



JAMES OPPENHEIM  
Each Episode Suggested by a Prominent Author  
Serialization by HUGH WEIR and JOE BRANDT  
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SYNOPSIS.

Dudley Larnigan, district attorney, because of his fight on the vice and liquor trusts, is killed by an agent of a secret society, the committee of fifteen. The fight is continued by his son, Bruce, who is elected district attorney. Several efforts to frame up the intrepid young district attorney fail. When Larnigan saves the children of one of the conspirators this man agrees to expose the trust and is murdered. Dorothy Maxwell, whose father is head of the insurance trust, over the dictaphone hears of a plot to kill Larnigan, with whom she is in love. She warns him, he escapes, and two more of the conspirators are killed. When Bruce Larnigan goes to Chicago to fight the grain trust he is assaulted and thrown overboard. He is rescued by his brother Tom, who takes up the fight. Dodson, head of the grain trust, fearing exposure, kills himself. Tom Larnigan opens a fight on the textile trust. Ayres, the head of the trust, in an effort to kill Tom, kills his own son. Dorothy, gassed and bound, is taken by the conspirators to a roadhouse.

SIXTH EPISODE

The Railroad Monopoly  
By JAMES OPPENHEIM.  
Author of "The Beloved" and  
"Songs For the New Age"

TOM LARNIGAN'S victory over the textile trust and the tragic defeat of the plans Ayres had made for his destruction encouraged him vastly, but not more than did the discovery that he was not, after all, friendless and alone in his fight.

Ben Travers, his old friend of the Alaskan mining camps, had come back into his life, and Ben had millions and the will, as well as the power, to help Tom. Harry Stevens, too, the young newspaper man who had enlisted in Bruce's war against the grafters, had sought Tom out and promised his aid.

Tom gripped the hands of his friends in turn after he and Ben Travers discussed the latest warning to drop investigating the railroad monopoly.

"Well, I can't make you quit," he said, "and I don't mind saying that I am mighty glad because I can't. There are no two men I would rather have with me in a fight, and it looks as though we have a real fight ahead of us now. Bruce seems to think that we ought to look into the railroad monopoly—that Charles Rockford has created."

Stevens nodded.

"I'll drop down to Wall street and see what I can find on the financial end. I know that any reporter on the street would do anything I asked him. Then you and Ben can follow up Rockford personally. Have you looked into his movements at all?"

"Yes," said Tom. "He's going to Boston from New Hartford this afternoon, just his private car and an engine. If I could only get on that special!"

"Good!" echoed Ben. "I'll go with you!"

Tom scouted around now, afraid to ask questions too openly, until he found out which engineer was to be in charge of President Rockford's special that afternoon on the run to Boston. He left Ben to watch him and went to call on Rockford. As he expected, he was unable to see the head of the railroad. But he managed to drop a note addressed to Rockford and containing a warning that he had better mend his ways. He told Ben of this.

"That will prepare him," he said. "He'll know who I am when he sees me."

"I've been talking a little with our man," said Ben. "I think we can land him all right. He says he'd rather work in a glue factory than here. He seems to be sore on the whole works, from Rockford down."

And Tom, when he in turn talked to the engineer, found that Ben had not exaggerated. He listened to the man's complaints for a time and then decided to make a proposition to him.

"Look here," he said. "I can show you I know how to run an engine, and my friend here knows all about firing. It's worth \$500 to me to be in your cab this afternoon when that special goes out. How about it?"

The engineer agreed.

Somehow it did not occur to either of them to distrust the engineer or to suspect him. And yet, no sooner were they out of sight than he made his way as fast as he could to President Rockford's office, told of the bribe and of what he had done.

Stanford Stone was with Rockford when the engineer made his report.

He leaned over and spoke confidentially to Rockford, who grew a little white as he listened, but nodded finally.

"All right," he said, "I'll do it. I'll stay back here, but they'll think I'm aboard—well, it will serve them right! You can trust Dunn!"

"I think so," said Stone grimly. "He knows he must make good this time or get into trouble. He's fallen down hard twice lately. Why, even yesterday he was to send two men to Lyndham, with a woman, to get something on this Tom Larnigan. His two men have disappeared, and they never took the woman at all. They didn't wait for her, but went off with some other woman—on a joy ride, I suppose!"

Neither Stone nor Rockford, of course, knew the truth as to this, which was that Dorothy Maxwell, learning of the plot, had taken the place of the woman who was to betray Tom, nor that the two thugs with whom she had gone had become suspicious and tied her, hand and foot, in the bottom of the car while they went into a roadhouse to acquire courage for the task before them. Yet, even at that moment, Dorothy was in flight from the two thugs.

They had not meant to stay long in the roadhouse, but one drink had suggested another, and their resistance hadn't been strong. As a result, Dorothy had been able to loosen her bonds and get out of the car. She rode off in the car just as the two thugs emerged, and as soon as they recovered from their astonishment they gave chase, stealing a motorcycle that had been standing by the car.

Dorothy had a good start; but, unhappily, the gasoline tank of the car was almost empty, and she soon saw that she was sure to be overhauled and again made a prisoner. Her experience with them made her dread this and led her to be willing to take any risk to avoid the fate she felt was in store for her at their hands.

And so at a turn in the road she abandoned the car and fled down toward the water, which was near by, as the road at this point wound in and out near the sound. At a small dock a motorboat was lying. It seemed to be empty, and Dorothy sprang aboard and got the boat going just as her pursuers tore down to the water's edge. She felt that in the boat she was safe and that she would be able to explain her desperate need to its owner. But, to her consternation, she heard sounds within the tiny cabin, and the next moment the owner emerged.

"Kitty!" cried Dorothy. "Kitty Rockford!"

It was not a man, but a girl of Dorothy's own age, who owned the boat. And Kitty Rockford was her best friend. Chance had leaned heavily in Dorothy's direction at last! There were exclamations of amazement from both of them, and explanations followed.

"I'd never have dared!" cried Kitty. "Dorothy, you're the bravest girl I ever knew! But you're safe now. We'll go right home, and I'll have them send you to New York in a special train."

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"Come on," he said to Ben. "This is as good a time as any for our little talk with President Rockford."

But in the private car when they went back they found not Rockford, but the two girls—two astonished girls, moreover.

"Are we all alone on this train? I've been ringing and ringing, and there seems to be no porter," said Kitty indignantly.

But Dorothy at that moment recognized Tom Larnigan.

"So you're safe!" she cried. "I was so afraid they had hurt you, as they did Bruce!"

And then there were explanations. Tom seized upon the main fact.

"I believe this was a trap!" he cried. "Get off the train while Travers and I look to see if anything is wrong."

Kitty resented what seemed to be a reflection on her father, but there was something compelling about Tom, and she obeyed. And then while Tom and Ben looked for evidences of a plot Dorothy explained many things to Kitty until she was interrupted by a hoarse cry of triumph.

"Got you this time, missy!" cried one of the thugs from whom her timely meeting with Kitty had enabled her to escape.

The two thugs had been obliged to walk the ties and had come just at this moment. But they reckoned without Tom and Ben. They heard Dorothy's scream, and the next instant they appeared and attacked the two thugs. The surprise helped Dorothy's rescuers, and the fight that followed was brief. Soon all the thugs wanted was to escape, and one of them wriggled free and sprang to the engine. He called to the other, and they went off in the engine. But they did not go far, for Dunn was waiting. He did his work well. The special crashed through the open draw, and the thugs met the fate they deserved.

Even as the crash of the wreck sounded in their ears another engine appeared. From it sprang Rockford, whose relief when he saw Kitty knew no bounds. He turned in a moment to Tom Larnigan.

"I can help you, and I will!" he said earnestly. "I have sworn to reform myself, and I will work with you to compel others to do so."

not far from New Hartford Dunn was to be stationed, with instructions to open the draw and dash the special to destruction in the rocky stream below.

Tom and Ben suspected nothing. They were delighted when they found that the engineer and his fireman were ready to let them take their places in return for the \$500 Tom had offered.

The engineer led the way to an obscure spot and changed clothes with Tom, while his fireman gave up his own working togs to Ben. Just five minutes before the special was scheduled to pull out Tom and Ben took their places in the cab of the engine, waiting for the signal to pull out. And just before that signal was given Kitty Rockford and Dorothy dashed up.

"That's dad's car," she said. "Where is that special going?" she asked the nearest official, who smiled at her.

"Boston, Miss Kitty," he said.

"Good!" cried Kitty. "Come on, Dorothy. It's just what we want."

There was no reason for stopping her. None of the station officials knew anything of Rockford's devilish plan. And so Kitty and Dorothy climbed aboard, and a moment later the signal to start was given. Rockford and Stone, sitting in Rockford's office, chuckled as they saw it pull out.

But five minutes later Rockford's chuckling was stopped abruptly, for a note that Kitty had hastily scribbled was brought to him. It informed him that his daughter was on the train that was doomed by his own act. As

he read it he had turned a ghastly color, and he slumped forward in his chair for a moment. Then he turned furiously on Stone.

"This is your doing, you murderer!" he cried.

He flung the note at Stone.

"I'll try to save them!" he cried.

"But whatever happens I'm done with you! I'll have no more dealings with you or any of the grafters who are in with you! I'll be an honest man again!"

He flew to send orders stopping the special and ordered out another special to follow. But he had no hope. There was no way, he was sure, of stopping the doomed train. The only chance was for Dunn to fail, and that chance, as Rockford knew only too well, was of the slightest. Dunn was not the sort to fail when success depended upon his own efforts and when he knew, as he did now, the price of failure.

What Rockford, however, had not allowed for was that Tom Larnigan had a plan of his own. And very soon after the special had pulled out and while it was still a mile from the bridge where Dunn waited Tom stopped the train.

"Come on," he said to Ben. "This is as good a time as any for our little talk with President Rockford."

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[Episode No. 7 Next Week.]

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson IX.—Second Quarter, For May 28, 1916.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, Acts xv, 1-35. Memory Verses, 32, 33—Golden Text, Gal. v, 1—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

This lesson tells of a lot of trouble which certain people caused by teaching that faith in Jesus Christ was not enough to save any one unless they were also circumcised. These people are spoken of as "Pharisees who believed" (verses 1, 5). The Lord Jesus did not believe in all who said that they believed in Him, for He knew all men (John II, 23-25). Any one who does not see a full salvation in the finished work of the Lord Jesus for all who receive Him, apart from any works of ours, does not understand God's way of saving people and cannot be a true believer. Ever since the devil taught Cain that the best he could do or bring was sufficient without any sacrifice or shedding of blood he has continued so to teach, or else that the blood of Christ is not sufficient without some works of ours, as a Sunday school superintendent once told me that he could not know that he was saved till he had done his part. From the day that the devil lied to Eve and made God a liar he has been on the same line to the present time. The argument in Rom. iv is full and clear—that salvation is wholly apart from any works of ours and that Abraham was a righteous man before God, apart from circumcision, and the teaching is the same in all the epistles. Yet the false teachers continue to this day.

We might think that the testimony of Paul and Barnabas as to what they had seen the Lord do in the way of saving uncircumcised gentiles would silence these disturbers at Antioch, but the devil is very persistent and can make a lot of trouble, and the Antioch believers decided to refer the matter to the apostles and elders at Jerusalem by sending Paul and Barnabas as their committee. See how along the way as they journeyed they caused great joy unto the brethren as they declared all things that God had done with them (verses 3, 4), and thus this seemingly unnecessary journey was made to glorify God. Rom. viii, 28, is always helpful.

When they appeared before the council at Jerusalem there was much disputing there also, so it would seem that the false teachers had not all left the city. When Peter found his opportunity he told, or reminded them, how God had sent His Spirit upon the uncircumcised company gathered in the home of Cornelius (verses 6-11; Acts x, 34-48). Then Paul and Barnabas declared what they had seen along similar lines in their missionary tour, telling of the wonders and miracles God had wrought among the gentiles by them (verse 12). We may imagine how profound the silence was as the council listened to the record of what we have been recently studying in chapters xiii and xiv. Then James, who seemed to be presiding at the council, summed up the matter and gave the decision that the believers among the gentiles must not be troubled about circumcision or anything unnecessary for them, but prove, by a life separated from all idolatry, that they were true followers of Jesus Christ. This was indorsed by the apostles and elders and by the whole church and sent by Paul and Barnabas and two of the chief men among the brethren, Judas and Silas, to the believing gentiles in Antioch, Syria and Cilicia (verses 22, 23).

Notice in verse 28 that the Holy Spirit was really the presiding one at the council and led them to their right decision and thus brought joy and comfort to the brethren at Antioch (verse 31). I am often impressed with the fact that the Spirit seems to make so little of a voyage or a journey, as to the time occupied or the incidents by the way or the places visited or passed through. Note in verse 30 they were dismissed from Jerusalem and came to Antioch, and so it is always, as a rule, no matter how long the voyage or the journey. Time and distance and many things that get much attention here seem not to be noticed in heaven whence the angels come and return as a flash of lightning and where 1,000 years are but as yesterday when it is past or as a watch in the night (Ezek. i, 14; Ps. xc, 4). The speech of James gives a most concise summary of the purpose of God in this present age and in the age to come.

Now, God is gathering out from all nations a people for His name. His church, the called out ones, the body and bride of Christ, who shall reign with Him when He sets up His kingdom on the earth. His church being completed and caught up to Him in the air, He will return with them to restore to Israel all that the prophets have foretold and to occupy the throne of David; then shall all nations be won to Christ through Israel, who shall be the first righteous nation upon earth, for Israel shall blossom and bud and fill the face of the earth with fruit. From the beginning God saw clearly His eternal purpose which He has purposed in Christ Jesus, our Lord, and which He will in due time accomplish (verses 13 to 18; Eph. iii, 11; Isa. lx, 1, 3).



"I can help you, and I will!" said Rockford earnestly.



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A "Fast" Train.

"Speaking of railroads," said the truthful man, "the ultimate word, in my experience, was a certain 'limited' on which I traveled last summer. At a point where we were making our greatest speed a man stood at the side of the track with a moving picture machine. I leaned out of the window and called to him, 'How are you getting on?'"

"He stopped turning the crank and spoke with an expression of deep disgust: 'It don't seem to be no use,' he said. 'Hold your head still, please. I want to get a time exposure.'—Ev. erybody's."

Past Help.

The man with the old clock under his arm laid it on the jeweler's showcase. "I wish you'd see what is the matter with this," he said.

The jeweler removed the dial, screwed his eyeglass into place and inspected the works of the ancient timepiece. "Nothing is the matter with it now. Its sufferings are over."

"Well, how much do I owe you?" asked the man.

"Nothing," answered the jeweler. "This isn't a professional treatment. This is a coroner's inquest."

Working Out a Garden's Salvation.

Looking backward, I note the transition from reading books about gardens to doing work in one of them and how it gradually came to pass that I read less and only of standard substantialities that might be termed principles, because I found that I must work out my own garden salvation and work it out, if not with fear and trembling, certainly with a humble mind and a humble disposition.—From "My Growing Garden," by J. Horace McFarland.

The Army of Constipation

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