The RIVER

By EDNAH AIKEN

"Maldonado told me to get a big meal. I told him that it was for Felipe. When I said I would not cook for that treachery he cursed me, he kicked me again." She threw off the reboso, dragging her dress loose. "Don't," frowned Rickard. He had seen a welt across her shoulder—a screaming line of pain.

She wound the reboso around the dishonored shoulder. "I cooked his dinner! There was a lot of liquor—Felipe was drunk; the tequila made him mad, quite mad. He seemed to know something was wrong; he fought as Maldonado dragged him to the cell. He senor remembers the cell? The next day Maldonado sent for two rurales. They started the next day for Ensenada, taking Felipe; that day Maldonado brought Lupe home. I said she could not stay and he laughed in my face, senor. He put me outside the walls. I beat that

"You Will Help Me, Senor?"

gate until my fingers bled. I remembered the kind face of the senor, and then I came here. You will help me, senor?"

Rickard shook his head. "I shall have to look into this thing. If this is true it's prison for your husband. You won't have to fear Lupe."

"When he gets out he will kill me, senor."

The terror was seizing her again. Before she could begin her pleading he called to MacLean.

"Ask Ling to find a tent for Senora Maldonado. Tell him to give her a good meal."

He must trap the rogue. That infernal place must be closed. The woman had come in the nick of time. Those tribes were to be guarded as reckless children.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Rickard Makes a New Enemy and a New Friend.

The coming of the Indians gave the impetus the work had lacked. Under Jeaks of the railroad company a large force was put on the river; these, the weavers of the brush mattresses that were to line the river bed. On the banks were the brush cutters; tons of willows were to be cut to weave into the forty miles of woven wire cable waiting for the cross strands. Day by day the piles of willow branches grew higher, the brush cutters working ahead of the mattress workers in the stream. In the dense undergrowth the stolid Indians, Pimas and Maricopas and Papagoes, struggled with the fierce thorn of the mesquit and the overpowering smell of the arrow weed. As tough as the hickory handles they wielded, they fought a clearing through dense thickets in the intense tropic heat.

Down stream the Brobdingnagian area of the dredge fell into the mud of the by-pass, dropping its slimy burden on the far bank. Down the long stretch of levee the "skinners" drove their mules and scrapers; two pile drivers were setting in the treacherous stream the piles which were to anchor the steel-cabled mattresses to the river bed. It was a well-organized, active scene. Rickard, in his office, dictating letters and telegrams to MacLean, Jr., felt his first satisfaction. Things were beginning to show the result of months of planning. Cars were rushing in from north and east; every quarry between Los Angeles and Tucson requisitioned for their undertaking.

A shadow fell on the pine desk. Long, in blue ticking shirt and white [illegible] waited for the "boss" to look up. He stood wiping the perspiration from his head, hairless except for the long silk-tapered queue.

"Well, Ling?"

"I go tamale." His voice was soft as silk. "I no stay."

It was a thunderclap. There was no one to replace Ling, who was drawing down the salary of a private secretary. Lose Ling? It would be more demoralizing to the camp than to lose an engineer.

"Money all lite. Bossee all lite. No like woman. Woman she stay, Ling go."

"Mrs. Hardin!" Rickard woke up. "She all time makee trouble. She crazy. She think woman vellee fine cook. She show Ling cookee plunes. Teachee Ling cookee plunes! I no stay that woman." Unutterable finality in the leathern face. Rickard and MacLean, Jr., exchanged glances which deepened from concern into perplexity. They could not afford to lose Ling. And offend Mrs. Hardin, the camp already Hardinesque?

Rickard grew placating. He spent a half hour wheedling. They met at the starting place. "Ling go tamale."

"Oh, Lord," groaned the manager, capitulating. "All right, Ling."

With the dignity of an oriental prince, Ling pattered out of the tent, Rickard was puckering his lips at his secretary. "I'd rather take castor oil."

A half hour later MacLean saw his chief leave his tent. He was in fresh linens.

"I wouldn't swap places with him this minute! She'll be as mad as a wet hen!"

Mrs. Hardin, from her bed by her screen window, saw him coming. She slipped into a seminegligee of alternate rows of lace and swiss constructed for such possible emergencies. She did not make the mistake of smoothing her hair; her instinct told her that the fluffy disorder bore out the use of the negligee. She was sewing in her ramada when Rickard's knock sounded on the screen door.

Despite his protests she started water boiling in her chafing dish. He had not time for tea, he declared, but she insisted on making this call of a social nature. She opened a box of sugar wafers, her zeal that of a child with a toy kitchen; she was playing doll's house.

Rickard made several openings for his errand, but her wits sped like a gopher from his labored digging. She met his mood with womanly dignity; she tutored her coquetries, withheld her archness.

He found he would have to discard diplomacy, blurt out his message; use bludgeons for this scampering agility.

"My mission is a little awkward, Mrs. Hardin. I hope you will take it all right, that you will not be offended."

"Offended?" Her face showed alarm.

"It's about Ling. He's a queer fellow; they all are, you know." He was blundering like a schoolboy under the growing shadow in Gerty's blue eyes. "They resent authority—that is, from women. He is a tyrant, Ling is."

"Yes?" Ah, she would not help him. Let him flounder!

"He wants to be let alone; he doesn't appreciate your kind help, Mrs. Hardin."

"Oh!" Her eyes were hot with tears—angry tears. She could not speak or would not. She sat in her spoiled doll's house, all her pleasure in her toy dishes, her pretty finery, ruined. He could not care if he could humiliate her so. It was the most vivid moment of her life. Not even when Rickard had left her, with his kisses still warm on her lips, had she felt so outraged. He was treating her as though she were a servant—discharging her—because she was the wife of Hardin. Her eyes grew black with anger; she hated them both; between them, their jealousy, their rivalry, what had they made of her life? She remembered the woman she had seen in his ramada; she had heard that the Mexican was in camp, employed by Rickard. Her thoughts were like swarming hornets.

"He's an ungrateful beast, Mrs. Hardin. I told him I would not let you waste your kindness one instant longer—"

Oh, she understood! A bitter pleasure to see him so confused. Rickard, before whose superior appraisement she had so often wilted! She would not help him out, never! She rose when he paused. He thanked her for meeting him half way, and her smile was inscrutable.

"So I'm discharged?"

"You can't be discharged if you've never been employed, can you? Thank you once again, and for your tea. It was delicious. I wish Ling would give us tea like that."

Boorish, all of it, and blundering! Why wouldn't he go? When he had hurt her so! had hurt her so!

Her hand met his, but not her eyes. If he did not go quickly something would happen; he would see her crying. The angels that guard blunderers got Rickard out of the tent without a suspicion of threatening tears. She threw off her negligee and the pale blue slip; the tears must wait for that. Then she flung herself on her bed and shook it with the grief of wounded vanity.

That evening the chief had a visitor. The wife of Maldonado, some of the fear pressed out of her eyes, brought in his laundered khakis, socks, darned and matched; all the missing buttons replaced.

"I haven't worn a matched sock," he told her, "for months. That's great, senora."

He wanted to get to bed, but she lingered. She wanted to talk to him about her troubles; he had cautioned her against talking about them in camp, so she overflowed to him whenever she found a chance—about Maldonado, the children, Lupe. It was getting wearying, but he could not shove the poor thing out.

Senora Maldonado gave a sharp intake of breath, an aborted scream. Rickard, too, saw a man's figure outside the screen door. The Mexican woman pressed a frightened hand to her heart. Of course it was the vengeful Maldonado—he would kill her—

"If I am intruding," It was the voice of Hardin.

"Come right in," welcomed Rickard. "Get along, senora." The Maldonado slipped out into the night, her hand still against her heart.

Hardin, a roll of maps under his arm, entered with a rough sneer on his face. A dramatic scene, that, he had interrupted! And Rickard, who did not like to have women in camp. White women!

Rickard, still sleepy, asked him to sit down.

"I wanted to speak to you about those concrete aprons. They tell me you've given an order not to have them."

Rickard resigned himself to a long argument. It was three o'clock when Hardin let him turn in.

When he was getting ready for bed he remembered the melodramatic scene Hardin had entered upon. He stared comprehendingly at the screen door—seeing with understanding Hardin's coarse sneer—the Maldonado, breathing fast, her hand over her heart. "Of course he'll think—good lord, these people will make me into an old woman! I don't care what the whole caboodle of them think!"

Five minutes after blowing out his candle he was deeply sleeping.

CHAPTER XXV.

Smudge.

From her tent, where she was writing a letter that lagged somehow, Innes Hardin had seen Rickard go to her sister's tent. She did not need to analyze the sickness of sight that watched the dancing step acknowledge its intention. It meant wretchedness, for Tom. At a time when he most needed gentleness and sympathy reaped as he was by his humiliations and disappointments—how could any woman be so cruel? As for Rickard, he was beneath contempt—if it were true, Gerty's story, told in shrugs and dashes. She had jilted him for Tom; and this his revenge? She had not known that she had such feeling as the thought roused in her. It proved what the blood tie is, this tigerish passion sweeping through her, as her eyes watched that closed tent—it was for love for Tom, pity for Tom. Sex honor—why, Gerty did not know the meaning of the words!

How long would it be before Tom would see what every one else was seeing? What would he do when he knew? Hating Rickard already, bitter as he was—

She was not so biased as he. She could see why Marshall had had to reorganize. Estrada had shown her; and MacLean. Her sense of justice had done the rest. Rickard had proved his efficiency; the levee, the camp, the military discipline all showed the general. Whether he were anything of an engineer, time would tell that. It was a long cult he was making! Suppose Tom were to come back? She must watch for him—make some excuse to pull him in if he should come back before that other went— Hateful, such eavesdropping! A prisoner to that man's gallivanting!

For an instant she did not recognize the figure outside Gerty's tent. Her fears saw Tom. She reached the screen door in time to see Rickard lift his hat to a disappearing flurry of ruffles. Angry eyes watched Rickard's step swing him away.

From the levee that day, she had a glimpse of the Mexican woman on her knees by the river, rubbing clothes against a smooth stone. A pile of tight-wrung socks lay on the bank. Innes stood and watched her.

"I must remember to speak of her to Gerty," she determined. "She probably does not know that there is a washerwoman in camp."

It was a week later before she remembered to speak of the Mexican woman "who could wash." The two women were on their way to their tents from the mess breakfast. Senora Maldonado was leaving MacLean's tent with a large bundle of used clothes under her arm.

"She washes for the men. I'm going to ask her to do my khakis for me. Perhaps this woman would be willing to do all our laundry?"

Gerty had been wondering what she would say to Innes. The speech which needed only an introduction was

Angry Eyes Watched Rickard.

stirred into the open.

"You must not," her voice trembled with anger, "you must not ask that woman. She is not to be spoken to."

The girl asked her bluntly what she meant.

"You must not give her your washing—must not speak to her. I've not mentioned it before. I—I hoped it would not be necessary. Tom told me not to speak of it."

"Tom told you not to speak of it? Not to speak of what?"

"You must have observed—Mr. Rickard?"

The girl's ear did not catch the short pause. "Observed Mr. Rickard?"

"The coolness between us. I scarcely speak to him. I don't wish to speak to him."

When had all this happened, Innes demanded of herself? Had she been asleep, throwing pity from outdated dreams?

"I won't countenance a common affair like that." Her eyes, sparkling with anger, suggested jealous wrath to Innes, who had her first hint of the story. She had learned never to take the face value of her sister's verbal coin; it was only a symbol of value; it stood for something else.

The yellow eyes were on the dredge bucket as it swung across the channel, but they did not register. She was angry, outraged; she did not know with whom. With Gerty for telling her, with Rickard, with life that lets such things be. She jumped up. "Oh, stop it!" She rushed out of the tent, followed by a strange bitter smile that brought age to the face of Gerty Hardin.

In her own tent, Innes found excuse for her lack of self-control. She did not like the color of scandal; she hated smudge. Gerty had said the whole camp knew it; knew why the Mexican woman was in camp! She did not trust Gerty in anything else; why should she trust her in that? She would forget Gerty's gossip.

But she remembered it vividly that week as she washed her own khakis; as she bent over the ironing board in Gerty's sweltering "kitchenette." She thought of it as she returned Rickard's bow in the mess tent the next morning; each time they met she thought of it. And it was in her mind when she met Senora Maldonado by the river one day, and made a sudden wide curve to avoid having to speak to her.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Time the Umpire.

The river was low; its yellow waters bore the look of oriental duplicity. Each day was now showing its progress. The two ends of the trestle were creeping across the stream from their brush aprons. A few weeks of work, at the present rate, and the gap would be closed, Hardin's big gate in it; the by-pass ready; the trap set for the Colorado. The tensity of a last spurt was in the air.

It was inspiring activity, this pitting of man's cumulative skill against an elemental force. No Caucasian mind which did not tingle, feel the privileged thrill of it. To the stolid native this day of well-paid toil was his millennium, the fulfillment of the prophecy. His gods had so spoken. Food for his stomach, liquor for his stupefaction; the white man's money laid in a brown hand each Sunday morning was what the great gods forespoke. The completion of the work, the white man's victory, would be an end of the fat time. Hasten? Why should they, and shorten their day of opportunity?

Between the two camps oscillated Coronel, silently squatting near the whites, jabbering his primitive Esperanto to the tribes. His friendship with the white chiefs, his age and natural leadership gave him a unique position in both camps. Assiduously, Rickard cultivated the old Indian who crouched days through by the bank of the river.

The engineers felt the whip of excitement. Never a man left the camp in the morning who did not look toward that span crawling across the treacherous stream, measure that widened by-pass. Would the gate stand? The Hardin men halloed for the gate, but looked each morning to see if it were still there. The Reclamation Service men and the engineers of the railroad were openly skeptical; Sisyphus outdone at his own game! Estrada and Rickard looked furtively at the gate, with doubt at each other.

Hardin, himself, was repressed, an eager live wire. His days he spent on the river; his nights, long hours of them, open-eyed, on his back, watching the slow-wheeling, star-pricked dome of desert sky. His was the suspense of the man on trial; this was his trial; Gerty, Rickard, the valley, his judge and jury. The gate grew to be a symbol with him of restored honor, an obsession of desire. It must be all right!

Rickard was all over the place. "Watching every piece of rock that's dumped in the river," complained Wooster. "Believe he marks them at night!"

They were preparing for the final rush. In a week or two, the work would be continuous, night shifts to begin when the rock-pouring commenced. Large lamps were being suspended across the channel, acetylene whose candelpower was that of an arc light. Soon there would be no night at the break. When the time for the quick coup would come, the dam must be closed without break or slip. One mat was down, dropped on the floor that had already swallowed two such gigantic mouthfuls; covered with rock; pinned down to the slippery bottom with piles. Another mat was ready to drop; rock was waiting to be poured over it; the deepest place in the channel was reduced from fifteen to seven feet. Each day the overpour, anxiously measured, increased. A third steam shovel had been added; the railroad sent in several work trains fully equipped for service; attracted by the excitement, the hoboes were commencing to come in.

It was a battle of big numbers, a duel of great force where time was the umpire. Any minute hot weather might fall on those snowy peaks up yonder, and the released waters, rushing down, would tear out the defenses as a wave breaks over a child's fort made of sand. This was a race, and all knew it. A regular train dispatch system was in force that the [illegible] cars might drop their burden of rock and gravel and be off after more. The Dragon was being fed rude meals, its appetite whetted by the glut of pouring rock.

Tod Marshall came down from Tucson in his car. The coming of the Palmyra and Claudia rippled the social waters at the front for days ahead. Gerty Hardin, too proud to tell her astonished family that she wanted to desert the mess tent, shook herself from her injury, and "did up" all her lingerie gowns. Mrs. Marshall was not going to patronize her, even if her husband had snubbed Tom. It was hot, ironing in her tent, the doors closed. Everything carried a sting those indoor hours. She was aflame with hot vanity. Twice, she had openly encouraged Rickard; twice, he had flouted her. That was his kind! Men who prefer Mexicans—! She would never forgive him, never!

She followed devious channels to involve Tom's responsibility. There was a cabal against the wife of Hardin. Working like a servant! she called it necessity. Everything, every one punished her for that one act of folly. Life had caught her. She saw no way, as she ironed her mull ruffles, no way out of her cage. Her spirit beat wild wings against her bars. If she could see a way out! Nothing to do but to stay with Tom!

Maddening, too, that at the mess table, she caught Rickard's eyes turning toward, resting on, Innes Hardin. The girl herself did not seem to notice—artful, subterranean, such stalking! That was why she had come running back to the Heading! That the reason of her anger when she had hinted of the Maldonado. She learned to hate Innes. Bitterly she hated Rickard.

"Tom," she said one day. He turned with a swift thrill of expectation, for her voice sounded kind; like the Gerty of old. "I have always heard that Mr. Marshall has terribly strict ideas. I think he ought to hear of that Mexican woman. It is demoralizing in a camp like this."

"I tell Marshall anything against his pet clerk?" The Hardin lip shot out. "He'd throw me out of the company."

The pretty scene was spoiled. To his dismay, she burst into a storm of tears, tears of self-pity. Her life lay in tatters at her feet, the pretty fabric rent, torn between the rude handling of those two men. She could not have reasoned out her injury, made it convincing, built out of dreams as it was, heartless, scheming dreams. Because she could not tell it, her sobbing was the more violent, her complaints incoherent. Tom gathered enough fragments to piece the old story. "Ashamed of him. He had dragged her down into his humiliation." His sweet moment had passed.

He spent a few futile moments trying to comfort her.

"Don't come near me." It burst from her; a cry of revulsion. He stared at her, the woman meeting his eyes in flushed defiance. The hatred which he saw, her bitterness, corroded his pride, scorched his self-love. Nothing would kill his love for her; he knew that in that blackest of moments. He would never forget that look of dread, of hate. He left her tent.

That night, the cot under the stars had no tenant. Hardin had it out with himself down the levee.

That valley might fulfill Estrada's vision and his labor; might yield the harvest of happy homes; but his was not there. He had been the sacrifice.

CHAPTER XXVII.

The Walk Home.

Claudia Marshall sat at the head of her stately table in the Palmyra, mute as a statue but for the burning eyes which followed her Tod. To Innes, her guest, it was a tragic presence, of brooding solicitude.

Late hours, excitement, might abridge the life she so passionately policed; but she would not demand the sacrifice of his cigar.

Marshall's cigar followed the coffee. Tony, the white-capped Italian cook of the Palmyra, was removing the cups. Innes was carrying her double interest, listening to Tod Marshall's broad sweep, getting a new viewpoint as he minimized the local scheme—feeling that silent presence at the head of the table.

Then something drove Claudia from her mind. What Mr. Marshall had said swept a disturbing calcium on Tom. What if, truly, the river fiasco could be traced to that overzealous hand? To Tom, this undertaking blotted out the rest of pointed big endeavor; but that was not the way her host was looking at it. He was too courteous to give her discomfort; he had not said it directly. But always it met her, rose up to smite her, wherever she was. Was it not egotism, personal pride, that was making her cover her eyes, like any simple ostrich? Her brother—assume him anybody else's brother! The dredge fiasco—the wild night at the levee—no isolated accidents those. Hardin's luck!

A flush of miserable shame came to her. How they had all been trying to spare her—Eduardo, these kindly Marshalls—MacLean! She was turning impulsively, to ask Tod Marshall if he thought, could he think it probable that they would fail, when a step that sent the blood to her face took the car's stairs at two leaps. Now, indeed, the dinner was spoiled.

"That's Rickard. I forgot to tell you that I asked him to dinner. He couldn't get away. He said he'd run in for coffee. Hello, Rickard. Thought you'd forgotten us!"

She hadn't thought of that contingency! She found herself shaking hands with him. Could he not hear her mind, ticking away at the Maldonado episode?

Of course he would insist on seeing her to her tent. Punctilious, always. Well, she just wouldn't. Perhaps she could slip out some way. She would watch her chance.

"Can I talk shop for a while?" asked Rickard.

They withdrew to a cushioned window seat. Innes had found her chance. She asked to be shown over the car. Innes confided her plan. She wanted

"Thought You'd Forgotten Us."

to slip out. "She would not interrupt their evening; Mr. Marshall had business to discuss—"

Mrs. Marshall would not hear of it. She said that Mr. Marshall would never forgive her if she let Miss Hardin go home alone. Her opposition was softly implacable.

Innes went back to the sitting room of the car angrily coerced. Rickard was still closeted, conversationally, with his superior.

At last, desperately, she rose to go. Of course, he must insist upon going with her. Of course!

"I was going back early, anyway. I've to be up at dawn tomorrow."

The good-bys were said. She found herself walking rebelliously by his side. "No, thank you!" to the offer of his arm.

The night was bright with stars. "Bright as day, isn't it?" Because her voice was curt, and she had not used his name, the rising inflection helped a little! Hateful, to stumble over a rut in the road! Of course, he'd make her take his arm! Of course!

Rickard grasped her elbow. She walked along, her head high, her cheeks flaming, anger surging through her at his touch.

Stupid to press this companionship, this awkward silence on her. If he thought she was going to entertain him, as Gerty did, with her swift chatter, he'd be surprised! Any other two people would fall into easy give-and-take, but what could she, Innes Hardin, find to chatter about with this man stalking along, grimly grasping her arm? Close as they were, his touch reminding her every minute, between them walked her brother and her brother's wife—and there was the Mexican—hateful memory! Of course she could not be casual. And she would not force it. He had brought this about. Let him talk, then!

Oppressive that silence. Then it came to her that she would ask him the question that his coming had abortived. A glance at his face found him smiling. He found it amusing? Not for worlds, then, would she speak. And they stalked along. Unconsciously she had pulled herself away from him. He took her hand and put it in the crotch of his arm. "That's better," he said. She wondered if he were still smiling.

Their path led by his tent. Neither of them noticed a subdued light through the canvas walls. As they reached the place a figure darted from the door.

"Oh, senor, I thought you would never come." It was the wife of Maldonado. Her expression was lost on Innes. The face was quivering with terror.

"Mr. Rickard," Innes' words like icicles, "I will leave you here. It is quite unnecessary to come farther." Quite unveiled her meaning!

It came so quickly that he was not ready; nor indeed had Gerty's innuendoes yet reached him. But the situation was uncomfortable. He turned sharply to the Mexican.

"Come in," he took her roughly by the arm. She would wake up the camp with her crying. He put her in a chair. "Now tell your story." The woman had got to be a nuisance. He couldn't have her coming around like this. He had seen that look in the girl's eyes— "Murdered? Who did you say was murdered?"

She lifted a face, frightened into haggardness. "Maldonado and the girl."

The night was stripped to the tragedy. "You found them?"

Her face was lifted imploringly to him. "Oh, senor, it was not I. By the Mother of Christ, it was not I."

Rickard was not sure. Her fear made him suspect her. "Who was it, you think?"

"Felipe," she gasped. "He got away from the rurales—he came back. He went home—there was no one there. Some one told him where she had gone. He came to Maldonado's. Lucrecia, the eldest, opened the gate. He was terrible, she said. He rushed past her. And when he came out his hands were red. The children heard cries. They were afraid to go in. I got there last night. I went in. They were not quite cold—I was afraid to stay. It would look like me, senor. Will they take me, senor?" She was a wreck of terror.

"Not if what you tell me is true. Now, get to bed. I'll give you something that will make you sleep." He ousted her out and prepared the draught.

He wondered as he got into bed as to the truth of her story. Disgusting, such animal terror! Awkward note, that. Fate seemed possessed to queer him with those Hardins!

(Continued next Saturday)

Sofe Facts About Aviation Gas Troubles

In Thursday's issue appeared an announcement by the Standard Oil company explaining why the necessary production of gasoline for our fighting aeroplanes was responsible during the latter part of the war for the lack of easy starting qualities in ordinary motor gasoline.

Every oil company had more or less difficulty with gasoline during the last few months of 1918 and some complaint was heard among motorists. It was impossible until now, however, to offer any explanation, because it was a military fact which could not be made public.

Aviation gasoline must be highly volatile, or in other words, it must vaporize rapidly and this special fuel was furnished only at the sacrifice of the gasoline left for regular use. Gasoline is made up of constituents having boiling points ranging from low to high. That needed for aeroplanes took a large part of the low boiling points constituents from the crude oil and left the ordinary motor gasoline somewhat lacking in these low boiling points which are necessary for easy starting of the engine.

While aviation gasoline is exactly suited for engines operating in the extreme cold and rarefied atmosphere at high altitudes it would be unsuited for automobiles. It would lack the necessary power, would evaporate too quickly and would be expensive.

Immediately after the signing of the armistice the need for this special aviation gasoline became less urgent and Red Crown gasoline regained its old high quality, due to a full, uniform chain of boiling points from the low to the high.

While it was an unfortunate fact that the ordinary motorist had to put up with a fuel which was not quite what he had been used to, yet he played an important part in winning the war by getting along with such gasoline as could be manufactured without interferring with the output of aviation gasoline.

The Pacific coast had a much easier time than the eastern states. In the east a general shortage of gasoline forced the fuel administration to issue orders prohibiting the use of pleasure automobiles on Sunday.

The output of aviation gasoline by all the refineries east of the Rockies was not enough, so California was called upon to furnish a large part of the supply. At the request of the United States government the Pacific coast petroleum war service committee apportioned California's quota among such of the large refiners as were able to make this special gasoline. The Standard Oil company being the largest of these, naturally had the greatest quota to fill. They more than did their part in meeting this war need and exceeded their quota to a considerable extent.

It was only during a period of about six weeks in the late fall of 1918 that the lack of easy starting was evident. As soon as possible Red Crown gasoline was put back on its old high quality basis and it now has the full and continuous chain of boiling points from low to high which is necessary for easy starting, quick and smooth acceleration, high power and long mileage.