

THE BRIDGE

By CURUS TOWNSEND BRADY FATHER AND SON

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BERT MEADE'S FRIENDS LOSE TRACK OF HIM WHEN HE GOES WEST, CHANGES HIS IDENTITY AND GETS A JOB, BUT THEY SET OUT TO PROVE HIM BLAMELESS OF THE BRIDGE DISASTER

Bert Meade, Sr., plans an International bridge for the Martlet Construction company. His son, Bert Meade, Jr., resident engineer at the bridge site, and Helen Ellingworth, head of the company when the bridge is completed. Young Meade had questioned his father's calculations but was laughed at. The bridge collapsed with 150 workmen, Meade, Sr., drops dead after writing a letter for Shurtliff, a faithful old secretary. Young Meade takes all blame to protect his father's professional honor, breaks the engagement with Helen and disappears.

CHAPTER XI—Continued.

As the train was delayed and held up for an hour, it finally reached the Mississippi river. He left his seat in the dining car, his dinner uneaten on the table, to go out and inspect the bridge during the half-hour that the "timid" lay idle. The next day some enormous irrigation works in western Nebraska so engrossed his attention and aroused his interest that in spite of himself he stopped over between trains to see them. And these actions were typical.

At first every one of these excursions back into his own field, his conscience smote him. He was never to get away from this engineering? Was there nothing else for him to do but to work with stone, steel and concrete, designs and plans and undertaking and accomplishment in the world? Because it was the thing that he had abandoned and put out of his mind, engineering seemed the only thing he cared for. There would be no engineering on that stretch on the slopes of the gorge. He could settle the question there.

Winters was glad to see him. He and Rodney and Meade had been the warmest of friends. Of course Meade could not tell Rodney the truth on account of his newspaper connections, but he decided finally that he could and would tell Winters under assurance of complete secrecy. For one thing the big millionaire had bluntly refused to credit his friend's first statements, and when he at last heard the truth he turned to him roundly while he appreciated fully the nobility of his self-sacrifice.



Winters Passed the Letter Over to Meade Without Comment.

This was a new thought to Meade and a disturbing one. Unfortunately, as when Winters was forced to acknowledge, the suggestion came too late. The course had been entered on. It would be cowardly to try to change it now. Indeed it would have been impossible with the disappearance of the Shurtliff protests and even if Shurtliff had been willing, no one would have believed a delayed revelation and explanation of Shurtliff would not have been willing to do well know. Neither for that matter was Meade himself. He was glad that his fate had been settled and would not change it even now though Winters' rough-and-ready presentation of the situation disgusted him.

Winters passed the letter over to Meade without comment. He had allowed Winters to write would have betrayed his whereabouts. He was living with Winters under an assumed name. He had had his hair cut differently and grown a beard and mustache. He thought it would have taken a keen eye indeed to have recognized him with these changes.

In the end he handed the letter back to Winters, only charging him that if he sent it to Rodney he did not betray the fact that Meade was with him. He had plenty of time to think over the situation. He decided finally that so long as Rodney was not a newspaper man and trained and educated an engineer he would have to be an engineer and not a reporter. He would go out himself and see to it that his ability and experience, but under some assumed name he would begin at the very beginning, at the foot of the ladder, as a trainee, if he could; and then he would work on quietly, faithfully, obscurely, working for his chance. If it came he would strive to be equal to the best. He would be engaged in honest work in an honest way.

It was a very humble program, not at all pretentious, consistent and fair, and wait. They say that all things come to him who waits. That is only half true. Some things come to him who waits sometimes. That is more nearly accurate. Well, he could think of no better plan. So he bade Winters adieu and began his journey, not a secret duty he should lift the ban against speech and rode away. When he got to the little village on the river, he was met by a man who had stopped a long time waiting at the long bridge, or viaduct, of steel that was replacing the old wooden trestle and carrying the railroad down the hills to the eastward over the river.

It was not such an undertaking as a well-sounded construction job. It was work that would be intensely costly, to which he was drawn almost irresistibly. He was tempted to hold himself aloof. The Martlet bridge company building this steel bridge and they had just finished the arch up under the trestle. He was building the great earth dam across the bridge wire in the valley. Meade's engineering life had been spent mainly out of the United States. He had never been connected with the Martlet and its employees until he had been associated with it since the International. He could have gone among them with little danger of immediate discovery, since most of the men he had known had gone down with the bridge, but he decided not to do so. The work on the dam would be an opportunity to betray himself and it would give him more chance to work up in a plausible and reasonable way. Besides, Colonel Ellingworth came on to inspect the bridge as he would probably do. Meade would have to leave before his arrival. The dam would be safer. He could not even think of leaving him there. And no one would ever recognize in the rough-bearded workman the clear-cut, smooth-faced young engineer of twenty days.

The dam was twenty miles up the valley. Yet, he would be less apt to be observed working there than on the gorge, and as he recalled that private car and that it would be on it he realized that he might be on it. His heart leaped even as it had leaped the night before when he had thought that it had quivered to the familiar t-t-t-t-t of the pneumatic riveters and the clang and the clash of the structural steel.

It was the dam that best suited his purpose, so he went to the dam and rode up the valley. There he was fortunate in falling into a position, as has been set forth.

CHAPTER XII.
Marshaling the Evidence.
For the first time in his life, Helen Ellingworth was dowered with intense energy and a powerful will. What she began she finished, and she was not deterred from beginning things by fears of consequences. She was convinced that Meade had not told the truth in that famous declaration in his father's office. She respected his wish to shield his father's name and fame even at the expense of his veracity, albeit she would not have been a woman if she had not respected the fact that in so doing he had sacrificed her happiness as well as his own.

if by working together there was not some way by which we could prove that Bert Meade has assumed the blame for the bridge disaster.

"You believe that, Miss Ellingworth?"
"I am sure of it."
"So am I," said Rodney quickly.
"Thank God," cried the girl a little hysterically, surprised and almost awed off her feet by this prompt avowal by one who, though young, was already an authority in the literature of engineering. "Why do you say that? What evidence have you?"
"Unfortunately," answered Rodney, "I have not any tangible evidence whatever, but I know Bert Meade as few people know him. Miss Ellingworth, but strong, very quick, and in spite of her unspoken, but vigorous protest at that last statement, as she snatched her head and smiled at him. And there are several other circumstances that make me feel that he could not have been that man. Have you any ground for your conviction?"
"Probably even less than I have, and yet I, too, know him," Helen Ellingworth looked into the plain, homely, but strong, reliable face of the man and dismissed any thought of reserve from her mind.

"Let us place," she began, "the little that I know of him on which our intuitions are based. If our intuitions are based on anything tangible, however, perhaps the sum of them may yield something more definite than a hazy impression."
"The suggestion is admirable," asserted Rodney, "and as I know him first and longest I will begin. Perhaps it would be well, too, to take notes of what we may consider to be a help on most things that I recall that he would maintain his father's propositions tenaciously, determinedly, long after everything was obvious to most of the men he met. He had been convinced of their fallacy. Engineering is in Meade's blood. He is the first of his family to graduate at Harvard and through his former teachers were engineers, his grandfather noted and his father world-famous. The affection between them was delightful. The king could do no wrong. Meade was quick-tempered and not very receptive to criticism, but he would take the severest criticism from the old man without a murmur."
"Here we have," said the woman, "an early devotion to a woman and an unbounded respect for his attainments. Go on."
"The next point is, Meade was an ordinarily proud of his family reputation, especially in the engineering field. Of the two of the line who were not engineers, one was a soldier and a distinguished one, but his career had little interest for Meade. I have heard him say that there had been a steady upward movement in his family, that had reached its culmination in his father. He hoped to be a good, useful engineer, but he never dreamed of going any higher or even approaching the attitude of the other man."
"It was a sort of fetish with him then, wasn't it?" asked the woman as Rodney stopped again.
"You have hit it exactly. His love for the man, his admiration for the engineer, which sometimes blurred his eyes, and his pride in his father's career, and his pride in his family, was unbounded."
"And you have established a motive for any sacrifice; love, respect, pride?"
"Yes, Miss Ellingworth, but I think I should like to know the nature of the sacrifice. He is a man of a very high order of intelligence, a quick, impulsive, self-sacrificing nature of the man. I know

young one would still have to share some of the blame."
"You mean he should have foreseen it?"
"I think he did, but if he did foresee it and point it out, he should not have allowed the older man to overrule him or force him to accept what he believed to be structurally unsound. I don't think he reasoned it out. I don't think he had time to argue the point. He was so swift and sudden, but as soon as he did see the situation he discovered that you were lost anyway, except of the charity of your affection which he could not accept, and that he could save his father. This is the way it presents itself to me."
"And to me, said Helen, "but before we go any further, let me say I should rather be his wife than enjoy any other form of affection."
"That is the kind of affection his little qualities merit and would evoke in the mind of a discerning woman."
"Will you go on, now?"
"Of course you know that what I have said is not evidence. It is all assumption, pure assumption."
"I am sure as gospel," said the girl earnestly.
"To you and to me, yes. Well," he continued, "I remember that Meade was once talking just before he went to Burma three years ago about a new book by a German named Schmidt-Chemnitz, in which certain methods of calculations were proposed for the design of castings. You know it was the lateness of one of the compression members of the cantilever that gave me my ground for my conviction?"
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"The King Could Do No Wrong."
"He would have done anything on earth to save his father, even at the sacrifice of his own career, and since I know him as well as you, I am convinced before, but if I had not been, you would have persuaded me beyond a doubt."
Rodney said: "But there is not anything here that would justify any publicity, even if we were prepared to go against the Martlet company's desire. As I repeat, it is all assumption. No one could prove it."
"You are wrong," said the girl, "I am sure."
"I wondered if that would occur to you."
"Of course, you think that Meade, Sr., was not his, have no doubt that it was the old man's fault, but it is

Fate, it seems, has marked a strange pathway for young Meade to follow. Things begin to happen around him at his new job. There are interesting developments in the next instalment.

TO BE CONTINUED.
MUST KEEP SUCCESS IN MIND
He Who Would Reach the Goal of His Desire Cannot Admit Possibility of Defeat.
Success, to be achieved in reality, must be mentally lived for months, sometimes for years, before it arrives. Napoleon, with his dreams of power, having no other man, Jeanne d'Arc, with her dreams of freeing her country and setting her king on his throne, and the man who lives his life through the very force and strength of her thoughts. To her it was the sole object of her life: her country, her king, her faith, which the spiritual voices had hidden her pursuit.

We could cite hundreds of instances in history, but unless you are disposed to believe the truth of the power of mind you would be no more convinced than you are now. Look about you at the countless great tasks seen to have been accomplished by the efforts of well-known workers of today. You will find in practically every instance that the person who reaches his goal is the one who works, not the one who has no other idea than success in his mind. Nothing daunted by petty discouragements or setbacks, he goes right on, having no other thought in his mind but will achieve success. And he usually does.

Providing a Target.
With the spread of inverted auto towing the milpost and guidpost are coming back into a prominence that is causing a great deal of thought. The leading problem of countries, states and auto associations in this line is the development of a signpost that will stand up to the abuse it is almost invariably gets. One of the newest devices was developed by a prize contest in Illinois. The prize-winning design calls for a post which is built of concrete throughout. Another concrete post which is fluting farther has even the names of towns and distances in raised letters. This is a device which is due by hunters and others, who shoot the signboards full of holes. The newest post in this region has its letters on a lead board, and is even specially painted on another, with the addition. "If you must shoot, shoot here!"

Removing Rust From Nickel.
First smear the rusted place with grease and rub it with it in their will frequently. This usually will remove all traces of the rust. If, however, a stubborn spot or two remain, wipe it with a little diluted hydrochloric acid. The acid should be used with great care, and with care, otherwise it will remove the nickel as well as the rust. When all the rust has disappeared wash thoroughly with clean water and then use a metal polish.

How It Came About.
The Norwegian regarding his experience. "Why," he said to Pat, "we've been in the streets in New York in June. 'Ah, sure, that's nothing.' 'Why, we've been in the streets of Dublin in July, 'twelve feet thick.' 'And how is that?' said the traveler, much astonished. 'Well, I don't see it,' said Pat, 'the sun fell and it was a great deal thicker than it is now.'"

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Patents for Poets.
"You are a spring poet, I believe!" began the intruder.
"I am," sadly responded the gentleman of the third-floor box; "although, I must confess, I have never written a line."
"Exactly!" broke in the intruder. "That is why I called."
"You are a publisher?" cried the spring poet.
"No, sir," responded the caller; "but I am general agent for one of the greatest money-making inventions of the age."
"Alas! I have no money to save!" moaned the man of sonnets.
"But listen," replied the caller. "My invention is bound to suit you. It is a little rubber-stamp with the words 'Declined with thanks' upon it. You write your poem, put it in an envelope, slip in a piece of paper with those words on it, address the envelope to yourself, open the envelope, read the slip, throw the whole business into the waste-paper basket, and by these very simple means," concluded the man of genius, "you may save ten times the cost of my invention in a single week!"

Encouraging Outlook.
"Well, old man, how are you getting along with your poetry training?" making expenses?"
"Not yet; but my hens have taken to eating their own eggs, so I hope that they will soon be self-supporting."
Her Choice.
"What is the carriage that man has?"
"Yes, but I'd rather know the man with the millionaire slouch who owns a limousine."

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