

# SCORED A JUST REVENGE

By GEORGE ELMER COBB

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LONE WOLF, once an Indian chief, though he did not look it now in his rags and misery, but come of a proud race, sat sunning himself on the pavement. His squaw, a tiny pipsqueak at her breast, occupied a narrow doorway. They were footsore, homeless, tired, Hungry, too, and it was fully ten miles to the reservation where they had friends.

Suddenly the door behind the woman was pulled open inwardly. Some one had come down the stairs from the gambling room above the town tavern. He was a flashy dressed, not unhandsome fellow, but the scowl of a loser was on his face.

"Out of the way," he growled rudely, and gave the squaw a vicious push with his knee. She could not help but topple over. He heard her head strike the hard pavement unmoored. She uttered a concerned cry, striving to shield the helpless pipsqueak, and rolled to a stop, sustained by one hand, with eyes and thought only for the little one.

Then Mort Dwyer drew back and his hand whipped to his hip pocket like a streak of lightning. An inert mass, that squallid form on the pavement was suddenly infused with life. Straight as an arrow, a gleaming knife unraised, Lone Wolf made a wild spring for the miscreant who had imperiled wife and babe.

Speedy as was the gambler, he would have been at fault and disadvantage had the Indian perfected that maddened swoop. Lone Wolf's flight was checked by a low beseeching word from the squaw. Seemingly it told him that the pipsqueak was unburt. Further it awoke the savage to the realization that an attack upon a white man in that section, no matter how provoked, would culminate at a rope's end. The woman was bruised about the face and bleeding, but what mattered that, when the child was safe?

So, with a muttered curse, Dwyer strode from the spot. Lone Wolf gathered up his traps. His squaw prepared to move on. The child wailed at being disturbed by the rough shaking up. "Wagh! Lone Wolf will remember!" spoke the Indian with a last menacing glare after the gambler.

property had been made to Eva, the deed was not yet recorded.

Her father was to be lured into a specious gambling plan. He was to be swindled out of his ready money. Then Dwyer was to offer to stake him to a fair amount for a quit claim deed on what property he might own in Rock county. Barclay had several mining prospects in litigation. He was to be made to believe that it was these that Worden was after.

Now, in the meantime, by a strange coincidental circumstance Lone Wolf and his family became denizens of a little house at the rear of the Barclay place. Eva had seen them. The squaw was ill and she had offered them shelter, food and care.

Resentment at the wrong done him by Worden the Indian had nourished. He had waited, watched for revenge, and one afternoon, lurking near the office of the lawyer, he overheard their conversation.

Lone Wolf was intelligent enough to comprehend his purport. He was full of gratitude towards Eva. He knew of her lover, Preston, sought him out, and in broken dialect revealed his story. One hour later the faithful Indian, mounted on a superb steed, was on his way across a 40-mile prairie stretch, the precious deed in his hunting blouse.

At almost the same time, similarly mounted, Dwyer left the settlement by the same route. Lone Wolf knew that he had a ten-mile lead, but two leagues beyond that his horse broke down.

"It is well," he cried, as he settled the wind direction and the probable distance of his rival. He knelt and struck a match.

First a creeping, hissing snake of flame, then the mighty uprising of a pillar and then a wall of fire. It ran like lightning. It would not pause until it had swept Dwyer into retreat, as Lone Wolf well knew.

# ROAD BUILDING

## LACK OF SIDEWALKS IS RURAL MENACE

Why should people walking along our highways be compelled to walk in the path of a trackless locomotive? This is the question that is agitating many who use American highways—from the motorist who bounds a curve to find in his path a number of children returning home from the country school, to the country lad who has to use the highway in getting to the cow pasture and the suburbanite who walks over it to make a call upon a neighbor.

In certain sections of America the rural towns are so close together and the population is so dense that the country roads are used constantly by pedestrians for lack of sidewalks. This is true particularly of all the New England states and New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland and other states. In New Jersey at the present time the matter of constructing sidepaths along the highways is being seriously agitated as the result of numerous accidents to pedestrians on the highways.

State highway departments have given considerable thought to the proposition, and it is not improbable that the state legislature will authorize the department to undertake the construction of sidepaths, along some of the principal highways at least. It is declared that waterproof and dust-proof paths can be constructed very cheaply of asphaltic macadam and that pathways of that kind will not only keep pedestrians out of the way of automobiles and trucks, but will afford a roadway for bicyclists as well.

Resolutions were recently adopted by the New Jersey Association of County Engineers recommending passage by the New Jersey legislature of a law authorizing the laying of sidewalks along all state and country roads and authorizing condemnation of property for the purpose where there is insufficient width. It is proposed that the act be not mandatory, but that it give discretionary powers to the boards of county commissioners with respect to country roads and to the state highway commission where state highways are involved. In New Jersey, the proposition has been welcomed by motorists and pedestrians as well as public officials.

## Wider Roads Safeguard Life of Motor Drivers

Everybody recognizes that the value of human life cannot be estimated. Safeguarding of human life, therefore, by preventing accidents, is one of the most important problems confronting the modern highway builder. He must build highways so as to avoid congestion. Elimination of congestion is vitally important now, with the constant extension of paved road systems, bringing an increase in the number of motor vehicles and making the speed of travel much greater.

At present the number of automobiles is increasing more rapidly than the paved highways to carry them are being built. This is bound to cause congestion of the roads as they now are. And congested traffic conditions mean that travel at the speeds necessary to highest efficiency will be likely to cause accidents.

The solution of the problem lies in more roads and wider roads. Wider roads are particularly important to accommodate the greater number of motor vehicles. Every motorist—you in particular—must help to make highway travel more pleasant and more safe by working for wider roads.

# Have You This Habit?

By Margaret Morison

## "THAT IS THAT!"

THE fences that had always protected Elizabeth Bennett from untamed life, suddenly, when she reached forty, were torn away. Her father, whom she had ever placed before her friends, died—took his own life when he himself ruined, involved in a disgraceful failure. So, with a school girl's knowledge of the world, Elizabeth found herself without family, without money, without name. She was, she realized, quite alone—even Uncle Will seemed to have forgotten her. And, having come to this realization, she summed it all up saying to herself, "That is that!"

A month later she read in a farm journal an advertisement of five acres and a house in Vermont. And within the week she was a land owner possessed of just cash enough to worry through the winter.

The man she had engaged at the railroad station to drive her the ten miles to Hardscabble road had looked askance at her as she mentioned her destination. His last words as he left her before her tumble-down doorway were, "Watch them—they're a tough lot, these Hardscabble people." And as, with curiosity written large on their staring faces, they drifted past that evening, she could easily believe it. Inside, there was no furniture—just four cracked walls with broken window panes. But one thing was clear: she couldn't afford to change her mind. Again "that was that!"

Having faced the cold, bare facts, certain of them began to take on significance. She noticed that the roughest of her neighbors went regularly on Sunday to the red school house to church. When they learned that she could read, they asked her to lead their service in the absence of the visiting minister. When she suggested raising the few hundred dollars necessary for a church building, they backed her up trustingly, and lent her a horse and buggy to scour the countryside, and then cut down their trees and seasoned their lumber, and finally dedicated their chapel. Meanwhile Elizabeth had discovered that packing boxes made delightful chairs and tables. She had cut her first crop of hay with the aid of the Hardscabble children at a few cents an hour. She fished in the trout stream that ran past her back door. She had begun to preserve her berries and fruits. In short, from what others said and from her own observation, she knew that the community had improved and that her own property had appreciated since she had come to Hardscabble. "And that," she told herself, "is that!"

As her second spring approached, she had an offer for her farm that doubled what she had originally put into it. Then Uncle Will walked in one May day—Uncle Will who for two years had been searching to find where she had hidden herself. She told him her story and then ended up as had become her custom: "So, that is that!" And in those characteristic words he had the explanation of her miracle—her habit of facing facts.

# Reflections of a Bachelor Girl

By HELEN ROWLAND

THIS is the time of year when most men get all fagged out dodging hard work.

Somehow, it always makes a woman suspicious when her husband warns her against all the artful little tricks which other men employ in deceiving a woman.

While a man is trying to decide which of half a dozen fascinating women he will choose for life, some plain, simple, unalluring little thing sneaks up from behind and casually marries him.

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