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The River

When the Colorado Buried Its Banks and Flooded the Imperial Valley of California

By EDNAH AIKEN

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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I—K. C. Rickard, an engineer of the Overland Pacific, is called to the office of President Marshall in Tucson, Ariz. "Casey" is an engineer on the Overland Pacific, and is called to the office of President Marshall in Tucson, Ariz. "Casey" is an engineer on the Overland Pacific, and is called to the office of President Marshall in Tucson, Ariz.

CHAPTER II—Marshall tells Rickard the Overland Pacific has got to step in line with the Imperial Valley and send him to the break. Rickard declines because he does not want to supplant Harlan. This Harlan has been the river. Harlan the expense, says Marshall.

CHAPTER III—Rickard journeys to Calexico, sees the latest control. He finds the engineers loyal to Harlan and hostile to him. Harlan is a Mexican, son of the "Father of the Imperial Valley," tells him of the general situation.

CHAPTER IV—Rickard attends a meeting of the directors and asserts his authority. Harlan rages. Estrada tells Rickard of the river. Harlan will tell. "I can't see it finished."

CHAPTER V—Innes is discovered in her garden. She tries to clean up Harlan, who is furious about Rickard. Harlan is discovered in her garden. She tries to clean up Harlan, who is furious about Rickard.

CHAPTER VI—The Hardin dinner to Rickard discloses further the family character. Harlan is surly and sulky. Innes is hardly polite. Gerty plans a "progressive ride" to Rickard's home.

CHAPTER VII—Rickard encounters the insubordination of the company's engineers. He is stirred by the Indiana statement that the river has broken in a cycle, when the Great Yellow Dragon, the Colorado, grows restless. He various preparations, pushes work on the Calexico levee. He is ordered by Marshall to "take a fighting chance" on the completion of Harlan's pet project, state to shut the break in the river.

CHAPTER VIII—A family luncheon of the Hardins which throws light on them. Rickard is planning to leave. Harlan is planning to leave. Harlan is planning to leave.

CHAPTER IX—Rickard discovers that Harlan is planning to leave. Harlan is planning to leave. Harlan is planning to leave.

CHAPTER X—Rickard discovers that Harlan is planning to leave. Harlan is planning to leave. Harlan is planning to leave.

CHAPTER XI—Rickard discovers that Harlan is planning to leave. Harlan is planning to leave. Harlan is planning to leave.

CHAPTER XII—Rickard discovers that Harlan is planning to leave. Harlan is planning to leave. Harlan is planning to leave.

dark one. She looked younger even than Innes! Good humor returned to her. "We are going to dine on the Delta tonight." She planned up a "scolding look," an ugly misnomer for her sunny clinging curls! The mirror was requisitioned again. "That's the name of the new dredge. It was christened three weeks ago, in champagne brought from Yuma."



Gerty Welcomed Her Stiffly.

"I'll look like your maid, Gerty!" Innes' exclamation was rueful. "I didn't bring anything but khakis. Oh, yes! I remember throwing in, the last minute, two plagues to fill up space."

"Why, we have dances on the Delta, and Sunday evening concerts. You knew the water at Laguna dam is being held up? The government men of the Reclamation Service are down here all the time. But it's time to be getting ready."

Later, Tom flatly refused to accompany them. "I thought as much," Gerty shrugged an airy irresponsibility. Innes could detect no regret.

They passed a cot outside the tent. "Who sleeps there?" "Tom." The eyes of the two women did not meet.

Innes made no comment. "He finds the tent stuffy," Gerty's lips were prim with reserve. They walked toward the river in silence. As they reached the encampment, Gerty recovered her vivacity.

"That's Mr. Rickard's office, that ramada. Isn't it quaint? And that's his next; no, the other one. MacLean's is next; there's Junior, now."

But his eyes were too full of Innes to see Gerty's dimples. The difference in the quality of his greetings moved Gerty like a blow. And she had never considered Tom's sister attractive, as a possible rival. Yet, after a handshake, she saw that to MacLean, Jr., she did not exist.

Gerty was deeply piqued. Until now, the field had been hers. She might perhaps have to change her opinion of Tom's sister. Boys, she had to concede, the younger men, might find her attractive, boyishly congenial; older men would fall to see a charm!

The arrangement at table annoyed Gerty. The boss, MacLean explained gaily, would not be there for dinner. He might come in later. Two men from the Reclamation Service tried to entertain Mrs. Hardin.

"I'm tired; let's rest here." Innes drew into the shadow of the great arm of the dredge. They watched the dancers as they passed, MacLean playing the woman in "Pete's" arms, Gerty with Rickard, two other masculine couples. The Hardins were the only women aboard.

To her surprise, Rickard penetrated her curtain of shadows. "Our dance, Miss Hardin? Give us 'Sob' Las Olas,' again, Jose."

The hand that barely touched his arm was stiff with antagonism. She told herself that he had to dance with her because, conventionally, he demanded it. But instantly, she forgot her resentment, and forgot their awkward relation. It was his dancing, not Gerty's, then, that was "superb." Anybody could find skill under the leadership of that irresistible step. And then the motion ceased. She thought of nothing; they moved as one to the liquid falling beat.

The music dropped them suddenly, soiling them at the stern of the deck. The silence was complete. Rickard broke it to ask her what she thought of the camp.

Her resentments were recalled. She blundered through her impression of the lightness, the gaiety. "A work camp does not have to be so solemn. You'll find all the grimness you want if you look beneath the surface."

The guitars were tuning up. "Shall I take you back? I have this dance with your sister."

"I can see you back to Tom on his lonely cot outside his tent. She forgot that she had been asked a question. He was dancing gaily with Gerty! If that silly little woman had no scruples, no fine feeling, this man should at least guard her. If he had been her lover, he should be careful; he must see that people were talking of her on the spot, of accusing passion in her eyes."

It was his minute of revelation. So that was what the camp thought! The wife of Harlan—Hardin! Why, he'd been only polite to her—they were old friends. What had he said to call down this sudden scorn? "Dancing—again—!" Had he been all kinds of an ass?

"Oh, yes," she cried, relief in her tone. Rickard did not claim his dance with Mrs. Hardin. He stood where the girl had left him, thinking. A few minutes later, Gerty swept by in the arms of Breck. Later, came Innes with Junior; the two, thinking themselves unobserved, danced through all step like two young children. He was never shamed, chatting merrily with MacLean! Should her eyes discover him, she would be again the haughty young woman!

He'd gone out of his way to be polite to the wife of Harlan. Who cared he cared what they thought? He'd finish his job, and get out. A minute later, he was being rowed back to camp.

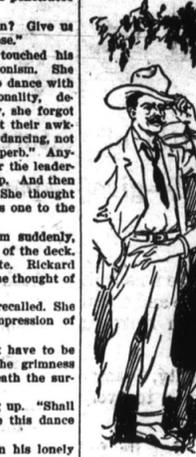
CHAPTER XXI. "A Complete Camp." "Complete, isn't it?" Estrada was leading Innes Harlan through the engineers' quarters.

"Yes, it's complete!" Her Brother had told her at breakfast that morning how grandly they had been wasting time! She would not let herself admire the precision of the arrangements, the showers back of the white men's quarters, the mesquite kitchen, Gerty's elaborate settling was of a piece, it would seem, with the new management. House-keeping, not fighting, then, the new order of things!

Tom was afraid to get his gate done. She knew what it meant to him; to the valley. The flood waters had to be controlled. That depended, Tom had proved to her, on the gate. And the men dance and play house, as if they were children, and every day counting!

She thought she was keeping her accusations to herself, but Estrada was watching her face. "We are here, you know, for a siege. There are months of work ahead, hot months, hard months. The men have got to be kept well and contented. We can't lose any time by sickness—" He waved his hand at the mess hall. The split camp was painful to him, an Estrada. "Even after we finish the gate, if we do finish it—"

She wheeled on him, her eyes gleaming like deep yellow jewels. "You've never thought we could finish it!" Estrada hesitated over his answer. "You are a friend of Tom's, Mr. Estrada?" "Surely! But I am also an admirer of Mr. Rickard, I mean of his methods, I can never forget the levee."



She Waved Her Hand Gaily.

like a high-bred horse. Her high heels cut into the hard sand. There was a suggestion of prance in her gait. She waved her hand gaily at the two, cried, "How hot it is!" and passed on.

Innes saw Rickard at his long pine table used for a desk. "I can see it all from here." Not for money would the sister of Tom Harlan do it!

At table, that evening, her family heard with surprise Gerty's announcement that they were to eat in the mess tent with the men. It was too hot to cook any longer; this had been one of the hottest days in the year.

She expected to hear a protest to the new arrangement from Tom. She was to see a new development—sullen resignation. If he would accept it, she must not argue. Both sister and brother knew why it was too warm to cook any longer.

To be continued.

ANTIQUITY OF DECORATIVE ART

Strange Sources From Which Pigments Used by Modern Painters Are Derived.

Whether paint was invented in answer to a need for a preservative or to meet a desire for beauty is a question fully as knotty as the ancient one about the relative time of arrival of the chicken or the egg. It was invented, though, and it serves both purposes equally; so whether it is an offspring of mother necessity or an adopted son of beauty remains forever a disputed question.

The first men, covering under the fierce and glaring suns of the biblical countries, constructed rude huts of wood to shelter them. The perishable nature of these structures caused rapid decay, and it is probable that the occupants, seeking some artificial means of preservation, hit upon the pigments of the earth in their search. It is perhaps natural to suppose that it was the instinct of preservation that led men to the search, although the glories of the sunsets and the beauties of the rainbow may have created a desire to imitate those wonders in their own dwellings.

The earliest record of the application of a preservative to a wooden structure dates from the ark, which was, according to the Bible, "pitched within and without." The pitch was a triumph of preservation whatever it lacked as a thing of beauty.

Decoration applied to buildings first came to obtain a preservative. Babylon, whose walls were covered with representations of hunting scenes and of combat. These were done in red and the method followed was to paint the scene on the bricks at the time of manufacture, assuring permanence by being strictly speaking, this was not painting so much as it was the earliest manifestation of our own familiar kalsomining.

The first Hebrew to mention painting is Moses. In the thirty-third chapter of the book of Numbers he instructs the Israelites, "When ye have passed over the Jordan into the land of Canaan, then shall ye drive out all the inhabitants of the land from before you and destroy all their pictures. . . ."



She Waved Her Hand Gaily.

At later periods the Jews adopted many customs of the peoples who preceded them. The walls of Babylon and Thebes were painted 1,900 years before the coming of Christ and 900 years before "Omer smote his bloomin' lyre."

The Greeks recognized the value of paint as a preservative and made use of something akin to it on their ships. Pliny writes of the mode of boiling wax and painting ships with it, after which, he continues, "neither the sea, nor the wind, nor the sun can destroy the wood thus protected."

MARSHALL BELIEVES IN STATE'S RIGHTS

VICE-PRESIDENT DELIVERS A STRONG ADDRESS BEFORE T. P. A.'S AT CHESTER, S. C. DOCTRINE IS NOW DORMANT

Talk of Going Back to Our Ancient Neutrality Under Present World Conditions is Idle Talk. Chester, S. C.—Governor Robert A. Cooper at the Chester theater introduced Vice President Marshall, who made one of the ablest and most eloquent addresses ever heard in this city. He was warmly greeted and throughout his speech received great applause. "Nobody in South Carolina," he said, "ever believed more sincerely in the doctrine of state's rights than I believe in it. I have recognized what other state's right men have not, that with state's rights goes the states' duties. So long as the states of this union will not look after themselves and demand the fostering care of the general government, the doctrine of state's rights will be dormant. I am hoping for a revival in the hearts of citizens so that each state will discharge its duties and tell the general government to only look after the powers delegated to it, but until states do this there is no hope for this ancient democratic doctrine. I wish I could put our country back to the good old days of 1840. I would be willing to do with less money for more manhood. I had nothing to do with adopting the colonial policy of our government, but with our soldiers in the Philippines and our sailors in the North sea talk about going back to our ancient neutrality, it is talk in favor of an idle dream. Neutrality consists in more than mere hands off. It must also be minds off and opinions off, for the most potent things in modern warfare are the moral opinions of mankind touching it."

COMPETITIVE BIDS WANTED FOR 200,000 TONS OF RAILS New York.—Walker D. Hines, director general of railroads, announced here that the railroad administration will ask immediately for competitive bids for 200,000 tons of steel rails. Mr. Hines' announcement was made after he had been informed by representatives of the large manufacturers at a conference here of a reduction of the schedule of steel prices approved by the industrial board of the department of commerce. Mr. Hines declared it was his settled purpose to buy steel materials on the competitive bidding basis, as rapidly as they were needed.

HAD CONTROL OF HIS VOICE BUT NOT OF HIS LEGS Paris.—Count von Brockdorff-Rantzau's will was strong enough to enable him to deliver his speech on behalf of Germany to the allies at the Versailles peace congress but he feared collapse if he stood. This is on the authority of his secretary who has been clipping and translating comments from the English papers, sharply reproaching the count for remaining seated when speaking.

Ludendorff has just finished writing his memoirs. An epilogue will be written by the Peace Conference.

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