

COOL WATERS

by Rex Beach

SECOND INSTALMENT

Gloria regained control of herself with an effort and her flower-like face broke into a smile. "I'll be patient. Only don't let anything happen."

As he left the house, Donald told himself with a pang that he had a sick girl on his hands. Gloria was sicker than she had permitted him to realize and it had taken this brief flicker of animation at the prospect of going home to show him just how weak she really was. She was fragile, bloodless, the life and the laughter had gone out of her. As a matter of fact, he had watched it go day by day for months and he had tried vainly to check it, but never before had he appreciated to what extent she had failed. If anything should happen to her—Don closed his eyes and refused to face such a thought. Only ten days more, then they would go north to those green fields and cool waters of which she was forever wistfully speaking. Ten days wasn't long.

This certainly was not a woman's country. Least of all was it a country for a lovely, high-bred creature like Gloria. But, Don recreated, it had been this or nothing. Gloria had married him, even against her family's advice, and even though it had meant exile. Nor had she once complained, at least not until today when it was all over and she could voice her hatred of this life without hurting him. That was like her, to fade away, if need be to die by inches at his side, without complaint.

One thing was sure—without Gloria's love to strengthen him he would never have had the courage and the pertinacity to win his fight against the desert. The mere fact that his own sunk in the El Centro field would not have been sufficient to keep him here. Not by any means. But with a wife like Gloria a man couldn't quit; he couldn't tolerate failure of any sort.

If he and Gloria had been able to get away once in a while it would not have been so bad, but money from the wells which he had somehow managed to drill had gone into new equipment, into storage tanks, tank cars, drilling rigs, leases, and the like; for in order to live at all in this business it had been necessary to expand, and as a result production had not quite kept pace with expenditures. It had been the old, heart-breaking story of most so-called successful oil enterprises—just enough encouragement to render it impossible to let go. But the company had real holdings now, and with the Homestake making five thousand barrels a day, yes, or even one-half that, it would be out of the red in no time and its stock would be worth a lot. It would be worth so much that Gloria could well afford to give her family the laugh. Something like a million dollars, that's what it would mean to them. And Homestake couldn't miss. El Centro wasn't that kind of a pool. Once inside the limits, a man was as safe as if his money were in the Bank of England.

Ten days more, then New York with its shops and its lights and its theaters. He'd show Gloria that he wasn't merely a machine eternally thinking, talking, dreaming, living off. He'd prove that he was the wildest, the most extravagant, the most devoted lover the world had ever seen. The things he would buy for her—the love, the tenderness he'd shower upon her! He'd repay her for the faith and for the courage she had shown. Ten days more! Gloria ate but little super that night. She attributed her lack of appetite to excitement, to the anticipation of leaving, but as a matter of truth, Francesca, the one servant

they could afford, had been more than usually shiftless that afternoon and the young wife herself had been forced to prepare the meal. Any exertion of late left her upon the ragged edge of utter collapse.

Donald's sympathetic remonstrance was interrupted by old Pedro, the water man. Pedro halted his groaning truck outside the house and called something in Spanish that took Fisk away from the table and out into the road. Gloria had mastered only a few words of the language—this climate robbed women of energy both physical and mental—hence she could not understand what was being said. When Don returned, he forestalled her anxious query by announcing:

"McKay's in some sort of trouble and I've got to run out there again. Don't worry—it's nothing much."

"What kind of trouble?" Gloria's tired face was suddenly drawn with apprehension.

"Some kind of a fishing job—Pedro didn't know just what." Fisk came around the table and kissed his wife. "Don't fret, and don't wait up for me. You know how long everything takes around a well. I may not get it fixed before morning."

He smiled reassuringly and playfully pinched her ear. "Can't afford to risk and delay for the sake of a little sleep, eh?"

With sinking heart Gloria watched him go, for there had been something in his voice that belied his



Pedro halted the groaning truck and called out something in Spanish, cheerful words. This hateful oil business! Its hazards were never ending; there was a malignant genius in the wells that took delight in wrecking human plans and killing high hopes, however well founded.

Don returned for breakfast, hot and tired and dirty; he began gruffly: "I was afraid of McKay! He dropped a tool in the hole."

"What does that mean?"

"He didn't set up his joint properly, I presume. Anyhow, it means we've got to fish it out."

"Is that a—long job?"

"Not necessarily; depends on how the stem is cocked and things like that. We're going to take a picture of it—you know, lower a soap mold and take an impression. While they're doing that I'm going to get a few hours' sleep—I haven't been off my feet all night. Lord, it's hot!"

Fisk lay on his bed all that morning, and he perspired in his sleep. Meanwhile his wife went on with her packing and her unpacking. There was indeed very little to get ready and it was a foolish waste of effort, but she had to do something with her hands and this occupation gave her the same pleasure she had derived from holding and unfolding her doll's clothes for imaginary journeys. She had loved to play that game when she was a tiny girl and she was becoming very childish of late.

of the hole, and it weighed many hundreds of pounds. Inasmuch as it was tipped so that its upper end rested against the side of the well, it was not easy to get hold of it. This new drilling would have resulted in a crooked hole fifty or sixty feet deep and would have left the obstructing tool standing upon a shelf of rock. By exploding a small shot a few feet below this shelf the lost bit could have been dropped into the pocket—sidetracked—after which the old shaft could have been carried on.

But Fisk declared he was afraid to attempt this maneuver so close to the structure. Other oil men had warned him against doing so. Twice something of the sort had been tried in the El Centro field and in each instance a ruined well had resulted. The shots had seared the rock—due perhaps to some peculiar characteristic of the formation. Again he told his wife not to worry; new fishing tools were on the way up from the coast; McKay might have the obstruction out before they arrived—in fact, he might get hold of that bit stem at any moment. That was the way with fishing jobs.

Don maintained this hopeful attitude; in his wife's presence he continued to be cheery, but out at the Homestake, where he spent twenty out of every twenty-four hours, he was anything but optimistic. Nor was he a pleasant person to get along with. Under ordinary circumstances he would have refused to be unduly perturbed by the oil game and grappling blindly for a bit stem in the bottom of a steel-lined shaft a quarter of a mile deep is slow work at best. Sometimes it takes weeks.

But circumstances were not ordinary. Gloria's heart was set on catching that boat, the days were slipping past, and Don could no longer blind himself to the truth that she was seriously ill and ought to go. And yet there was nobody here he could send with her, nor could he leave until the well was in. The directors wouldn't stand for that, even if he could bring himself to do such a thing. It so happened—as it usually does happen—that no time in the entire history of the company's operations could have been more unpropitious than the present for a mishap such as this. The treasury was low, there were bank loans soon to be met! nothing less than big new "production" could avert a serious crisis. If he lost the Homestake, the company was wrecked.

Fisk drove his men without mercy, but it was maddeningly futile work, this blind grappling, this interminable experimenting with one device after another. He became irritable and jumpy; his hands shook when he wiped the stinging sweat out of his eyes; he cursed the desert aloud when its heat rendered the work doubly hard. Working on that derrick floor was like working upon a bed of coals. Every piece of metal that flesh fell upon was hot enough to blister; the stale water that he and his men swilled down their throats was tepid, and even in their sleep they were thirsty.

Fisk told his wife grimly one day that they could not make the boat. She took the announcement much as she would have taken a blow in



"Honey! Honey girl!" her husband cried in agony. "Don't take it like that!"

Milestones of American Genius



Monument to George Washington near the Sub-Treasury Building in New York.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

THE truest shrine to the Father of Our Country, George Washington, is in the hearts of his countrymen. Yet physical shrines to his memory and tributes to his great genius fill the world. There is no town or hamlet in the Republic which Washington founded that does not boast a memorial in marble or granite; a street, a square, or a building dedicated to our first President.

In 1775, when war with England seemed unavoidable, the Continental Congress elected him Commander-in-Chief of the American armed forces. His services and his military genius are among the chief glories of our history. When independence had been won he resigned his commission, hoping to devote his life to his personal affairs. The young nation, however, had need for his leadership and in 1787 made him president of the Constitutional Convention. Two years later, despite personal reluctance, he became the first President of the United States.

Soon thereafter he took up his

life as a farmer, cultivating the broad acres of Mt. Vernon, but always alert to the growing discontent of the colonies and active in the councils of their leaders.

There were two monuments most often visited in a spirit of veneration not only by Americans but by visitors from all nations are the skyscraper shaft that rises in our national capital and the statue shown in the sketch above, which stands in front of the Sub-Treasury Building in the Wall Street section of New York.

Washington was born in Virginia, about fifty miles from the Mt. Vernon estate which was infinitely dear to him. His gift for mathematics led him into surveying work, but the war between France and England found him in the military service of Virginia.

There was no expression of grief upon her face, but tears of utter exhaustion were coursing down her cheeks.

A recent poll of Barnard College freshmen shows that a Phi Beta key is a 17-to-1 favorite ambition as against "siren of the stag line."

"Honey! Honey girl!" her husband cried in agony. "Don't take it like that!"

"Whoopee," alleged by-word of the dear old "collegiate" days, has been revealed as just another word of British origin.

She tried to smile. "I'm so tired, Don! I've been planning so. Oh, Don, I haven't strength left to stand another disappointment!"

American brides and bridegrooms are getting younger. Men are marrying at an average age of 24.8 and women at 21.7. We don't know what this proves. Yes, and statistics show that Vassar graduates have three-quarters of a baby each.

"We'll catch the next boat, sure."

The oracles say that in 1960 the population of the United States will be stable, with twice as many people 60 years of age and youth definitely in the descendant.

"I've been thinking so much about the green grass and the cool waters! I'm so hot—so tired!"

In 1830 President Louis Marshall, of William and Mary College, Williamsburg, Va., abolished classes by groups, having the students meet the professor at any time. Pres. Marshall was seeking to develop untrammelled individualism; the plan was a failure.

Fisk nodded; his face was working. "I know. But I can't leave. I can't—without throwing away everything we've fought for. The company will go to smash—you understand! I'd chuck it all if it were mine, but the crowd relies on me. They'd never forgive me. I'd be a quitter!"

Attendance at Willam College chapel has fallen to 100 daily. The service is no longer compulsory.

"I suppose so." Gloria tried unsuccessfully to check the tears. "My people, too! We wouldn't have our triumph, would we? You mustn't mind me. I'm such a baby! I'll be all right as soon as I get home."

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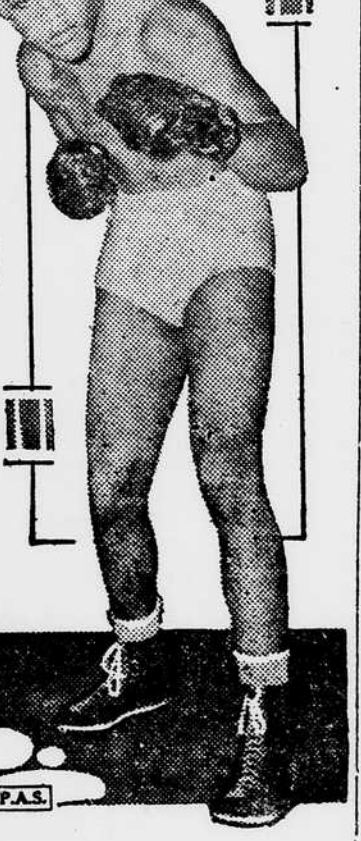
Day after day the work at the well went on. Many times Fisk was tempted to blast, but the men talked him out of the idea.

In 1828 President James Carnahan thought of recommending the closing of Princeton, since the enrollment had dropped from 120 to 70; resignations were frequent in the faculty, standards were lax, and divided counsels rent the administration.

Concluded Next Week

In 1718 a Yale graduate, Pierpont by name, was refused the Master's degree on the ground that he had insulted the government of the college. He sued the college, but failed to secure the degree.

Bomber Joe Louis



P.A.S.

The faculty of the South Carolina Medical College in 1824 had to provide its own equipment to teach classes.

William H. Prescott, the historian, lost his eyesight at Harvard because of horse-play. Some struck his eye with a heavy crust of bread, rendering both eyes useless for reading.

William H. Prescott occupied the same room at Harvard as did his father before and his son after him.

At Columbia U.'s 1811 commencement a candidate for the Master of Arts degree, Hugh Maxwell, addressed the audience on behalf of a candidate who had been refused a degree; an alumnus moved a vote of thanks, faculty supporters intervened, and the commencement was adjourned in disorder.

In 1932 the University of North Carolina bestowed a Master of Arts

degree upon a Robin Hood. An "Anti-Tea Fund" was used at Colgate University, Hamilton, N. Y., over a hundred years ago to obtain books for the library. The students gave up tea voluntarily. Credit was given to them in a reduction in board, and the money was used to buy books.

Both Harvard and Dartmouth have severed athletic relations with Princeton at times because of unnecessarily rough treatment of, and refusal to play against, Negro members of their teams.

The son of Abraham Lincoln, Robert Todd Lincoln, entered Harvard in 1859 with a letter of introduction from Stephen A. Douglas. It was said that James Russell Lowell was the only Harvard professor who knew who Abraham Lincoln was.

William Francis Channing, a Harvard graduate, was said to have been the only one of his class in 1839 who would allow himself to be called an Abolitionist.

Columbia University got her valuable lands in Manhattan because Mamilton College, desiring to obtain permission for a lottery, was anxious to pacify Columbia by having land given to her "somewhere in the woods of Manhattan Island." The land is now worth millions of dollars, constituting a large part of Columbia's endowment.

A recent poll of Barnard College freshmen shows that a Phi Beta key is a 17-to-1 favorite ambition as against "siren of the stag line."

Heat of ordinary stars is placed at close to 2,000,000,000 degrees by Harvard observatory scientists.

Rennselaer Polytech is planning a course for student pilots. Instruction will be given on light sport planes.

Princeton students can now cut as much as they like, so long as their "standing remains unimpaired."

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Best-known trick play in history was pulled by the Carlisle Indians in 1903, Pop Warner coaching. The ball was carried 105 yards through Harvard tucked under a player's jersey.

The University of Wisconsin and Brown are two of the few American colleges which maintain handicraft workshops for their students.

From 1906 to 1910, football fields were marked like checkerboards into five-foot squares.

St. Mary's college, famous for outstanding football teams, faces a financial crisis. Bondholders may foreclose on their \$1,370,000 investment.

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"My idea of a university is a hickory log with Mark Hopkins (Pres. of Williams) on one end and a green country boy on the other," was first uttered by President James A. Garfield.

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1839 who would allow himself to be called an Abolitionist. Only a single member of the Dartmouth class of 1799 was publicly known as a professing Christian.

Thru the discovery of oil on its campus the University of Texas, Austin, Tex., has profited to the extent of over 17 millions.

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William Richardson Davie, Revolutionary soldier, who was dubbed "father" of the University of North Carolina years before Jefferson's intellectual child, the University of Virginia was born, was the first recipient of Carolina's honorary degrees.

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Secret dissections were practiced at Harvard, tho it was against the law even for 60 years later in Mass.

Temple U., Phila., Pa. has raised funds by a "Penny Talent" scheme. Four thousand persons were given one penny to invest and put to work in various ways, the profit accruing to Temple U.

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Two brothers were the first presidents of two colleges. The Rev. Dr. Samuel Smith was the first President of Hampden-Sidney in Virginia, while his brother, the Rev. John B. Smith, was the first President of Union College, Schenectady, N. Y.

Yale graduated Eli Whitney and Prof. Graham Bell, inventors of the cotton gin and the telephoner respectively. A Yale professor, Benjamin Silliman, Jr., was among the first to analyze scientifically rock-oil, when he pointed out the value of petroleum and the mode of treatment which would yield the most useful results to man. While the germ of the invention of the electric telegraph was given to Samuel Findley B. Morse while attending the natural philosophy lectures of Prof. Jeremiah Day of Yale. The practical developing of the idea was carried out at the University of the City of N. Y. U.) where Mr. Morse was Prof. of the Literature of Design.

An Oberlin College graduate, Oberlin, Ohio, has been credited with the invention of the American process for reducing aluminum by electrolysis in a bath of cryolite, an obscure mineral from Greenland's icy mountains.

"Detur"—a word now appearing in the dictionaries—was invented at Harvard. It means: A book, or in Hasedentye

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