dull headaches, dizziness and often a nagging back-ache.

A common warning of imperfect kidney action is scanty or burning secretions. Doan's Pills assist the kidneys in their eliminative work. Are endorsed by users everywhere. Ask your neighbor!

50,000 Users Endorse Doan's!
Mrs. F. E. Watson, 7 High St., Lynn, Mass., says: "The time came when I found myself in bad health. The kidney secretions were scanty and caused me much annoyance. My back ached constantly and I had attacks of dizziness. Doan's Pills were prompt in helping me and I shall never cease to be grateful to them."

DOAN'S PILLS
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STIMULANT DIURETIC FOR KIDNEYS
Foster-McClellan Co., 215 Chas. Buffalo, N.Y.

BOILS
There's quick, positive, relief in CARBOIL

GENEROUS 50¢ BOX
At All Drug Stores—Money-back Guarantee

DON'T EXPERIMENT ON YOUR EYES

MITCHELL EYE SALVE
heals inflamed eyes, granulated lids, stytes, etc. Sure, Safe, Speedy. 25c at all drug stores. Hail & Ruckel, N.Y.C.

Warming the Ocean

The German inland watering place Westerland has now been connected with the mainland by railroad. The cars cross the marshes on a newly-erected dam. Westerland is very ambitious and expects to harness a winter as well as a summer season. When cold weather comes the bathing cabins are to be heated; also the covered ways leading to the water. And the water itself? That is the most remarkable part of the project. Huge artificial electric "sums" are to be installed, making a winter dip in the sea practicable.

Bell-Ans Really Sure Relief

Thousands of Testimonials From Doctors, Nurses and Dentists Say So.

For correcting over-acidity and quickly relieving belching, gas, sick-headache, heartburn, nausea, biliousness and other digestive disorders, BELL-ANS has been proved of great value for the past thirty years. Not a laxative but a tested Sure Relief for indigestion. Perfectly harmless and pleasant to take. Send for free samples to: Bell & Co., Inc., Orangeburg, N. Y.—Adv.

If the Trend Goes On

T. W. writes: "Women who think about nothing but clothes are going to have a lot of time on their hands in about 1940, judging from the present trend of things."—Boston Transcript.

Too many people think opportunity means a chance to get money without earning it.

Ladies Can Wear Shoes
one size smaller and walk or dance in comfort by using Allen's Foot-Ease, the Antiseptic, Healing Powder to shake into your shoes.

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

BABIES LOVE MRS. WINSLOW'S SYRUP
The Infants' and Children's Register Pleasant to give—pleasant to take. Guaranteed purely vegetable and absolutely harmless. It quickly overcomes colic, diarrhoea, flatulency and other like disorders. The open published formula appears on every label. At All Druggists

CLEAR YOUR SKIN
of disfiguring blotches and irritations. Use

Resinol

Bunions
Quick relief from pain. Prevent shoe pressure. At all drug and shoe stores
DR. SCHOLL'S ZINO-PADS
Put one on—the pain is gone