

By FRANCIS LYNDE

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The Hidden Power

Most of us never learn what great powers lie undeveloped within our own bodies...

THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER I.

Bank Guaranty and Society Man. It was a mixture of body and when J. Montague Smith had driven his runabout to his garage...

Even in the affair with Miss Richardson sound common sense and sober second thought had been made to stand in the room of the blunder...

Smith snapped the switch of the electric and began to lay out his evening clothes, methodically but with a certain air of calm deliberation...

Acquaintance—such an acquaintance as can be achieved in a short social and if it were not for the bewitching young woman from the wilderness had proved to be a mocking ordeal of low commensurate dimensions...

thing she had said at the moment of parting: "Yes, I am going back home very soon. I don't think you will be the West civilization. Mr. Smith—let me know when you are going to find themselves."

Some day, perhaps, he would tell Verda Richardson of the sharp-tongued little Western beauty. Verda—all all sensible people—would smile at the idea that he, John Montague Smith, himself, of that finding—by which he had understood the Western young woman to mean something radical and upsetting—could have been so easily deceived.

"Dear Monty," it read, "I have been trying to reach you by phone off and on ever since the adjournment of our stockholders' meeting at three o'clock. We, of the little inside pool, have got it where the chicken got the ax. Richardson had more proof up his sleeve than you could get out of a steam roller over to a finish. He was able to vote 50 per cent of the stock straightaway and you know what the stockholders' meeting with the Richardson foundry trust, and the horse and white hairs for yours truly and the minority stockholders. We're dead and buried."

"Of course, I stand to lose everything, but that isn't all of it. I'm horribly anxious for fear you'll be tangled up personally in some way in the matter of that last loan of \$100,000. You will remember you made the loan in little installments. I am certain that you told me you had his certain take my Foundries stock as collateral. That part of it is all right, but, as matters stand, the stock is worth a good deal less than it was when the paper it is printed on, and—well, to tell the truth, I'm scared of Dunham. He's got a way of making things that you have brought down here, tells me that your bank is behind the consolidation deal, and if that is so, there is no reason to believe that the paper, and Dunham will carefully cover his tracks for the sake of the bank's standing."

"It was a hideous mess, and it has occurred to me that Dunham can put you in bad, if he wants to. When you made that \$100,000 loan, you forgot—and I don't know why—and I am sure you did not forget—that you were making the entry in the record and date it off. This may look a little crooked to you, but it is not. It is a fact, and we can't stop to split hairs when we've just been let off of holes."

"WESTFALL." Smith folded the letter and thrust it into his pocket. Carter Westfall was his good friend, and the cashier had tried, unofficially, to dissuade Westfall from such a risky move. He had admitted that he was going to use the money in an attempt to buy up the control of his own company's stock. Westfall had said that he was making a note from the president and it was dated within the hour. Mr. Dunham was back in Lawrenceville careening about in the motor car, and he had been taken at the bank. It was a curious summons; the cashier was wanted, at once. At the moment, Smith did not connect the summons with the Westfall catynism, or with any other outward thing. Mr. Watrous Dunham had a habit of dropping in on his friends and acquaintances, and he had the habit of sending for his cashier or any other member of the banking force at whatever hour he wished. "What a mess," thought Smith, as he picked up the telephone and called up the Richardson house. The promptness with which the multimillionaire's secretary came to the door was an intimation that his ring was not entirely unexpected.

"This is Montague," he said, when Miss Richardson's bellman told him that four six eight—Mr. Richardson's residence—came over the wire. "Then—what are you going to think of a man who has just written me a letter to beg off?"

Miss Richardson's reply was mercurial and he was permitted to go on and explain the matter. "What a mess," she said, "but I'll be very well helped, you know. Mr. Dunham has returned, and he wants me at the bank. I'll be up a little later. If you can break away, and you'll let me know. Thank you, ever so much. Goodbye."

Verda Richardson's bank and Trust, lately installed in its new marble-walled quarters, was only four squares distant. As he was approaching the building, the cashier's eyes were only two lights in the bank, one in the vault corridor and another in the raised-off open space in front which held the cashier's desk as he sat at his work. The big plate-glass window he could see Mr. Dunham. The president was apparently at work, his pretty figure

filling the padded swing-chair. He had one elbow on the desk, and the fingers of his right hand were thrust into his thick mop of hair. "Smith had his own keys and he let himself in quietly through the door on the side street. The night watchman's chair stood in its accustomed place in the vault corridor, but it was empty. To a supposition the person the cashier might have had his significance; but Montague Smith was not suspicious. The obvious conclusion was that Mr. Dunham had sent for him, and that upon some errand; and the motive needed not to be tagged as ulterior.

"Without meaning to be particularly nosy, Smith—rubber stamp and file folder assisting—was unwatching the gate in the counter railing before his superior officer heard him and looked up. There was an irritable note in the president's greeting. "Oh, it's you, at last, is it? He repeated. 'You have taken your note and gone home. I have sent you out to your room.'"

CHAPTER II.

Metastasis. Smith drew out the chair from the stenographer's seat, and sat down. Like the cashiers of many little-city banks, he was only a salaried man, and the president rarely allowed him to do anything but his own work. Mr. Watrous Dunham's when he said: "I suppose you had to tell him now to cope with the episode and save emergency. The president sat back in the big mahogany swing chair. His face, with the cold, protrusive eyes, the heavy lips, and the dewlap lower jaw, was the face of a man who shoots to kill.

"I suppose you've heard the news about Westfall?" Smith nodded. "Then you also know that the bank stands to lose a cold hundred thousand on that loan you made him?" The young man in the stenographer's chair knew now very well why the night watchman had been sent down. It was during the County club with a friend, and I didn't go to my rooms until a few minutes ago."

"It was, but you gave your sanction before you went. The president twisted his chair to face the objector and brought his palm down with a smack upon the desk-side. "No!" he stormed. "What I told you to do was to look up his collateral; and you took a snap judgment and let him have the money! Westfall is your friend, and you are a stockholder in his bank. You took a chance for your own hand and put the bank in the hole. Now I'd like to ask you what you are going to do about it?" Smith looked up quickly. Somewhere inside of him the carefully erected walls of use and custom were tumbling in a strange, unaccountable way. "I am not going to do what you want me to do. Mr. Dunham—step in, and by your convenient sanctimony," he said, wondering a little in his inner recesses how he was finding the sheer brutal man-courage to say such a thing to the president of the Lawrenceville Bank and Trust. "I suppose you have reasons of your own for wishing to shift the responsibility of this particular loss to my shoulders. But whether you have or haven't, I decline to accept it!"

"The president tilted his chair and looked at him for a moment. "It isn't a question of shifting the responsibility, Montague," he said, dropping the bullying weapon to take up a paper. "I'm not at all interested in your absence. You have taken the bank's money to bolster up a failing concern in which you are a stockholder. Go to your room and let me hear from you one day and—well, he'll tell you exactly where you stand."

While the big clock over the vault entrance was slowly ticking off a half-minute, the young man whose face had become so suddenly and so threateningly invested in the moved two lights in the bank, one in the vault corridor and another in the raised-off open space in front which held the cashier's desk as he sat at his work. The big plate-glass window he could see Mr. Dunham. The president was apparently at work, his pretty figure

length, trying to say it calmly. "Just what are you expecting me to do?" "Now you are talking like a grown man," was the president's crusty admission. "You are in a pretty bad mood, Montague, and that is why I sent for you tonight."

"You can see how it will be. If I can say to the directors that you have already signed—and if you are not where they can too easily lay hands on you—they may not care to push the charge against you. There is a truth west of ten o'clock. If I were in your place, I should get a couple of suitcases and take it. That is the only way of getting for you tonight. If you need any ready money."

It was at this point that J. Montague Smith rose up out of the stenographer's chair and buttoned his coat. "If I need any ready money," he repeated, slowly, advancing a step toward the president's desk. "That is where you give your own name for it. You authorized this loan, and did it because you were willing to use the bank's money to put Carter Westfall in the hole. Now it seems you are willing to bring the only dangerous witness. I don't need money any more. I shall stay right here in Lawrenceville and fight it out with you."

The president turned abruptly to his desk and his hand sought the row of electric bell-pushes. With a finger resting upon the one marked "police," he said: "There isn't any room for Montague Smith in this building for more than a minute in which to change your mind. If you stay, you'll begin your fight from the inside of the county jail."

Now there had been nothing in John Montague Smith's well-ordered quarter-century of boyhood, youth, and manhood to tell him how to cope with the episode and save emergency which he was confronting. But in the granted instant of his own being within him, a thing as primitive and elemental as the crisis with which it was called upon to grapple, took its own course. He stepped quickly across the intervening space and stood under the shaded desk light within arm's reach of the man in the big swing-chair.

"You have it all out and dried, even to the setting of the police trap, haven't you?" he cried, half recognizing his own voice. "You must be the first and try your own case with the directors afterward. Mr. Dunham, I know you better than you think I do; and you are not only a crook—you are yellow-livered coward, as well! You don't dare to press that button!"

"The president sat back in the big mahogany swing chair. His face, with the cold, protrusive eyes, the heavy lips, and the dewlap lower jaw, was the face of a man who shoots to kill."

"The next installment tells you how Mr. Dunham got the business of his great bank from J. Montague Smith came to know quickly the value of using all his latent power."

SICILY IS LAND OF ROMANCE

Island of Picturesque History Has Produced Many Men Who Towered Above Others in Past.

Sicily's history is as vivid and picturesque, as ferocious and creative and destructive, as mythical and intensely dramatic as the legends which have made of the world put together, says National Geographic Magazine. And in beauty of nature, of climate, of man and beast the island is a paradise today, whether or not it was ever the workless, painless, passionless Elysium where our first ancestors enjoyed all the joys of life without having to toil.

Nature itself, now in the guise of the understood gods of old, now in conformity with the legends, has made such men—tower above their fellows as the story tells: Plandar, Archelaus, Theoclydes, Archelaus, the two great heroes of the past, were Diodorus, Hamlet and Hannibal, Roger the Count and Roger the King, Frederick II, the "Wonder of the World" and Charles V. The part of the island which has a particularly rich and a romantic and ancient and medieval romance and history.

Young America Doing Well in Future take of his hat, the points and favor raising the appropriation instead of cutting it. So much, anyway, is to be gained from mobilization of the city horse brigade, and for that the better farming and gardening population of the country will be duly thankful.

WHEN A GREAT CITY GOES A-FARMING.

By ELIZABETH VAN BENTHUYSEN. There is something intensely interesting to the farmer of the district, where he is involuntarily closes the eyes and visualizes Edwin Markham's great picture of "The Man With the Hoe." The figure is not bowed by the weight of centuries. A alk hat takes the place of the wool sweater, a frock coat the place of the overalls. And yet the underlying motive is all the same.

It is the necessity of getting Old Mother Earth to yield food for her children. I have elaborately told my readers of the wonderful flower gardens that skirt the palaces of Long Island and of the Jersey coast. Surely nothing half so costly and half so beautiful as the wonderful flower gardens that skirt the palaces of Long Island and of the Jersey coast. Surely nothing half so costly and half so beautiful as the wonderful flower gardens that skirt the palaces of Long Island and of the Jersey coast.

All of the fashionable world, its wife and its son and its daughter, have gone a-farming. From the pathetic little window box, in which city dwellers are experimenting with seeds on windowledges high above the surging street throngs, to the most scientific and elaborate truck patches in the Long Island and Jersey districts, the cabbage has come to attract more attention than the prize chrysanthemum, and the prospect for onions is more alluring than the hope of making a tulip bed that will be the jealous pride of the owner.

From time in the movement to teach the residents of the metropolitan district how to farm is Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt. Her share is working through the suburbs, and she is the head of a committee of rich women using a special train. They are teaching the women along the line to preserve and can and save food products to relieve the war-torn conditions.

What the men and women of the West and of the South have been learning for 20 years in the state-supported agricultural colleges is now being taught to the city dwellers and the suburbanites, and they are taking to the study with an zest that would lead one to believe that scientific farming was a discovery of the last four months. True, they haven't got along far enough to observe the chemical analysis of the soil and the scientific determination of the elements needed to make it fruitful, but they are learning the elementary points rapidly.

New York city requires every day an endless procession of freight trains to supply it with food. Most of the supply has in the past come from farms comparatively remote from the city. Now the newly promoted movement of resulting in planting truck at the back door, with the automobile for speedy transportation along the excellent roads to the great market centers. There is coming from this activity one great national benefit that is not generally understood. Political leaders from the congested districts, who have been voting in congressional and legislative matters, are getting new light upon the dignity and the importance of agriculture that will send valuable aid behind the coming legislation for the protection of the gardener and the farmer, and will put behind the department of agriculture representatives of great wealth, with a new respect for the farmer who has long been a poor, unappreciated and undervalued man.

What better monument can a man have than a tree he has planted. A beautiful blue flower window plant is the brownish species. It is charming, blue flowers and beautiful foliage. It blooms freely throughout the winter and is a good summer bloomer as well. Several plants can be set in a five-gallon pot and it pinched back several times the dump will become a dense, globular mass of foliage and rich bloom. It deserves to be better known.

When Your Eyes Need Care Try Muring Eye Remedy. Muring Eye Remedy is a simple, effective remedy for all eye troubles. It is made from natural ingredients and is safe for use by all ages. It is available at all drug stores.

THE WHITE CARNATION

By BETTY PAKE.

The search of the pure white carnation, one that will keep its pure color for a long period, has never been quite successful. It is a fact that the average variety remains under cultivation but a few years, and they are constantly running out. They must, therefore, constantly be replaced by newer and more vigorous varieties grown from the seed. One such carnation that produces beautiful white flowers for two or three years full entirely after that time.

The common garden soil will not do for the carnation. It should be composed of about three-fourths rich, dark loam and one-fourth well-rotted manure. This should be thoroughly mixed several times and by September the first cuttings should be placed in boxes about five inches deep. Set the plants about two inches apart. The soil should be watered with water until they have a good start. The plants should be staked in order to keep the flowers above the foliage. Spring soil should be frequently treated with liquid manure—cow, sheep, or hen droppings are excellent—but it should not be too strong, say about the best of weak tea.

HYDRANGEA BEAUTIFUL AND HARDY.

By E. VAN BENTHUYSEN. While there are shrubs that I like better, this one seems to suit the masses. It has the perfume of extreme hardness, easy culture, great floral beauty and late-blossoming and persistent qualities. Its flowers early rise their whiteness, but as the season advances they take on a pinkish character, which is very attractive. They last until late in the season.

Never use the hydrangeas singly. When planting them in masses, it is very attractive. They last until late in the season. The numerous heads of the bloom have considerable weight, but they are all the more attractive when they cause the branches to take on a graceful curve.

Those in search of a plant that will grow in any soil and under almost any conditions and has hardiness enough to withstand the trying ordeal of the severest northern winter, will find this hydrangea the very thing they are looking for.

BEAUTIFUL WINDOW PLANT.

A beautiful blue flower window plant is the brownish species. It is charming, blue flowers and beautiful foliage. It blooms freely throughout the winter and is a good summer bloomer as well. Several plants can be set in a five-gallon pot and it pinched back several times the dump will become a dense, globular mass of foliage and rich bloom. It deserves to be better known.

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This question of conservation of food has become so agitated by those who have a knowledge of what it means in the preservation of life, who have had a study of the food conditions, and the requirements of the country, that it is beginning to arouse the public mind. The question whose duty it is to study the output and compare it with the consumption, sees a rapidly creeping up of one on the other side, with the appetites of consumption gets a headway on the output, where will the nation be? It is time the people were aroused, for there is a danger ahead unless the intelligence of the people is awakened to the facts. The crop of 1917 will be less than an average one, and see the work it has to perform. It has to feed the man producing it, and he is of less efficiency today than a year ago. His strength has been reduced by the drawing away of the thousands from the farms, who are now in the ranks of the consumer instead of in that of the producer. There is an unequal ratio here that can only be understood when confronted with the appalling figures presented by these in the matter of conservation of food. An army has to be fed, dependably cared for, the navy has to have provisions, and we cannot sit idly by and see the work it has to perform. It has to feed the man producing it, and he is of less efficiency today than a year ago. His strength has been reduced by the drawing away of the thousands from the farms, who are now in the ranks of the consumer instead of in that of the producer. There is an unequal ratio here that can only be understood when confronted with the appalling figures presented by these in the matter of conservation of food.

Deceptive But Effective. Tobias Knovel knewed through the window of his office, then tiptoeing to the door, he had been seen by a neighbor, but his arm in a sling, ran his hands through his hair, and limped to the door.

"Yes," he growled. "What can I do for you?" "You appear to be far from well," said the caller. "Appear to be?" exclaimed Knovel. "Do you think I'm doing for fun? But what can I do for you?"

"It's some 'rithmetic," murmured Knovel, pulling off his bandages. "But it's really the quickest way to get rid of these life insurance agents. That one won't trouble me again, anyhow."

FOR ITCHING, BURNING SKINS

Bathe With Cuticura Soap and Apply the Ointment—Trial Free. For eczema, rash, itches, irritations, pimples, dandruff, sore hands, itching humors, Cuticura Soap and Ointment are supremely effective. Besides they tend to prevent these distressing conditions, if used for every day toilet and nursery preparations.

Considerate. "Have you a calendar for 1917?" asked the gentleman. "I don't know, sir," replied the salesman. "We might have such a thing among the odds and ends in the basement. But if you wish to make a gift to someone, surely a calendar for 1917."

Classical Poesy. "About our tableaux?" "Yes?" "Mrs. De Ryle has consented to pose as a diva." "That's a very nice thing. Her's one bit of news we'll have to break to her gently."

When Your Eyes Need Care Try Muring Eye Remedy. Muring Eye Remedy is a simple, effective remedy for all eye troubles. It is made from natural ingredients and is safe for use by all ages. It is available at all drug stores.

Making the Vegetable Bed. Making the vegetable bed is a simple task. It involves the preparation of the soil, the selection of the seeds, and the sowing of the seeds. It is a task that can be done by anyone with a little knowledge and a little patience.