

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

A Story Based on Facts Gleaned at the
Chiropractic Fountain Head

By

JAMES LEROY NIXON

Author of

*“An Exile of Dixie”, “A Maid of Ontario”,
“The Lowly Nazarine”, etc.*

Being a Student’s Tribute to an Institution
of Scientific Education, in which He
has Unbounded Faith



The author, James Leroy Nixon, on the left. "B. J." Palmer on the right, and "Big Ben" (St. Benedict by registration), the famous St. Bernard dog.

AUTHOR'S FOREWORD

In writing the following story the author has been actuated solely by a strong desire to convey to the public a more intimate knowledge of actual conditions at The Palmer School of Chiropractic, the great Fountain Head of that new and wonderful science which seems destined to revolutionize the art of healing as applied to the human body and eventually bring to the inhabitants of the earth, it is not improbable, a return of that remarkable longevity which seemingly attached to our earlier forbears. So much of misrepresentation has been circulated through the direct or veiled activity of Medical professional jealousy, that it is only fair to those deluded ones who have believed the vaporings of selfish detractors, that they be given a true picture of the actual life of the school; the extent of its educational resources, the personal characteristics and charm of its capable faculty; the scope of its curriculum; the cosmopolitan character of its student body and the marvelous results which have attended the application of its art.

It has been the object of the author to make clear to the uninitiated: the comprehensive system by which the big and rapidly expanding school is conducted under direction of Dr. B. J. Palmer, whose father, D. D. Palmer, also of Davenport, discovered the possibility and value of vertebral adjustment as a means of restoring coordination between the different functioning organs of the human body. Having himself been a student at The Palmer School, he has been in a position not only to observe, but to study closely the character, capabilities and devotion to duty displayed by the various members of what is without doubt one of the most efficient faculties possessed by any educational institution in the country. The untiring energy, unselfish interest and loyalty to the student body displayed by these sincere men, a true reflection of the Palmer philosophy which they teach and practice, deserves and should receive the highest praise.

An active newspaper worker for over thirty years, the author's attention was first drawn to Chiropractic by being cured of a stubborn attack of sciatica, which had baffled the professional skill of some of the foremost medical practitioners of Buffalo,

N. Y., for several months. With three adjustments given by Dr. Arthur W. O'Hare of that city, the ailment vanished and in the year which has elapsed between that time and the period of this writing, there has been no indication of its return. So much for the medical claim that the results of chiropractic adjustment are not lasting. This result prompted an investigation of the new science. Dr. Palmer's philosophy and other text books of the P. S. C. were obtained and perused with an open mind. From that study was evolved strong and favorable impression of the logical reasoning of the man who, undeterred by gigantic obstacles, including malicious slander of professional obstructionists who feared the possibilities of the new but rapidly developing healing art, fought his way, against all handicaps, to a full realization of his fondest hopes and ambition.

But with the knowledge thus obtained came a strong desire to test the purity of the Chiropractic stream, destined eventually to become a flood, at its source. It was the newsman's instinct, intent on obtaining at first hand, a true conception of the absolute facts regarding the new but strangely effective art, upon which the elder Palmer had accidentally stumbled and which the son had developed; to learn at close range the results of his applied philosophy. He wanted the truth, and the truth, revealed by personal contact, has prompted the hand which penned "The Spirit of the P. S. C."

It was the author's good fortune, while seriously considering the advisability of quitting the newspaper editorial grind, to take up the practical study of the new profession, to meet and pass a very pleasant afternoon with the president of the Davenport school and his accomplished wife, Dr. Mabel Palmer, professor of anatomy and her husband's able confidential adviser. Following that meeting, at which the absolute sincerity of the Davenport philosopher and the humane instinct which had been a factor in strengthening his determination to give to the public the secret of health without drugs, were determined by the visitor, his decision to become a regular student of Chiropractic was reached. This decision was not born of mercenary motives. While the promises of financial benefit certain to accrue on becoming a practitioner, possessed their attraction, the humane possibilities attending a full knowledge of the art, were a more compelling incentive. To the writer there have come no disappointments in his original estimate of either B. J. Palmer or the great institution he has founded. Every promise made has

been faithfully kept. The soundness of the principles underlying the whole educational structure of The Palmer School has been verified.

“The Spirit of the P. S. C.” is, then, the outgrowth of facts gleaned and impressions formed during a regular student course, during which its author was brought into close personal and fraternal association with Dr. and Mrs. Palmer, with members of the faculty and with hundreds of students as well. It was written without suggestion from any member of the faculty or other person, knowledge of the author’s purpose being unknown except to two student friends, until the prepared manuscript was submitted to Dr. Palmer for his approval. If the book shall serve to enlighten the public as to what the big school “on the hill” in Davenport really is and what it stands for; what a blessing it has become to millions of sufferers; that it is bound to prove, more than any other yet discovered system of handling disease, a priceless boon to humanity, then its primary purpose will have been accomplished and the author will be happy in the realization that his labor has not been in vain.

JAMES LEROY NIXON.

Davenport, Ia., March 13, 1920.

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

CHAPTER I

INTRODUCES TWO PROSPECTIVE STUDENTS

With slackened speed the heavy, passenger-laden train pulled through the industrial section of Moline. The occupant of the third seat from the front, the only person in the car sitting alone, drew out his watch, noting the time.

“Three-thirty,” he mused. “Um, we’re late. Must be the river off there, where that blue; hazy line runs back into the hills. Thought this country was level! Well, hardly; and rocks? Whew! Why old Allegheny with all her stone-piles, couldn’t hold a candle to this prehistoric masonry. Hello; here we are at last!”

For hours the iron leviathan had been rushing through between the mile-long fields of Illinois’s great corn and wheat belt. Clawson, born in the east and with sixty-odd years behind him, had viewed the extensive evidence of rural prosperity with ever increasing wonderment. Here had been to him new and striking evidences of his nation’s resources evidences lacking among the small, often illy-kept farms and diminutive fields in the environment of which his boyhood and the greater part of his manhood had been passed..

What matter that for twenty years he had been a city dweller? The traditions of his youth clung to him still. The vast areas of luxuriant Dent, beginning to yellow with the approach of maturity, its huge ears bending under the burden of their own weight, prophetic of an abundant harvest, together with the great piles of straw, relics of the thresher’s activity where fields of grain had been, gave him many new and he was forced to confess, rather startling impressions of the immensity and varied character of Uncle Sam’s domain. Then came the rock strata, a bulwark against encroachment of two mighty rivers which give to southern Illinois something of the character of a peninsula, and again he wondered.

The monotonous “ke-lick, ke-lick” of the car wheels as they counted off the rail joints, changed to a dull rumble as the engine pushed its nose between the iron trusses of the long bridge which connects one of the most ambitious municipalities of the Hawkeye state with her two sisters, which with herself, go to make up what is known in all the West as the Tri-Cities.

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

It had been an excessively hot day. The train was crowded. Every window was open to relieve the intense atmosphere of the day-coach's interior.

Clawson looked out with renewed interest—an interest which had become somewhat dulled by the monotony of Central Illinois's agricultural prosperity.

It was his first glimpse of the mighty Mississippi, and his patriotic impulses quickened at the realization of a cherished dream. It had been his strong desire from long, long ago, to feast his eyes upon the Father of Waters.

He drew inspiration from the thought that this noble stream, so rich in historical and legendary incident, so vital in its commercial adaptability for the vast valley it bisects, was his; his as a loyal citizen and joint-owner with the other millions of true-blue Americans, of the greatest country on earth; that land which, when the emergency came, was not only willing but able to come to the rescue of a world threatened in its very life by the vilest, most monstrous infamy ever conceived by an inhuman and ambitious monarchy.

This mighty stream, dwarfed at this point in comparison with its proportions on its nearer approach to its Gulf delta, was so indicative of that national strength which had been able at the critical moment to hurl its splendid force into the World War, for no other cause than the love of humanity, humbling into the disgrace of complete defeat the once haughty head of the Hohenzollern dynasty.

On his right arose the rounded shores of the Island, which during the war just closed had become one of the most important supply depots from which Crowder and Marsh with their associates were able to draw that apparently inexhaustible supply of munitions which went to equip the millions of American freemen who were responding with native alacrity and determination to paralyzed Europe's appeal for succor from impending disaster.

Before him stretched the murky waters, discolored by erosion of the shores of those commonwealths that may well be regarded as the backbone of the continent, so far as its natural resources are concerned.

He looked for the characteristic steamers which Mark Twain made familiar to every school-boy. Yes, there they were, long smoke-stacks, stern paddle wheels and darkey deck hands complete.

A ferry-boat was splashing its way across from the brick-inclined levee of the Iowa shore toward the third of the trinity of cities, Rock Island.

Further up the river a lumbering packet was passing through the draw of the Government bridge, opposite old Fort Armstrong. It carried the same elevated stacks, was propelled by the same type of splashing, mud-dissolving, stern-chasing windmills.

Noting these characteristic evidences of sectional individu-

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

ality, Clawson elevated his glance to take in the opposite shore. Above the red levee he saw a narrow belt of warehouses, freight stations, shop and store buildings, apparently intersected at regular intervals by red brick streets, which, leaving the belt of commerce climbed the steep hill behind, while between these streets, ranging back for an indeterminable distance, arose row on row of what appeared modest but substantial homes.

Even at that distance there was an air of neatness and security which harmonized with Clawson's pride of coordination. Surmounting all, a half-mile away, shaking out its silken folds in a stiff river breeze and reflecting glints of the afternoon sun, floated the national emblem, the most elevated object within range of vision.

"Right uppish sort of a town, Ah reckon, Mister. Do yeh live here?"

Clawson turned to find a tall, khaki-clad stranger peering over his shoulder at the panorama presented by the unobstructed portion of the car window.

"No," he replied, "I'm a stranger here. Never saw the place before. Wonder what they have up there on the hill where the flag is run up? Can't be a military camp."

"Oh, that?" The other craned his neck to bring the indicated emblem into range. "Why, Ah reckon Mister that might be the place where The Palmer School is located. My brother has told me that they were on the highest point of land in the place, and always have Old Glory a flying from a tall staff, between sun-up and sun-down. There's where Ah'm bound."

"What?" inquired Clawson, interested. "Do you mean that's where they teach the art of Chiropractic?"

"Sure. They say its getting to be one of the big institutions of the town; but Ah've heard the present head of the school has had the hardest kind of a row to hoe since his dad died and left him with a load of debts, and he nothing but a kid, as yeh might say."

"He's a young man yet, then, I imagine," Clawson suggested.

"Not more'n thirty-eight, Ah reckon, but he's developed what the older man started and has pulled a strong oar, with Mabel holding the rudder through all the rough water, until folks here who laughed at what they called his crazy notions, have begun to sit up and take notice."

"Who's Mabel?"

"Mrs. Palmer, the Doctor's wife. Some woman, too, from all Ah've heard. Holds the chair of Anatomy at the college, manages her own home and is the Doctor's most shrewd adviser and counselor."

"Tell me more about it; I'm deeply interested."

The train had come to a stop, the rear coaches still on the bridge.

"Stalled freight ahead," the soldier said, returning after a

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

trip to the front platform to investigate. "We'll have to wait 'till the track is clear."

He dropped into the vacant seat beside Clawson with an air of satisfaction. He was not above twenty-two, but his face strong featured and resolute, gave evidence of maturity beyond his years. It carried that reliant expression seen on the faces of so many of our young soldiers back from that grueling experience in the mud of Flanders. In speaking his tone conveyed the impression of absolute faith and sincerity. Clawson mentally determined that his new acquaintance was well worth cultivating.

"As you were saying," he prompted.

"Yes, about the Palmers. When the elder Palmer died," the other continued, evidently pleased at having found an attentive listener, "the new theory was in its infancy; couldn't even sit alone, as yeh might say. The father had been a storekeeper originally; he had not studied medicine, but finally turned his attention against pills and powders. He was a man whose ideas were far in advance of his times. Eventually he took up practice as an electrical healer. He was an experimenter, but he went further than any of the others, trying to find the cause of bodily ailments, on the theory that with the cause of disease removed the natural forces of the body would be restored to a normal condition and nature would do the rest. In his experiments, aided it is claimed by chance, which has played such an important part in the discovery of many new methods, he hit upon the idea that the spine was really the line shaft of the human machine, and when this was in proper alignment, every belt and pulley in the mechanism would run smoothly and harmoniously. Acting on this theory, results were surprising even to the far-seeing doctor. Patients whom he had been treating for months after the old system of magnetic healing, without results, gave almost immediate response to the new method. They do say the helpless walked and the blind saw. In a short time the enthusiastic investigator threw his old method into the discard. And then—"

The speaker turned to pick up and return a package a woman, an attentive listener in the seat across the aisle, had dropped.

"And then?" prompted Clawson:

"Then, just as he saw success coming very near," the other continued, "the old man died."

"But the son?" questioned Clawson.

"Yes, the son," continued the narrator, "there's where he showed the real stuff that was in him. He too, was a thinker ever more advanced than his father. He had been the old doctor's assistant; alert, positive and a philosopher. Young as he was, he sensed the wonderful possibilities of that new treasure of science upon which the other had stumbled and which came with his father's debts as his only inheritance. He determined to establish a school, to give to the world the wonderful secret. He secured a half-dozen young men who were attracted by the

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

novelty of the thing and the enthusiasm of the young advocate, and started to instruct them in the art of healing without drugs, himself studying constantly, to perfect what he realized was only a rough and imperfect model of what he hoped to make a complete marvel of scientific efficiency. That was the start of The Palmer School of Chiropractic, and the origin of an idea, which Ah believe, Mister, is bound to revolutionize the method taught by Old AEsculapius and practiced by his followers for centuries. It's bound to change the art of healing from guesswork to certainty, and turn the decreasing tide of longevity into far safer channels. Why, Mister, Ah believe the time will come if the old world stays on its feet, when a century of life will be the rule instead of a rare occurrence."

"You are enthusiastic," Clawson remarked, his own interest in the subject quickened by the other's earnestness. "I'd like to hear more of this. Going there as a student, did you say?"

"Ah am," the other replied emphatically, dropping back into the vernacular. "Yes, Ah am, and I'm going to learn it from spines to spineology, don't yeh think Ah won't? Yeh see, Ah'm from down in Texas. Dad's got a ranch near San Antone, on the Panhandle. Three years ago my brother was here and took a course, coming home with a diploma and a D. C. tacked onto his name. He opened an office and Mister, whether yeh believe it or not, he dropped right into a healthy practice from the start. He showed me there was a heap more money to be made in adjusting human spines than in ropin' an' branding critters on the range. Why, it did seem's if every other person in the country had some sort of a subluxation, and they soon had a beaten path to Bob's office."

"Subluxation?"

"Yes, that's what Bob calls it when the sections of the spine get out of line. Here's the idea: Every part of the human body is under control of the life current which flows thru the nervous system. The brain is the seat of nervous energy and the spinal cord, which runs down through the interior of the spine, like a twisted rope from the brain, is the main feed wire, yeh might say, of the body. Between each two segments of the spine is a small opening through which branches of the spinal cord run out into the various zones, like the kidney, the heart or the lung zone. Now, all the different zones need a continuous supply, or current, of that vital force. When a segment of the spine gets out of line, it presses on one of these side nerves and the normal supply of nervous energy, mental impulse they call it, is reduced and the organ in the particular zone supplied by that nerve receives only a diminished supply. See?"

"Yes, I think I understand. It's all very logical."

"Of course it is, and it works, too. When the vertebra which has slipped a cog is adjusted back to its normal position, obstruction to the current is removed, the natural supply of nerve force is restored, coordination is established and the organ which

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

has been affected soon reflects its normal function. Mighty big words for a cow-puncher, stranger, but Ah've heard Bob use 'em so much, they sort of come easy. Well, he got results and in six months he had 'em coming and going all the time. Ah'd about made up my mind to come up here too. Yeh see the stories told about how they all seemed just like a big family of brothers and sisters, sort of appealed to me. Ah'd never had a sister and maybe that part of it appealed to me most." He laughed and his strong face lighted up with enjoyment of his own joking inference. "But just as Ah got someone to take my place on the ranch, to help dad out, along came Uncle Sam's call for volunteers to whip Bill Hohenzollern and Ah just couldn't resist his appeal."

He paused and a dreamy expression came into his frank, wide-irised eyes.

"Yes, go on," said Clawson. The young Texan's patriotic statement had made the other his friend, without further recommendation. The eyes spoke of their owner's sincerity.

"Ah was in France eighteen months," he said slowly, "and Ah reckon Ah saw as many of the dark spots of the man-killing game as the next one. Ah don't know how many of the Huns Ah put out of business, but they gave me credit for cleaning up more than one machine gun nest. That little trinket speaks for itself, Mister."

He unbuttoned his coat and Clawson, with his eyes fixed upon the Croix de Guerre, revealed along side of the American badge of heroism, reached out his hand impulsively.

"For the honor of America and American manhood," he said. "Thank God the chasm bridged by the little affair in Cuba, has been filled to its top for all time, by the new cement of brotherly love and devotion to duty."

"It's the way of Universal Intelligence," said the Texan soberly.

Both had arisen and for a moment stood silent, with clasped hands, gazing into each other's eyes, flashing from one to the other an oath of imperishable alliance. Clawson mentally struggled with an attempted solution of the other's comment, without success.

"And so after the war you were still inclined to take up the new science?" he asked, drawing the other down upon the seat beside him.

"More than ever," was the quick reply. "More than ever Ah realized that humanity is offered a wonderful boon in the art of correcting bodily ills, which has been developed up there on the hill, under that flag which symbolizes Liberty. Ah want to know all there is to know; all they can teach me about the true science of saving human life, now that Ah've had more than my fill of the other thing. Ah came by way of Chicago to look after some cattle business for Dad."

"Davenport! All out for Davenport!" called the train

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

man thrusting his head inside the car door. The two men had failed to note that the train had been again moving.

“You get off here, too?” asked the Texan, as Clawson removed his bag from the rack.

“Sure. You’re not to be rid of me so easily,” the other returned with a smile of goodfellowship. “I come here as a student, too. I think we shall find a machine in waiting at the station to take us to the school. I wired from Chicago, as directed to do.”

“Yeh don’t say! Well, Ah sure am glad, though Ah wouldn’t have dreamed it” he added, with a covert glance at Clawson’s white hair. “My name’s Berkley—John, mother christened me, though they always call me Jack. Ah think Ah like that best; sounds more familiar, yeh know.”

“All right, Jack,” returned Clawson as he followed the tall Texan out and down the steps to the platform. “I hope we shall become better acquainted. I shall want to hear more of your war experience. My name’s Ralph Clawson. I’m from New York state. Quit the newspaper game to try this wonderful new profession in which you have such faith and which the old school medical men of the country are trying so desperately to convince the people is surely a Wallingford fake.”

They stood by the station window, an eye out for the white badge with purple letters which they understood indicated the school train-runner.

“Ah’m sure glad to meet yeh, Mister Clawson,” the Texan said heartily. “My buddy’s name over in France was Clawson. He was top sergeant in my company. He’d taken a course at The Palmer School, too, and he used to adjust the boys when he had a chance. He got good results too, and Ah believe saved more than one American boy’s life, to say nothing about the Poilus he straightened up. Ah tell yeh, Mister Clawson, if Uncle Sam had sent a squad of Chiroso along with the medical staff instead of having a lot of hospital internee feeding the poor flu victims poisonous drugs, there wouldn’t be so many mourning homes on this side of the Atlantic today. There’s our party now, Ah reckon.”

A young man of pleasing address, attired in a neat-fitting, gray half-uniform, his cap encircled by a badge, approached them.

“For The Palmer School?” he asked respectfully.

Clawson nodded.

“This way,” he instructed, indicating a passage to the rear of the station. “The machine is out this way. I guess you two are my only passengers this trip. Wait for the train from the west,” he called to another ribboned chauffeur who stood on the rear platform. “There’s a party coming from Omaha.”

He led the way down a paved decline, the station being on a level with the elevated tracks, and opened the door of the tonneau of a fine touring car, giving his prospective passengers most considerate attention.

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

Clawson gave Berkley an approving nod.

“Right man in the right place,” he commented in a low tone.

“Just imagine yehrsel the Prince of Wales going to call upon President Wilson,” Berkley responded cordially.

Up the long, straight hill the machine sped, climbing the steep ascent without apparent effort. The driver’s voice came back to them:

“After you register,” he said, “go into Uncle Jerry’s room, the first on your right as you enter, and wait for me. I’ll take you out to find a room. I have a list of available places and you can select those which suit you best.”

“Everything arranged,” commented Clawson.

“Cut and dried to the Queen’s taste,” Jack promptly responded.

They came to a cross street. A sign drew their attention:

“P. S. C. From Here.”

Farther on a miniature billboard crossed the front of an entire lot. On its black surface in white letters was written the legend:

“Get the Idea; all Else Follows.”

A series of heavy concrete buildings took the place of the residences they had been passing, before which groups of men and women appeared, many garbed in white, chatting away merrily in the bright autumn sunshine. Most of them were hatless, their faces unshaded save by the glow of health. Here and there the silvery laughter of a girl rang out, in company with the deeper tone of masculine enjoyment. Then the machine came to a stop before the central building and they heard the chauffeur’s voice.

“Palmer School. Walk right in, gentlemen. I’ll attend to the baggage and will be with you shortly.”

So these two, whose lives were to be henceforth so closely and mysteriously blended, came to the fountain head of Chiropractic, unknowing what Fate, ambition, love of humanity and persistent effort had in store for them.

CHAPTER II

A GIRL AND A PHOTOGRAPH

Following instructions the new arrivals passed up a short flight of five steps. A wide swinging door opened at their touch to admit them to a spacious lanai, lighted by an enclosure on three sides of glass, odorous with the perfume of flowering plants, cool and inviting, the August temperature being modified by the playing fountains which threw jets of water high into the air, to fall back in pearly drops into the marble basins. Even the half-dozen canaries, singing love songs to their mates in the golden cages suspended from the ceiling, appeared to appreciate and enjoy the outdoor atmosphere of the place. Mission furniture of quartered oak gave an air of suggestive solidity, in keeping with the extent of the apartment and the mural decorations which embellished the wall spaces.

An open door in the rear seemed to invite their entrance to a spacious central hall, into which they passed, to find another door open on their left. A big man of perhaps thirty, with coat and vest discarded, sat at a flat-topped desk, busily engaged in sorting papers. He looked up quickly as they entered, greeting them with a nod and a most friendly smile. Evidently he had studied with results the framed motto suspended over the wall-end of his desk: "Keep smiling."

"Be seated, gentlemen, I'll be at liberty in a moment."

As he finished his papers, his visitors had opportunity to study the appointments of the registrar's office. They found the same characteristics of plain neatness and substantiality here as in the lanai. A fluffy-haired stenographer with a mass of correspondence beside her machine, found time to glance up, nod and smile, while her busy fingers continued their rapid pantomime over the keys.

Presently the big man bunched the papers he had been handling, placed them in a drawer of his desk and came over to his two callers with hand extended.

"I am Doctor Elliott," he said. "Are you intending to take up our course?"

"That is our purpose," Clawson answered, after introducing himself and Berkley. "We are looking for the fountain of youth, doctor."

Dr. Elliott laughed silently. His full, round face beamed with good-nature.

"Well," he said, shaking the hand of each with a grip which

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

carried assurance of honest purpose, "I'm not prepared to say we've quite got that, but I honestly believe we have the nearest approach to it that has yet been discovered. You are here in good time. Our annual lyceum begins on Monday. That will give you a good opportunity to study conditions. Many of our former students who have been in the field, will be here for what has become an annual reunion, and their experiences will be interesting to prospective practitioners."

"How long is the lyceum to last?" asked Berkley.

"For the week."

"Then we will not be able to register at once?"

"Assuredly. Register now. There will be a complete program of lectures each day, morning, afternoon and evening, and if you attend these lectures you will be credited a full week on your time. Cards are issued for this purpose, which are punched at each session, and you are credited for attendance from these. You'll really find it the most profitable week of your school

course."

He returned to his desk and the usual blanks were filled out.

"From New York and Texas," he commented. "We have a number of students in the various classes from both states. You may find some here you know."

"Then the school course proper begins in September?" asked Clawson.

"First of January, May and September," Elliott answered. "Students, however, can enter at any time, receiving their diplomas when they have completed the full course; making up, of course, any time they may have lost after registration."

"Time lost?"

"Yes. Unlike certain schools which claim to teach Chiropractic, The Palmer School requires honest attendance and honest work. Tardiness in class is not permitted. Every seat in the class room is numbered and the student's admission card corresponds to his seat number. A timekeeper checks up at every class session, and if a student is late at class, he is marked absent from that period. All time lost from regular school hours must be made up at the close of the course. Dr. Palmer and the entire faculty are determined that every student shall receive full value for the scholarship he has purchased. It's a straight business proposition. We have something to sell, you want to buy. You want full value for your money and we are bound to give you full value. Our aim is to send only first-class Chiropractors into the field. There is no lack of instruction or encouragement, on the part of the faculty, in seeking to attain such result."

"Your attendance is large, I understand," Clawson observed.

"Yes, and increasing rapidly. We shall start the present semester with at least five hundred in the Freshman class. Plans are drawn for another large building, which will be badly needed before it is ready for occupancy."

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

“You have foreign students?”

“Yes, indeed, many. We have at present registered representatives of nearly every civilized country. Some have come long distances to obtain knowledge of Dr. Palmer’s methods. I registered three from New Zealand this morning. There are now 23 from that country. One of the students who will graduate this week is from Japan. There are others of his countrymen in the classes. Canada and British Columbia are becoming well represented, the Dominion already having several graduates from this school practicing with much success in the field. Dr. Palmer has the broad idea of giving his science to the world, not as a financial proposition, but as a blessing to suffering humanity. Not only Europe, but our South American neighbors have heard something of Chiropractic and their representatives are coming in increasing numbers to the fountain head for a knowledge of the art. I doubt if an institution in the world is more cosmopolitan in the make-up of its student body than the P. S. C.; in fact, I doubt if there is any its equal in this respect. But there is always the utmost harmony. B. J. has absolute faith in what he teaches. By the way, have you secured rooms or will you stop at a hotel?”

“I shall have to make my expenses light as possible,” said Clawson. “This move was rather sudden on my part and I haven’t an overabundant supply of ready cash.”

“That’s the way Ah’m fixed,” commented Berkley.

Dr. Elliott nodded encouragingly.

“I don’t think you will have much trouble adjusting yourselves to your circumstances,” he said. “A good room can be secured at a moderate price and we have students here who are working their way through. Davenport business men have furnished many students work in their extra hours. Johnson will take you out in the machine to find rooms. He will call for you in Uncle Jerry’s room across the hall. Hope to see you often. If anything goes wrong, come to me.”

They crossed the hall, passing as they did so a group of white-coated students who greeted them pleasantly with the proverbial smile; with none of that supercilious stare with which newcomers in nearly every institution, be it educational, special or even corrective, are favored. There was nothing of the inquisitive in their quick, interested glances, simply the cheery salute of good fellowship.

Clawson noticed that one of them was a Japanese and that he appeared on most friendly footing with the others.

Uncle Jerry, dear Uncle Jerry, they came after a few weeks daily intercourse to characterize him, received them most genially. His welcome was not forced, but a natural reflection of the inherent qualities of the man, so Clawson, a good judge of human nature, at once decided. It was not like meeting a stranger, but as the return of an acquaintance coming out of the past.

“Suppose you’re looking for Johnson,” he said. “Had to

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

drive down to the station again on a telephone call. He'll be back shortly. The coming lyceum is giving us an unusual amount of work. Your bags are over there. Just make yourselves comfortable; he'll come for you here."

A merry peal of girlish laughter rang out in the hall and a moment later the door-casing framed a picture which Jack Berkley will remember to his dying day.

A white figure, its beautiful curves and rounded symmetry clearly outlined by the semi-kimona worn by the female students at clinic, stood poised with extended hands against either jamb, a head of fluffy yellowish brown hair tilted coquettishly over one half-bare, plump and rounded shoulder, large hazel eyes beaming with an excess of life and mischief—stood as if debating whether or not to enter.

The bright young face was of that seductive contour and expression which charms at sight. The superb arms, bare to the elbows, carried an expression of both strength and clinging tenderness. Red lips parted over pearly teeth, reminded one of the opening buds of Marechal Niel roses. Jack Berkley would have sworn that they breathed perfume. Every feature, from golden hair to low-cut, high-heeled shoes, spoke the thoroughbred.

She was not above twenty-one, yet with her beauty and grace was combined a womanliness of expression which could not be overlooked.

"Well," called Uncle Jerry in mock petulance, addressing the vision, "what's in the wind now?"

Like a bird in flight she left her entrancing pose, coming rapidly to the old man's side, placing her white hand caressingly upon his shoulder, and bending low over his head, asking eagerly:

"What do you think I got in my Symp. examination?"

"Got is not a good word, my dear; it doesn't express anything. Of course, I wouldn't say positively, but, judging from your display of spirits," was Uncle Jerry's answer, "I should say it was an A.

"I did, I did, and it was one of Dr. Firth's exams too. What do you think of that?"

"Dr. Firth's exams are just the thing to try you out, girlie. They prove just how much you know of the subject."

"Suppose you're right; you're always right, Uncle Jerry. But ain't you glad?"

"Glad as glad can be, child. Now, get out, chaps are jealous of me now."

She bent swiftly and left the flicker of a kiss upon his time-bronzed cheek, then danced away like a sprite, humming a lively air.

"Where's Doc Gaddis?" called a voice from the doorway.

"Over in palpation class," Uncle Jerry answered promptly. Then a moment later another student's head was thrust into the room.

All these young

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

“Say, Uncle Jerry, I want to get my seat changed. I’m a little hard of hearing and I’m away back in Z.”

“Lucky to have any regular seat these days,” was the reply. “See Mack about it Friday, that’s today. See him this afternoon. He’ll fix you all right.”

Now came three persons, evidently new arrivals and Uncle Jerry was for the time being relieved from the incessant flood of questions.

“Another busy man,” Berkley said, turning toward Clawson, then sprang erect and hurried over to the elder man’s chair. “What’s the matter, Mister Clawson? Are yeh ill?”

Clawson sat with fixed stare, his eyes glued upon the doorway through which the girl had disappeared. His face was white as death, his body bent forward with arms extended as if seeking to embrace empty space. Berkley’s voice served partially to restore normal function.

“No, sir, I am not ill,” he returned in a voice little above a whisper. “It was only a temporary faintness. I think the room was too warm. It is passing now. If you’d bring me a glass of water.”

Jack Berkley was nonplussed. The attack of Clawson’s was not like anything he had seen before; neither epileptic nor syncope, but more like a nerve shock. He brought the water from a faucet in the hall and Clawson drank deeply.

“Did you—did you see her again, Jack?” he asked in eager but trembling voice.

“See her? See who?” asked Jack.

“Why, the girl; the angel in whiter”

“Gone clear daffy, Ah guess,” the soldier soliloquized, then aloud: “No, Ah didn’t see anybody but a darkey janitor. Come, brace up, man, Johnson will soon be here to take us out house-hunting. It’ll do you good to get out into the air.”

“I’m all right now,” Clawson said slowly, “but Jack, find out from Uncle Jerry who that woman is and from whence she came.

Berkley complied with the request obediently, coming back after a few minutes with well executed mission.

“Why, her name’s Ralston, Beatrice Ralston, and her home is in North Dakota. Thank heaven, she’s unmarried. She’s a senior; they all call her Bee, and she’s one of the many popular girls in the school, as one might well imagine. Her father is dead, her mother is a poor dressmaker, or, rather, is a dressmaker and poor; and she is working her way through the course, putting in her spare hours as a waitress at the Y. W. C. A. Trust Uncle Jerry for all the details.”

“All right, gentlemen; all ready for the room quest, if the inquest is completed.”

“You’ll find there’s no dead ones around here, Johnson,” was Uncle Jerry’s parting shot as Berkley, lending an arm to Clawson, followed the chauffeur to the street.

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

An inscription on a swinging tablet over the door of the lanai caught Clawson's eye as they crossed the concrete floor. He paused in absorbed interest, repeating the words aloud:

"The Love We Keep, is the Love We Give Away!"

"Do you believe that, Jack?" he asked.

"Love is a problem Ah haven't made any great attempt to solve as yet," Jack replied soberly. "Ah reckon it's about as elusive as the fortieth dimension. Come on, Clawson, a man of yehr age should have no need to ask me such questions."

"Yes, it's the greatest problem of human life," said Clawson, as they entered the machine.

Their quest was brief and satisfying. Johnson again proved himself the right man in the right place.

"I have a house where you can get two rooms together," he said. "I assume you'd like to be at the same place. It's in a good neighborhood, convenient to the school; the landlady has a reputation for keeping her roomers and I think you'll find the rates reasonable."

They found his words verified, so far as they were able to judge. It was not the stereotyped rooming house to which he took them, but to a spacious family home, of attractive external appearance and slightly location. It topped the long, steep hill street leading to the river. Mrs. Brown received them with matronly composure.

She was a slender woman, with snappy black eyes, which seemed to take rapid and comprehensive inventory of the prospective tenants. Cordiality and business acumen seemed struggling for supremacy in the personal atmosphere which surrounded her.

"I'm sorry, gentlemen, but every room on the first and second floor is taken. I have three roomers who graduate from the school this week and will be going as soon as the lyceum is over. If you could be satisfied with an upper room for a short time, I should be able to give you something better soon.

"Well, Ah suppose as Chiropractors, we should have high ideals," said Berkley, with a laugh. "Show us the sky-parlor."

It wasn't so bad at that. High ceilinged, of comfortable size and with windows looking out over the terraced roofs of the hill-side and down upon the swirling waters of the Mississippi.

Two rooms, connected by a short hall, exactly alike in every detail, swept by the cool breeze coming up from the broad river.

"These suit me," said Clawson, and Berkley assented. So the bargain was struck, and here these two, who were to prove most congenial spirits, regardless of the disparity in their ages, set up their fares and penates.

A bath and a change of linen served to restore Clawson to a less nervous condition and when Berkley rapped at his door and entered with a proposal that they investigate the restaurant facilities of Davenport, he arose with alacrity.

"I think a walk would be a benefit," he said, "and, to tell the

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

truth, my appetite has been appealing to me for some time. I believe a good dish of pork and beans would do me a world of good.”

“Beans? For heaven’s sake don’t mention beans to me! Reckon yeh’d feel the same if yeh’d been on army rations in France for eighteen months.”

An hour later they returned. During their absence their trunks had arrived, and the time of each was occupied for another hour in disposing of their personal effects of necessity, in the spacious closet and convenient chiffonier with which each room was supplied.

In his own room, Berkley, smoking his pipe, fell to musing on the strange thing which had happened to Clawson in Uncle Jerry’s room at the school. “Huh,” he mused, “the old chap was sure off his bearings. Seems like a physically sound party, too. What was there about that girl which upset him so? It must have been that, for his mind was fixed on her when he came out of his trance. Gee, Ah’d give something to know what’s at the bottom of it all. But she’s mesmeric all right. Ah felt a little queer myself, seeing her standing there in the door. There’s a mystery here, Jack Berkley, and it’s up to yeh to solve it! But where to begin, that’s the question. Ah’ve got to know more about that young woman and more about Mr. Ralph Clawson! Wonder how he’s coming along now? Guess Ah’ll investigate.”

Clawson’s door stood partly open and as Berkley approached he saw the elder man sitting in a chair beside his open trunk, bending over a photograph he held in his hand. He was muttering in so low a tone, Berkley could not catch the words. Neither could he see the face reflected in the picture Clawson studied. So absorbed was the latter that he failed to note the approach of his associate.

“Well, of all things,” called Jack from the door. “Ain’t getting homesick already, are you ? Why, your face is as long as the moral law.”

Clawson started at sound of Jack’s voice and would have concealed the photograph, but apparently, on second thought, arose and handed it to the other.

“No, not homesick,” he said, “but simply rehearsing memories of the past. What do you think of it, Jack?”

“Why, if it wasn’t for the dress, Ah’d say it was Miss Ralston. Good picture. So yeh know the girl after all ?”

“No, Jack, never to my knowledge have I set eyes on her before today. What do you think? Is it possible for persons unrelated by ties of blood to so strikingly resemble each other?”

“Oh, yes, it’s possible,” Jack replied, still studying the exact reproduction of that face, sight of which had thrilled him in Uncle Jerry’s room. “Yes, Ah’ve known it to happen.”

“An idiosyncrasy of Nature?”

“Well, Ah suppose yeh might call it that; the Old Dame pulls off some mighty queer stunts along her regular established

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

plan. Something like a bubbling spring in a desert of alkali. I've seen that, and it was legitimate, too."

Berkley felt a strong desire to pull his companion out of the uncomfortable, somewhat despondent state of mind into which he had evidently fallen. Already there had developed in his consciousness a strong regard for Clawson, a regard which only needed time to develop into a loyal brotherly affection; or perhaps more like that of a loving, filial son to a devoted father. His intuition had already acquainted him of that fact, and he suffered some anxiety at the possible recurrence of that strange weakness which had come upon Clawson at sight of Miss Ralston. He handed the picture back with a slight feeling of regret.

"Ah wouldn't mind having one like that myself," he said. "But Ah'd want Miss Ralston to give it to me. Did you know this one?"

"Yes," Clawson returned, slowly. "Once I did. Some day, Jack, I'll tell you more, but now you must be content with this confession: that is the picture of the only woman I ever loved."

CHAPTER III

LYCEUM WEEK IMPRESSIONS

“Well, what do you think of the institution, as far as you’ve gone, partner?” Jack Berkley asked, entering Clawson’s room after a perfunctory tap on the door to announce his coming.

“Partner,” was the familiar appellation which he had quite naturally applied to his fellow student. The other was sitting before the open window, his hands locked behind his head, his eyes taking in the pleasing panorama of housetops, street and river.

“This has surely been a week of instructive surprises,” was the reply, turning from his survey to push a chair toward his caller with his foot. “Have you noticed what a spirit of fraternity is displayed between the more advanced students and those former graduates who have come in from the field to attend the reunion ?”

“Have Ah ? Well Ah guess some. Reunion’s the only word that expresses it. Lyceum, of course, is all right, for they certainly have fixed up a program of lectures which makes it that in earnest. But altogether it’s a sight more like a big family reunion with Doc Palmer and Mabel taking the part of delighted parents and the visitors like a parcel of kids who haven’t set under the home roof-tree for an age.”

“It’s the spirit of the school,” said Clawson. “You see it everywhere, from whatever angle you make your observation. There’s that bunch working under Whidden, sending out copies of the city newspapers containing reports of each day’s doings, all over the country, ‘carrying the message to Garcia,’ Bess of the postoffice says. Thousands of them going into hands of people in every state in the Union, an individual appeal for consideration by the doubters. It’s Whidden’s idea, I understand. Palmer saw the advertising possibilities of the scheme instantly it was broached. The result is sure to be more far-reaching than even he anticipates. Students and visitors are anxious to send papers home, both to their friends who know something about Chiropractic and to those who may never have heard of the science, or, hearing, have ridiculed. But the most interesting part of it is that they’re all working as though their lives depended upon it, addressing wrappers hour after hour, without recompense beyond the consciousness of doing their bit to advance the interests of the school, by bringing its activities to the attention of the greatest number of people possible. The newspapers, too, appear to have caught the spirit, for I am told that this is really

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

the first lyceum to which they have given more than perfunctory notice. Now they're featuring much of the week's program."

"Reckon yeh're not sorry yeh came, then?" commented Jack, proceeding to fill his pipe from the can on Clawson's dresser.

"Sorry? I wouldn't have missed this experience for a round sum," Clawson returned. "But, Jack, this is only a small beginning. Wait until we get into the actual school work. I've listened to the experiences of those chaps who have been practicing in the field and it has stimulated my energies wonderfully. What an alluring thing it must be to be able to bring relief to suffering humanity so simply and easily as has been done by these Chiros in so many cases where the medical practitioner was all at sea!"

"Yes, it's almost unbelievable. Ah don't wonder there's a lot of skeptics; a lot of folks who think the whole thing is a big joke or a sell. Ah've noticed things already up there in the clinic, Ah'd hate to believe, unless Ah'd seen them with my own eyes Even then, Ah wondered if Ah'd seen straight."

"It is really remarkable what quick results are obtained from vertebral adjustments," said Clawson. "Acute cases, they tell me, frequently show immediate benefit; even cures have resulted from a single adjustment. In some instances, however, considerable time is required for the patient's restoration to health."

"That's in chronic or cases of long standing," interrupted Jack. "Bob has told me of times where the patient was given over one hundred adjustments before being rid of his ailment. Improvement was slow, but continued until the trouble was entirely gone. It is like this, according to Bob. Nature, or as the Chiropractor would say, Innate Intelligence, is always on the job. Just as soon as a vertebra is jolted out of alignment, Innate begins adaptative work to offset the displacement. Connecting tissues in the new location of the vertebra out of line are strengthened and even the form of the bone tissue of the vertebra may be altered in shape. In reality, the spine segment, acting under influence of Innate, proceeds to adapt itself to the new conditions. So far as the vertebra itself is concerned, it is able to do this and the patient may suffer no direct inconvenience. But the real trouble comes through an impingement of the spinal nerve which emanates above the displaced vertebra, the nerve for example that supplies the stomach with proper motive impulses to perform its normal functions. By the subluxation the supply of mental impulses is cut off or curtailed, and the result is an affection of the stomach which, unless speedily remedied, becomes chronic. Finally after the medicos, 'phys-i-cans' B. J. calls them, have doped and drugged the patient possibly for months, without any result beyond aggravating the trouble, along comes some broad-minded individual who advises the party to try a Chiropractor. As a forlorn hope he consents. The Chiro analyzes the case, realizes that some time will be required to restore coordination, but confident of ultimate results, takes the chance. He knows that his only hope is to get the displaced

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

vertebra back in its proper position, relieve the pressure on the strangled nerve and start a normal flow of mental impulse. But he is not disappointed, though his patient may be, that improvement is not shown at once. He realizes that the displaced vertebra is resisting his effort to oust it from its now established position and force it back to its proper place. He gives his patient daily adjustments, regulated in strength to the patient's physical condition. He feels sure of ultimate success. Then Innate comes to his assistance. Gradually the muscles which hold the vertebra in its improper place become weakened in their resistance, those pulling from the opposite direction are strengthened and finally the desired end is obtained. Naturally the patient transfers his faith from medico to chiro and another vote is registered for the new science."

Clawson laughed heartily. His companion's description was so well-phrased and comprehensive, he was quite surprised.

"A clear explanation," he commented.

"Well," said Jack, leaning back and sending a volley of smoke rings ceilingward, "Ah've studied Chiro philosophy some and Ah reckon Ah've got it doped out pretty well. Carried one of B. J.'s books clear up to Metz, and there's a good bit of it I could repeat from memory. Yeh want to get busy on that right away, partner. It's the plumb center of the Chiropractic science. It proves, too, just what a profound thinker B. J. Palmer really is."

"I got my books today," Clawson returned. "I've been reading the philosophy preface. He's certainly a man of ideas."

"They're ideas that count; that carry weight. Ah'm a young man yet, but Ah've had a chance to study a lot of men, and Ah have never seen one his equal, in mental force and physical activity," Jack returned. "Haven't yeh noticed how he's everywhere in a minute, never still, but never too busy to speak to every member of his big family he meets? Why he's the most heavily charged human electric battery yeh'll ever find. Did yeh hear him over in the Auditorium this morning ? No ? Yeh missed a treat, but yeh'll have other chances. Made an introductory for one of the speakers. Well, partner, he just threw off sharp hits and original ideas like sparks from two live crossed wires. He's sure a wonder!"

Lyceum week had nearly passed. It was now Thursday and on Friday, the closing day of the reunion, there was to be a grand street parade, for which the various state alumni were preparing with much friendly rivalry. Even the newly arrived prospective students had caught the spirit of the affair and were entering into the activities of preparation with much enthusiasm.

"Suppose you'll march in the parade tomorrow," Clawson said inquiringly.

"Yeh bet. Going to help the Lone Star make as good a showing as possible. Ah've got my cowboy suit all ready for the occasion, but there's where Ah'm a little mixed. Our alumni

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

are urging me to go with the bunch, and Doctor Palmer is anxious to have as many of the former service men as possible march in khaki. We've got something like thirty-five men in the school who were in France."

"So many?"

"Yes. Most of them are taking post-graduate courses, or finishing up from where they left off when Uncle Sam called them to the colors."

"Well, it's for you to decide the question for yourself," Clawson said.

"But if yeh were in my place?" urged Jack.

"Why, if it were me," the other replied, "I think I'd wear the khaki. Believe me, it's a badge of honor and its appearance in the parade will show the people that The Palmer School is a patriotic institution. Besides, I'd put that bar and ribbon on my coat, where it could be seen. I only wish I had been situated so I could wear a similar decoration. I tried hard to get in the Y. M. C. A. service, but my white hair put me outside the line. I could take your place with the Texas cow-men and cow-girls."

"Would yeh?"

"Sure. In that way, you see, I'd be swelling the ranks of the service men."

"But how about the New York alumnae? They'll want yeh there."

"They won't need me. They've the largest organization in the school and they're roping in every newcomer from the Empire state as fast as they arrive. Pennsylvania is a close second, but not near enough to be dangerous."

"All right, the togs are there in my room when you want them, chaps and sombrero all complete. Do you know there are a number of medicos here taking a supplemental course? You should have heard the lacing B. J. gave the old school chaps this morning. Said the only thing permanent in medicine was change. How's that for an Irish bull? But it's right. They're changing their reputed remedies constantly. Today they give one treatment, tomorrow it's something else."

"I've always held," Clawson interjected, "that there was more pure guesswork in medicine than in any of the professions."

"No doubt of that. As B. J. says, the honest phys-i-can will admit that medicine is a failure after 5,000 years experimenting. That's why some of them are coming here to learn the art of Chiropractic adjustment. Ah reckon there'll be more of them coming from now on. Palmer gave them a good hit too. He said the trouble with the medical craft was that they had been sailing so long on the sea of professional uncertainty and ancient custom, that they had become worthless because of the useless barnacles which they had accumulated. He was glad that some of the craft were coming into the P. S. C. dry-dock to have their bottoms scraped."

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

“How did they take that?”

“As they take everything humorous B. J. says; with a laugh and applause.”

“Though I have not come in direct contact with him as yet, I judge his to be a remarkable personality,” Clawson observed. “I met him on the walk in front of the main building this afternoon and his greeting was: ‘Hello, old scout!’ He was in his shirtsleeves, his long black hair flying in the wind, his appearance more like that of a hired man than the head of the greatest nonmedical health institution in the world.”

“But he does actual work about the place,” said Berkley. He laughed. “Ah saw him in an amusing situation yesterday. There were a quantity of bricks to be transferred from the ground to the top of the new five-story building. He came rushing through the hall from the Junior room, calling for fifty recruits among the students. Half an hour later, Ah saw him at the extreme top of the building, catching and passing bricks on to the next man in line. He was catching six bricks at a time and tossing them at least a dozen feet. Ah reckon he’d do anything about the premises he observed needed doing and no one else appeared immediately available.”

“One of the Seniors told me today,” said Clawson, “that he’s a wonderful judge of human nature; that in selecting members of the faculty, he has shown unerring judgment. He declares that the entire machinery of the institution runs like clock-work, without a suggestion of friction. Every man takes B. J. at his full value and appears to consider it an honor and pleasure to serve under him. They recognize his wonderful intellect and are guise willing to teach under his direction. The student declares that there isn’t a man among them who could not make much more in the field than their salary here, but they prefer to stay with Doctor and Mrs. Palmer. Few institutions I wager, that can boast of such harmony.”

“All the students, so far as Ah have talked with them, have high regard for the instructors,” Jack declared. “Most of them in fact Ah think all, have learned Chiropractic under Doctor Palmer’s instruction. They are all experts in their particular line of work. Professor Craven, who assisted in compiling and who teaches Philosophy, was formerly a clergyman, who gave up his pulpit to take a course here, imbued with the idea that it opened a way to the performance of a real duty to his fellow men. It was really a matter of principle with Craven, Ah have been told, not a question of financial benefit. His parish was desirable; his relations with it pleasing; his ministerial duties well-performed. To do good was his criterion and he saw in the Chiropractic field great opportunity for the gratification of that ambition. My brother once asked him why he quit the ministry to spread the gospel of Chiropractic. ‘Simply because,’ said he, ‘Ah should rather help the living than pray for the dead.’ But perhaps we’d better wait until we see them in class, before

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

we pass judgment on any of the members of the faculty. Probably we'll get sight of the entire staff on Monday. You have a visitor, Ah see, partner."

He pointed to the sill of the open window, where a gray squirrel sat, every muscle taut for sudden retreat, his bright, bead-like eyes fixed upon Clawson intently.

"Oh, ho, Col; come for your supper, have you?"

Clawson's hand slipped into his pocket, bringing out a half dozen peanuts. At the movement the squirrel sprang for security to the overhanging limb of a shadetree which brushed the house, but quickly returned when Clawson placed the nuts temptingly upon the sill, seizing one and sitting upon his haunches, proceeded to open the thin shell.

"Two of them have a nest in the tree out there," Clawson explained, "and we've already become very good friends. They were both in the room this morning. Davenport seems well blessed with the little animals. Even the dogs show little inclination to molest them. I think it's a credit to the town that they are so tame. I've been wondering, though, just what type of squirrel they are. Their bodies are gray, but their tails are like those of the red squirrel of the east. Possibly a cross between the red and the fox squirrel of Michigan, don't you think?"

"Well, partner, yeh've got me there. To tell the truth Ah don't know much about squirrels. If it was tarantulas, now, Ah might elucidate some animology stuff, but Ah'll have to draw the line on yeh'r gluttonous friend out there. Dubbed him Colonel, did yeh?"

"Yes, he's the real superior officer. Don't you observe he takes all, leaving nothing for his reserve contingent?"

"Ah'm half inclined to believe yeh were stringing me about not being in the service," Jack retorted with a chuckle, "either that or yeh've been doing some mighty close reading."

Jack got up, stretched lazily and helped himself to another pipefull of Clawson's tobacco.

"Oh, by the way, partner," he said, "have yeh met Miss Ralston yet?"

He watched his companion closely, though covertly. He saw the elder man start slightly, but his voice was steady as he replied:

"No, not yet, though I'm hoping to do so. Have you?"

"Yes, was introduced to her today over in clinic. She was adjusting away, dextrous as yeh please. Ah'll tell yeh a secret, partner, listen. Ah believe she's the one girl!"

When Clawson raised his head the other was closing the door of his own room.

CHAPTER IV

THEIR FIRST DAY IN SCHOOL

Lyceum week had passed without a single untoward event to mar the harmony or success of the annual gathering. Not only had the attendance been unprecedented in the number of graduates, field men and women who had returned to their Alma Mater to congratulate the faculty on the progress made during the year, to renew acquaintances with their former classmates and to find new friends among the greatly increased number of students who had been attracted to this great fountain head of Chiropractic philosophy and art.

The parade, which had required one hour to pass a given point, had been a display to stimulate the loyalty of friends of the school and throw the gloom of alarm over the camp of the professional enemy.

Practically every state alumni had been represented by unique, handsome and suggestive floats; not cheap and simple features of the pageant, but rich and elaborate creations, born of a generous state rivalry and devised under direction of impulses prompted by loyal desire to show the people of the city that the institution on the hill was all, even more, than it represented itself to be.

There had been banquets given by the appreciative president in honor of the faithful workers whose efforts had been directed to making the reunion a red-letter event; meetings and receptions of the various state organizations, where those from the field and those who were preparing themselves for actual practice could become acquainted, compare notes and lay plans for future entrenchment against that selfish monopoly, the A. M. A., were frequent. Then on the last night of the week there had been a grand ball in the spacious auditorium, B. J. and Mabel leading the grand march, with what one would have imagined staid professors and their wives as escort; but which in reality were a jolly, merry-making squad of good fellows, who apparently were having, and helping everybody else to have, the time of their lives.

Oh, those P. S. C. assemblies were events to be treasured in the memory of every participant!

But the days of festivity, with their ballast of impressive, instructive and encouraging lectures, had passed and on this Monday morning the routine machinery of the big institution was

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

being oiled up and put in proper shape for its renewed run of another school year.

Five hundred freshmen were seated in the room which had at one time accommodated the entire school with much space to spare, but which the present initial enrollment found none too large

Professor Burich, a Wisconsin product who in his boyhood had lain awake in his father's pioneer cabin, to hear the prairie wolves yelping their weird chorus in the shadows of the distant buttes; who had worked his way through college at Madison and later through the P. S. C. course, mastering it so well that he was fitted to teach any branch of the curriculum, had taken his position behind the desk upon the platform, Chemistry textbook in hand, when a rap sounded on the side door of the long room.

"I think we're going to have a call from Uncle Jerry," said the instructor, closing his book and resting his elbow upon it, while a smile lighted up his round, boyish face; a smile that seemed to go out to envelop and warm every heart in the room into love for its possessor.

The door opened and Uncle Jerry entered, preceding a long file of strangers, men and women, some on whose heads the frost of time had left its tell-tale imprint; others in the flush of maturity; a few not yet out of their teens. There was an expression of inquiry and surprise as the sergeant-at-arms led them to the center aisle of the room and introduced them individually by name, state and number of seat assigned.

There were nineteen persons in that Monday morning addition to the freshman class.

Down from a distant seat came the president of the class to greet the newcomers after the approved P. S. C. formula.

"Do we give our new classmates a royal welcome?" he shouted, after shaking hands with the entire party.

"Absolutely!" came a roaring reply from a half thousand throats and the regular morning ceremony of introducing new students was completed. It is a matter of history that a similar ceremony, with entrants ranging from one to a dozen, occurred daily for the first two weeks of the school term, and after that occasionally, until before December the class numbered over six hundred, exclusive of those who had passed on into the junior room.

When all had been conducted to their respective seats by the president and Terry Green had retired, Professor Burich again opened his book, but instead of seeking its pages his eyes, dark and expressive, with something in their clear glance that suggested genuine interest and sympathy, wandered over the five hundred upturned faces.

"There are a lot of unfamiliar countenances before me this morning," he said, "but it isn't going to take us long to get acquainted. It's a habit we have in this school to get acquainted quickly. I have seen the time when I could call every student

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

by his or her first name, but I'm afraid that day has gone by. There are too many of you, and your number will be constantly increased. One thing we want you clearly to understand, prove that you understand, by the attitude of each to his classmates. Make that greeting, 'absolutely,' a verity. There are no class distinctions here. No matter whether you have a few thousands in the bank from which to draw at will, or are working your way through the course, you have an equal rating here so long as you prove your worth by your attitude toward your fellows. You all, I feel sure, have come here fully determined to master the philosophy, science and art of Chiropractic. You could not have been prompted by any other motive. Your success will depend largely upon your own efforts; your own force of will. Every member of the faculty will be ready and willing to advise, encourage and aid you in every way possible. We hope to find you giving us the same consideration. This school has a reputation for the friendly-family spirit which has attached to it during the years of its struggles and its discouragements. The loyalty of its students, to the school and to each other, has been one of the strong elements leading to its success. With our greatly increased numbers, it may be more difficult to maintain that sentiment of brotherly love and common interest. You people represent varied walks of life; varied nationalities; varied sentiments of religious and political faith. Let us keep constantly in mind that each has an equal right to his beliefs, to his plan of life, so long as he refrains from any attempt to force his opinions and theories upon those who disagree with him. Even the Bolsheviki is not dangerous so long as he keeps his opinions to himself. You understand what I mean? You are here for Chiropractic. With a knowledge of the science and art of healing without drugs, you will be in possession of something with which you can carry an inestimable blessing to humanity. For 5,000 years the science of medicine has been groping for the secret of life and death, but without success. It is your opportunity to carry to the world the nearest approach to that solution that has yet been revealed to man. Make the acquisition of that knowledge your main business while here. Study the philosophy upon which our art is based. It is the key to the secret. Vertebral adjustment is the art, proper application of which proves the truth of that philosophy."

Professor Burich spoke slowly, with distinct enunciation which carried to the rear of the long room. He employed a familiarity of tone which gave to his words more the character of a pleasing conversation than the earnest appeal of an erudite teacher. His dress itself was a true index to the character of the man, as afterward revealed to that class of freshies.

Dark blue serge fitting his lithe form of medium height perfectly, true blue, as he showed himself to the interests of his pupils during the period of their scholarship; with plain white

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

tie, fit symbol of the purity of character and immaculacy of conduct of its wearer.

“We’re a cosmopolitan crowd, folks, and there are some things we should guard against. We should aim to see only the good qualities in each other. I have faith in human nature. Many of us undoubtedly have some bad; all have some good. But if we discover in another what we think is bad, who is benefited by revealing the fact to others? Gossip is a dangerous conversational commodity. Wrong is often imagined where no wrong exists. Many an innocent person has been ruined by the breath of scandal. Many a blameless character has been smirched by the wagging tongue of suspicion. Even a hint of indiscretion may leave an ineffaceable scar. Did you folks ever hear the story of the thistledown?”

“No, no,” shouted a student. “Tell it, Professor!”

“All right, I’ll tell it, for it carries a wonderful moral. If any of you have heard it, you needn’t listen. There was once a girl who was attending a large school. She had a room-mate and chum of about her own age. The two were inseparable. They had long been friends, coming from the same town in a distant part of the state. They were more intimate than sisters, for you know sisters do not always get along harmoniously. Constantly they were together, real Damon and Pythias of the feminine sex. Then that little mythological god who hunts with primitive bow and arrow, evidently jealous of the friendship of the two girls, sent a fascinating young man to the school, and at the same time began to let fly his cruel, cruel arrows at the two co-eds. Of course you can guess the result. Jealous rivalry began to creep in. You see, the dangerous hunter lying in ambush, was shooting with his usual accuracy. Differences began to arise between the lifelong friends. They were not as frank and open-hearted with each other as they had been. There was a green hue to things which before had been bright with the sunlight of girlish affection. Finally the one room became too small for both of them, and they separated.

“Then here and there, in confidential hints, the seed of envy, jealousy and spite were sown. Not positive statements of wrong on the part of her former friend and confidante, but suggestive head shakes, when the object of her spleen was mentioned; pained expression at mention of possible good qualities; the ‘I’ve heard’ and ‘I hate to believe,’ attitude, combined to convey impressions derogatory to the former chum. Gradually the rank weed-seed took root and sprang up. Gradually there came a change in the attitude of her fellow students to the girl who had been maligned not openly perhaps, but in effect. Classmates began to shun her; she heard comments from those who had once treated her with friendly interest, which saddened and gave her discouragement. She realized that she was a victim of the lies of a treacherous friend. But she was helpless. This knowledge was a

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

serious blow to a sensitive nature. She finally became ill and was forced to quit school.

“Then to the other came remorse; the reaction which sometimes follows the hasty gratification of a jealous revenge. How to atone for what had been a grievous wrong to one she still loved, she knew not, so she went to a very old and very wise woman, who had foretold many things which came to pass and was consulted by many of the young people, and some of the older women, I suppose, on all sorts of questions, where they needed advice. So she went to the old woman and made a frank confession of the wrong she had done her friend—and pleaded for her counsel as to the best way to repair the injury. The old woman pondered long and seriously. Then she went to her closet and got a basket, bringing it to the girl:

“‘Take this,’ she said, ‘and go into the fields and fill it with thistledown; then bring it to me.’

“So she went out into the fields and she worked for a long, long time, until she had filled the basket quite full of the white, feathery substance. Then she brought it to the woman as requested.

“‘Now take the basket again and go out once more in the fields and scatter the thistledown far and wide. Leave not a single particle in the basket. When you have emptied it, again come back to me.’

“Again she did as she was bidden, bringing back the empty basket for the old woman’s approval. She felt quite sure she had fulfilled all the necessary requirements and would now receive the coveted advice. But again she was disappointed.

“The woman took the basket and looked into it carefully. ‘You have done well,’ she said, ‘none of the down remains. Come to the window, dear. Look at the tiny particles sporting in the wind. Some are so high in air they can scarcely be seen. There are others away off there chasing each other among the bushes. It is rare sport they are having and they never seem to tire. You have only one duty left to perform. When you have accomplished that, you will have fully atoned for your wrong-doing. Take the basket once more and go out and gather up all the thistledown you have given to the winds. When you have completed the task, your friend’s character will be fully restored and you will again be friends.’

“So she went out to gather up the scattered thistledown and when she stooped to grasp one of the tiny particles, along came a sudden puff of wind and seized it out of her hand and hurled it away. Again and again she sought to catch the flying, downy substance, and as often came the treacherous breeze and wafted them from her reach, and for all I know, she is still out there engaged in her hopeless task of gathering up the scattered thistledown. Do you catch the meaning of the story? Sure you do. Let’s not scatter any thistledown, which once released cannot be restored as it was before.”

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

A bell in the distant lanai sent out its warning note and Professor Burich closed his book.

“For tomorrow,” he said, “you will study the first four pages of definitions in your Chemistry textbook. I shall not promise you any stories.”

“We won’t get much regular class work, this week,” explained Clawson’s nearest seat-mate, a student who had been in the class for several weeks and had become wise to the customary procedure. “B. J. will be in to give us a talk, in place of Mrs. Palmer’s anatomy lecture, and that’s probably all we’ll get today.”

It had been a disappointment to Clawson that he and Berkley had been separated in seating the new members of the class, but Mack, the timekeeper, had promised to accommodate them in that matter later on, and what they had heard of Mack’s thorough willingness to adhere to the wishes of the students as closely as possible in the matter of seat location, satisfied them that they would not be long separated.

Scarcely had the student, Whiting by name, ceased speaking when the class, led by one of the more seasoned members swung into song and the room rang with the refrain:

“They say that B. J. that he ain’t got no style,
Got style all the while, all the while, all the while;
They say that B. J. that he ain’t got no style,
Got style all the while, all-the while, all-the while.”

As line after line of the homespun ditty progressed, the five hundred voices increased in fervid intensity. Clawson found the reason, for glancing at the sidedoor, through which Jerry Green had recently introduced the newcomers, he saw B. J. himself framed in the opening; hatless, coatless and apparently shirtsleeveless, for his sinewy arms were bare above the elbows, while with clenched fists they beat time with constantly increasing emphasis to the school song.

“Well, I must say you Freshies have it all over the Juniors already,” he complimented, as the last words of the doggerel died away. “Now let’s see what the girls alone can do.”

Starting the tune for them himself, he assumed the pose of a musical director and urged the women to increasing effort. Standing thus, his rugged face aglow with the evident pleasure of the moment, Clawson had opportunity to study the physical characteristics of the man who had fought opposition, discouragement and fate itself, it appeared, to a standstill; bringing into existence an institution which promised to revolutionize the science of moral and physical life, as applied to weakened or exhausted functions. And thus Clawson reasoned, with the terse conclusions of a skilled analyst:

“Face, predominant featured; strongly marked, broad forehead; protruding superciliary ridge, indicating strong perceptive faculties; eyes dark, piercing or seductive at the owner’s will; nose prominent, aquiline, symmetrical, pugnacious, strong in char-

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

acter; cheek bones high, suggestive of distant Indian lineage, suggestion strengthened by long, straight black hair sweeping the slightly stooped shoulders bent by student vigils; thin, determined lips; protruding mandible with long ramus and square, heavy body indicative of inflexible will; figure medium, built for agility more than strength, with a suggestion of finely tempered watch-spring tissue in the muscular development. It was a face and figure to study, with new and favorable impressions. So Clawson decided at the time and he would give you the same analysis were he asked his impression today.

He had never cause to change his opinion that here was one of those rare characters who could laugh obstacles to scorn; grit his teeth and strive the harder after every apparent defeat; prove absolutely loyal to a friend, but an implacable enemy if necessary; blessing the sunshine of life and seeking to excuse the gloom; devoid of pride, save the pride of conquest; believing honesty to be a virtue and virtue a necessity of happiness—a man.

“Now give us ‘My Home Land,’” said B. J. and when his suggestion had been followed with a will, he proceeded to the platform and for an hour entertained the class with reminiscences of the school, snatches of Chiropractic philosophy and sharp flashes of characteristic wit, which served to convince the newcomers that they were really a part of the big institution, virtually essential to its success and that the course ahead of them with its programme of earnest, conscientious, unremitting study, was to be made enjoyable by the sunshine and gladness of harmonious environment and an atmosphere of real fellowship

Then he dismissed the class with instructions to report in the same room at 1:30 o’clock for palpation.

Clawson failed to observe Jack in the crowd of students which slowly filed out of the long room, but as he was passing through the lanai, he heard his voice .:

“Here, partner, come over here. Ah want yeh to meet Miss Ralston.”

CHAPTER V

GETTING ACQUAINTED

At first, for an instant only, Clawson resented the frank abruptness of his friend. True he had entertained a strong desire to meet Miss Ralston, stronger, perhaps than he would have cared to have Jack Berkley know; but he had not anticipated, nor had he wished that their first meeting should be in so public a place as the P. S. C. Lanai. In fact on several occasions during Lyceum week he had deliberately gone out of his way to avoid what appeared likely to precipitate a direct meeting in the presence of others.

But the unscrupulous Jack, with his boyish impetuosity, had entirely disarranged his plans. How much of design there had been in the young Texan's sudden call, he did not stop to reason. Only one course appeared possible, so he chose the most reasonable alternative, and nerved himself for the ordeal.

He was cool as ice as he approached the chair where Miss Ralston sat, with Jack perched on the broad arm.

"My friend Clawson, old scout that he is, has been dying to meet yeh, Miss Ralston," was Jack's introduction. "He and Ah room at the same students' lair, and Ah'll vouch for him from the ground up."

"I am sure Mr. Clawson doesn't need anyone to vouch for him," the girl said, extending her hand. "We are all members of one family here and the fact of one's having been registered, is considered ample recommendation, until his or her acts prove them unworthy. Are. You in the freshman class, too, Mr. Clawson?"

"Yes, I'm very fresh," Clawson replied.

"Some of them are," she returned, with a sidelong glance at Jack.

Clawson smiled suggestively at the Texan.

"Oh, she don't mean me," that worthy exclaimed. "She couldn't possibly mean me. Ah'm a regular old salt. Ah've crossed the Atlantic twice, over and back."

"Now you have both crossed the Rubicon," laughed Miss Ralston. "You've both cut loose from foolish things and settled down to real lifework. Am I right, Mr. Clawson?"

"That's the way I view it," he returned. "It appears to me there are wonderful possibilities before us."

"Oh, there are; I know there are! You can't imagine how fascinating the study of the philosophy and art of Chiropractic

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

is after you once obtain some insight into its merits. I'm still a Junior and am just beginning to give adjustments in clinic, but I wouldn't miss any of it if I could without Mack taking note *of* my absence. It seems so remarkable, so mysterious, that one little me can accomplish such grand results with just a simple movement of the hands. It's almost like necromancy."

"I don't wonder that Chiro's in the field are so enthused with their work," Clawson said. "The percentage of certainty in adjustments is so large in comparison with the sure results of medicine, as to give the profession much of its attractiveness, I'm sure."

"But Ah reckon some of them are thinking a good bit about the dollars they're earning," observed Jack, poking Clawson with his elbow.

"Probably that's true," the girl replied, somewhat abstractedly. "I am willing to admit that feature of it appealed strongly to me and I imagine it does to many others. Then there are a lot of former medical, men coming here to take the professional course. Why are they coming? Because they begin to realize that Chiropractic has come to stay."

"Anxious to get in out of the wet, while the getting's good," suggested Jack.

"Sure. But beyond personal ambition however directed, whether to the accumulation of dollars or checking competition *of* a better system, one thing stands out to my mind more prominently than any other. That is the ability to relieve distress, prolong life and bring happiness to homes where before was suffering and misery. Of course, as Mr. Berkley has suggested, some students come here with the paramount idea of putting themselves in possession of a knowledge of Chiropractic as a means of making big money afterward, but a good share *of* these leave the school with their ideas entirely changed, having been exalted by the more worthy ambition of laboring for the good of humanity. It is an inspiration absorbed by contact with the noble men and women who compose the faculty and by the spirit of fellowship engendered by the school's associations. The true Chiropractic knight of the present decade will rival in popularity and historical prominence those mailed leaders of the Crusades."

"You are a valiant champion," said Clawson.

"I have every reason to be," Miss Ralston replied. "Chiropractic gave my mother a new lease of life after a half dozen doctors of medicine had pronounced her near death's door with what they termed an incurable disease. What greater boon could I crave?"

"I observe that a memorial building has been erected to the father of Doctor Palmer, who by accident discovered the principle of Chiropractic. What *of* the son, who with his wonderful intellect and strength of will has developed that principle into a true philosophy?"

"B. J. is erecting his own memorial, by his energy and de-

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

termination on behalf of his humane art," said Beatrice Ralston emphatically. "Upon it will be inscribed the tribute of millions who have been benefited and whose lives have been made happier through his applied philosophy; who have tested the value of his new science and can vouch for its efficacy."

"Ah reckon yeh're right," observed Jack. "B. J.'s monument is already erected and the future can only add to its height."

"Alongside it should be one for Mabel, too," said the girl, "for if ever woman was a true helpmate for her husband, she must rank among the best. Did you hear B. J. telling today about how during his early struggle to get his great philosophy acknowledged and the public interested, they lived in one room—one little room which served for parlor, diningroom, kitchen and bedroom and where Dave was born. How she did her own work and studied, long and persistently, to fit herself to become a more valuable aid to the man she loved? Oh, I think it was just grand, that woman's heroism and loyalty! Then she's such a lovely character; so sweet and even-tempered; always the same kind teacher and helpful friend. I think she's—she's—angelic! I don't know any other word that expresses it."

"You have had opportunity to know, Miss Ralston; surely," said Clawson.

"I can't give her all the praise she deserves," the girl replied earnestly. "I should have been completely discouraged the first few weeks I was here if it hadn't been for her help and encouragement. She and B. J. both make light of all difficulties."

"Which is One of the secrets of his success," observed Clawson.

"It's half the battle, at least, I've come: to believe," the girl replied.

"Is this what I've heard called 'Lovers' Lane'?" asked Jack, inconsiderately. Several couples of the younger students had appropriated the various Mission chairs and lounges.

"Rapid descent from the sublime to the ridiculous," commented Miss Ralston. "No, indeed, far from it! This is only acquaintance court. That other impossible place you mention is said to be located in the Memorial building. Freshmen are never allowed there, it being imperative that they give their undivided attention to the curriculum."

"Ah find Ah'm learning my lesson very rapidly," said Jack impudently.

"Perhaps we'd better go for a playspell, then," said Clawson, coming promptly to the girl's relief and giving Jack a retaliatory slap.

"Yes, by all means take him away, Mr. Clawson. I'm afraid he's too impressionable to be left without a guardian among all these designing females. Let me whisper it! There are several widows among them!"

"I shall be glad to see you again and have you tell me more

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

about the institution and the faculty," Clawson said as they were quitting the lanai.

"You will, no doubt of that. I love to meet people, sensible people," she added, with a quick mischievous glance at Jack.

"Ah suppose that was intended for me," the young man retorted, the look not unobserved. In fact his eyes were constantly studying that expressive, piquant, altogether lovely face.

She made no reply; simply gave her shapely little head a coquettish toss and ran down the hall toward Uncle Jerry's room with springy step.

Clawson watched her intently, an eager, inexplicable expression upon his spare face, until she had entered the distant room, then he took Jack's arm and together they left the building.

"Ain't she a wonder?" Clawson's companion asked when they had reached the walk and turned their steps toward their rooms.

"Exceptionally clever girl, I should say," the other answered, less rapturously. "She'll make some man a good wife. I hope you'll win her Jack; I honestly do!"

"Thank you, partner; thank you for those encouraging words. Ah'll strive my best to make myself worthy such great luck!"

Jack held out his hand impulsively and once more the two men, brought together by the accident of travel, looked into each other's eyes with a strength of meaning neither could misunderstand.

Clawson found a bunch of mail awaiting him on the hat rack in the hall, where Mrs. Brown always sorted the postman's delivery, placing it convenient for each of her roomers who had been favored.

Not one of them but would testify that the well-disposed landlady never read anything beyond the address of the most tempting postal card. But what matter if she did? She was much like a mother or an elder sister to her boys, age not counting in the classification, and, besides, few people write secrets on postal cards.

Jack went directly to his room, discarded his outer clothing, slipped into a bathrobe and sat down with a fresh cut magazine. He was more in mood for light reading than study and in any case the real assignment of lessons had not yet taken place.

He turned the pages of the book for a few minutes aimlessly, then finally dropped it in his lap, locked his fingers behind his head and went off into reverie.

That meeting of Clawson and Miss Ralston had been a disappointment to him. There had been something of design in bringing them together in the unceremonious manner he had adopted. He had looked for some display of agitation or embarrassment on the part of Clawson, but none had appeared. If it had caused the elder man a strong effort of will to force his apparent composure, it was well masked.

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

“Strange, mighty strange,” soliloquized Jack, “Ah can’t believe he has no feeling in the matter; but the old chap has more nerve, a lot more than Ah gave him credit for. But the girl! That was a strange look she gave him out of her expressive eyes. Seemed for an instant as though she recognized him as someone she had seen before. Something like that, and something like fear! But it was gone too quickly to be interpreted. Ah saw her watching him, studying his features; his white hair; his general appearance, even while she was talking most volubly. Really seemed as if she was talking as she did to mask her scrutiny. Did he observe her interest? Bet yehr life he did, but never a change in those steel gray eyes of his, after a first questioning glance! It’s my opinion, Jack Berkley, they’re a pair of mighty good actors! What Ah’d like to know, is whether its comedy or tragedy they’re staging.”

For several minutes Jack sat in absorbed meditation. His magazine had fallen to the floor, unnoticed. His mind was absorbed in the intricacies of a problem for the key to which he was blindly groping. Then he sprang up, filled and lighted his pipe and began pacing the restricted limits of his attic room.

“Ye gods and little fishes!” he muttered, “Am Ah to have that white-haired partner of mine for a rival ? They do say ‘there’s no fool like an old fool.’” Then he laughed aloud, somewhat boisterously; half hysterically. “Fool? Ah reckon yeh’re the fool, Jack Berkley! Yeh ought to go in and ask his pardon for that crazy thought!”

There came a knock at the door

“Come,” the occupant called and Clawson entered.

“I was wondering what could be the cause of this unusual hilarity,” he explained, taking a seat unceremoniously on the white coverlet of Berkley’s bed. “Your Chiropractic smile appears to have developed wonderfully in a brief space of time.”

“Well, partner,” said Jack soberly, “yeh know, or yeh’re old enough and ought to know, that a man who’s in love is not entirely responsible for his acts. They say love is a species of insanity. Ah was in the ward of a state hospital once; no, not as a patient but a visitor, and there I met unfortunates who would burst into laughter without any apparent cause. It was a habit they had, or a feature of their ailment, the doctor told me. You are a man of strong perceptions; put this and that together and draw your own conclusions.”

“I’d prefer not,” said Clawson, taking the rocker to which Jack nodded and picking up the magazine which Berkley had dropped. “It’s sometimes difficult to differentiate between insanity and rank foolishness. In this particular instance I think there’s some excuse for your madness, but I’d advise going slow. Impetuosity sometimes leads to disaster.”

Jack looked up quickly. Was there hidden meaning to the other’s half flippant, half serious words? Clawson’s face held only an expression of quizzical amusement.

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

“Yet some things have to be accomplished quickly, without too much preliminary folderol. Look at the Chiropractic punch! The quicker the better!” Jack replied.

“But that only applies to the act of adjustment,” the other retorted quickly. “All the preliminary work is done slowly and deliberately. Just think what we have ahead of us before we can reduce our first subluxation.”

“Well, Ah guess yeh’re getting the theory, all right,” said Jack. “Ah’m hit and hit hard, but Ah’m going to be pretty sure of the cast before Ah fling the lariat. She’s sure a mettlesome filly and a little wild, but it would be worth a long, hard ride to bring her into corral.”

“I’ve been thinking a good bit about what she said regarding the fascination of the actual professional work,” said Clawson, “and I’m going to realize something of its possibilities myself. If Chiropractic is all that the best informed people here tell us it is, together with hundreds of afflicted we have already seen benefited in the clinics, then Miss Ralston’s enthusiasm is well founded. There was complete sincerity in the manner, tone and the sentiment expressed by both Professor Burich and Doctor Palmer this morning, don’t you think so?”

“Absolutely!”

“Wish some of the people I know who have been trying to create sentiment against the school, could have heard that story of the thistledown, from Doctor Burich’s lips. The tone, the attitude of the man and that smile would dispel the doubts of a cynic. Absolutely is a good word to apply to the extent of their apparent honesty. If all the instructors are like him, its going to be a pleasure to strive under their teaching.”

“Miss Ralston speaks very highly of every member of the faculty,” Jack observed. “She says Professor Craven, who is to be our Philosophy and Orthopedy teacher, is fine. A different type from Burich, but capable, helpful and kind so long as the class is attentive and anxious to benefit from his instruction; yet quick to resent infraction of the rules and sharp to criticize. But everybody admires him, even those who on occasion he has found cause to rebuke. You know what she thinks of Mrs. Palmer.”

“I had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Palmer in Doctor Elliott’s office yesterday,” said Clawson, “and I can readily believe Miss Ralston’s estimate is just. I think she is a woman of superior qualities. B. J. has certainly been most fortunate in his selection of assistants.”

Jack laughed.

“How familiar you’re getting with your college president’s name,” he said jokingly. “Seems funny to hear the head of this big institution thus addressed by the students.”

“They tell me it pleases him best,” Clawson returned. “Someway one drops naturally into the custom. There’s a spirit of familiarity about The Palmer School that is contagious. It’s

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

only seldom that one hears the wife of the president addressed as Mrs. Palmer.”

“No, it’s usually Mabel. It’s much as Beatrice, Ah mean Miss Ralston, said: ‘just like one big family.’”

“Its the democracy of love and common interest,” Clawson observed.

“Mr. Clawson!” came a voice from the foot of the stairs.

“Yes, Mrs. Brown, what is it?”

“It’s a telegram for you, sir. The boy is waiting.”

Clawson ran down the stairs, took the yellow envelope and tore it open hastily.

“I hope there’s nothing serious happened,” the landlady said, regarding Clawson’s face anxiously.

“No,” he said, “nothing serious, thank you. Please tell the messenger there’s no answer.”

He went up the stairs slowly and into his own room, taking a seat near the window and unfolded the yellow sheet he had crumpled in his hand. The message was dated: Fargo, N. D., Sept. 3, 191—, and read:

Mr. Ralph Clawson,
Davenport, Ia.—

“Party you mention unknown here. Have private information however which am sending by registered mail. Should reach you tomorrow.
DONALDSON.”

CHAPTER VI

IN THE PALPATION CLASS

In the Junior room, that long, low, ancient apartment in the rear of the central building of the school, which once, before the phenomenal growth of the institution had begun and which at that period had been assembly room, auditorium and general utility quarters giving it historical interest and sentimental fascination, the five hundred members of the new freshman class had assembled at 1:30 o'clock that afternoon when Professor Harry Vedder came from the office hallway and stood for a moment at the door regarding the crowd of chattering students, a smile of appreciation lighting up his thoroughly likable face.

Started by some of the older students, a rapid "sh-sh-sh" ran through the room, as the instructor passed down the central aisle to the platform at the farther end. As he reached and mounted this and turned to face the sea of faces, a hearty spontaneous wave of applause greeted him. He waved his hand in acknowledgment of the reception accorded.

"I see we are going to be good friends," he said laughingly. "I would not for a moment entertain the idea that it could be otherwise. I also imagine that you are here for business and I promise that you shall not be disappointed in your ambition to work, if I can prevent. Some of you have already had a bit of experience in palpation, but the majority have not. For that reason the period today will be taken up with an explanation of the method employed in locating subluxated or incoordinate vertebrae, the names of the various misalignments and the proper course to pursue. Palpation is the initial step in the art of Chiropractic. I may say that it is also most important that it be fully understood if one hopes to become a successful practitioner. Upon the accuracy of vertebral palpation depends much of the Chiropractor's success. The average human spine consists of twenty-four movable vertebrae. Normally these vertebrae are in perfect alignment. As the spine is the central shaft of the body, its several parts must be in accord, or the human machine cannot normally function. Palpation detects defects of alignment, proves their character and points the way to proper adjustment. By function we mean the performance of the allotted duty of the several organs of the body which go to make up the complete machine. When the Chiropractor has determined by palpation the exact character of the subluxation, he knows how an adjust-

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

ment should be made to restore the vertebra to its normal position. You will have a long and you may think tedious drill in this work, but it will be to your future interest in actual practice, that you make the most of your opportunity to perfect yourselves in the art. It is in this palpation work that is most clearly proven the old adage that 'practice makes perfect.' At first you will have difficulty in counting the vertebrae. It will seem to you that you will never be able to find them all. But as you continue your efforts, concentrating your mind upon your work, you will be surprised how sensitive the tips of your fingers will become and how readily you can determine the position of the most deeply buried vertebra. Now as to naming the subluxations. I'll illustrate after this fashion."

He drew a moveable blackboard to the front of the platform. With chalk crayon he drew a perpendicular line. At the top he marked S, at the bottom I, at the right of the center R and at the left L. At the upper right corner, midway between the S and the R, he wrote P R S; at the lower right corner, P R I; at the left lower corner, P. L I, and at the left upper, P L S. In the center of the group, on the medium line, he marked a P. Then with a pointer he indicated the various cabalistic characters as follows:

"P, posterior, protruding outward; S, superior; above normal; I, inferior, below normal; P R S, posterior right superior; P R I, posterior right inferior; P L I, posterior left inferior; P L S, posterior left superior. The straight line, of course, represents the spine. You should make a copy of these characters and study them until they are firmly fixed in your mind. When you come to palpate, you will list your findings according to these indicated subluxations, as you determine they exist. Get that?"

"Absolutely," came the response.

"All right. Now in palpating, make your movement with light pressure on the spine. You will find that you can more readily find the spinal process of the several vertebrae by a light than by a heavy pressure. Your fingers will be more sensitive. Stand well up by the head of your patient so that your forearm will come at right angles to his back, bending over to maintain that position as your hand passes downward. Get that?"

"Absolutely."

It was astonishing how readily the freshies dropped into the established slogan of affirmation.

"There's no lack of detail in the instruction we are receiving," said Clawson in a low tone to his nearest seat-mate, while Doctor Vedder busied himself in moving the blackboard back to its usual place.

"All the instructors are like that," was the answer. "The student who fails to comprehend their teaching is either a dullard or has no desire to get any benefit from the course. I don't believe any educational institution in the country displays a more

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

earnest desire on the part of its faculty to give its students one hundred per cent of effort than the P. S. C. They're always ready to advise, assist and explain the knotty problems. It's so with them all. It's just as true of Maybach and Gaddis in the palpation and adjusting classes, as with Mabel, Steve, Harry, Craven and Firth, in the book lessons. You'll be satisfied of that after you've been here a short time."

"Who is Steve and Harry?"

"Why, don't you know? Burich and Vedder. Those two are like brothers, not only to each other but to many of the students. There, listen. Harry's got something more for us now.

Doctor Vedder having disposed of the blackboard, had again come to the front of the platform and held up his hand for quiet.

"There's one thing peculiar about this school, that you people who have just come here may not know; one thing that we want you to know, The members of the faculty are students in practically the same sense that you are students. We are graduates of this school, but we are still studying and learning. We are studying constantly how we can best serve you; how best to impress upon the minds of those who come here for instruction the principles of the philosophy, science and art of our profession. We hope to be regarded by you all as co-workers in a humane cause; sharers with you of the knowledge we have gained by longer applied effort. We would be thought of by you, not as austere taskmasters, but as loyal, sympathetic friends. With the remarkable growth in class membership and delays in getting our new buildings ready for occupancy as soon as intended and promised by the contractors, a certain amount of congestion has occurred, for which strikes and traffic delays have alone been responsible. For the wonderful forbearance the students have shown, we members of the faculty, who have similarly suffered, want to extend our sincere thanks. No body of men and women in the world could have been more considerate of the situation in which we were placed, or have cooperated more loyally. I know I voice the sentiment of every member of the faculty, in that statement, and we shall seek under the improved conditions which are now much nearer than you imagine and which will come to you as a surprise, to show our appreciation of that fine cooperation in increased effort for your benefit. Tomorrow we will take up actual palpation and you will all come prepared. Just a moment. While Mack may not take time in the palpation class as is done in the morning classes, we have a system by which any absences from class are checked, and failure to report will not be excused. That's all."

There was a general stampede for the door. For the freshmen the day's work was over. There would be nothing more, compulsory, for them at the school, until the following morning

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

at 8 o'clock. They would be free to act their own pleasure until the clang of the timekeeper's bell called them to class.

Clawson and Berkley met at the front of the auditorium and walked together to the intersection of the cross street which led to their rooming house.

A cool breeze had sprung up, serving to relieve in a measure the intense heat of a remarkably sultry day.

"Think Ah'll take a long walk," Jack observed, as they reached the corner. "Will yeh come along, partner?"

"Can't now, Jack," Clawson returned. "I have some letters to write and I promised Watson of the Examiner I'd drop in at the office this afternoon. He's been trying to make some sort of a place for me on the staff, and some special work. I've been a busy man all my life and so much enforced idleness gets on my nerves. I've got to get doing something, or I shan't be fit for the studying I shall have to do. I reckon the book stuff will come harder for me than for you young chaps."

"But yeh'll grasp the idea more quickly, Ah should say," was Jack's encouraging suggestion. "Yeh old fellows are better reasoners, with all yehr experience, than we kids."

"I hope we have some advantage," Clawson said, as he turned down the side street, his companion continuing up Brady.

A dozen feet away Clawson drew his handkerchief from his coat pocket and as he did so a yellow paper fell to the ground. Caught by a sudden puff of wind, it fluttered through the air and landed on the walk almost at Berkley's feet. In its aerial trip it had unfolded and as Jack's eyes fell upon it, they caught, without intent on his part, the typewritten words of Clawson's mysterious telegram.

He took up the yellow sheet, folding it quickly as he did so and would have called to its owner, but Clawson had already turned down Perry street and was out of sight.

"Ah'll give it to him when Ah go back to the rooms," he soliloquized, placing it in an inside pocket. "Ah'm sorry, though, that Ah read it, but don't see how it was my fault at that. Poor old partner; he ought to be more careful with his secrets."

Jack walked rapidly. It seemed good to get out in the air after being in the crowded schoolroom; to stretch his legs and inhale long draughts of health-giving oxygen.

Before he realized the distance he had come, the walk led into the shady reaches of Vander Veer park, one of the handsome summer resorts of beautiful Davenport. Its shadowed avenues of elms and oaks tempted him into their cool depths. The winding road brought him finally to the rock-buttressed margin of the little lake, where he paused to admire two stately swans which were convoying each other about the little island in the center where they made their home.

"Fine birds, but useless," he pondered. "So much like the dames of society whose highest ambition is a display of the latest fashions! Proud as Lucifer and as unscrupulous."

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

Suddenly he gave a surprised start, and a flush of genuine pleasure suffused his handsome face. Yes, Jack was handsome, with that clean wholesomeness which speaks of outdoor life, of moral and physical cleanliness and innate honesty.

Across the intervening island, on the opposite side of the miniature cairn, seated on one of the large boulders fringing its margin, busily engaged in tossing pieces of biscuit to the swans, his eyes had been riveted upon a lissome figure, whose personality he could not mistake.

Beside her, on the grass, lay the black case of a Chiro student's adjusting table. That of itself went to prove identity.

"Now the gods have smiled on you, Jack, old boy," he muttered. "Fate appears to be playing into your hand today, in earnest."

Two minutes later he stood beside her, his eyes drinking in the rich beauty of her fluffy hair, from which her hat had been removed; the graceful contour of her neck and rounded arms, from which the loose sleeve had fallen back, exposing their gleaming whiteness.

If she had seen him or was aware of his presence, she gave no sign but went on feeding the swans with apparent girlish enjoyment, talking to the beautiful but frequently wrangling birds, as they struggled now and then to gain possession of the choice bits with which she was tempting them.

"There, there, you big overgrown Mr. Swan, can't you be satisfied with your share? I suppose that's nature the world over. Men always want the most and the best of everything, expecting their wives to be satisfied with what they can get after the lord and master has had his fill. You ungrateful, hateful, selfish thing, I'll feed you no more. Oh, my goodness, how you startled me!"

She turned in well simulated surprise and Jack, who had been completely deceived by her apparent unconsciousness of his approach and fearing to make his presence known unexpectedly, lest in sudden start she might tumble from her somewhat precarious seat into the water, had been carefully edging away, now came forward somewhat sheepishly to apologize.

"Ah beg yehr pardon, Miss Ralston. Ah wouldn't have alarmed yeh for the world. Ah thought sure yeh'd hear me. Are women always so spiteful in their estimate of men?"

"Are men always so foolish?" she retorted. "Did you really think I hadn't observed or heard you? That certainly is funny! Why, you conceited boy, I saw you when you first came into the park and when you stood over there watching the swans, I was tempted to throw a biscuit over, you had such a sad and hungry expression.

"But Ah heard your commentary on mankind in general," he said, "so we are quits. Come over to this bench. It's safer than that rock."

She sprang down, ignoring his extended hand and walked beside him to the indicated seat.

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

"I love this park, so much," she said. "I have a patient over there on Iowa street whom I have been adjusting and I never come up here without paying the swans a visit. How handsome and graceful they are, and, and—"

"Worthless?" suggested Jack.

"I was going to say stubborn," she corrected. "Are all beautiful things worthless, do you think, Mr. Berkley?"

"N-no," Jack replied, hesitatingly, wondering where this conversation was leading them. "Assuredly not, but some are stubborn. Ah think yeh had the right word. Now diamonds are beautiful and valuable, don't you think so?"

"Not to me," she returned quickly. "I never liked diamonds, they have caused so much misery in the world. As a Chiropractor I believe in the bright and happy things in life; but as for jewels, if I were ever to have any, I should want opals. I dote on opals."

"But they're unlucky," Jack protested.

"I'm hot a bit superstitious," Beatrice replied. "My mother has a necklace of opals; has had them always I think, for I remember seeing them first when I was a little, little girl and that's long, long ago. I've always hoped she'd give them to me, but she won't. But she won't sell them, though she's often needed the money they'd bring badly enough."

"Does she wear them?" Jack asked the question almost unconsciously.

"No; she's in no circumstances to wear them now. Daddy was wealthy once, but he lost all his money through unwise investment and then soon after that he died and left mother with two small children and the opals. But she would never give them up! You see that it wasn't her fault, nor of the opals, that poor daddy was ruined. I don't remember him, I was so small when he went away, but once a year mother takes out the box where they are kept, cries over them and then locks them away again! Isn't that strange?"

"Very strange. But she never told you their story? For they must have a story, you know."

"Yes, they must have a story and I've often asked her about it, but she never has told; I don't believe she ever will! I don't know why I am telling you, almost a perfect stranger, all this. It can't possibly interest you."

"But it does, indeed it does, Miss Ralston! Ah'm partial to mystery and there appears to be a good bit of mystery about your mother's opals. Tell me more.

"But there's no more to tell, except that when mamma was so very sick and we thought she would never get up again, she insisted on having that jewel box near her all the time. Apparently couldn't bear to have it out of her sight, but she never opened it! When she recovered she locked the box away again and I have never seen it since. There, now you know as much as

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

I about it and I must be going, or my patient will think I've deserted her. See, the sun is almost down!"

"Ah'll walk with yeh to Brady street," said Jack, picking up the table case. "Would you mind telling me where you live?"

"Not at all. Four of us girls rent two rooms on Fourteenth street. If you'll be patient we'll have you over some evening for cards and music. Do you sing?"

"Well," drawled Jack, "Ah don't believe Ah'd ever be selected to star in opera, but I enjoy music immensely. By the way, in what town in North Dakota did you tell me your mother lived?"

"Did I tell you? I don't recollect it. No matter, our home is in Fargo. We have lived there so long as I can remember."

"Fargo?" repeated Jack meditatively. "Why, Ah have a friend who has interests in that city. Do you happen to know a man there by the name of Donaldson?"

Miss Ralston glanced up quickly at her companion. Jack, watching her keenly, though apparently interested in an approaching street car, fancied he saw a change in her countenance, an inquiring, almost apprehensive expression in her eyes, but after a moment's hesitation she replied:

"I only recall one man of that name in Fargo. Of course there may be others, but I only remember one."

"And he—" said Jack.

"Is the chief of police."

She took her table case from him quickly and ran across the avenue, waving a farewell to him from the other side, then turned down Rusholme toward Iowa street.

"Wonder if she thought Ah had designs on those opals?" Jack meditated, as he swung aboard the downtown car.

CHAPTER VII

CLAWSON SECURES A JOB

Jerald Watson, manager for the corporation publishing the Examiner and editor-in-chief of that live wire daily newspaper, sat in his well-appointed private office, adjoining the counting room where a dozen clerks and department heads were busily engaged with the day's routine.

There was much less formality about the Examiner business office than is usually met with in the average city news shop. The manager's door was generally open, a standing invitation to the visitor to walk right in. Everybody except Watson always appeared to be busy. He, sitting there in his swivel chair, so apparently at ease and undisturbed by the hustle and bustle in the adjoining room, was silently, methodically and expeditiously operating a mental machine, constantly turning out new ideas of progressive and corrective methods, the adaptability of which were displayed in the rapid and satisfactory progress the Examiner had made under his direction.

He was tall, built on athletic lines, neither spare nor stout; but in appearance physically capable for an enormous amount of either mental or physical work; no matter to which his attention might be turned. He was swarthy of skin with prominent features and dark, penetrating eyes, with a kindly glance that gave a stranger confidence at the first meeting. He had become a strong figure in organized business circles of the city and his advice and opinion were frequently sought by members of the city Commercial Club, of which he was an influential member.

With his black slouch hat pushed to the back of his head, a cigar in his mouth and his feet elevated to the top of the mahogany desk, he sat scanning a copy of the first edition of the Examiner, when Clawson, following the direction of a young woman at the front of the office, stepped into the sanctum.

"I am here in response to your telephone call at the P. S. C., Mr. Watson. I am Ralph Clawson. You perhaps remember my calling here several days ago in regard to employment for my spare hours."

"Yes, I remember. I have been thinking the proposition over and I believe if you can qualify, I may be able to use you a portion of your time. You are at The Palmer School, you told me.

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

He had given Ralph one swift glance when he entered, a glance which appeared to take a mental inventory of his caller, from the top of his snow-white hair to his polished shoes, then his eyes returned to the paper for continued inspection.

“Yes,” returned Clawson, “as a student.”

“Never too old to learn, eh? What newspaper experience have you had?”

“Twenty years.”

“In what capacity?”

“Every capacity in the news department, from cub reporter to managing editor.”

“Can you write? I don’t mean can you turn out a lot of rot only fit for the waste-basket, but can you furnish copy the use of which will give the Examiner a little more tone; not the hackneyed style into which the average reporter naturally or unconsciously drifts, but something with force and originality?”

“I should prefer not to answer that question direct,” Clawson returned. “With opportunity, however, I should be very glad to have you determine the question of ability. I should certainly strive to please you in any assignment you may see fit to

give me.

“Well, that sounds businesslike. What would you consider fair compensation for your work, say by the hour? That might be the better way to estimate, as your time will be somewhat irregular I suppose?”

“I had rather not suggest a rate of pay,” Clawson replied. “It is not so much that I would like to earn something to help meet expenses, but I want something to occupy my mind outside of school work. I have always been a busy man and idleness breeds homesickness. I shall be quite satisfied with what you consider proper return for whatever I may do, I am sure.”

“Well, I think I’ll give you a trial for a few weeks anyway. If my plan works out as I hope it may; if you fill the bill as I am inclined to think you will, we’ll probably make it permanent. Here is what I have in mind: Surrounding Davenport, within easy distance, are several small villages, which with the present growth and development of the city, must eventually become part of the larger municipality. There’s Bettendorf and Rockingham, for instance. New extensions reaching out toward these towns, are being added to the city proper and ultimately these small corporations will become part of the Greater Davenport. Work the Government did here in the direction of home building during the war has served to stimulate the expansion idea. Now I have thought that suitable writeups of the present suburbs, eventually certain to come inside the city limits; special articles showing their several advantages as business or residential locations; their people and their interests, would make a timely and desirable feature for our Sunday edition. Time was when some of these old river towns were of considerable importance in the Valley. We could have sketches of the old residents, pictures of prominent

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

citizens, historic landmarks and all that sort of thing, for embellishment. What do you think?"

"Sounds logical. I imagine it would be rather pleasant and attractive work."

"You could arrange your time practically to suit your own convenience, only so we had your material for each Sunday edition by six o'clock of the preceding Saturday. What do you say?"

"What can I say? I'm certainly pleased to have the work, especially as it is to be of such interesting character. Of course new features of it may develop as we proceed. Fortunately, I have done some special work along somewhat similar lines, so it will not be entirely a new departure for me. When would you like me to begin?"

"Suppose you furnish your first copy next week, so we can start off a week from Sunday. I imagine you'll have some sort of an introduction for the first installment. Better get that in early. Then I can look it over, pass judgment and if o. k. we'll give it all the advertising we can before the initial number."

"I'll get out this week Saturday and look the ground over," said Clawson. "Then I'll see you again and give you a sort of outline from my viewpoint of the subject. Will that be satisfactory?"

"Perfectly. I'll see that the matter of compensation is properly adjusted. Just keep a record of your time and turn it in on Saturday nights. Have a cigar? I'm not so much of a smoker, but my friends send a box around occasionally. Davenport is a great cigar town."

"So I've noticed," Clawson observed. "More tobacco stores and restaurants here than any city of its size I ever visited."

"Well, there are reasons for both of those peculiarities," said Watson. "For the first, Davenport is a cigar manufacturing city. It's a big industry here. For the other, perhaps you know that before the great drought of 1919 a large portion of what are now restaurants were saloons. It's a sort of double transition from wet to dry."

"They all seem reasonably prosperous."

"For which The Palmer School is in no small measure responsible, I imagine. I understand there are seventeen hundred students registered there at present and they all have to be fed."

"Full that number and there are new arrivals nearly every day. Certainly as a business proposition, the people of Davenport must begin to realize that Dr. Palmer's institution is not all to the bad. Not all of these students are obliged to work their way through the school."

"I dare say they are leaving a million dollars a year in Davenport," said Watson emphatically. "Really, I know very little about its workings, but any fool could see that it's getting to be one of our big business factors. I've had a good bit of faith in B. J. I admire his pluck and push! Ninety-nine out of one

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

hundred men, meeting the same opposition and discouragement that he has in the past, would have thrown up the sponge long ago. But his bulldog tenacity is winning, has won, and I'm damn glad he's bested his detractors! Some of us who have watched his progress with friendly interest, have marked the improvement in the class of students whom we see on the streets these days. Time was when the majority were rather an inferior class, also those who came here for treatment at the clinics. That's all changed, I am told, and men from the higher walks of life are coming here to master the science, or art, or practice, whatever you term it, of Chiropractic."

"Yes," assented Clawson, "we have men of considerable wealth just taking up the course; men who have thrown up high-salaried positions to study B. J.'s philosophy; civil engineers, preachers, teachers, business men and old school physicians. Most remarkable of all, to me, is the fact that in the P. S. C. all are on an even footing. The ambitious boy from the farm or the shop, who is perhaps washing dishes in some one of your restaurants or working in a laundry to pay for his meals, has exactly the same consideration from the faculty and his classmates as the student who has a fifty thousand dollar deposit in one of your banks. Yes, we have such. There is a community of interest which serves to establish one common level."

"In the crucible of equality," said Watson. "My God, what a melting pot! What will be the result, Clawson?"

"I'll tell you what I think, Mr. Watson. Carrying your simile further: Into your crucible is going not only the rough, mud-covered gold of the hills, but many bright new coins from the mint. In the melting there will be dross, but it will be lacking in the final analysis and the pure metal alone will remain to gladden the hearts of suffering humanity, as skillful and successful practitioners of the new art. The Palmer School is a builder of men as well as an educator of Chiropractors."

Watson tossed his cigar into the tray on his desk and turned to face his new employee.

"What do you mean by that?" he asked.

"I mean that the institution on the hill is not only a teacher of the art of Chiropractic, but of morals. Its faculty is composed of men of character, which is reflected upon those under their instruction. If you care to listen, I should like to tell you of one case which has come under my personal observation.

"Go on," said Watson. "I'm greatly interested."

"I'll tell it briefly," said Clawson. "Three years ago a youth twenty years of age was suddenly missing from his accustomed haunts. He had been a rather wild young chap, causing his parents much anxiety and the people of the immediate community in which he lived, no end of annoyance. He had been mixed up in innumerable mischievous acts and his disappearance could not long go unnoticed. His parents were reticent regarding his whereabouts and this fact added to suspicions which the gossips

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

soon came to commercialize as facts. It was generally decided that his father had sent him to a reform school, in an effort to correct his incorrigibility, though in fact he had come to Davenport to take up a course. His youth, his genial nature and his willingness to do anything which would help to pay his way attracted the attention of B. J. and other members of the faculty. They became interested in him and aided and encouraged him to honest endeavor. Of course, there were many black marks placed against him. More than once he was cited to appear before the faculty and explain some infraction of the rules. But gradually his conduct changed and from a plotter of mischief he became an earnest student, delving for knowledge. He went through the three-year course, passed high in his final examinations and received his diploma with words of praise from Doctor and Mrs. Palmer and other instructors. Then he went home, opened a small office in the neighborhood where his boyhood had been passed and today is worked to the limit to take care of seventy-five to one hundred daily calls made upon his services. I have his own word for it that the kindness, interest and high character of the members of the faculty, together with the wise counsel and timely advice he received from them, were the controlling factors in reshaping his course of life and changing his mental perspective. Although he has been practicing less than two years, he is acknowledged in his community as a dependable citizen and a successful business man. It is the attitude shown toward this young man, and to others like him, which has made the faculty of The Palmer School distinctive, and won the love of every student.”

“Quite remarkable,” said Watson, lighting a fresh cigar and resuming his lounging attitude. “After all, though, I’m not surprised. Many people here have ridiculed the idea of B. J. becoming the founder of a great institution. They, of course, knew him as a boy and there was nothing in his boyhood to indicate future greatness. But for several years I have been convinced that he was a thinker and reasoner some fifty years ahead of the times. I was greatly impressed, and I know others, among them some who have regarded his Chiropractic ambition more in the nature of a poor joke than of tangible value, have been benefited by the address he gave us at one of our Commercial Club dinners recently. It was along business lines and was as full of meat as a Brazil nut. The boys gave him a fine welcome and are determined to have him with them again. By the way, Clawson, I have been wondering what induced you, a man of your age and with a decent profession, to quit your lifework and come out here to study this new science. I don’t mean to be inquisitive, you understand, but really it seems rather unusual.”

Clawson laughed. ‘

“That’s a question many of my friends back home have been asking,” he said. “Mental impulse, perhaps You know the Chiropractic philosophy teaches that the metabolism of the body the building-up process, is controlled by that influence. That

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

being true, may we not carry the idea further and believe that this same mental influence may direct our external physical activities? It may have been inspirational. But then there isn't so much difference between the two. I have a friend who is a successful Chiro. For months I had been a sufferer from sciatica. I had tried the prescribed remedies of a half-dozen doctors, with absolutely no result beyond injuring my stomach with their poisonous drugs. My trouble became more aggravated. Finally as a last resort I went to my friend the Chiropractor. I told him frankly that I had no faith in his spine punching, but I was willing to give him the benefit of the doubt. He took my raillery good-naturedly, gave me an adjustment and that night, for the first time in months, I worked at my desk without appreciable pain. I took two more adjustments and sciatica and I have been strangers since. I had been a skeptic regarding the efficacy of medical nostrums ever since the sulphur and molasses days of my boyhood, and this new rapid-fire treatment set me to thinking. Maybe there was more to it than I had believed. I borrowed a copy of B. J.'s philosophy and began to read. Then I began to inquire into my friend's practice. I found that he had many other cures, more remarkable than mine, to his credit. I visited his office frequently and asked innumerable questions, which he had both the ability and inclination to answer. Finally came the inspiration and—well, here I am."

"Have your ideas undergone any change?"

"None, except that my purpose has been strengthened."

"Well, I certainly wish you luck. Do you know I have never yet been in the institution, though I understand visitors are welcome.

"Absolutely. It would be worth your while."

"You'll see me up there some day. Then I shall see you again Saturday?"

"I'll be on the job."

From the office of the Examiner Clawson went over to the post office at Fourth and Perry streets. At the carriers' window he inquired for Leonard, who covered the route in which his room was located. The man was at his desk sorting mail for the afternoon delivery.

"I don't like to bother you, but I am expecting a registered letter from Fargo, North Dakota," Clawson apologized. "Didn't happen to see it, did you?"

"Why, yes, Mr. Clawson, I think I have it here in my sack," the man answered genially. "Would you like it now?"

"If it's not too much trouble."

"No trouble at all; glad to accommodate. Here it is, as I thought."

Clawson signed for his letter, thrust the envelope into his pocket and thanking the good-tempered clerk, left the office and started rapidly up the steep hill toward his lodgings. Arriving there he went directly upstairs to his room and for the first time since his occupancy, turned the key in the lock.

CHAPTER VIII

WHEN DOCTORS DISAGREE

Dr. Aloysius S. Black was one of Rock Island's bright and shining lights in the medical profession. He had been a graduate of one of Philadelphia's numerous pathological colleges (the term is used advisedly), had settled in the Illinois city early in the 80's and had amassed a comfortable fortune by the dispensing of sweetened water, sugar-coated dough pills and an occasional poisonous drug, the result to be obtained by the latter being largely a matter of conjecture.

Like the majority of his craft, Doctor Black based his calculations of the probable effects of the potions he compounded, with the aid of the pharmacist at the next street corner, on the credulity and imagination of his patient, his acquired knowledge of the possible action of his drugs upon the tissues and vital forces of the individual treated, and the probable length of the latter's purse.

Not but what the old doctor was sincere. Not but what his convictions, born of his medical training were honest and perhaps well intentioned. *Materia Medica* had fixed upon his young and impressionable mind back there in the college days the one unalterable law that the condition of the blood controlled the origin and progress of disease; that at least half the ailments complained of were imaginary and that inasmuch as the public had absolute faith in the medical practitioner, it was not only a great privilege, but a great duty to humor the idiosyncrasies of the deluded ones and make his administrations copious and his calls frequent. This latter carried a conviction to the friends of the patient of the seriousness of the case and served to loosen more willingly the dollars which should come to him later, as a reward for his valuable services.

These observations are not prompted by a spirit of antagonism to the medical profession, but are based on the actual facts of discovery. Medical research has built up a wonderful system of physical knowledge. It has exposed many of the vital secrets of the human anatomy. It has constructed a plan of diagnosis that is comparatively accurate. It has been the greatest experiment of all the ages, but it has missed the great fundamental principle of life, disease and death. It is not strange that the old school practitioner, imbued to his finger tips with the Esculapean teachings, resents bitterly the possibility of any modern idea supplanting a so-called science, hoary with age and accepted by

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

millions as the only logical, effective healing art. He is indeed loth to admit that his profession, with its really marvelous advancement in certain directions, has failed to recognize the one most vital principle of organic life; has been groping in darkness for all the centuries in search of the true light of accurate knowledge.

He would tell you that undiscovered constitutional weakness, not medical blundering under an established system, was the cause of the most untimely death of the Father of his Country; he would deny that the great heart of the beloved Washington was robbed of its life-sustained fluid by the repeated incision of an ignorant doctor's scalpel.

Doctor Black had naturally in his long practice seen fit to abandon many of the medical teachings of his youth. He had come to realize that bleeding of an already weakened patient was not a method of handling all diseases. He had found that the necessity of the enormous medicine case that occupied a good portion of one side of his private office could well be dispensed with to make room for more attractive objects of art. He was becoming more and more reconciled to the idea that Mother Nature was a far better nurse than he had originally been taught. It had really begun to filter into his consciousness that pure air, sanitary surroundings and exercise were better tonics than strychnine or belladonna. But for all this, he was no iconoclast; practically all his cherished medical images remained intact.

Doctor Black sat in his private office, adjoining an elaborately appointed reception room, the office suite being an addition and connecting with his spacious residence. He was apparently in a meditative mood, for his high forehead was corrugated and the line of his thin lips was tersely drawn. The ashes of a half-consumed cigar had fallen unnoticed upon his black office coat.

Suddenly he aroused from his reverie, uttered a mild execration at sight of the ashes, struck a match and ignited the extinguished end of the Havana.

"I don't believe it!" he exclaimed aloud, bringing his clenched fist down on the table of the desk with a bang, jarring a small test tube from its position to the polished floor, where it broke into fragments; "I won't believe it until I have it from his own lips!"

"What is it you don't believe, Daddy?"

A girlish figure, a picture of health and vital energy, had entered and now came forward to the doctor's side, caressingly pushing the thick locks of his iron-gray hair back from his forehead, where it had been shaken by his emphatic gesture, with a white hand on the third finger of which gleamed a fine solitaire. Gladys Black was the old physician's only daughter, only child in fact. The diamond suggested that he might be losing her after a time.

"That Claude has any intention of going over to Davenport to take a so-called professional course in The Palmer School," the

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

father exclaimed. "Why, girl, such a course would ruin his reputation with the profession and what promises to be a most brilliant medical career!"

"Why, Daddy, what harm could it do? If Chiropractic is to obtain general favor, as you old-fashioned doctors appear to think it will, why wouldn't it be a benefit rather than a disadvantage?"

"General favor? Good Lord, girl, what are you talking about? Hasn't the Association declared that it is a fake, pure and simple? Haven't the legislators of the good old state of Illinois put their stamp of approval upon that diagnosis of a new germ disease—Chiropractics? You don't think the public will go against their combined judgment, do you?"

"One can't always tell just what the public will do, Daddy. Appears to me the people are getting so they think more for themselves than formerly. I really believe Claude is quite decided to take the course."

"What? Fully decided? But surely, Gladys, you will use your influence to discourage such a crazy project! Think what such action on his part would mean to me; think what it would mean to you! Marry a Chiropractor? Not while I have my reason, child; not while I am sane!"

"But, Dad, what possible difference could it make with me? You know Claude is an honest, conscientious man. You admire him; you know I love him and am willing to trust his judgment. He is not perhaps so strongly biased by his college training as you. He has not had the long years of practice along specific lines to make that training inflexible"

"Yes, of course you'll take his judgment against that of your old dad. Why, do you know that it's my love for you, little one, that arouses my interest in the matter? I have been planning for you all along. I accepted your engagement to Claude as a desirable addition to my plans. A young man of irreproachable character as my daughter's guardian; a skillful, energetic practitioner to step into my professional shoes when I am through. It appears to have been a fictitious dream!"

"Don't talk like that, Daddy; please don't talk like that! You know how much I love you; that I would sacrifice everything almost, to please you. It isn't like you to condemn a man for having ideas of his own. I have heard you say that Claude's self-reliance was a strong point in his favor."

"But it's your future for which I am concerned. Why, child, you would be ostracized by society; people would say you had been ruined by your infatuation! You would lose your standing in the circles where you now shine as a star!"

She placed her white arms about his neck, drawing his shaggy head up against her own lowered tresses.

"Don't worry about society, dear old dad. Society is beginning to notice the work of the Chiro's. In any case, I wouldn't care if I had Claude and you."

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

“But I won’t believe it possible,” insisted the Doctor, kissing her. “I think Claude has too much sense.”

“Why don’t you ask him ?” she said. “There he comes through the gate now. I’ll leave you to have it out between yourselves.”

She touched her lips to his troubled forehead and ran from the room as the door opened and Claude Rockwell, Doctor Black’s prospective son-in-law, entered.

He was twenty-four, perhaps, a young man of prepossessing appearance, neatly garbed, frank of face and easy of movement. Rockwell had made a reputation as an athlete at college; had captained the football squad in his final year and physical exercise had not been neglected since his graduation and entrance into active practice of his profession. Many a defeated competitor on the golf links would testify to that. Even in France he had won honors in athletics for his company.

“Hello, Daddy, how’s business?” was Rockwell’s salutation as he came to the end of the Doctor’s desk and looked down at the other with an expression of almost filial fondness.

Claude had been Black’s student in the earlier days and their relations were much like those of father and son. This fact, added to the understanding which had been established between this wideawake young medico and his only child, had made the random news that had come to the elder man’s ears of his former protégé’s expressed intention to add Chiropractic to his other accomplishments, the more unpalatable.

Ignoring his visitor’s question, Dr. Black arose, walked to the window opening upon his wellkept flower garden and stood for a moment or two gazing out without speaking. Then he turned suddenly and demanded, almost sternly:

“Rockwell, what is this cock-and-bull story I hear about your taking a course at The Palmer School ?”

Claude’s handsome face flushed at the directness of the question, but he answered without embarrassment:

“I have been thinking strongly of it, Daddy. Don’t you think it would be as well to know what they have to teach over there as a precautionary measure ?”

“Precaution against what, sir?”

“Possible demand of the public for that method of handling pathological cases.”

“Humph! There’ll be no such demand. While just at present there is an inflated boom, due to extensive advertising, the Palmer gas bag will soon be punctured! You don’t want to be in the wreckage when it comes to earth!”

“But I believe that the philosophy of Chiropractic is based on sound principles. Results are what tell and I know the men in the field who are practicing straight Chiropractic as taught at The Palmer School, are getting results—results that tell.”

“Results, fiddlesticks!” the old doctor sputtered, taking an impatient turn across the room and returning to confront Claude.

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

“I don’t like your inference, sir! I’m not quite ready to admit that the Medical Profession is made up of a lot of fakers and swindlers, or that the members of the great National Medical Association are a parcel of ignoramuses! Chiropractic methods have been thoroughly investigated, you may be sure of that, and the attitude of the profession is based on the results of that investigation.”

“Was their inquiry conducted with unbiased minds, do you think, Doctor?” the young man asked.

“I have absolute confidence in their conclusions,” said Black evasively.

“Rather say, Doctor, that you cannot bear to see the established theories of our profession crowded one side by the philosophy of a man who never made a study of the pharmacopoeia,” Claude returned somewhat impudently.

“Well, possibly that’s true to a degree, though I’ve always been ready to accept an axiom. To my mind the effectiveness of B. J. Palmer’s mushroom science is not self-evident.”

“Truth is truth, no matter whence its origin!” Claude returned. “Theory may lead to truth, but it is not truth! I yield to no man in my respect and appreciation of the wonderful work accomplished by the medical profession, yet you will admit that it has been working on theory from its infancy and many, many times that theory has been at fault. It is the truth we should seek, though in finding it we may explode many of our established idols. It will be in an honest search for truth that I take up the course if I decide to do so, and I am quite determined that I shall. If I find that I have been led by a wrong impulse, I shall but have to retrace my steps. I regret very much that our state has taken such hasty action in seeking to bar Chiropractors. Two great states in the middle west, like Illinois and Nebraska, whose people have boasted of the freedom of their prosperous commonwealths, could well have afforded to be more liberal. The anti-Chiropractic laws they have passed have been prompted by selfish motives on the part of narrow-minded Chiro of inferior schools, backed by an equally narrow-minded element of our profession. I say this, not as a prospective student of the new science, but as a member of the medical profession who is absolutely willing that if there is a better system of healing than I have been taught, the world should have it. If it is not able to stand the test of application, its death will be hastened by giving it liberty to expend its vital energy speedily. My dear doctor, you may at this time regard my opinion as too liberal, but you will sooner or later come to my way of thinking.”

“You are oversanguine, boy!” Dr. Black returned. “Probably you can’t understand how this news has upset me. I’ve had a lot of faith in you, Claude, and have dreamed of the time when I could retire from active practice and trust to you to maintain the good reputation I have gained. My practice is

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

lucrative, boy, more so than you perhaps appreciate. It would be no bagatelle I'd be handing over to you."

"I think I understand the spirit which prompts your interest in my future," said Claude slowly, "but to me, old friend, financial returns are a secondary consideration. If this new art is what its founder honestly believes it to be and which my inquiries have led me to consider probable, it is a wonderful blessing which any man might be proud to carry to suffering humanity. I only ask you to trust me and I promise to do nothing to discredit you or jeopardize Gladys' future. Won't you believe me, daddy?"

"I don't doubt you mean all right," admitted Black, "but I think you are being misled. Let's drop the subject for the present. Gladys is in the library, I think."

Taking the character of his dismissal as an evidence of a present desire for a truce on the part of the elder man, Claude went in search of his affianced, while Black lighted a fresh cigar and leaned back in his chair to meditate on the subject which had suddenly interposed to mar the even tenor of his placid professional existence.

"Fine chap," he muttered, "fine as silk and determined as a Louisiana mule. One thing is certain: if he should go into this thing, there'd be no halfway measures about it. I hope he'll change his mind. By God, he's right in one respect! It's the truth which makes men free!"

He relapsed into silence. The monotonous tick of the grandfather's clock in the corner, which had marked the hours back in Revolutionary days, sounded loud and distinct in the sudden silence of the room. The stalwart form of the Doctor settled lower and lower in his cushioned arm chair. His sub-conscious self had already begun to arouse itself for action, when there came a sharp quick rap at the office door.

"Come in," called the physician, thus rudely dragged back from the borders of dreamland.

In response to the summons, the door opened and Ralph Clawson, an eager, inquiring look in his gray eyes, entered.

"You are Dr. Black, I believe?" he said coming forward.

"Black is my name, yes sir. Have a seat. What can I do for you?"

"Perhaps much; possibly nothing. You are a physician of large practice I am told, with undoubtedly thousands of patients coming under your observation during a course of several years. It seems almost absurd to ask if you could recall any of the characteristics of one you may have treated say ten years ago."

Dr. Black looked up quickly. What was his visitor driving at? Was this another mental victim of overseas service? This last conjecture prompted the question:

"You were in France, I presume?"

"Did my question startle you?" Clawson asked, catching the Doctor's drift, "No, I was not in France, or in camp on this

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

side. But I saw service for eighteen months as chairman of a draft board, and that of itself was enough to joggle one's reason. But I am not demented! My question is asked in all seriousness. Could you individualize a patient treated ten years ago?"

"Yes, under certain conditions. Who are you and what are the circumstances?"

"My name is Ralph Clawson. I am a student at The Palmer School in Davenport. I have information which leads me to believe you had as a patient some ten years ago, though perhaps under a fictitious name, a man whose present whereabouts I am desirous to trace. I think he was injured in a steamer accident of some sort on the river near here."

"Seems a good deal like looking for a needle in a haystack," the doctor observed, after a full moment's thought. "I do recall an accident of the sort you mention, several years ago. A boiler on the John Hix blew up down this side of Muscatine. It is a remarkable fact that only two persons were injured. One of them, the mate as I recollect, was brought to the hospital here and I had charge of his case, on request of persons who appeared to be his friends. I remember that he had been hit on the head by flying debris and was flighty for some time after he regained consciousness at the hospital."

"Have you a record of the case, Doctor?"

"Of course there is or was a record at the hospital, but I doubt if it has been preserved to this time. In fact I know that a lot of old records were burned in a fire we had in the institution two years ago."

"Could you not remember the name of this patient?" Clawson asked anxiously.

"Well, now, that's asking considerable." returned Black good-humoredly. "Possibly I might if I heard it."

"Was it John Feldman?"

"Feldman ? Feldman ?" the doctor repeated reflectively. "That name does sound familiar. I believe it was Feldman, though I never heard his first name. To tell the truth I gave the man only such attention as was necessary, for I had no use for him or those who posed as his friends. He was a morose, ungrateful chap, extremely taciturn except when he was finding fault with the hospital and all connected with it. Yes, sir, I never discharged a patient with more pleasure than the mate of the John Hix! My dislike for him is doubtless responsible for my remembering him as well as I do."

"Do you remember anything of his appearance?"

"Nothing definite. I think I recall that he was about your age and build; possibly a little stouter. His hair was black and he wore a beard. That's positively all I remember about him, except—say, did you tell me your name is Ralph Clawson? I thought it sounded familiar some way. That's a name that fellow mentioned frequently when his mind was wandering. At first we thought it must be his own."

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

“Have you any idea where he is now ?”

“Not the slightest. Probably if alive he’s somewhere on the river. Once they get into that game, they seldom leave it until they tie up for good.”

“Well, Doctor,” said Clawson rising, “I won’t take any more of your time. I certainly thank you for what you have told me. It may help me to a clue. I must find John Feldman!”

He had reached the door, his hand was upon the knob, when Dr. Brown suddenly sprang erect.

“By George, Clawson, it has come to me at last! I recall now that John Feldman was arrested at Moline two years ago as a German agent, convicted at a hearing in Chicago where John Lord O’Brian presided and was sent to an internment camp in Georgia. That gives you a little nearer trace of the man you

CHAPTER IX

A PHILOSOPHICAL DISCUSSION

Clawson returned from his visit to Doctor Black, his mind disturbed by the uncertainty of having gained much of value from the clue which the keen police officer at Fargo had discreetly sent to him by registered mail, not knowing how important it might be to his client that no publicity be given his interest in the whereabouts of John Feldman.

How Donaldson had secured the information that the man sought had been for a time at least engaged as a Mississippi river boatman, he of course had no means of knowing, and the Fargo officer had not enlightened him on this point, but the fact that he had been so engaged and that he had been the victim of an accident and treated by Doctor Black, he had established by his visit to the Rock Island physician.

But that was ten years before. From that time forward practically everything in connection with the man, was obscured in a haze of uncertainty. He might be dead or he might be rich and living like a king on the proceeds of his perfidy to his country! Clawson was not surprised that John Feldman had been an object of suspicion to agents of the government, or that his acts of disloyalty had been so glaring that he had been placed by the Department of Justice where he could do no harm. The knowledge that he had been thus handled might, however, prove of value in tracing his subsequent movements.

Of course there was no likelihood that he was still held in detention camp, for the government had some time previously ordered that those detained be permitted to return to their homes. No harm, however, could come from inquiry.

Crossing the river on the ferry, Clawson walked up Main street and over to the Western Union office, where he wrote the following dispatch:

“Davenport, Iowa, December 20, 1919.

“Adjutant General, Millidgeville, Ga.:

“Have you knowledge of present whereabouts of John Feldman, detained at government camp for alien enemies during last year of war? Answer at my expense.

“R. CLAWSON.”

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

He paid for the message, gave the clerk a card on which was written his street and number, requesting that should an answer be received it be delivered.

“Have you a telephone in the house ?” the girl asked. “Sometimes we are short of carriers,” she said as he gave her the ’phone number, “and if a dispatch seems important we call up the person for whom it is intended, and on their request read it to them.”

“All right,” said Clawson. “That will be satisfactory. Call me, if you have no messenger available and I will come for the answer.

He walked up Perry street, pausing on the way to watch a group of noisy youngsters coasting on the steep, ice-covered street. What great sport it was; what sport it had been to him away back in that shadowy past, incidents of his boyhood gleaming like embers through the ashes of disappointed hopes and developed wrongs.

“God, if I only had it to live over!” he muttered, as he hastened on.

Passing Jack’s room, the door of which was open, he saw the Texan in bathrobe and slippers, stretched on the bed, a cigar in his mouth, a small paper-covered volume in his hand. He paused and regarded his friend for a moment with a gleam of real affection in his gray eyes.

“Taking it easy, I see, Jack. Can’t be you are greatly worried about those examinations tomorrow.”

“Why, hello, partner. Where in the world have you been? Ah’ve been real anxious. Thought maybe you’d changed your quarters. ‘What’s the use of worrying’ as they sing at the school ? After all the studying we’ve done and with such clear lectures on all the subjects as we’ve had we ought to make some sort of a showing, out of eight exams in two days. To tell you the truth, Ah think that’s rushing the cattle a bit. Come on in; there’s tobacco on the table and here’s a rocker.”

Clawson accepted both the chair and the tobacco and was soon vying with Jack in the amount of incense he was offering to King Nicotine.

“I don’t imagine the faculty really intended to have so many examinations at one time,” he said, “but you see so many of the students wanted to go home over the holidays that they decided more people would be accommodated by having the exams over before the exodus, than holding part back until after the return into captivity. As usual, the teaching staff has been seeking to so arrange the work as to please the largest number possible.”

“Ah quite agree with yer,” said Jack. “Reckon they reasoned the boys and girls would get more enjoyment out of their vacation with their minds freed of that anxiety. Those folks up there are always considerate, partner.”

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

“Very considerate,” acquiesced Clawson. “What’s that you’re reading, Jack?”

“Oh, yes; Ah wanted you to see this. Dr. Elliott gave it to me today. It’s a copy of Bert Hubbard’s Roycroft. You remember Hubbard was here at the time of the Lyceum. Gave a mighty good talk to the students, too. He’s written some of his impressions of the school, under the heading: ‘An Adjustment,’ and he appears to have adjusted his mind pretty thoroughly to the conclusion that Chiropractic has not only come to stay, but that it is likely to go into the lead of all the healing arts. Here are a few things he says; listen:

“I believe the science of Chiropractic has a basis that is logical and sound. It looks to me as if the medical profession will have to accept Chiropractic as a definite and reasonable method of curing disease—for they sure are doing it and growing in numbers all the time. * * * *. I talked with scores of the students and those who had graduated and are now practicing in all parts of the country. Never before have I seen such enthusiasm, such loyalty, such an earnest, intelligent and devoted body of people. * * * * I believe that the science of Chiropractic has a deal more common sense mixed up in it than the world knows of. I believe the Chiro’s are doing humanity a service that in many instances approaches the miraculous. * * * * I can’t be led to believe that a thorough knowledge of Chiropractic is anything but a scientific profession and that it will not be fully accepted as such by broad-minded people the world over.”

“Hubbard surely appears to have got the idea,” Jack said, as he tossed the little volume aside.

“I think he is quite like his father,” said Clawson, reflectively. “Elbert Hubbard was a remarkable man in his way; liberal in thought; broad in reasoning; utterly free of that conceit but for which many a man might be termed great. His character was clearly proven at the time of that great tragedy, which was really responsible for plunging the American nation into a foreign war.”

“Yes, Ah remember,” said Jack. “Elbert Hubbard and his wife were victims of the Lusitania. Did you know him?”

“Quite well. I have visited the elder Hubbard at the home of the Roycroft at East Aurora, N. Y. He was a genial companion; a brilliant associate and powerful writer; a little in advance of his time in thought, like B. J., but also like him, able to express his convictions in a convincing way. One of the students said to me today: ‘Do you know that whenever B. J. talks to the class he says something which makes you think?’ That is the finest kind of tribute to a speaker. That was true of Hubbard. Ever hear his expressed ambition in life?”

“Ah don’t remember that Ah have, partner.”

“I believe I can quote his words nearly. It made a deep im-

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

pression on my mind the first time I read it. It is a powerful sermon in a few words. Let's see, I think this was it:

“The supreme prayer of my heart is not to be learned, rich, famous, powerful or even ‘good,’ but simply be radiant. I desire to radiate health, cheerfulness, calm courage and goodwill. I wish to live without hate, whim, jealousy, envy, fear. I wish to be simple, honest, frank, natural, clean in mind and clean in body—to meet all men on an absolute equality—to face any obstacle and meet every difficulty unabashed and unafraid. I wish others to live their lives too,—up to their highest, fullest and best. To that end, I pray that I may never meddle, interfere, dictate, give advice that is not wanted, or assist when my services are not needed. If I can help people, I will do it by giving them a chance to help themselves; and if I can uplift or inspire, let it be by my example, inference and suggestion rather than by injunction and dictation.”

“Good, sensible preaching,” said Jack, heartily.

“I believe Elbert Hubbard tried to live according to that ideal,” said Clawson earnestly. “I know that many a poor devil who struck this country from the other side without a change of clothes, was given employment, a home and a start in life in a free country, in the Roycroft shops. But his philanthropies were not placarded. What he tried to do for humanity, was done without ostentation. He has visited the school in his time and it is not at all surprising that he and Dr. Palmer were friends. Each was broad enough and honest enough to recognize the other's merit.”

“That of itself is evidence of greatness, Ah believe,” said Jack.

“Yes,” Clawson returned, “and it was the courage born of right living and a broad perspective, that enabled Elbert Hubbard to die heroically as he did. Following along the Chiropractic philosophical idea, one might say that Innate found in him a most efficient vehicle of expression.”

“Well, partner, yeh're pretty deep for me, but Ah reckon Ah understand what yeh're driving at. Yeh mean that Universal Intelligence found a natural coordination between the Innate mind and the Educated mind of Elbert Hubbard, not usually possessed by the average individual.”

“Something like that, Jack. Nearer to the creative idea. But to tell you the truth I'm getting somewhat into the fog of doubt as I study the normal cycle as explained by Doctor Craven.”

“What's bothering yeh?” Jack asked with a smile. “Ah think the Professor is pretty clear in his analysis.”

“Well, what do you think of this?” Clawson asked, hitching his chair nearer to his companion and emphasizing his words by rapid gesture with his hands. “Our philosophy teaches that all life; all force in the body; all power to function proceeds from Universal Intelligence, as reflected in the brain by Innate Intelligence. That power of the various organs properly to function is

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

sent by Innate over the line of impulse through the periphery to the tissue cells and in this manner the metabolism of the body is kept up. In plain language, Innate Intelligence is nothing more or less than the life of the body, having its headquarters in the brain, sending out its constant stream of vitality to keep the machinery of the body in motion. Am I right?"

"That's about as Ah understand it," Jack replied, hesitantly. He could not quite grasp the sudden philosophical turn the mind of Clawson had taken.

"Now, then, if Universal Intelligence is the supreme force, God, the Supreme Being, the designer and creator of all things, and Innate is the reflection simply of Universal Intelligence, what becomes of a human life when it quits the body? From the viewpoint I have suggested, life is no more, no less than a reflection of Universal Intelligence first expressed in the embryo, gradually developed and sustained from the same source until final dissolution. When that occurs, what becomes of the reflection, the life? Does it wander like a vagrant gleam of light through eternity's space, or does it follow the more natural and reasonable course of returning to the fountain head to be again absorbed by Universal Intelligence, much as the sailor returns a bucket of sea water which has served its purpose in washing the decks, back to volume of the ocean?"

For a moment Jack made no answer. He had been watching Clawson with surprise, not unmixed with apprehension while he had been speaking. Now he arose and going over to the elder man's side, placed his hand inquiringly upon his gray hair.

"What's the matter, partner? Don't yeh feel well? They say the flu is getting a strong hold for the season's campaign. Ah do hope yeh ain't going to be ill!"

"Oh, quit your fooling, Jack!" Clawson protested. "I'm entirely serious. This, you understand, is a conjectural hypothesis. It's not an attempt to refute the idea of the immortality of the soul, but an argument in its support. Wouldn't it be immortal if it returned after performing its mission here in some human frame, to be taken up and reabsorbed by the great Universal Intelligence from which it had originally come? Wouldn't it now?"

He gave Jack a friendly slap on the back and turned his attention for the moment to refilling his pipe.

"Yehr getting hold of the subject from a new angle to me," Jack said, resuming his lounging attitude on the bed. "Why don't yeh ask Craven about that?"

"I'm going to," Clawson answered. "It's new ideas, they tell me, that pleases both B. J. and the instructor. You spoke of the fact that when B. J. talks to the students, he always says something that makes one think. He certainly proved the truth of that estimate when he wrote his philosophy. It certainly opens a broad road to conjecture and investigation which may lead into entirely new realms of reasoning. Now as for this suggestion

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

I have presented. Humanity in general bases its faith on the Scriptural writings. What do we find there? Something like this: 'For the body shall return to dust, and the spirit to God who gave it.' To continue the argument, what does that mean? What is the spirit? Life; the soul; the immortal part of man! If when it leaves the body it goes back to its source, then it must return to Universal Intelligence, to be absorbed into the great source of all things as the bucket of water is absorbed by mother ocean; losing its individual identity, but remaining an atom of that supreme something. Such an idea might be accepted by the profound thinker with consistency. We have long since abandoned the idea of a literal hell of fire and brimstone, such as the clergy of my boyhood used to some advantage in their revival efforts; why may we not with equal reason question the supposition of a literal Heaven with streets of gold and gates of pearl? What do you think? Understand, Jack, I'm not trying to destroy any images, simply talking for argument's sake. Is the idea altogether at variance with the teaching of Chiro philosophy?"

"Well, partner, Ah don't know sometimes what to think! Just when Ah begin to believe Ah've got the idea down pat, along comes some suggestion which sort of upsets my former analysis of the subject. Ah'd really like to have yeh take it up with Craven and see what deduction he'll make. He's a shrewd reasoner, no doubt about that."

"Oh, I shall, never fear," Clawson answered. "He has shown a willingness to explain all questions that are presented. You have noticed that sometimes the entire period has been occupied in answering inquiries handed up by the students. He meets my idea of a capable teacher."

"Mine, too," said Jack emphatically. "He's a student himself, no question about that; and he improves on acquaintance. The better you know him, the more you like him. Really, though, we haven't actually got into the merits of the case yet! Another week and we'll be in the Junior class. Ah reckon we'll get more light on the subject then."

"No doubt. For my part I want to get a full understanding of the real basis of Chiropractic, if I have the ability to grasp it. One must have it to make complete success in the field. Doesn't seem possible we'd been here four months already. Never in my life has time seemed to pass so rapidly as at the P. S. C."

"That's because they keep yeh so busy and so deeply interested," said Jack.

"To repeat," said Clawson, "it's the spirit of the institution. Did you notice the new inscription on the billboard in front of the Health Home? No? It's as true as all of B. J.'s suggestive utterances: 'Not how little for how much; but how much for how little!'"

At this moment the buzzer in Clawson's room sounded its warning that he was wanted downstairs. This was an innova-

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

tion which Mrs. Brown had installed in all the upper rooms, with which to apprise her tenants when any of them were called to the telephone, located in the lower hall, or for other reason their presence was required below.

“We’ll go together to Craven with this subject, Jack,” Claws son said, as he left to answer the summons.

As he anticipated, it was from the telegraph office, and in response to the query of the girl whether or not she should read the dispatch she held for him, after a moment’s hesitation he said:

“Yes, if it is brief, let it come.”

She read:

“Millidgeville, Ga., December 20, 19—.

“R. Clawson, Davenport, Iowa:

“Records show Feldman discharged from detention camp October 10. No knowledge of present whereabouts.

“DEUBERT, Adjutant’s Aide.”

CHAPTER X

ONE BIRTHDAY FOR TWO

Mabel Palmer's entrance into the Junior anatomy class room was nearly always greeted by an ovation from the students. A woman of prepossessing appearance and manner, they soon came to regard her with genuine affection. Not only had she proven a capable and earnest instructor, but as Beatrice Ralston had said, a kind friend and helper.

The examination papers were handled with wise discretion, clearly apparent ignorance being rated as it deserved, while where the student showed in his or her answers a proper understanding of the subject, crudely though his definitions might be worded, he received credit accordingly.

On her return from an extended vacation trip in the West, for needed relaxation and rest, she entered the recitation room one morning, fresh and blooming from her outing. She was greeted by a storm of handclapping and a burst of song from the 500 members of her class, in the characteristic P. S. C. jingle:

“How do you do, dear Mabel; how do you do B. J.,
Hope you are well, Medics in—well, more hot water
And still hotter. How do you do, dear Mabel;
How do you do B. J. You've got the rep, we've got the pep,
Here's to the P. S. C.

Clawson studied the woman who, when the history of Chiropractic development is written, will be accorded honors nearly equal to those of her brilliant husband, as she stood at the front of the teacher's platform, her large, heavily fringed eyes directing their glance to every seat in that long room as the class enthusiastically threw their full power of expression into the oft-repeated jingle. Her superb figure was drawn up with conscious appreciation of her reception by this new class, most of whom were to her as yet, stranger students. Their attitude seemed to bring to her reasoning mind the certainty of united purpose and coordination in the work of the semester. Her strikingly handsome face, which displayed more of scholarly symmetry and womanly character and comeliness, than typical effeminate beauty, was brightened by that characteristic smile which no graduate of the old P. S. C. will ever forget. It was a smile which spoke from the depths of a soul as deep, placid and clear as the waters of a mountain lake. Her eyebrows, unusually heavy for a wo-

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

man and thinly united over her patrician nose, served to accentuate rather than detract from the thoroughly assuring expression of the honest dark orbs beneath their shadow. Her shapely head tilted slightly, with a suggestion of coquetry, to one side, was supported by a white columnar neck that would furnish an alluring model for a sculptor. Her entire personality, Clawson realized, was draped in a spiritual garment of intellectual and physical health and energy. Summarized, this is the impression drawn, an impression which he told me but a day ago, he has never had the slightest reason to alter:

“A woman of the higher order, intellectual; idealistic; loyal as truth; a home-lover; insensible to flattery; contemptuous of society’s follies; inflexible of will; a wise adviser; a fond wife and mother, careless of fashion’s demands; a hater of shams; a fit mate for that prince of God’s nobility she called husband.”

As the song concluded, a hearty hand-clapping from the hall door attracted Clawson’s attention. There stood B. J., in his shirtsleeves as usual, his face radiant with pleasure, his eyes with conscious pride fixed upon the imposing figure of his wife.

“You may bet I’m glad to see her back, too,” he said and disappeared.

“Well, it’s good to be here,” Mabel said in a tone of sincerity. “I’m not only glad to be back with our big family, which means every one of you, but do you know I never come into this room without a thrill of enjoyment and a sort of sentimental pride. It always reminds me of the early days of the school, when about one-half of the present floor space, extending back only to that side door, was in use and that small room was class room and auditorium, where all the assemblies of the students were held, providing seats for every person in any way connected with what was really the kindergarten of Chiropractic. Then came the idea of the memorial building and we studied long and seriously on the question of size. When it was completed, with its three stories and basement of space, we imagined that we had room to accommodate all who might be attracted to the school for many years to come. Today, when I go into the auditorium of that building, which was never intended for a class room, and find it filled to practically every seat with one grade alone, I realize that the additional building which has grown with much dispatch regardless of strikes and other serious handicaps and into which you will be going within a few days, was started none too soon. I can but wonder what the future has in store! I cannot really be surprised at anything! At the time of which I was speaking the big printing plant was only a dream of Doctor Palmer’s, the realization of which seemed a long way off. The spinograph laboratory was unthought of; the osteological collection was only a beginning. This building is soon to be torn down to make room for a beautiful palm garden, the whole area now occupied by the business offices, the old cafeteria and this room to be covered by a roof of glass, forming a spacious and

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

handsome botanical garden. But for all this, no matter how many buildings we may yet require and build, no matter how elaborately they may be appointed, there will be stored in my memory while life lasts, a wealth of pleasant memories of this room which has served us so long and so well. But as Alec says: 'We suah does grow.'"

Study of the organs of respiration was the subject of the period. With her usual thoroughness and clearness the instructor was delivering her lecture. She had covered the subject of the larynx and was explaining the structure of the trachea. She had stated that it was a hollow tube, consisting of sixteen to twenty cartilaginous rings, when a student near the rear of the room shouted:

"Question."

"Yes?" said the instructor patiently.

"Could you tell us, Mrs. Palmer, how many cartilaginous rings there are in the trachea of a giraffe?"

She held up her hand warningly to still the laughter which followed the question and replied with the utmost composure:

"I have never had opportunity to count them. If you should run across anyone who knows, I shall be glad to be enlightened."

Then she proceeded with her lecture, quite unruffled. The timekeeper's bell sounded before the searcher for knowledge had recovered from his surprise at his instructor's imperturbability.

At recess, as Clawson was passing through the hall leading to the lanai, Mack called to him from the door of his office:

"Clawson! Just a minute."

"What is it, Mack?"

"Somebody wanted you on the telephone as soon as you came out," he replied. "Here's the number."

Clawson took the slip of paper held out by the timekeeper and read the number: "Rock Island 9999."

He went into the telephone booth and rang up Central, giving the number indicated. Quickly came back "Hello" in a voice which had a familiar tone, though Clawson could not determine its ownership.

"This is Clawson," he said. "I was asked to call this number. Who is it and what do you want?"

"Clawson of The Palmer School?" the voice asked. "Hello! This is Doctor Black of Rock Island. I want to speak to Ralph Clawson."

"This is he," Ralph shot back. "What is it, Doctor? Have you heard something more of the party I was asking you about?"

"Goodness, no," returned Brown, "nothing like that! I want to ask a favor. See?"

"All right, fire ahead. What can I do for you?"

"Well, I'd rather like you to keep this under your hat, but I wondered if you could fix it so I can visit the school and get something of an idea what it's like."

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

“Sure thing,” said Clawson, “though there’s no fixing to be done. The whole place is open for inspection at any time. There’s nothing here we are ashamed of, Doctor. Come over any time you like in the afternoon and I’ll be glad to show you through. Glad to have you.”

“That’s fine of you, Clawson. I’ll explain more fully when I come over, which will probably be tomorrow. Say at three?”

“That will be a good time, though a little earlier would be better. Then you could see something of the clinic work. Suppose you make it two-thirty. I’ll be on the lookout for you.”

“Good; I’ll be on time. Thanks!”

Clawson heard the distant receiver slammed upon its hook and left the booth with wonderment of what sudden impulse was actuating Dr. Black to visit The Palmer School.

On the lanai he was met by two women members of the New York state alumni. They confronted him as he was making his way through the chattering crowd of students to the outer door. Each grabbed him by a coat-sleeve.

“You are just the person we were looking for, Mr. Clawson,” they chorused. “We want you to be sure to attend the alumnae meeting tonight, in the senior room. We’re going to have B. J. to talk to us about legislation in our state and a good social time,” one informed him.

“We’re going to have nice refreshments, too,” chimed in the other. “Won’t you come?”

“My dear girls, I’m too busy; I can’t possibly make it,” Clawson replied. “When it comes to a legislative fight, you can count on me to do my best. I have a pretty good acquaintance with many of the New York assemblymen and senators, and you can depend I shall use that acquaintance to the best possible advantage in furthering the interests of Chiropractic in our state. I had a talk on that subject with our attorney, Mr. Morse, when he was here a few days ago and he gave it as his opinion that there would be nothing done there this session. I only hope he’s right. As I said, whenever I can be of real service to our cause I’m ready, but really I’ve got to deny myself most of the social pleasure of our organization. You girls must remember that I am too old to be attractive and besides I am a working student with only my evenings for study. You wouldn’t want me to fail in my exams, would you? Would you, now, as a matter of state pride?”

“No danger of that, I guess,” said one. “I notice you get along with your quizzes fairly well. Remember, though, this is the last time we’ll excuse you! We don’t see you at all except at class.”

“Sometimes people fail to appreciate when fortune smiles upon them,” said Clawson somewhat ambiguously, as he again started for the door. But again he was intercepted.

“You giddy young thing,” said Uncle Jerry, the sergeant-at-arms, placing his stalwart arm about Clawson’s waist, “haven’t

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

I told you repeatedly that I'd have none of this flirting with my girls? Appears to me, young fellow, that you're old enough to quit such foolishness."

"How long since you quit, Jerry?" Clawson asked quickly. "This is a case where example might be better than precept. Suppose you drop preaching and try the other thing."

"Never try to evade the truth," Jerry replied. "Come along in my room. We might as well settle this matter at once."

He retained his clasp of the other's waist until they had entered Uncle Jerry's sanctum, forcing him into a chair playfully at last. It is certain that no attaché of the school is endowed with a more generous allowance of the true P. S. C. spirit than the genial sergeant-at-arms.

"Now," said he, when both were seated, "let's settle this age question once and for all. There's Berwick; we passed him just now in the hall. How old would you say he is?"

"Hard to tell," Clawson replied. "He's not as old as he appears. Of course his hair is snow-white, but his step is as springy as a boy's and his face bears none of the characteristic marks which old Father Time places on his children. By the way, Uncle Jerry, have you noticed particularly how many students we have here who are above forty? In our freshman class I venture to say there were fully thirty per cent of the men and women who are just starting the course, who are above that age, and probably one-third of the number have passed the half-century mark. To my mind that fact of itself is evidence that there is a fascinating interest, a drawing power to the science of Chiropractic. When so many men, sobered by years and with reasoning faculties developed by experience, are willing to throw up lucrative positions to go back to the school room and prepare to branch out in a new line of endeavor, it appears to me there must be something tangible to the proposition. There wouldn't be so many sensible men induced to spend their time and money, after sacrificing position, if they were not influenced by absolute faith in the merits of the new art. In conversation with many of them I find that they were first prompted to take the action they have through personal knowledge of remarkable results from Chiropractic adjustments."

"I think your estimate is low," Uncle Jerry replied. "But what about Berwick?"

"Why, I should say he's under sixty," Clawson replied.

"Right. He's fifty-three. What about my age?"

"Well, you're of a different type, Uncle Jerry. Your hair is dark; your face round and full; you hold your age better than most men. You're considerably older than Berwick, I think."

"Right again; fourteen years. I have placed you and he in about the same category."

"Wrong," said Clawson.

"In what year were you born?"

"1853."

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

“No? So was I. What month?”

“April.”

“Did you ever! What day?”

“On the eighth.”

“So was I; same year, same month, same day! By George, Clawson, we come mighty near being twins! Well, that certainly is quite a remarkable coincidence. I think more than likely I have the best of you after all. I was born at high twelve, on Thursday, April 8, 1853.”

“I dislike to admit it under the circumstances,” said Clawson, “but I’ve heard my mother say that I first saw the light about 5 o’clock in the afternoon. So you see it is your duty to so conduct yourself as to set a good example for your younger brother. Eh?”

“I’ll show you something,” said Jerry, arising and going to a desk in one corner of the room, bringing back to the table a large book similar to a bookkeeper’s ledger. “I’ve kept a diary for a good many years, and if I skip all of the other days I always write in this book on my birthday. See here!”

He pointed to the date, April 8, 1919; Written in his own hand was the memorandum:

“66 years old at noon today. Vigorous, in perfect health; still see a lot of brightness in life and hope to round out a century.”

He turned the leaves of the book backward to April, 1920.

“Here,” he said, “I’m later on going to write: Sixty-seven today. Celebrated the anniversary in company with Ralph Clawson, aged sixty-seven. We’ll make it a red-letter day, Clawson, don’t you think we won’t. Now be good and a credit to your brother’s teaching.”

For two weeks now Jack Berkley and Clawson had been members of the Junior class. Both had come through the examinations fairly well, each having a grading of B or better in each study. Clawson had found it somewhat more difficult than his more youthful associate to master the nomenclature of myology and to describe in appropriate scientific terms the complicated functions of the circulatory system, but he was gaining a practical and efficient knowledge of the human anatomy and of the symptomatology of disease.

Jack had found employment for his spare time in a downtown store and Clawson was devoting his otherwise unoccupied hours to his special newspaper work, which had proven satisfactory to the editor of the Examiner, so their studying was mostly done in the evening and many long hours they put in together over the problems of chemical formulae and the mysteries of orthopedic definition. They had found that by conducting quizzes between themselves they were making far better headway than by studying independently..

Leaving Uncle Jerry, Clawson went to his room to prepare for a trip to Bettendorf, where he had arranged to meet the

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

“oldest resident” and obtain from him some facts of local history for the coming Sunday edition.

He was preparing to shave when he heard the front door close with a bang and someone come bounding up the stairs two steps at a time. The next moment Jack Berkley rushed into the room, his handsome face flushed from exertion, his hat off, hair disheveled and an envelope, the characteristic blue envelope of the P. S. C. in his hand.

“What do yeh think of this, partner?” he burst out, thrusting the envelope into the other’s hand. “That’s my New Year present from the faculty. Ain’t it a beauty?”

Clawson drew out and unfolded the enclosure. It was a letter written on the school stationery.

“Do I read it?” Clawson asked.

“Do yeh read it? What do suppose Ah gave it to yeh for? Read it aloud, Ah want to see how it sounds!”

So he read: “Mr. John Berkley, P. S. C.

“You are hereby directed to appear before the faculty board in the office of the Secretary, on Saturday, January 17, 19—, at 2 o’clock, P. M., to answer charges of gross misconduct and infraction of the rules governing students while registered attendants at this school. You doubtless are aware of the circumstances which have made this course necessary on the part of the faculty, that the decorum and harmony, on which the P. S. C. prides itself, be preserved. You will therefore prepare a statement of your defense and be ready to present it at the time specified.

Signed,
JOHN CRAVEN, Secretary,

Clawson finished reading and glanced at the woebegone face of his friend. For an instant he studied him intently, then burst into a hearty laugh.

“Where did you get this?” he asked.

“Bess just gave it to me at the post office,” said Jack. “She gave me a mighty funny look when she handed it out too. Ah suspect she knows something of its character.”

“Well, don’t worry yourself sick about it,” said Clawson. “It’s my opinion it’s just a bit of mild hazing on the part of someone.”

“But partner,” said Jack appealingly, “Ah’m afraid there’s something to it beyond hazing. What do yeh think they’ll do with me? Ah’d feel pretty streaked to be sent home under suspension.

“Why, you don’t think there’s any cause for such action on the part of the faculty?”

“To tell the truth, partner, Ah’m afraid there is,” said Jack slowly.

“What? Take that chair there and tell me all about it. I had no idea you’d be getting into trouble.”

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

“Neither had Ah,” Jack returned, dropping into the chair and running his fingers through his hair as if to stir reflection. “Yeh see, it was like this. Yeh remember the day General Pershing rode by the school with Mayor Dougherty, and the classes were all dismissed to give him a salute as he passed. Well, Ah was a little late getting out and as Ah was hurrying through the court between the Administration and the Memorial building, someone grabbed me by the arm. I don’t know the fellow’s name and don’t want to, but he’s one of the few radical socialists who

N have got into the school, for no other purpose, Ah believe, than to stir up trouble for the government.

“‘Don’t go out there to cheer that cheap patriot,’ he said and tried to hold me. ‘He never smelled any powder all the time he was in France.’ Ah didn’t waste much argument with him.”

“What did you do ?”

“Knocked him down; then helped him up, apologized and went on out to see the general.”

“That does look a little serious, though you had provocation enough,” said Clawson. “From my knowledge of the members of the faculty, they’re pretty sure to give you the benefit of the doubt.. If the man you struck is the complainant, you may rest easy. He’ll never appear against you.”

“Do yeh think so ?”

“Doctor Palmer has made it pretty clear what he thinks of disloyalty. Did you see him jump on the running board of the auto to get hold of Pershing’s hand? I think under the same circumstance he’d do about as you did. That’s my estimate of his loyalty. Write out your statement of the affair, make it as strong as it’ll bear and then take your medicine like a man!”

“I’ll do it, partner; Ah reckon that’s the only square way!”

CHAPTER XI

A VISITOR TO THE SCHOOL

When the Junior palpation class was dismissed at 2:15 o'clock on the following afternoon, Clawson hurried out of the Memorial building, in order that by no possibility he might fail to meet Doctor Black on his arrival. There was something about the bluff, outspoken manner of the aged physician which appealed to the nearly as old student and he felt a pleasure in being able to give him the attention asked.

There was also, still another motive which had its influence. Clawson had not come half-heartedly to The Palmer School. Investigations he had made had served to give him absolute confidence in its purposes and the manner of its conduct. Five months as a student had only served to strengthen his previous conviction. With association and acquaintance with the head of the institution, its faculty and its student body, had grown up a characteristic interest and loyalty, which now prompted him to do anything he could to advance its interests and carry knowledge of its advantages to the uninitiated.

Intuition told him that when a physician of the old school was bent upon investigating the merits of Chiropractic in the manner suggested by Doctor Black, it might mean much for the institution, to aid in making that investigation as comprehensive and pleasing as possible. Indeed, he felt really elated that the opportunity had come to him to act as the investigator's guide.

He crossed the street and took a position at Ninth and Brady, where a good view both north and south on the latter street could be had. He had not long to wait. A half block away he saw a coupe draw up to the curb and the substantial figure of the Rock Island physician step out. He paused for a moment looking inquiringly about, then turned down the street toward the P. S. C. buildings. Clawson noted his movements with interest.

As he came opposite the signboard in front of the Health Home, he stopped and read B. J.'s latest inscription with care. Again, before the new administration building he stood for a few minutes regarding the big structure of brick and glass, with apparent surprise. Then his eyes wandered over to the old office and the Memorial building and Clawson saw him shake his head as he moved on toward the corner.

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

“You are prompt, Doctor,” Ralph said, extending his hand. “Had you been ten minutes earlier, I should have been still in class. It’s lucky you are, however, for we shall be able to get seats at the clinic now, which I doubt if we should have been later.”

“It’s very kind of you, Clawson, to take so much trouble. I hope I’m not disarranging your plans in any way.”

“Not in the least, Doctor, I’m pleased to be of service to you,” the other answered. “I take it you have never visited the school ?”

“Well, no; to tell the truth, I have only the haziest idea of what it’s like,” the Doctor answered slowly, “Possibly I have underestimated its importance. Do you mean to tell me that Palmer owns all three of those buildings?”

“More than those,” Clawson replied quickly. “In fact the entire three blocks, or rather the Brady street half of them, is the property of the school; the residence at the southwest corner, the school buildings and the five houses north. There are good possibilities for extension, you see.”

“Probably be some years before there is need for that,” observed Dr. Black, “even if such a necessity should eventually develop.”

“That necessity is already at hand,” was the reply, a touch of pride in the speaker’s tone. “Plans have been drawn for a large building, six stories in height, in the rear of what is now the central building, which was the first and original structure, and Dr. Palmer has plans for the erection of a mammoth auditorium north of the one just completed, with capacity greater than the Coliseum down town. So rapidly is the school growing that they were forced to move some of the classes into the new building, which was never intended for that purpose, before the workmen were out of it.”

“Well, it’s a fine property, I must say,” was the doctor’s restricted compliment.

“We’ll go over to the Clinic now,” said Clawson. “Afterward I’ll take you through the entire premises.”

He led the way to the Memorial building, through groups of chattering students, men and women, many of whom gave Clawson a pleasant nod or a cheery word as they passed, gazing at the distinguished looking man with him in inquiring but respectful interest.

The big auditorium was already beginning to fill when they passed down the central aisle and took seats in the fourth row from the front, in the section always reserved for visitors.

“Are those all patients ?” asked Doctor Black, indicating the two hundred or more persons standing or sitting upon the large platform at the front.

“Those are a few of the early arrivals only,” the other answered. “I really think you’ll be surprised, Doctor, at the number of individuals who come here for free clinic adjustment.”

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

“Do you mean that treat—adjustments are given without charge ?”

“Assuredly; that is if given by the qualified students. Should the patient desire adjustment in the clinic by one of the faculty, a small fee of \$3 per week is required. But the students who are permitted to do this work are capable and, besides, every analysis they make of a case has to be verified by one of the instructors before an adjustment can be given. Everything is conducted along systematic lines.”

“Ahem, ahem,” said the Doctor and lapsed into silence.

Rapidly the room filled and presently not only was every seat occupied, but many persons were standing in the rear, awaiting opportunity when either patients or students now seated would be called to the: platform. Dr. Black glanced about at the increasing crowd frequently but made no comment.

Presently a tall man in a brown suit of big checked material, with a broad, frank face and the P. S. C. smile passed down the side aisle and mounted the platform, taking a position at the speaker’s desk in the center.

“That’s Dr. Firth,” said Clawson in a low tone. “He’s in charge of the clinic this week. Members of the faculty take their turn in this work.”

“What is that letter for?” asked the Doctor.

A large A had been suspended against the drapery at one side of the front of the platform.

“That indicates that all patients or prospective patients whose names begin with that letter are to go to the platform or to the adjusting tables. Now you’ll hear them calling for the students who are to do the adjusting,” said Clawson.

As their names were announced, here and there through the big room a white-coated student left his seat and went forward. Soon the big platform and a broad space before the front seats were filled with moving figures, while about Dr. Firth’s desk was gathered a group of students, cards in hand, awaiting the pre siding officer’s attention.

“What are those people doing about the desk?” inquired Black.

“Waiting to have their analysis cards approved or the names of new patients added. Many of the students have their regular patients. If they have not, they are assigned to adjust those who have made no selection. Those persons at the left of the platform are those who prefer to pay for faculty adjustments. There are two of the faculty now, Burich and Craven. Watch them, Doctor; you’ll see some neat work.”

“I don’t see anything of Palmer,” said the Doctor, “I supposed he directed this work. Will he be here?”

“It’s not likely, now, although he frequently visits the Clinic, occasionally giving demonstrations of his work, with suggestions which are intended for the benefit of the students who are beginning to give adjustments. He, however, conducts what is

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

termed the 'Pit,' a special Clinic held every forenoon. To it are brought unusual and chronic cases of uncommon type, for his personal analysis and sometimes adjustment. You'd be surprised at the number of these cases and the long distances invalids are frequently brought for his palpation and nerve tracing. It is very interesting, for scarcely a day passes that B. J. is not called upon to analyze some malady which has confused the medical doctors, resisting all their efforts. Frequently the effect of his decision and adjustment have been truly wonderful in the amount of benefit received. Some of these, of course, are brought by Chiropractors in the field, who are desirous of obtaining Dr. Palmer's advice and analysis. The Pit is also made a school of instruction for the advanced students, for along with his determination of the case, B. J. gives his line of reasoning in making his deductions and results anticipated from his adjustments."

If Doctor Aloysius Black wanted to obtain a fair estimate of the amount of business transacted at The Palmer School free Clinic, he could not have hit upon a more auspicious time. Really it appeared that a fairly good proportion of the citizens of Davenport and surrounding country had come to have adjustment for his special benefit. Not scores, but hundreds crowded forward to the platform as the respective initials of their adjusters appeared upon the curtain. Men and women of advanced age, many in the prime of life, youth and even small infants were in that heterogeneous crowd.

"Do you mean to tell me that those faculty men at the end there have adjusted the persons they have sent back from the platform?" asked Black incredulously.

"Sure," said Clawson with an inward chuckle. "It's nothing for those men to adjust a hundred or more in an hour's work."

"You don't say! And I suppose some of those people really think they were benefited, eh?"

"Think? They know!" was the emphatic reply. "There: do you see that man Burich has just raised from the adjusting table? Watch him. Would you think that two months ago he was considered by the medical profession a hopeless paralytic?"

"No, I shouldn't think so," Black asserted. "Seems quite active now."

"He was brought into the clinic on a stretcher for his first adjustment. There is every prospect that he will be permanently cured. There's another case out of the ordinary. The little girl just walking down from the platform was a victim of infantile paralysis. She was unable to use her legs at all. For months she was wheeled or carried from place to place. Her father spent hundreds of dollars with both the old school doctors and osteopaths, in hope of securing benefit for her, but unsuccessfully. Finally they brought her here, B. J. personally interested himself in the case, giving the first adjustments himself and directing those subsequently given, with phenomenal result, Today

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

she is practically well, though she is still brought here once a week.”

“But surely these are not all chronic cases?” the Doctor suggested.

“Certainly not. Many persons come for a single adjustment. Headaches, colds, neuralgia and similar affections usually respond very readily. A complete record of every case adjusted is preserved and it is certainly an interesting bit of history.

“In that large book you can see on the desk in the corner there, is the name of the patient and the analysis of every case which has received adjustment in the clinic. Up to today the record shows a list of forty-seven thousand six hundred and sixty-three patients. So, Doctor, you perceive that there are many people who have faith in Chiropractic.”

“How long has this record been kept?” asked the Doctor. “What period has been covered?”

“This record was started on May 1, 1909. Of course—in the beginning, the list was small, but it has been increasing constantly. The year 1919 opened with a record of 37,529 cases analyzed. On January 1st of this year, that number has been increased to 45,706. In January and February of this year nearly 2,000 cases have been added to the record. The average per month in 1919 was 681. This does not include the patients who came here for spinographs; the private faculty clinic, nor the outside faculty patients.”

“Um, um,” said the Doctor. “How long does the clinic hold?”

“One hour is the usual time. If you care to do so, we can go now to look over the other parts of the school.”

“Perhaps we’d better,” said the Doctor. “I have to get back to my office by five and besides I don’t want to take too much of your time.”

Clawson conducted the visitor first to the X-Ray department on the third floor of the Memorial building, where the operators were busily engaged in making spinographs, and in which the physician manifested much interest.

“I suppose they only use the X-ray on particular cases,” he observed as they were descending in the elevator.

“Oh, they give a course in spinography now,” Clawson returned. “Many of the graduates who have gone into the field are putting machines in their offices after taking a course under direction of Dr. Thompson, who is in charge here. It’s more satisfactory than trusting to outsiders to read the plates. This is especially true in cases of ankylosis or curvatures. If a Chiropractor is qualified and has a machine of his own, he can assure a positive analysis of any questionable case which may come to him, and be better prepared to give proper adjustments for their relief.”

Down in the drill hall, many students were practicing on the adjusting benches. Dr. Black laughed as he watched the energy displayed by the embryo adjusters. Their coats were off, their

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

sleeves rolled high and they were thrusting away, as if performing a compulsory task.

“What do you tell me those chaps are punching those iron knobs for?” he asked. “Is it some contest between them?”

“Well, scarcely that,” was the answer, “though in fact it really is a drill by which the students obtain speed in the thrust with which the adjustment is made. Much of an adjuster’s success depends upon the quickness with which the necessary force is applied. You perhaps noticed upstairs the rapidity of the thrust given by the faculty members who were operating.”

“Yes, I noticed it, but I thought that was because they were in a hurry to get rid of the patients.”

Now Clawson laughed.

“No,” he said, “this bench work is in the regular line of student work. Sections of different classes use these benches at regular periods and here they are taught standing positions, as well as the proper method of giving an adjustment. This drill work is continued from the time the student enters until he quits school. No feature of the art is overlooked, no detail omitted, which will tend in any degree to better fit the graduate for his chosen profession. Thoroughness is the Palmer slogan.”

Owen Hall, occupied by the seniors; the third year room in the basement, together with the dressing rooms, barber shop, the long tiers of 1,200 steel lockers, the big glass case containing its rich collection of prize cups won by various alumni or by individuals in essay competitions at the annual lyceums; the long cabinet of curios and historical relics, a feature of the lower floor, were all examined by the visitor with apparent enjoyment.

“You called this the Memorial Building, I think,” he said, as they passed out and he stopped to read the inscription upon the handsome tablet.

“Yes, erected in honor of D. D. Palmer, father of B. J., who discovered the new healing art,” Clawson replied. “Cost \$75,000. The new building which you passed coming over here was built and fitted at a cost of fully \$150,000. Thirty thousand dollars have been expended in fitting up a cafeteria to take the place of the one still in use in the old building. We’ll go through here, Doctor, if you don’t mind.”

He led the way across the court, entering the Junior room by a side door, explained briefly its use as they passed through to the hall leading to the offices and lanai. He took the doctor up the two flights of stairs leading to the osteological laboratory, and chuckled inwardly as he saw the old physician’s start of surprise at the wonderful collection of rare specimens.

“Well, well, well,” Black exclaimed, panting from his exertion of climbing the stairs. “This certainly is some museum! Is this, too, a part of the school?”

Absolutely,” said Clawson. “It is, I believe the finest collection of abnormal spines and other features of Nature’s adapta-

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

tive work to be found in the world. It has taken Doctor Palmer twenty years to make it what it is and it is being constantly enlarged. The door of this room has never been closed since it was first opened to the students and they find a study of the anatomical specimens wonderfully helpful in their work.”

“I should think it might,” said the doctor. “I had no idea we had anything like this in Davenport.”

They went down stairs and out on the lanai.

“This is our lounging and rest room,” said Clawson, while Black gazed admiringly about him, reading the unique mottoes and regarding the groups of bright-faced, laughing, chatting students, scattered about the long room and at the post office counter where Bess (“the candy kid”) was distributing the mail which had just come in, with her usual flow of witty comment.

At the far end, in a corner by themselves, the Trowel Club quartette was rehearsing a new song in absolute forgetfulness of the fact that they had an audience, and in the lunch room a number of youngsters had started competition with one of the school songs. All about was life, good-fellowship and enjoyment, and it was clear the effect was not entirely lost on the really genial old physician. There was a suspicious gleam of sympathy in his old eyes and the shadow of a smile on his rugged face, though Clawson had noted that he seemed more thoughtful since coming down stairs-less inclined to ask questions.

He had dropped down upon one of the rustic seats near the constantly playing fountain into which the tips of the leaves of a great specimen of a palm tree dipped beneath the descending spray, and was intently studying a portrait of the president of the school, hung upon the opposite wall. For the moment he appeared oblivious to his companion, to the boisterous student laughter or the harmonious environment of the place. He was communing with himself and Clawson heard the words:

“Wonderful! Quite wonderful! Who would have imagined that B. J. Palmer could have accomplished so much ?”

“If you’re rested, Doctor, we’ll move on,” said Clawson at length. “I want you to see our new printing plant and department offices. All this part is to be torn down, you know, to make way for a new auditorium for class assembly purposes. The new assembly room will be one hundred and twenty-five feet square.”

“This is the new Administration building,” he said as they reached the entrance. From within could be heard the hum of machinery. Ten modern printing presses were in full operation, turning out the edition of the Fountain Head News, the school paper edited and issued under B. J.’s direction each week, The Chiropractic Educator, to the number of a million copies, going to Chiropractors and others all over the world, printing pamphlets, cards, and a thousand and one different pieces of literature,

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

designed to advance the knowledge of the new science; to educate the world to its use and benefits.

They passed the suite of handsomely appointed offices, occupied by the printery manager and his assistants; into the plant itself, occupying, with the offices, the entire first floor. Here the Doctor paused again and looked about him in undisguised wonder. A hive of industry it certainly was. Three batteries of presses in active operation, working automatically, a big three-knife book trimmer, wire stitchers, linotype machines; in fact, the complete ensemble of a modern, metropolitan printing establishment in full blast.

Dr. Black was taken through the entire establishment; into the enormous stock room where tons of white paper cut in hundreds of adaptative sizes, were stored for immediate future use; into the drying-room, where tier on tier of 20 tons of steel shelves held their burden of newly printed material; Clawson was careful that none of the impressive features of the place should be overlooked.

He had no desire to hurry the movements of the man who had come to him for enlightenment regarding the institution on Brady Hill. He was content to allow him to linger over the impressive details if he would, that whatever impressions had been stimulated might be allowed to sink in deeply.

He took him into the mailing room, where thousands of packages of printed matter, neatly wrapped and bearing the P. S. C. imprint and the Palmer coat of arms, awaited the postal truck to take it on its way to enlighten the world.

“This building,” Clawson explained, “is not intended for class purposes, but until necessary room is provided a portion of it will be so utilized. The present; cafeteria, capable of accommodating four hundred persons at one time, occupies the entire basement. The administration offices, private adjusting and rest rooms; the laboratories, and the osteological collection will all be housed here eventually. B. J. is wide awake to the possibilities of his school, and he is determined to buy every foot of ground and build every building necessary to meet its absolute needs. He anticipates the time when 5,000 students will be learning Chiropractic in this one institution at the same time.”

Dr. Black shook his head.

“B. J. always was a dreamer!” he said.

“But his dreams appear to be coming truer” suggested the other.

“To a degree, it must be admitted,” Black somewhat grudgingly acquiesced, “but you must remember that the tide that flows quickly, recedes quickly. Sometimes a little prosperity is a dangerous thing. I must be going now. I am very grateful to you, sir, for the time and attention you have given me. If I can be of any assistance to you I am at your service.”

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

“Thank you,” said Clawson simply, as he shook the old physician’s hand in parting.

He lighted a cigar and stood there watching Dr. Black until his portly figure found seclusion within his coupe, and the machine whirled away up Brady street.

“Well, I reckon the old chap has got something to think about anyway!” he mused. “Wonder what prompted him to make his visit anyway!”

The explanation came to him weeks later in a rather pleasing manner.

CHAPTER XII

JACK BEFORE THE FACULTY

Jack Berkley sat in his room, gazing out from his elevated window over the terraced housetops ranged down the steep hill, his eyes fixed in a listless way upon the broken masses of ice being carried Gulfward by the turgid Mississippi. Although there had been some bitter cold days during the holiday season, the weather had been as changeable as the color of the water furnished by the city department. As a result the mighty river had not as yet become frozen over, and a strong central current kept eating away at the wide strip of shore ice, as if resenting its encroachment.

Jack's mind was in an unsettled state. He had intended to put in some real earnest work on his symptomatology, in preparation for the quiz Dr. Firth had announced for the following day's period, but he was utterly unable to concentrate.

What cared he for symptoms and effect of febrile diseases, when there was a fever in his own blood which had served to keep him awake of nights and occupy much of his thoughts by day, ever since the realizing sense of his true feeling toward Beatrice Ralston had obtruded upon his former state of quiet contentment.

Unimpressible Jack, who had been heart-free during all those months across the big pond among the petite sirens of la belle France and the ambitious and in many ways attractive maidens of Britain, while so many of his comrades in arms had fallen victims to a foreign Cupid, was forced to concede that he had met his sentimental Waterloo among the ice-clad bluffs of Davenport.

He was ready to admit, in fact had admitted many times to himself, that the glance of a pair of bright eyes there in Uncle Jerry's room at the P. S. C. had kindled a flame on the altar of his heart which, as time passed, had developed into a fierce, consuming, unquenchable blaze which threatened to overwhelm him with its force. Win her he must; he had fully decided that! He realized that upon his success depended all his happiness of the future.

But how? Life on the ranch had not served to endow him with those finer gifts of gallantry, in which many of the students were adept; those, as Jack thought, sometimes almost presump-

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

tuous airs of proprietorship, which somehow have a strange attraction for the fair sex. Eighteen months in the trenches of Flanders and with the forces of occupation along the Rhine, had not provided the polish lacking when he left Texas. As he had told Clawson that first day of their meeting, he had never studied over the problem of love.

But when the mischievous little god had pierced his heart with one of his poison-tipped arrows, his efforts to tear away the annoying shaft had only served to aggravate the wound and he had thrown up his hands in abject surrender. But in the lists of love, Jack soon discovered he was the merest novice. Miss Ralston, general favorite that she was, was constantly surrounded by a cloud of admirers and Jack realized that he was at a disadvantage. At least he so considered himself, though what Beatrice's personal opinion may have been appeared likely to remain a profound mystery.

Jack was confident that she regarded him as a friend, but though at times he had essayed in his rather blunt way to obtain a closer relation, his advances had been adroitly parried and he had felt that the prize he sought was as far removed as ever.

Another thing beside the uncertainty of his position in the regard of the woman he loved served at this time to have a depressing effect upon the usually buoyant spirits of Jack Berkley. That afternoon was the time fixed for his appearance before the school faculty, to explain the alleged misconduct with which he had been charged.

Aside from the humiliation of being summoned before the board, there was the possibility that punishment might follow and in that case, it was almost certain that the fact would become known to the student body, especially that member of it whose good opinion he would have been willing to sacrifice everything he possessed to retain.

With the aid of Clawson he had prepared a detailed statement of the incident which had occurred on the day of General Pershing's visit. He had frankly admitted that his patriotic impulses had prompted him to administer punishment for a slur against his greatly admired former commander, at the same time admitting that he had been hasty and unreasoning, considering the source from which the obnoxious expression had come. He mentioned the fact that some of the service men had discovered that two or three individuals, all of foreign extraction, had on their first arrival at the school shown a disposition to impart their Bolsheviki sentiments to certain of the students who appeared to be plastic material for the extension of their pernicious propaganda; but he made no effort to strengthen his defense by elaborating this feature. He did not mention the fact that the man he had struck was one of these would-be agitators, or that he had himself been a factor in calling a sudden halt upon their attempted proselyting before it had scarcely been commenced.

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

Reflecting upon this phase of the matter, he chuckled with inward satisfaction at the thought that the little knots of wildly gesticulating individuals who had been wont to gather in isolated corners of the big buildings or in semi-obscure nooks along the broad court, had for the past few weeks been conspicuous by their absence.

Whether the previous undesirable condition had been brought to the attention of the faculty, and a warning of possible consequences to the agitators quietly issued, he did not know. But he was aware that if unwise criticism of the government was indulged by any member of the student body, it must be done in the privacy of their own rooms. The idea had been made plain to the dullest intellect that the P. S. C. was a loyal, one hundred per cent American patriotic institution and offered no safe haven for the crazy ideas of foreign outcasts.

Finally Jack turned from the window, picked up his symptomatology which had fallen unnoticed to the floor and pulled on his overcoat, preparatory to the visit to his judges.

"Well, whatever happens," he soliloquized as he paused to light a cigar, "Ah reckon Ah'd do it again under similar circumstances. The idea of the scum of Europe coming here to escape the consequences of their crimes across seas, and then posing as advisers of free-born Americans. If it wasn't for the danger that goes with it, one might regard it as an amusing burlesque."

He stopped at Clawson's door as he went out. Ralph was busily engaged typewriting the notes he had made during the morning's lectures.

"Good-bye, partner," Jack said solemnly, as his friend looked up inquiringly; "Ah'm on my way to the guillotine."

"I think you'll find the knife has been mislaid," Clawson returned banteringly. "Just keep your nerve, boy; you've nothing to fear! You are to be judged by fair-minded men!"

"That's my main hope," Jack returned and passed on down stairs, his mind less troubled as the result of Ralph's assuring words.

Running up the steps to the lanai on reaching the school, Jack nearly collided with Beatrice Ralston. She slipped in seeking to avoid him, giving a little cry of alarm. Instinctively he reached out his arms to protect her from falling and for one brief second her graceful body rested against his own, sending a tingling sensation through his entire frame.

"My, how boisterous you are, Jack! Didn't you know that two great objects could not pass on a single track?" she asked.

"Let's try it over," he returned audaciously.

"No, let's forget it!" she answered sharply, and ran away laughingly, with a backward glance that sent Jack's mind dancing along conjectural lines.

Once inside he went directly to Dr. Craven's room on the second floor. The time specified in his summons had already

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

arrived and he was not greatly surprised on entering to find practically every member of the faculty already in waiting. Even Dr. Palmer and Mabel occupied seats in the half circle of chairs fronting the secretary's desk.

Jack glanced along the line of grave but kindly faces somewhat apprehensively. Apparently the faculty was making it a serious affair. Nearly everyone, however, greeted him pleasantly as he paused near Dr. Craven's desk, and as they spoke to him a smile of confidence appeared to break through the mask of their seriousness. His composure, disturbed at first, quickly returned.

"As Mr. Berkley has arrived, I suppose we may as well proceed," suggested the secretary, taking a folded sheet from one of the pigeonholes of his desk and slowly opening it. "I have received a note from the alleged aggrieved party, stating that he is ill and unable to be present. What is your pleasure, members of the faculty?"

"Inasmuch as the charge was brought by one of our members and not by that party," suggested Dr. Palmer, "I suggest that we have the charge read, receive the statement of the accused, allow him to plead to the indictment and then decide whether we shall go into the matter further, or consider the incident closed."

"I quite agree with B. J.," said Burich and Vedder, speaking together.

"Is that the general sense of the meeting?" Craven asked.

"It is," came a practically unanimous response.

"Then we will proceed," said the secretary. "Take this chair, Mr. Berkley. The charge is that this defendant while on his way from the Junior room through the court leading to the street on the day General Pershing made his visit to Davenport, was observed by a member of the faculty who was just leaving the Memorial building by the side door, to accost one Sigfried Heinrich, a student, and, after a few words, strike the said Heinrich, knocking him down; then hurrying away to join the crowd waiting to greet the distinguished soldier who had requested to be driven past the school. Inasmuch as fighting or even quarreling on the school property between students is a violation of a strict rule of our institution, it was deemed imperative that, as a matter of discipline, official action be taken. In response to a notice to appear before the faculty, Mr. Berkley is here."

"Every student should understand," said Dr. Palmer, rising and glancing about at the faces of his colleagues as if for substantiation of his words, "that an institution of the size and importance of the P. S. C. must have rigid rules of conduct and discipline and that those rules must be carefully enforced, that the dignity and character of the school be maintained. To enforce these rules and regulations, without either favoritism or prejudice, has been the purpose of this board since its inception. No man is to be condemned without a fair chance to vindicate himself; circumstances which at times appear evidences of guilt,

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

have often developed into proof of innocence. If Mr. Berkley will give us a clear explanation of the incident leading to his present unpleasant situation, we shall be glad to hear his statement."

"Do you wish to tell the faculty your version of the affair, Mr. Berkley?" the secretary asked.

"Ah have prepared something in writing, as Ah was instructed to do," Jack replied in a clear voice. "Ah have no desire to attempt any excuse for my action, for Ah understand clearly that it was inexcusable under the circumstances. Ah want the members of the faculty to know, however, that it was not an unprovoked attack, as a chance observer might have imagined. If the act of striking Heinrich constitutes guilt, then Ah am guilty and Ah am willing to take such punishment as may be deemed necessary to maintain the discipline of the school."

He took a typewritten paper from his pocket and unfolded it slowly.

"I suggest that Dr. Craven read the statement," B. J. remarked and nods of approval from the other members were general.

Jack's story of the affair was told in a straightforward, manly way. It covered, though more in detail, the facts as he had told them to Clawson. There was no attempt at palliation of his part in the encounter, except that he referred to his knowledge of attempted Bolsheviki propaganda as having possibly had an impression on his mind which had made him more prompt to resent the reflection on the General. Secretary Craven read the contents of the paper in a clear and impressive tone, and the faculty members listened with marked attention. Studying the faces of his judges, Berkley almost imagined that he saw something like satisfaction mixed with a gleam of amusement in the eyes of Mrs. Palmer and Dr. Burich.

For a moment after Dr. Craven had finished, profound silence prevailed in the room. It was broken by Dr. Firth, who asked:

"What was that reference to the Bolsheviki? Does Mr. Berkley charge that we have radicalism rampant among the students? I don't like that idea."

"I think you misunderstood, Doctor," said B. J., rather quickly, Jack thought. "Suppose you tell the members of the faculty just what you did mean, Berkley."

"Why, Ah don't know how general the knowledge was," said Jack slowly, "but there was a time last fall when certain students, of foreign extraction, were talking radically against the government. It was not done openly, but in the characteristic clandestine manner in which their vicious propaganda is circulated. Some of our good American boys had come unexpectedly upon small groups of these agitators who would have some young student into whose ears they were pouring their poison. They couldn't stand for that, yeh know, and a committee took charge

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

of the matter in a way to discourage further effort along that line. Knowing who these men were, had created a sort of prejudice in my mind perhaps, which might have added force to the blow Ah struck Heinrich.”

“But you say that condition does not exist at present?”

“Not openly, Ah think; at least personally Ah have observed none of it in some weeks. It may have been the activity of the department of justice more recently, also, had a restraining effect. Some of them at least have evidently completed their course and left the school.”

“Quite possible,” Firth observed with a smile.

“Soil here is not adaptative for the seed of disloyalty,” said Dr. Palmer significantly.

“You are willing to make oath to the fact that your statement is true in every particular?” the secretary asked, turning to Jack.

“Absolutely.”

“Will we have Mr. Berkley retire while we consider his case?” Craven asked.

“Wait a moment,” B. J. answered. “I have a witness I’d like to examine in his presence first.”

He arose, stepped to the side of the secretary’s desk and pressed a button. A bell in an adjoining room sounded, the door opened and Beatrice Ralston entered. She came forward without hesitation, standing near Dr. Craven and regarding Dr. Palmer inquiringly.

“Bee,” said he familiarly, “did I understand you to say you were a witness of the little unpleasantness between John Berkley and young Heinrich?”

“Yes, I saw it,” she replied with a covert glance at Jack, whose face had gone red at her entrance, but was now deathly white. “I know should not have looked, but when I saw him seize Jack and make an ugly remark about General Pershing, I just couldn’t run away! I was so afraid he wouldn’t hit him. For just one little, solitary minute, I wished I was a man!”

“Where were you?”

“At the window in Dr. Hender’s office. The window was open and I could hear distinctly.”

“What did Berkley do then—run away?”

“Not until he had picked Heinrich up, apologized for hitting him and handed him his cap.”

“Real obliging, wasn’t he?”

“Too much so, I thought!” She gave Jack a condemning look from her blue eyes.

“Have you ever said anything to Berkley which would lead him to believe you knew of the affair?”

“No, sir. I have never mentioned it to a soul except yourself. But you knew that I knew.”

“And they say a woman can’t keep a secret?” observed Mabel.

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

“Sometimes they tell secrets without knowing it,” B. J. answered in a low tone, with a slight nod in the direction of Beatrice and Jack.

“Shh-h, he doesn’t know it,” she whispered.

“Do any of you want to ask Miss Ralston any questions?” B. J. inquired. “No? Then, Bee, you may run along and adjust your patients.”

Jack endeavored to catch Beatrice’s eye as she turned to leave the room, but she resolutely evaded his glance. He did whisper, however, as she passed near him:

“Wait for me; I want to see yeh!”

“Did I understand you to say Heinrich had sent a note saying that he was ill and could not appear?” Dr. Vedder asked Craven.

“Yes.”

“What time did you receive it?”

“Just before noon.”

“Must have had a sudden attack!” the Doctor commented. “He was in the histology class this morning.”

“Possibly his knowledge of what the defense might be had something to do with his indisposition,” commented Burich.

“Well, Berkley,” said Dr. Palmer, “I don’t think it will be necessary for you to remain longer, but before you go I want to say a few words which may be of future benefit to you. You may have already suspected that it was I who witnessed the mix-up out in the court and it was on my complaint that you were called before the faculty. I had two purposes in doing so. One was to test your manhood; your sense of right and wrong; the other, as P told you before, to maintain the regulations of the school. As a faculty my associates and myself have the best interests of you and your fellow students at heart. We feel that an obligation rests upon us beyond that of giving to you the best we have in the way of Chiropractic education. When you complete your course and go out into the field to practice your philosophy and art, we want you to carry with you to the people of your section the consciousness that the institution from which you come is a developer of character as well as a dispenser of anatomical and scientific knowledge. We hope to see reflected in the professional life of our graduates something more than a capable adjuster; those finer qualities which go toward winning the confidence, respect and esteem of the general public. To do this we have certain regulations that must be enforced and at the same time must seek to gain and retain the respect of our students. We ask nothing difficult, nothing unreasonable, nothing unjust! We want them to feel that we are all one big family, working together for a common interest, a common benefit to humanity. In your case there was, it would appear, strong provocation, yet the fact that you were quick to apologize for what you realized was, though perhaps unintentional, a wrong, shows that you were in error, to a degree, in taking punishment

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

into your own hands. You may be sure that no known disloyalty will be tolerated here! Our school is open to the world, for we want the world to know that we have something the world needs. But whoever comes must be satisfied to abide by our rules and in no manner disturb the fundamental principles of our faith! I have inquired into your record and find that you have been faithful and attentive in class; kindly considerate of your fellows generally and conscientious in your effort. You are young and impetuous. Cultivate restraint, learn to control yourself and throw all your energy into the great work which you will soon see opening before you. Members of the faculty, I believe our young friend has been sufficiently punished and move that he be permitted to go with the reprimand, that he avoid a repetition of the offense.”

“Agreed,” was the unanimous response.

“I congratulate you,” said Craven, extending his hand. “Lucky you had such a credible witness.”

Jack blushed, stammered his thanks and went out hurriedly, with one extravagant wish uppermost in his mind—that Beatrice had heard and given heed to his whispered request.

CHAPTER XIII

THE WINNING OF BEATRICE

He found her on the lanai. She was to all appearances deeply engrossed with the notices on the bulletin board, but as Jack appeared from the hall, she picked up her suitcase adjusting table and started toward the outer door.

There were few students near at the time and Berkley moved quickly to her side, taking her case with an air of proprietorship and holding the door open for her to pass.

"Ah wanted to thank yeh for helping me out of an unpleasant predicament," he said as they reached the street. "Ah had no idea there was anyone who could verify my story."

"I am quite sure it needed no verification from me," she returned. "You were never in any great danger of punishment. B. J. knew you were telling the absolute truth and I couldn't understand why he insisted on my coming before the faculty. I wish you could have seen him when you hit that disgusting Prussian. I think he enjoyed it as much as I; at least he was swinging his clenched fist as if giving emphasis to your blow. No, Jack, you didn't need any of my help. Your trial was—what is it they call those characteristic official investigations—a whitewash?"

"Well, it had its full effect," said Jack soberly. "Anyone who would deliberately violate the established rules of this school is surely entitled to summary dismissal. The attitude of the members of the faculty is of a character to inspire confidence and loyalty. Ah never appreciated that fact so thoroughly as today. Do you know, B. J. actually made me feel like a real criminal."

"But you wasn't," said Bee impulsively, looking up at him with a bold glance of admiration. "I thought you were a real hero! Really I wanted to applaud your action, but I suppose I oughtn't to tell you so. You might become conceited, and I don't like conceited people."

"Never fear; Ah'll sure avoid being conceited, then," Jack returned. "Where are we going?"

"We?" she asked in simulated surprise.

"Yes; Ah've constituted myself yehr guardian for the balance of the afternoon, yeh know."

"No? What a preposterous idea!" she said, though could he have seen the expression in her downcast blue eyes, he might

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

have questioned the sincerity of her words. "You mustn't take too much for granted, boy I Just remember that my appearance before the faculty was not of my own volition. I wouldn't want you to give me unearned credit."

"We'll let that incident pass," he said. "Ah think Ah know yeh well enough to understand yeh would help any poor devil out of trouble, if yeh could do so conscientiously. But yeh haven't answered my question yet. Have yeh many patients to visit?"

"You are so determined, I think I might as well go home. It might create a bad impression if you were to accompany me on my professional calls, and besides, I have nothing special demanding my immediate attention. Will you walk over to the house?"

"Will a duck swim?" asked Jack. "Ah'm bound hand and foot to yehr will, Bee."

There was suggestion in the tone which could not fail to impress the girl and, besides, it was the first time he had addressed her by B. J.'s diminutive appellation. He noticed that she became more thoughtful, and his efforts to arouse her resulted only in monosyllable answers.

So in practical silence they walked the remaining distance to the Fourteenth street house where Beatrice made her home. At the stone steps leading up to the elevated lawn, Jack paused. He was puzzled at her sudden reserve and somewhat disturbed by the thought that he had perhaps spoken too pointedly.

But he was not allowed to remain long in doubt.

"Well, sir, you're not going to desert me now, are you?" Bee asked almost coaxingly. "I understood you to say for the balance of the afternoon."

His pleasure at the implied invitation was expressed in the alacrity with which he sprang up the steps, pausing at the top to reach down his hand to assist her.

"Yeh'll find me yehr devoted slave," he said eagerly. "Ah haven't begun to thank yeh for yehr interest, whether or not it was needed."

She allowed him to retain her hand as they walked up the broad path to the door.

"Now, Mr. Jack, take this easy chair and make yourself comfortable while I put away my wraps. I'll be with you presently. I have something I wish to tell you."

Jack's thoughts were disturbing. What could she have to tell him? Had his intimations of regard for her prompted a confidence which would shatter his cherished hopes? It was quite natural that his conclusion should turn in that direction.

He got up and began pacing the floor, his eyes taking in the various objects of feminine taste and refinement, which he believed her hands had fashioned. They were so like her, artistic, beautiful, attractive. On the mantel he observed a picture, a framed cabinet photograph, the face of a woman of sixty, possibly, but with features scarcely marked by time's stencil—the

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

mother of the girl he loved. He knew it instinctively. The resemblance was scarcely diminished by age.

Then like a flash his mind went back to that other picture he had been shown by Clawson. Could they by any chance be the same person, or had fate been so pleased with that sublimely beautiful face that she had molded another after the same model.

He was still regarding the picture intently when Beatrice returned fresh and sweet as a spring blossom. She came to his side, and leaning one elbow upon the shelf, resting her head in her open palm, gazed at the photograph with wonderful love aglow in the dark blue eyes.

"That's my mother's picture," she said. "Do you think I resemble her?"

"Very much, indeed," Jack answered. "Ah had already determined the relationship."

"I miss her so much. I'm surely going to bring her back with me."

"Bring her back with yeh?" Jack gasped. "What do you mean?"

"That's what I wanted to tell you. I'm going home for a time. I shall leave Davenport Saturday evening."

"But, of course, only for a brief visit. Ah don't blame yeh. Ah'm homesick myself sometimes. Yeh'll be back soon?"

"Not very soon, Jack; not under three months."

"But what has put this crazy notion into yehr little head? Why, yeh're just getting down to real work with the seniors!"

"I appreciate that, but it's not a crazy idea; it's business."

"Business be hanged! Ah'd—"

But whatever rash vow the young Texan was about to register was cut short by Beatrice.

"You know, of course, I've been working my way through the school and while I was in the freshman and Junior classes I could do that very well, for I have always had plenty to do. But now, with the more confining hours of the seniors, I find that I am not really desirable help; at least not as profitable to my employers as before. I have friends on the school board in Fargo and they have offered me a position to teach for three months, with a salary which will provide for my needs while I am completing my course. You ought to be glad I have such a splendid opportunity."

But it was difficult for Jack to look at the matter through unselfish eyes. For a brief period he had been hurriedly constructing air castles, which the blast of Bee's sudden announcement had well nigh demolished. He was shrewd enough, however, to mask his violent opposition to the idea.

"We shall miss yeh very much," he said desperately. "Isn't there any other way? Couldn't yeh borrow the money?"

"Yes, I suppose I could, but I won't. I want to be entirely

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

independent. Really, I don't believe my friends will think less of me for that determination! Do you?"

"No—no," said Jack hesitatingly. "Ah couldn't think less of yeh, no matter what happened. Oh, Heavens, what have I said ? Yeh know Ah don't mean that, don't yeh, Bee; yeh know Ah couldn't mean that!"

His pleading was almost pitiful. Beatrice sent out a peal of merry laughter.

"I think you're flabbergasted, Jack," she said. "I don't know just what that means, but I heard B. J. use it once as referring to a species of mental disturbance. The little boy has had too much excitement today."

For an instant Jack was half angry. Her present mood was to him a disagreeable problem. Was she really making sport of him, or was her raillery assumed to disguise more serious sentiments? He could not tell. She had all along been to him an alluring, fascinating mystery—never more so than at present.

He looked down upon the golden head bent over the mother's picture and for one instant was forced to exert all the will power he possessed to resist the temptation to reach out and take her in his arms.

Instead he laid his hand lightly upon her shoulder, with the one word:

"Bee."

She looked up demurely. He sought her eyes, found and held them with his own, and at that instant Innate Intelligence established a line of mental impulse between the two, so clear of meaning neither could mistake its import.

He moved toward her, but she shook her head and turned away:

"No, Jack," she said, "let's not be foolish now! You and I have more serious matters than love to consider. You have very expressive eyes, Jack; you cannot deceive me! They told me all that you intended to say before today. Let's just be good friends now and wait for our full happiness! You know all things come to those who wait, and what is not worth waiting for is not worth having. See how frank I am? You don't think I'm bold and unwomanly, do you?"

"Certainly not," stammered Jack. He was more mystified than ever by this strange new trait in her character.

She took his hand and led him to the big cushioned sofa, seating herself beside him, so close that he could feel the warmth of her vibrant body. Jack was passive. Her influence was well nigh mesmeric.

"You see, Jack," she continued, her lips so close to his ear he could feel her zephyr-like breath upon his cheek, "with the enfranchisement of women has come changes in what were before normal conditions. Home life, marital affection, domesticity will become, are becoming, more a matter of business than of sentiment. Under the old regime woman's love was to a great

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

degree passive. In the future it will be more robust, more aggressive. There will be happy homes as of yore, but responsibilities will be more equally divided. The moral code will be changed to meet these conditions, and virtue will no longer sit lightly upon masculine shoulders.”

“Gosh!” ejaculated Jack. “Is this a portion of the Chiropractic philosophy Ah’ve missed?”

“No,” she said sweetly, “this is Ralston philosophy. Being, as I said, a matter of business, both parties in interest will strive to make it more enduring, more satisfying. There will be fewer divorce actions and fewer broken homes. People will consider well before entering into the marriage contract and not rush blindly into what might prove later on a heart-breaking alliance. Don’t you think I’m right, Jack?”

“Ah don’t know what to think,” said Jack, candidly. “It’s a new point of view for me, and Ah don’t seem to get my mental lens adjusted to just the right focus. Ah reckon Innate Intelligence don’t make many serious mistakes. Ah know as well today as Ah shall a year hence that there’s only one girl in the world for me!”

“That being true, where can be the harm in waiting, to be sure?”

“No harm, unless some other reckless driver cuts in and crowds one off the course,” Jack grumbled.

“But with love, my boy, there must be faith!”

“Yet love should also give some assurance that no one else could.”

“Well, there, doubter; does that satisfy you?”

She leaned over and kissed him upon the cheek, then sprang away before he could recover his wits sufficiently to seize her.

“You tantalizing bunch of mischief,” he cried, rushing after her. “Ah’ll punish yeh for that yet!”

She waved him back determinedly.

“No threats, Mr. Man! Remember the contract is not yet signed. Now if you’ll be good, I’ll come back.”

“I don’t suppose yeh allow smoking here?” Jack asked, fingering a cigar he had unconsciously brought from his pocket, a habit with him when confronted by sudden emergencies.

“That is a proposition presented now for the first time,” she replied, laughingly. “Your prompt obedience to feminine authority shall not go unrewarded! Let me have your cigar.”

She took the Havana and going to the mantel, extracted a match from an ivory box, struck it upon the cover and placing the cigar between her red lips, quickly and deftly ignited the weed.

“There, sir,” she said, coming to his side and inserting it between his ready teeth, “you are the only one except my brother who has ever had that favor from me. Are you satisfied?”

“Absolutely. So you have a brother? Tell me of him.”

“Oh, he’s a prince of brothers. He’s on his way back from

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

Russia now. He's to take a post-graduate course here on his return."

"Well, that certainly is great news!" exclaimed Jack. "So he was in the service?"

"Yes. Even before Uncle Sam decided to take a hand in the great struggle, Walter was crazy to enlist. We tried to dissuade him, but he was impetuous and the only time he ever went against our wishes was when he went across the border and joined a Canadian contingent. He was with the first engineers who sailed from Quebec. The first we knew of his action was when we received a letter from Liverpool. But we had good reason to be proud of him. He was with that detachment of engineers who fought with their shovels and picks and kept the Hun hordes from breaking through to the channel ports. Afterward he was transferred to an American division or regiment or whatever it was, and finally was sent to the Vladivostok zone."

"You spoke of a P. G. course; is he a chiropractor?"

"Yes, he took a course in a Nebraska school, but he wants to get the real thing at the fountain head. He was never satisfied with the other. It was on his advice I decided to come to Davenport."

"You said your brother's name was Walter—Walter Ralston?"

"Oh, no," she replied quickly. "Now I must reveal to you more of my family secrets. But I know you're a Mason, and a Mason never tells, do they?"

"True Masons never do."

"Well, I knew you wouldn't be anything else. Really, my name is not Ralston, though I have always been so called. It was like this: Mother's first husband, Walter's and my father, was Ralph Morrison. He died three months before I was born. A year later mother married George Ralston and I was always called Ralston. Walter, however, insisted on going under his father's name, so he was known as Morrison—Walter Clawson Morrison."

"What? Walter Clawson?"

Jack sprang to his feet in visible excitement.

"Yes," Bee answered, unable to account for the strange behavior of the other. "To add to complications, when Walter enlisted he did so under his first two names, Walter Clawson."

"Well, did you ever?" Jack executed a hornpipe to the serious danger of the tinkling crystals of the chandelier. "Why, Bee, we're almost related already. Walter Clawson was my closest friend during those terrible days along the Mons front. And he's coming here? Won't that be ge-lorious! But didn't he ever mention me in any of his letters?"

"Oh, yes," she answered demurely, "I think perhaps that had something to do with creating my interest in you. Of course, I could never forget the name of the man who carried my loved brother through a tornado of German fire to a place of safety,

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

after administering first aid. Don't think me ungrateful for remaining silent so long."

"Bah," cried Jack, scornfully. "It was nothing but duty, though Ah did have a strong love for the brave young chap. He was my sergeant."

"I shall never, never forget that you saved his life," said Bee, "and I bless you for the act!"

"There's one feature of the whole thing that puzzles me," said Jack finally. "How does the name Clawson get mixed up in it. Seems almost as if my partner might be interested some way."

"Oh, dear, no," Bee returned, confidently. "I noticed the similarity of names when you introduced him to me on the lanai. At first I fancied I detected a resemblance to someone I had seen, but I have studied him frequently since and am sure he must be of an entirely different family. As for the name, it has been a sort of heirloom with my mother's people for many years. If there is a boy in the family, he is always christened Clawson as a middle name. It is usually used simply by the initial."

Jack was something of a born detective. When he struck a clue, he was never satisfied until he had followed it to its conclusion. That dispatch of Clawson's from the chief of police at Fargo was constantly arising in his mind demanding an explanation. Up to the present time there had been nothing tangible. In apparent unconcern he asked:

"What did you say, Bee, was your mother's maiden name?"

"Did I say? I don't recall. The family name is Feldman."

That name at the time had no significance to him. Later on, however, he blessed his lucky stars for asking the question and recalled the answer to some purpose.

Jack, glancing from the window, saw Beatrice's three roommates turning into Fourteenth from Pershing avenue.

"The girls are coming; Ah think Ah'd better be going," he said.

She brought his hat quickly, poising it on the top of his shapely head.

"I should like to say good-night before they come," she said simply.

He placed his two hands behind her shoulders, drawing her toward him.

"May I take you to the station Saturday night?" he asked.

"If you wish."

For one long moment he feasted his eyes upon the glory of her own, those speaking orbs which shone with confessed love. Ah, he would never tire of looking into that soulful face. His lips approached her own:

"May I?" he whispered as the sound of steps on the veranda reached their ears.

"You are a brave man, Jack," she answered.

Then was sealed the compact which today is a realized happiness.

CHAPTER XIV

ONLY A POT OF POINSETTIAS

January was nearly ended when the Flu struck Davenport for the second time. Not so severe a type as on its first visit the medical doctors announced, but led on by the predictions of the profession, the newspapers had brought the state of mind of the general public into coordination with the malady, and alleged cases of the disease developed rapidly.

It was, of course, beyond the bounds of possibility that The Palmer School, with its seventeen hundred attendants, could escape. Two weeks after the epidemic first made its appearance, three hundred students were out of class owing to severe colds, grip or influenza. Very few of the cases were serious and it was noticeable that the greater number of those on the sick list were members of the freshman class. Either they had not become acclimated, or imaginary danger had placed them in more receptive condition than those students who had come to regard the mental impulse as either an encouragement or obstruction to disease.

Dr. Hender, the bluff, hearty, whole-soured school doctor, was a busy man. Just so far as human endurance could go, he was going to aid the disabled students. All the members of the faculty were working overtime; the Clinics were crowded afternoon and evening and the members of the various sick committees from the different classes were putting in every spare moment outside of school hours in ministering to the needs of their sick mates.

Never was the wonderful brotherhood which existed among the Palmer students more strikingly illustrated than during the trying days of the epidemic.

A call in class for volunteer nurses, made when it was found that the hospitals could not provide sufficient attendants for their own needs, owing to their congested condition, met with so generous and hearty response that that important problem was solved as soon as presented. These volunteers were given assurance that no deductions for lost time would be made, where class absence was due to attendance upon the sick.

The wife of a member of the senior class fell a victim of pneumonia. The husband had no ready available fund with

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

which to meet the obligations imposed by his bereavement. In a single collection in his class alone, a sufficient sum was realized to meet all the expenses of the wife's funeral. It was indicative of the spirit of the school. It was a reflection of the true interpretation of B. J.'s philosophy, carried beyond the boundary of Chiropractic art.

The spontaneous charities, or substantial expressions of human sympathy, were outside of the organized relief work of the school. The Sick Benefit Association was composed of students, fully officered, with three representatives of the student body and two members of the faculty on the board of directors. Membership fee was one dollar for two-year students and one dollar and fifty cents for three-year registrants. Purpose of the association was to furnish immediate relief to any member of the organization who, through lack of funds, was really in need of the required comforts of the sick room. This aid could be extended to the amount of \$100 in an individual case, in the discretion of the executive board. An energetic sick committee kept in constant touch with the situation, any absence from class was immediately noted and investigation made to ascertain the cause. The sick room of many a student who while a member of the association was not in need of outside aid, was brightened by flowers or other remembrance from his classmates, "that touch of nature which makes all the world kin." Many a lonely, half-discouraged hour was brightened by these little remembrances which cost so little, yet which mean so much.

Then there were the alumnae associations of the various states, each with a sick committee looking after the interests of its members. So, altogether, the student at The Palmer School was never deserted when he needed a friend. Tender care and earnest solicitude were not lacking when he came to face the uncertainties of a sick bed.

Faculty members (for they were not entirely immune) were given the same consideration as the student, and thus were the bonds of sympathy between instructor and pupil continually strengthened by the expression of the impulse of common interest.

Jack Berkley, while rather disconsolate at the absence of Beatrice, was compensated in a degree by the thought that by going home she had perhaps escaped a flu attack. He had learned that the disease had not as yet made its appearance in Fargo.

Yes, he had accompanied Bee to the train on the night of her departure; had shortened his week's allowance by procuring a taxi and taken her to the station in real style. It had been a blissful ride; far too short, but every moment filled with genuine happiness—the joy of assured possession.

They had no time to spare, for the chauffeur had been directed to take all the time he could, and the conductor's "all aboard" sounded as they stepped upon the platform. So it became a speedy parting, Jack being obliged to relinquish her at

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

the car steps. But even as the wheels began to move and she reached out her hand, for good-bye, she raised on tiptoe and whispered in his willing ear:

“Only three months, Jack. Remember, there can never be any other!”

Like gleams of sunshine these words lighted the gloom of the long days of separation which followed.

So Jack plunged more zealously into the school work, seeking to draw inspiration from the thought that the promises of the future were all that reasonable mortal could consistently expect. He had confided to Ralph Clawson the wonderful assurance he had received of Beatrice’s affection and the elder man had congratulated him with the added injunction:

“Trust her implicitly, Jack. It may save many heartaches!” For two days Clawson had been confined to his room with a severe cold. Influenza symptoms had not developed, but his condition was such as to counsel as little exposure as possible. Confinement was to him a most unwelcome alternative; but discretion held him in check. Clawson was ambitious. Outside of the school his entire attention was absorbed in his newspaper assignment, and it was really due to his overzeal that the present attack was developed.

After a long, cold walk over the bluffs to Bettendorf on Saturday, he had been forced to send his copy to the Examiner office by messenger, and turn his attention to remedying his own condition. He had marked out a particular line of work for the coming week and felt that he must do everything in his power to throw off the sudden paralysis of disease which had grappled him.

He went over to the school, procured a card for private adjustments and then upstairs to Dr. Gaddis’ office. That genial official sent him into a rest room, gave him an analysis and after the necessary attention ordered him home with the injunction to drop in next day.

Although benefited he was not making as rapid progress as his impatient nature demanded, and when Jack came from school on Monday, he found his usually composed partner pacing the floor nervously and uttering mild adjurgations against the weather, Mississippi river water and various other objectionable features of the town, which his throttled ambition had conjured.

“Sit down, Jack, for Heaven’s sake!” Clawson exclaimed as the Texan appeared at the door. “I want someone to talk to. This being tied up in a little seven by nine room is—well, I won’t say it. It was my own choice, so I expect I ought to be satisfied. How are things at the school?”

“Fine,” said Jack, taking the offered chair for his feet and using the bed for a seat. “Ah like yehr brand of tobacco pretty well. Guess Ah’ll try a pipeful,” suiting the action to the word. “B. J. was in again this morning and gave us another talk. Wish yeh could have heard him. Just as pungent as ever; full of sparks

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

as the fizz end of a firecracker. Ah reckon the Palmer spizzerinctum is inexhaustible!"

"What did he say about the Flu?"

"Oh, that a good many people imagined they had the influenza when in reality they only have a cold or, at most, a mild case of grippe. Blamed the publicity given the subject for much of the trouble. He said the three principal medical practitioners were Faith, Hope and Charity, leaving one to draw his own conclusions."

"I have decided that there are three kinds of doctors in the medical profession," said Clawson, reflectively. "They are the common sense doctor, the fool doctor and the specialist. The specialist is a rank egotist or a rank fraud. As the former he is puffed up with his own conceit, and believes he knows more than Nature about the correct method of healing. As the other alternative, as Dr. Burich would say, he is willing to go on the witness stand and swear for or against a case, the pro or con being determined by the side which first secures his services. If I was on a jury, I'd never give an instant's consideration to the testimony of an expert witness. In his handling of disease, there have been common sense doctors who have ignored his directions and saved a life. The fool doctor is the one who doles out the same prescription to all his patients suffering from similar complaint, never reasoning that the same drug may have different effect upon different constitutional types. If he diagnoses any disease not apparent at a glance; he only does so after noting the result upon his patient of experiments with various drugs. The common sense doctor admits he doesn't know it all; that what is one person's food may be another individual's poison; and is willing to rely largely upon Innate Intelligence, rendering such aid as he may be able. He is willing to be convinced and once convinced is ready to accept that method which has been proven better than his own. The common sense medical practitioner is an honor to his profession and should be encouraged."

At this moment Mrs. Brown called from the bottom of the stairs:

"Package for Mr. Clawson."

"I'll get it," said Jack and ran down the stairs. He returned in a moment, bearing a large paper bag. To it was attached a card, on which was written:

"Mr. Ralph Clawson, with best wishes from the New York State Alumni for a speedy recovery."

Clawson was visibly affected. He sat for a full minute with the bag in his lap, his gaze going out across the broad river in the direction of the Empire state.

"Dear old New York," he finally murmured. "Her people never forget; they are always generous!"

"Well, open yehr prize package, partner; let's see what yeh draw," said Jack, unpoetically.

Clawson complied. A generous assortment of oranges, grape

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

fruit and apples, with a small sack of English walnuts; all he could use in a week.

"I'm not surprised," Clawson said, a little quiver in his tone, strong man that he was. "I tell you, Jack, this homesick feeling grips one when health departs. When a little New York girl called yesterday to inquire how I was and wouldn't be satisfied until she'd seen me and I had told her that I wasn't really very sick, not confined to the bed, why, boy, it was like a breath from the old place. It served to adjust my mental faculties; really the most helpful adjustment I've yet had."

"Wouldn't yeh say it was some of B. J.'s leaven working?" asked Jack laughingly.

"It might be the influence of his spiz, putting into action an inborn sentiment," conceded Clawson. "I wouldn't surrender to him all the credit for this generous and thoughtful action of my alumni. That it is a reflection of the spirit of the entire school, however, I am glad to admit."

"It's something like the fraternity that springs up among the boys in the trenches," said Jack. "Ready to divide the last loaf or the last dollar. Ah don't believe any man can come under the influence of the Brady street institution for twelve or eighteen months without acquiring a higher appreciation of the good qualities of his fellows and more consideration for their weaknesses. What say, partner?"

"It is bound to broaden, unless a man is a hopeless pessimist," Clawson returned. "Then there's another thing I've been thinking of while I've been tied up here. That's the dignity of labor. To my mind, it was never more finely portrayed than in the multitude of occupations which are being employed by the students to aid them in gaining their Chiropractic ambition. I presume it is a safe assumption that fully one-half of the men and women who are at present taking the course are paying at least a portion of their expenses by manual labor."

"No question about it, partner."

"With some, of course," continued Clawson, "the work idea is made compulsory by limited finances, like you and I, for instance, but there are many others amply provided for, who are equally ambitious to be earning something in their spare hours. I know young chaps whose fathers are furnishing the collateral, all that they need, who have started savings bank accounts from their own earnings. There is surely some element in the atmosphere of his school which is antagonistic to idleness, or to ostentatious display."

"It's a fundamental principle, Ah reckon," Jack commented.

"Evidently. B. J., Mabel and every member of the faculty is decidedly democratic. No frills or furbelows; just plain, common sense. We see this in the avidity with which these young fellows jump at the chance to earn or save a few dollars, no matter what the employment, so long as it is legitimate. Some, in fact many, are working in the restaurants for their meals; a

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

banker's son is handling freight in a transfer warehouse. I know two boys, bright, wideawake students, who are sticking pins in a downtown bowling alley. I also know personally that they have enough money in a Davenport bank to meet all the expenses of their completed course. It's the dignity of labor with a vengeance. But here, Jack, is the result: Common interest is strengthened, all the barriers of social and financial position are leveled and the millionaire's son and the man from the shop or the farm, with the absolute necessity of work if he expects to get through the course, before him, meet upon common ground. It's simply wonderful, but it goes a long way toward explaining the harmony which characterizes association in The Palmer School."

"Ah reckon we're all learning that life is a good deal what we make it," said Jack soberly. "Many a man is made blind by colored glasses. The nearer we get to Nature the better we understand her."

"And the better we understand," added Clawson, "the more nearly we are able to meet her requirements. When we do this, she is never niggardly with her reward. Back along the course of human events lie the wreckage of many a shattered career and over each might with propriety be erected a slab bearing the inscription: 'He failed to understand.'"

Jack regarded his friend with a new interest. What was the meaning of his peculiar words? Had he, somewhere back in the past, been among the derelicts? He wondered. For a moment he groped with the problem, then relinquished it. What business was it of his, anyway?

Again Mrs. Brown's voice arose from the depths of the lower hall: "Mr. Clawson, another package."

As before, Jack answered the summons. He returned carrying a pot of poinsettia, in rich bloom. Below Clawson's name on a white card appeared the words:

"Your chair in the Junior class room is getting cold. Please come and warm it."

The humor of the inscription brought a smile to Clawson's somewhat haggard face.

"You must have had something to do with this, Jack," he said.

"Not a thing," the other protested. "Of course, Ah knew it was coming, for we took up a collection yesterday by request of the class president, for a flower fund. They are being sent to every member of the place reported on the sick list. So don't think yeh are an object of special privilege."

"It's much to even be remembered!" said Clawson, cryptically. "Where you going?"

"To the Berkley den for study and meditation," Jack returned. "Dr. Firth has announced a quiz in Symp tomorrow."

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

With yeh absent, it devolves upon me to keep up the reputation of the house!”

“When you think you have your lesson, come back and I’ll see what you know about it,” Clawson admonished, and Jack promising compliance, disappeared in his own room.

Then Clawson did a strange thing. He stepped to the small table upon which Jack had set the pot of poinsettia, placed his hands on either side of the receptacle and raised it even with his face, which was flushed nearly the color of the crimson blossoms.

“Damn your” he cried in a voice tense with passion. “Of all flowers, why did they send you to me?”

He raised the pot higher, as if about to dash it to the floor; then suddenly his mood changed and he carefully replaced it upon the table, for a moment almost tenderly caressing the great star-shaped flowers, then turning slowly away, seated himself at the window: buried his face in his hands and wept like a child.

CHAPTER XV

AS A DOCTOR OF CHIROPRACTIC

Friday afternoon the palpation class was usually treated to a lecture by either Dr. Vedder, Gaddis or Maybach, and occasionally in place of the lecture certain students were called to the platform, one assuming to represent a Chiropractor and the other a patient on his first visit to the doctor's office.

This latter feature was not only instructive as demonstrating the multitude of questions likely to be asked by the average person only possessing limited knowledge of the new science, but also served as an educational drill for the class in the correct method of handling prospective patients and the practical answers to their queries.

These dialogues were nearly always interesting and sometimes amusing, serving to reflect the actual knowledge of his subject possessed by the pseudo doctor and his ability to make clear to the uninitiated the philosophy and actual value of his profession.

On a certain afternoon, with the auditorium in the Memorial building practically filled by the class, Dr. Gaddis swung down the side aisle and mounted the platform, his face radiating a suggestive smile, as if he had something out of the ordinary in prospect. It was usually easy to tell when Gaddis had "something up his sleeve."

"You have been working pretty hard this week trying to palpate cervical vertebrae, so I guess we'd better have a little matinee performance here on the platform. I want two men who have good strong voices so they can be heard in the back seats, to impersonate a doctor and his patient. To some of you this may appear somewhat farcical, but once you are in the field you will find that your prospective patients are not coming to your office and submit to adjustment, without first striving to learn something about your system. Practically all the uninitiated have been prejudiced by the misrepresentations of those who are opposing the recognition of Chiropractic as an applied science, and it will be your task to enlighten them. One thing you should bear in mind. Personality, the ability to make yourself agreeable, and not to become annoyed at questions which to you may sound nonsensical, but which are quite natural to

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

occur to a person not familiar with our methods, is essential. Your attitude in receiving your patient, or one whom you would secure as a patient, may have more far reaching importance than you would at first imagine. First impressions are in the majority of cases lasting. Will you select someone to take the part of the Doctor?"

"Clawson," shouted a voice near the center of the room, and Ralph who sat well in front, recognized it as that of Jack Berkley. The name was repeated from various parts of the room and finally Clawson arose and proceeded to the platform, being greeted by hearty hand-clapping from his classmates.

"Call up Berkley, Jack Berkley," he said in a low tone to Gaddis, as he mounted the steps and the instructor promptly responded:

"Jack Berkley will take the part of the new patient. Come to the platform, Mr. Berkley."

When the stage was set the following conversation, begun by Clawson, ensued:

"How do you do, sir? Did you give me your name?"

"No, not's Ah knows of. Don't b'lieve Ah ever give it to ennyone 'cept. Sally Perkins, 'bout twenty year ago. She's wearin' of it yet. I'm Jim Hendrix; who be you?"

"I'm Dr. Brown, the Chiropractor. Have a chair, Mr. Hendrix."

"Don't keer 'f Ah do. Them blamed stairs is purty steep an' long, fer my game leg. So yer Doctor Brown be yeh? The man what mends backbones?"

"I sometimes put sections of backbones in their right place when they become out of line. Adjusting them, we term it."

"Wall we've heard a good deal 'bout yeh down at Perkins's Corners, an' Sally, that's my wife, wouldn't take no fer an answer until Ah promised to cum up an' have yeh give me the once over. Can ah?"

"That depends entirely upon yourself. What's wrong with you? You look like a strong, vigorous person."

"Oh, Ah'm strong enough, 'specially when Ah come from the stables; Sally says. But this 'ere right leg, way up here in the hip, bothers me a lot, 'specially in wet weather."

"Painful?"

"Wall, I guess yeh'd think so. Sometimes seems's if someone wuz tryin' t' jab a knife into me."

"Has it troubled you long?"

"Yes, it troubled me ever since Ah had it."

"I mean is it of long standing?"

"Standin' 'r layin' don't 'pear to make no difference."

"But when did you first notice the pain?"

"One day when Ah was haulin' up wood. Ah wuz rollin' a log an' it jist seemed t' give way under me."

"I think you misunderstand my meaning, Mr. Hendrix. Have you had this pain for a year?"

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

“Oh, no, guess 'bout six months. It don't hit me hard all the time, but it never lets me forgit it's on the job.”

“What has been done for it?”

“What ain't, ye'd better ask. Had Dr. Jones, an' he dosed me with a lot of bitter stuff for a month an' didn't help it. Then Ah went to Dr. White, an' he steamed me until Ah was near cooked, then he gave it up. Then Dr. Samuel took a try at it with electricity an' rubbin', an' when he'd tired himself out, said Ah'd likely have a stiff jint an' never have another chance at a Sunday School picnic foot-race. Ah did think Ah's purty supple, Doctor!”

“Well, if you like I'll palpate you and make an analysis. From your description I believe I can put you in a way to obtain relief.”

“Oh, Ah'm willin' to do anything in reason, Doctor; but what's this 'palpatin'? There ain't anything the matter with my heart.”

“Palpation is the Chiropractic name for tracing the movable vertebrae of the spine and determining whether any of the segments or sections are out of alignment. In health these parts of the spine must be in a perfect line from the base of the brain to the coccyx.”

“The what?”

“Coccyx; lower end of the backbone.”

“Well, it's all Greek t' me. They say a human's innards an' a hog's is placed the same. Is that so?”

“Practically, yes.”

“Well, I've done quite a bit of dissectin' hogs in my day an' Ah've of'en studied their innards an' so Ah know somethin' about the heart an' lungs an' lights, and so forth, but this spine proposition is a conundrum. Suppose one section of my backbone is out of place, how is that goin' to give me a pain in my hip? Should think it'd be the backbone that'd ache.”

“Here, we'll take this specimen and I can explain, I think, so you will understand.”

“What's that? A backbone?”

“Yes.”

“Out of a real human critter?”

“Yes, it's a human spine.”

“Gee! Ah wouldn't want that thing hangin' in my room. Ah'd be afraid Ah'd see spooks!”

“Nonsense! That bone is nothing but inanimate matter. That couldn't harm you.”

“Yeh mean it ain't alive; it don't move?”

“Yes.”

“Well, a stone ain't alive, but a big boulder fell on my foot and smashed two toes.”

“But it didn't move of its own volition, some outside force was responsible. I might take this spine and hit you over the head with it, and you'd feel it, but it couldn't injure anyone

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

up there on its hook, and besides it gives me the means of making you understand what I mean by sublaxations and adjustments.”

“What’s them?”

“We’ll come to that. Let’s begin at the beginning—the brain. What is the brain? A mass of nervous tissue; the seat of the mental force of the body. Every schoolboy knows that, doesn’t he?”

“Uh-huh. Its the think-tank.”

“Exactly. All the vital forces of the body originate there, and are carried to the various parts of the body by the spinal and other nerves. That they cover every portion of the body, is proven by the fact that you can’t touch your flesh anywhere, with a pin, without feeling it. The spinal cord is a continuation of the nerve fibres of the brain, twisted, we’ll say, into the form of a rope and extending down through the entire length of the spine.

“But how does it git through?”

“Why you notice here, that each of the segments of the spine, or vertebrae, are hollow. As they are placed one on top of the other they form a continuous opening. It is through this opening or spinal canal, that the spinal cord or big central nerve passes. Now look here! You see these notches on the upper and lower edges of the vertebrae, on each side.”

“By gum, yer right!”

“You notice that when the vertebrae, these sections of the spine, you know, are placed in true alignment, the notches on the under side of this vertebra and the notches on the upper side of this one, form an opening into the spinal canal. See?”

“Uh-huh!”

“Now in a living body, as the spinal cord enters the spinal canal it begins giving off branch nerves, one on either side at each of these openings, which we call foramen, and each of these branches are again divided after passing out, like the limbs of a tree, extending to the most distant part of its individual zone.”

“What does that mean?”

“It means that each of these pairs of nerves which are sent out from the spinal cord or nerve, has a particular part of the body to supply with nerve force, which is sent from the brain, just as the current of electricity is sent from the dynamo to the end of the wireline, or the sap of the tree is forced upward in the spring, to the smallest twigs. The section of the body which each individual pair of nerves supplies, is called a zone. Get that?”

“Ah reckon Ah see what yehr drivin’ at.”

“Now, then, what happens to a tree when it is girdled?”

“Why it dies, of course.”

“What causes it to die?”

“Sure enough. By gum, Ah never thought of that! It’s cause the sap can’t git up.”

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

“Yes. The nerve force, the life, is cut off. Now look at this segment of the spine. I move it sidewise like that. See? That’s what we call a subluxation. It’s out of alignment. See what happens to the foramen or opening into the spinal canal.”

“Why, danged if ’t don’t make the hole smaller!”

“Now we’ll suppose a nerve was passing through this opening, carrying its regular current of vital force to a certain zone, we’ll say the stomach, and this subluxation should occur, what would be the natural result?”

“Why any fool could see that. The nerve would be pinched.”

“But what would happen to the current of vital force, which was going to keep the stomach in working order?”

“Ah git yeh, doctor. Same thing as happens to a stream o’ water runnin’ through a hose, when ye step on it.”

“Sure thing; the current is reduced and the stomach, deprived of its normal supply of force, mental impulse, we term it, is unable to perform its normal function and what is termed disease results.”

“But what gits me, doctor, is how these subluxifications can happen when a man’s well an’ hearty?”

“There might be various causes: a sudden wrench; a fall; overlifting, as you were probably doing in rolling the log when you first noticed your trouble. It is even argued that poison taken into the system may cause a concussion of forces sufficient to bring about a subluxation; the resistance of nature to the action of an element injurious to the body. Certainly they do occur and the result is always shown later on. I doubt whether there are any grown persons who have absolutely normal spines.”

“But how ye goin’ to fix the thing, doctor?”

“By adjustment. You see, I move this segment of the spine back into alignment, the foramen is restored to its normal size, pressure is removed from the nerve and the flow of mental impulse, or natural force, is again unobstructed.”

“Will this ’ere treatment lay me up, doctor?”

“No, nothing of the sort. Chiropractors simply adjust; medical doctors treat.”

“Darn rough sometimes, too: Don’t Ah have t’ take no medicine?”

“Certainly not. I simply give you a vertebral adjustment to relieve the pressure on the pinched nerve, so the normal current of mental impulse, or nerve force, can be returned.”

“How much time does it take to adjust?”

“Not to exceed five minutes, after I have located the proper vertebrae by palpation and made analysis.”

“Gee, that’s quick work! Does it hurt?”

“No, not much, just a little.”

“What’s that machine with all the nickel fixin’s an it?”

“That’s an adjusting table.”

“Don’t see no straps or nothin’ to fasten a feller down.”

“Oh, no, we don’t need anything of that sort.”

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

“What’s all that nickel for? Does the ’lectricity go through that?”

“There is no electricity; no rubbing; no stretching; no machinery of any sort!”

“What do yeh do the adjustin’ with, then?”

“Just my bare hands. That’s exactly what Chiropractic means—moved by hand.”

“How long do yeh think it’ll take fer yeh to cure me?”

“I don’t claim to cure. You may be benefited by a single adjustment; it may require several, completely to remove your trouble. I think I can put you on the road to health quite speedily. The number of adjustments needed will depend somewhat upon the length of time the cause of your trouble has existed. We adjust, to remove the cause. Some persons respond to adjustments more quickly than others. An individual’s age may have an influence. Women usually respond more quickly than men. Their muscles are less stubborn. Of course you know that in the living body these twenty-four movable vertebrae are held in place by various ligaments. These, after the vertebra has become displaced, may become fixed in their new position and not be as easy to relax as at first. As it usually has taken time to cause bad results following a subluxation, or displacement, so it will naturally take time to repair the harm done. Here’s an illustration: You tie your handkerchief or a cord about your arm tightly. Nerve circulation in the part below the cord is obstructed. Your hand will puff up and gradually lose its sense of feeling. In time it would become helpless. Remove the cord and gradually normal function is restored. Without further treatment your hand in time regains its sense of touch. The Chiropractor adjusts with the intention of securing results as speedily as possible, for results mean more to him than a long series of adjustments of a single patient. He is spurred on by an ambition to prove to the public that he has something worth while.”

“Well, Ah vum, that sounds right reasonable. When could ye begin?”

“Any time. Immediately, if you wish.”

“Ah reckon Ah’ll go ye. Do ye strip?”

“Step into that little rest room; remove your clothing to the waist and when you’re ready, push the button in the wall at the head of the cot “

“That will do,” said Dr. Gaddis, shaking hands with Jack and Clawson, who were greeted by quite a demonstration from their classmates as they returned to their seats. “I desire to congratulate these two men on the ability they have shown in what is in some respects, an embarrassing situation. Mr. Berkley’s questions are logical and natural, from the viewpoint of a prospective patient, and the answers of Mr. Clawson were admirably formed to make clear to his caller the methods of the Chiropractor and the philosophy on which those methods are

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

based. Both have reason to feel proud of the manner in which they handled the entire interview, for I want to say that I have absolutely no criticism to make. Class is dismissed.”

“What’s the matter with Clawson?” yelled a student, and the class came back with the ready answer:

“He’s all right.”

“What’s the matter with Berkley?” yelled another.

“He’s all right, too.”

“Do we believe they both are all right?” called the president of the class, and the big room rang with the slogan:

“Ab-so-lute-ly!”

CHAPTER XVI

A MARVEL OF CHIROPRACTIC

When the president of the Junior class announced that the funds of the Sick Benefit Association were becoming exhausted owing to the heavy demands made upon the society's resources because of the flu epidemic and the need for their replenishment, he called attention to the free concerts which had been organized by the entertainment committee, and urged a generous attendance at the following Sunday's gathering, with a silver collection to help make good the deficiency.

So when director Tremby came to the platform for his usual preliminary remarks, he had reason to swell with conscious pride at the packed condition of the Assembly hall. It did seem as if practically every student had followed the president's suggestion and had brought a friend to enjoy the really classic entertainment presented.

With its wonderfully cosmopolitan character, it was not at all strange that the P. S. C. should be able to supply talent second to none on the orchestral stage, and the entertainments put on for the free enjoyment of the hundreds of students, on, whose hands the time from Friday afternoon until Monday, hung somewhat heavily, were really of a high order, with no touch of the amateur.

So when a brief statement of the financial need of the Association was made, with a report of the number of sick who had received attention, nurses supplied and comforts provided, the generous spirit of the school was deeply stirred and the collection taken at the close of a delightful program, reflected the readiness of the student army to make practical the liberal teachings which Dr. Palmer had almost made a part of the curriculum.

It was plainly demonstrated that there need be no cause for fear of failure on the part of the officers of the benefit organization that any deserving sufferers should lack needed assistance.

Walking home from the concert together, Clawson and Jack discussed the matter with a certain pride, for these two men, perhaps, realized more fully than many of their classmates, the underlying sentiment of brotherly love and community interest which had been fostered by the management and faculty of the institution.

"Ah tell yeh what, partner," said Jack impulsively, "B. J.

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

is a good deal more than a teacher, he's an exemplar of the things he advocates. It's his own earnestness and consistency which make his lectures so productive of results. Don't yeh think so?"

"Assuredly," was Clawson's reply. "I'll tell you what I've been thinking. If the same principles upon which Dr. Palmer has founded his school and along which he is constantly reminding all his lieutenants it must be conducted, could be introduced into the handling of public affairs, what a revolution there would be in society and business. He has made that new slogan: 'Not how little for how much; but how much for how little,' an actuality in his treatment of the hundreds of students who have come here to study Chiropractic. Not only are they getting everything promised in the best manner possible for ready and intelligent assimilation, but he is giving them much, very much more than they have the slightest reason to expect."

"He's sure a generous giver," said Jack.

"Now," continued Clawson, "there's those afternoon lectures intended to impress upon the young adjusters the technique of his wonderful art. They are given out of regular school hours; they are not a part of the course; their only object to send the graduate practitioner into the field with the best possible understanding of efficient Chiropractic analysis and reduction of incoordination. I doubt very much if there is another institution in existence, teaching any branch of science or education, for a regular course and at a stated price, where so much which vitally affects the future success of the student, is given free, as at the P. S. C. You don't get it in the public schools, in the colleges or the trade schools. 'I am at your service any time when I am not otherwise engaged,' is a constant reminder from faculty members to their classes. Even little Miss Dr. Larson, whose vitality is surprising considering her physique, is always busy; always ready to counsel, advise and assist anyone to whom the mysteries of point of contact, nail hand and position are somewhat obscure. I noticed her Friday spending fully ten minutes explaining to one of the older students of the drill class, just how to execute the three-point exercise. It's those helpful attentions, so cheerfully and unselfishly given, which endear the faculty members as well as B. J. and Mabel to the entire student body."

"Ah notice the new members of the faculty are catching the spirit readily," Jack observed. "Ah have noticed a material change in the attitude of one or two of them toward their classes, since their first introduction."

"Allowance must be made for the impetuosity of youth," Clawson returned. "It won't be long before they'll all be working along B. J.'s well-established lines. In fact they'll have to be if they expect to hold on to their responsible positions. You may be pretty certain that so long as it bears his name, the school will maintain its high standard of efficiency and unselfishness. Association, as close as it is with the faculty and student

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

body here, could not fail to change the character of a misanthrope.”

“There’s another thing Ah’ve noticed, too,” said Jack. “B. J. is never too busy to give his time to the various alumni. Few of the meetings of the students of the several states fail to see something of the school’s president before the evening is over. Sometimes it is only a kind word from the door, perhaps; at others a long talk on subjects particularly interesting to prospective practitioners in that particular state. But in either case it carries conviction to the members that he has them in mind and is interested in their welfare.”

“But, Jack, did you ever stop to think what the school gives to students and graduates in the field, in that bright publication, the Fountain Head News? That to me, a newspaper man, is one of the most remarkable of its benefactions. The action of B. J. in sending that publication to eight thousand Chiro practitioners scattered all over the world, one might say, absolutely free, is a most generous action, indicating that his interest in his former pupils does not end with their graduation. It takes to them each week what is in reality a personal letter from him, keeping them in close touch with the school and its activities, and well informed regarding the status of their profession all over the vast field. Think what it must cost yearly to carry out this unusual plan. There’s some work attached to printing, posting and mailing eight thousand copies every week, saying nothing about the value of stock used. Then there’s the low subscription price to students. Twenty-five cents a year for sixteen pages of the very latest and most authentic news of Chiropractic from all over the country, every seven days. Why, boy, you couldn’t begin to buy the white paper for ten times that sum! Talk about philanthropy; where do you find it more generously displayed than in the treatment accorded patrons of his school by B. J. Palmer?”

“Nowhere,” said Jack. “That’s conceded.”

“Then there’s another feature of B. J.’s activities which shows the versatility of his talents and his great capacity for work,” continued Clawson. “Constant demand is being made upon him by clubs, churches, business organizations and other bodies, as a lecturer. This week he may address the Rotarians of Los Angeles, Cal., next week we may hear him from the opera house stage in Davenport. Today he may tell the business men of this city some of the valuable secrets of advertising; tomorrow he may discuss Chiropractic legislation with the Chiro state organization of Ohio. He possesses the ability to hold an audience, no matter what his theme, which is of itself a rare accomplishment. How he does it all is a mystery!”

“Maybe Innate works over time in his case,” said Jack. “Ah tell yeh, partner, Ah’ve wondered sometimes how long he could go on, under such a constant strain, without wrecking the physical machine!”

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

“He guards against that by keeping the machine properly adjusted,” Clawson observed. “Goes on the prevention plan, having absolute faith in his own philosophy. Yet for all that he makes provision for any contingency that may arise. I have learned that B. J. carries a heavy amount of life insurance, regarding it as a pure business proposition. He says he believes it wise to buy life insurance enough so that in the event of his death, there would be plenty of cash money coming in to take care of any liabilities he may have incurred; for the benefit of the institution and its advancement. ‘The credit of an institution,’ he says, ‘is based on the ability of its head to conduct its affairs, therefore he is the greatest asset of that institution and it is on his life that the insurance should be carried.’ He figures not only on providing for the unhampered progress of the great college he has developed, but also on making provision for that noble woman who has been his faithful associate, adviser and helper from the start, preventing any financial embarrassment to her in case of his premature death; to pay inheritance tax and meet other obligations which may arise. B. J.’s business acumen is not surpassed by his philosophical acquirements. He is one of the many men this country has produced, ‘whose deeds will live after him.’”

This conversation was only one of many held by the two friends relating to the practical application of B. J.’s philosophy to his school management, as well as to the science and art of his constantly developing profession. Both were men of excellent reasoning faculties; Clawson especially had experienced hard drilling in the rigid lines of adversity. Both were calculated to interpret the inner principles of life, and appreciate that which approached the nearest to nature’s teaching. Neither was willing to accept ancient dogmas, which after years of manipulation had failed to respond to the test of truth. They saw in the Chiropractic philosophy a new standard of right and wrong; an unearthing of hidden secrets which scientists for ages had sought hopelessly to formulate into fact. They were of the type who would derive real benefit from the instruction received and go out to the public, later on, with an understanding of the new science which would assure success.

“Come in to my room,” said Clawson as they climbed the stairs to the sky parlor, as Jack insisted on terming their two attic rooms. “There is something I want to tell you, have wanted to tell you for some time. You have nothing on hand, have you?”

“Nothing whatever; even if Ah had, a nice sociable visit with yeh, partner, would have precedence. Ah’ll get my pipe and be with yeh in a minute.”

“I have felt for some time,” said Clawson, when they were seated in Ralph’s room, with a comfortable fire going and their pipes in action, “that an explanation was due you of my strange behavior that first day of our coming here and the meeting with Miss Ralston in Jerry Green’s room. I am not going into details

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

at this time, for I am not entirely clear in my mind regarding certain incidents in my life, but which I am sure are approaching a solution. Later on I shall have a longer, more remarkable story to tell you, of one man's life; a life so confused and tangled that the mystery is how that man has clung to the swaying, sometimes almost imperceptible strands which an implacable enemy was deliberately but with friendship-masked deception, striving unremittingly to sever. I have great confidence in you, Jack; faith in your loyalty and friendship! I ask you not to repeat what I am about to tell you."

"Ah shall regard it as a brother Mason's secret," said Jack earnestly.

"I ask no better assurance," Clawson declared. "What I shall tell you may serve to make clear in your mind certain lapses which at times I have noticed, served to set you wondering, not so much, perhaps, whether I was of sound mind, but rather under what excessive mental strain I was laboring. You see my perceptive faculties have not been entirely dormant, my boy."

Jack removed his pipe, sending a cloud of smoke ceilingward. For a moment he did not reply, while Clawson watched the expression of his face intently. Finally looking squarely into the gray eyes opposite, he said:

"Yeh're right, partner. There have been times when Ah thought yeh might be a little queer, but lately Ah have been losing those impressions and settling down to the idea that we are all more or less eccentric. Ah reckon yeh have been benefited by yehr experience here. Ah want to tell yeh that Ah have never for a minute lost confidence in yeh, since that day we shook hands on the train coming in to Davenport!"

"Thank you, Jack," said Ralph eagerly. "I have felt and appreciated that confidence, or I should not have been prompted to make this explanation. Listen, then! Twenty years ago I was the victim of an accident, we will say, which in a flash robbed me of memory of the really important events of my life previous to that time. Events I wished to remember were the very ones which, try as I might, I could not recall. I realized fully that there was a gap, a sort of gulf between the past and the present! On those matters pertaining to the days following the accident and down to the time I came to Davenport, my mind was abnormally clear. I could even go back to the scenes of my childhood with normal accuracy, but between my majority and the time of my injury, there existed a void which memory could not bridge; not so much as the incidents leading up to the accident which had resulted in making me a practical stranger to all that had gone before. Thus, unknowing the past, twenty years ago I went into a newspaper office in an eastern city and applied for a job as reporter. What my previous occupation had been I could not tell, fortunately I was not asked. But such education as I had received in High School had not deserted me. I was employed and made good. I took pleasure and pride in

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

my work. My perceptive faculties were active; I possessed a certain amount of, well, say detective ability, which stood me in good stead. I made friends in my new profession and in a year I was advanced to the position of copy-reader. After that it was easy progress until one day I was told by my employer that I was to become managing editor of the afternoon edition of the great paper upon which I had now been employed nine years. I held that position for ten years. I was happy in a way, and yet, through it all, there lingered a faint impression of a different existence, in which came occasionally dreams of love, home and companionship. Then I became interested in the wonderful new science termed Chiropractic! A friend of mine, as I have told you before, loaned me his books and encouraged me in the idea of taking a course. Finally I wrote my resignation, packed my trunk and turned my back upon all that had been my life for twenty years.”

He paused and filled his pipe, lying back in his chair with half-closed eyes for several moments, while Jack, wondering that such things could be, waited without comment for him to proceed.

“That first sight of Miss Ralston was a great shock,” Clawson finally continued. “It seemed exactly as if I had been sitting before a great picture, over which hung a heavy curtain. Just for an instant, when I got my first full view of her, it appeared as if some unseen force had suddenly snatched aside the curtain, revealing its mysteries for a brief space, then drawing it back, concealing all that for years I had longed to see. As I told you, Miss Ralston’s face was an exact reproduction of the one woman I have ever loved, and it was that marvelous resemblance that jarred my dormant memory and gave my first glimpse of my obscure past. But the mental picture was so quickly obliterated that little of its features remained. It did however, afford a stimulant, for I found myself more confident of ultimate success; reasoning more clearly concerning my affliction and best of all, receiving an assurance that Chiropractic adjustments would complete that which the shock of that sudden sight of Miss Ralston’s face had commenced. The more I studied this suggestion, possibly made by Innate, the stronger became my belief that cervical adjustment would be able to restore coordination in my befogged brain, and give me back a full remembrance. So within a week after that first day here, I selected an adjuster and have been going to him every second day since.”

“Ah hope yeh have not been disappointed,” said Jack, regarding Clawson with earnest inquiry.

“Disappointed?” said Ralph. “Far from that! After the first three adjustments, my conscious self began to assert its restored sovereignty. It was as if memory’s hand went back into the obscurity of the past and dragged out and posted up for my

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

inspection one by one, those connecting incidents which have already served partially to bridge the gloomy gulf of my forgetfulness. Daily I can feel my hold upon that past becoming more and more tangible. Daily my mental vision appears to grow stronger. There are still many things I would know that have not yet been revealed, but I sincerely believe that Innate Intelligence is urging on the educated brain to increased effort at more clear interpretation. I feel absolutely certain now, that eventually I shall be able to clear up all the doubts and uncertainties, and come into full possession of that clear retrospect which will answer all questions and remove all doubts. I already feel like a new man. It has been much like being put away in a tomb under a mistaken impression of death, only to be rescued at the eleventh hour and restored to life and action. But for all the great benefit I am deriving from the art of Chiropractic, I feel confident I should never have considered the matter of adjustments as a relief from this strange incoordination, had it not been for the appearance of what I, at the time, believed to be a spiritual visitation of the one woman who had blessed my life. Is it not wonderfully strange that the inspiration should have come immediately on my entering the school and on the day that I began my regular course of study of the science through which I was to find the road to recovery?"

"Why, the whole story sounds like a fairy tale," said Jack. "If it ever becomes known publicly, it will be a clincher for those wooden-heads who maintain that the science is a dream of ignorance. Have you ever said anything to B. J. about this?"

"Not a word; to no one except what I have just told you. Even my adjuster does not know why I urged him to take the atlas and other cervicals. To tell you the truth, I expected that were I to tell them why, they would shake their heads, in doubt of my sanity! I wanted to be sure, and once I am fully restored, as I have every reason to believe I shall be, I shall be quite willing to tell it to the world."

"Well, yeh certainly have my best wishes that the time may come speedily," said Jack. "Ah realized up there in Uncle Jerry's room that yeh were hard hit, but Ah hadn't any idea it was Innate giving yeh a lift into the right road. Reckon Universal Intelligence had something to do with it, after all."

"I am not prepared to dispute that," Clawson returned, "but it is taking the real Chiropractic course—retracing. Is it not remarkable that the first thing I accurately remembered was the explosion in which I was hurt, and after that the incidents leading up to the accident, in recessional."

"Ah say, partner, Ah have one request to make of yeh," said Jack. "When Beatrice—Miss Ralston, comes back, which will be about May first, Ah want yeh to take her for an adjuster. They tell me that though she hasn't been at it long, she's one of the best in the school."

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

“But I shouldn’t like to change, so long as I am being benefited,” Clawson returned.

“Ah have a special reason,” said Jack, “and Ah know yeh’ll never regret it. Can’t yeh promise me, partner?”

“Yes, I will, Jack! I’d do almost anything to please you, my dear boy!”

“Thank yeh, partner. Yeh’ll be happier later on to think yeh consented.”

CHAPTER XVII

MEETING OF OLD COMRADES

Dr. Claude Rockwell was driving up Harrison street in Davenport. He had been to make a call on a patient suffering with the flu, on the new government addition near Pine Knoll. The young physician's practice was not confined to Rock Island or the Illinois side of the river, by any means.

He was socially popular, was a member of several local fraternities; active in the Commercial Club, and had shown the true patriotic spirit when Uncle Sam decided to go to Europe's defense, by enrolling in the medical corps and had spent many months in efficient and heroic service with the American forces in France and Belgium.

On the present occasion he had found it necessary to make a call at St. Luke's hospital in Main street, since gone to new and more commodious quarters in East High, and was just turning from Harrison into Seventh, when an erect, soldierly figure on the sidewalk ahead of him, attracted his attention.

For a short distance, driving slowly, he studied the man on the walk, then swung his machine alongside and hailed:

"Hello, Corporal Berkley, where you headed?"

Jack Berkley turned quickly, regarded his questioner for a moment intently, then regardless of mud and slush, sprang into the street to the side of the auto and extended his hand.

"Why Lieutenant Rockwell, this certainly is good for sore eyes. Yeh don't mean to tell me yeh are a Davenport?"

"No," said the lieutenant laughing, and greatly pleased at the other's apparent enjoyment of the meeting, "no, my home is over in Rock Island. But what on earth are you doing here? Supposed you were back on the ranch, married to some border beauty and settled down for good."

"Nothing like that!" Jack, replied. "Fact is, Lieutenant, Ah was so impressed with your line of service, that Ah've decided to be a doctor myself. I'm a Palmer student just at present."

"You don't tell me. Take all sorts, don't they? I'll let you into a secret, though; I'm going to take a professional course myself."

"Up at The Palmer School?"

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

“Sure! I’ve a lot of faith in the new science, Corporal. Jump in here. It don’t make any difference where you’re going; I’ll take you there!”

“Don’t make much difference to me where Ah go this afternoon,” Jack replied. “Ah’ve nothing to do. Have a cigar.”

“That’s fine,” said Dr. Rockwell giving the other an enthusiastic slap on the shoulder. “I’m going to take you across the river, introduce you to the dearest girl on earth, who’s going to be Mrs. Rockwell one of these days, and to the prospective Daddy-in-law, who is also a physician, thinks Chiropractic a fraud and B. J. Palmer a charlatan. At least that has been his impression, but I think he’s gradually getting wise to the possibilities of the new science. Possibly you can add something to the force of my arguments. By the way, do you know a student named Clawson?”

“Do I?” asked Jack in surprise. “Why he’s my partner; my best friend! Our rooms adjoin. We started at school on the same day. He’s certainly a fine old chap.”

“Good. That will help matters along. Dr. Black is a real gentleman of the old school. He was over to the Palmer institution one day and this man Clawson gave him a lot of attention; showed him all over the place and explained everything so well that I really believe he nearly converted the old gentleman. If you’re a friend of Clawson’s, you’ll stand well with the doctor.”

“Ah shall be glad to meet him,” said Jack, “and Ah’ll do my best to make him believe Chiropractic is the crowning glory of the healing art. By the way, do you remember a man in my company who used to give some of the boys adjustments, when you chaps were badly rushed and couldn’t get around?”

“Do I? Well I should say so,” Dr. Rockwell returned instantly. “Why it was the work I saw him do in certain emergency cases, which first gave me the impression that I would take up the course. I certainly saw some remarkable results and I have often wondered why the government didn’t recognize the method and put Chiro on the medical staff.”

“Well, Ah guess yeh know why?” said Jack, carefully.

“Oh, yes. I realize that the medical staff is prejudiced and selfish. It’s always been that way. Selfish and unwilling to sacrifice any of its prestige. But I’m independent! The interests of humanity are more to me than the aggrandizement of a science which after 5,000 years is largely an experiment! I’m willing to be convinced, and Sergeant Clawson—why I hadn’t thought of that, quite a coincidence, isn’t it—the similarity of names. Yes, I remember quite well; Walter Clawson, wasn’t it? Not related are they?”

“Ah don’t think so; at least Ah’ve never heard my partner speak of any family, and he showed no interest when I mentioned Sergeant Clawson to him. Only a coincidence, Ah think.”

“Wonder where young Clawson is at present?” said Rock-

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

well meditatively. "He was a bright young chap. Suppose he's back in the field now and coining money."

"No, he's on the way back from Vladivostok."

"What? Was he sent up on that useless expedition? That was a pretty keen disappointment to our fellows, who expected to come home as soon as the armistice was signed. But he's on the way back, you say?"

"So his sister tells me, and he's coming here for a postgraduate course on his arrival in the States."

"Well, well, won't that be great. We'll have a little reunion of our own when he arrives. So he has a sister, has he? Friend of yours, Corporal?"

"Ah hope so," said Jack, with a perceptible blush.

"Ah, hah," said the doctor, regarding his companion with a quizzical look. "So that's the way things are drifting, eh? Is she a student, too?"

"Yes. She's gone home for a vacation now; won't be back until May."

"By George, I thought you looked a trifle downcast! Sure she ought to be your friend. Don't I remember the day of hell when you brought that boy through the storm of iron into the first-aid station on your back and fell at the tent door with him on top of you? God, that was a brave act, Jack, and the wonder is that either of you pulled through!"

"Never got a scratch," said Jack with a laugh. "But Clawson was pretty heavy for a youngster."

"And a dead weight, at that," said Rockwell. "The Almighty alone knows how you did it! You earned a fine prize, my boy; I only hope you get it!"

"Ah'll admit that Ah have great expectations!" said Jack with a touch of conscious pride.

"Maybe we can make it a double affair," said Rockwell, with boyish enthusiasm. "I tell you, Corporal, it makes me feel good to find you and know you're at the School. How long are you to be here?"

"Expect to get through in September, if the law-makers don't listen to the knockers too intently. Seems as if the public ought to be permitted to choose its own method of handling disease. If medical results were a certainty, it might be different, but you and I know they're not."

Rockwell, after calling at St. Luke's, turned his auto southward and in a very short time they were crossing the big government bridge leading to the Rock Island Arsenal.

"I hear the authorities have had warning of an attempt to capture and blow up the arsenal station!" said Rockwell, as they reached the end of the first bridge and turned to the right along the escarpment.

"Who's at the bottom of that?" asked Jack, interested.

"Same element responsible for the coal strike. The idea is to start a revolution! Thank Heaven, the Department of

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

Justice is not asleep! Fine time the Bolsheviki would have trying to gobble this government. There are too many Americans on guard.”

“We’ve been altogether too liberal with our immigration laws,” said Jack. “We’ve allowed the scum of Europe to come here, rank with their doctrine of government hatred, preach that fallacy on our street corners and in public halls unhampered, inciting their ignorant countrymen to the belief that free America is no better than darkest Russia. It’s not an educational qualification that will be effective in shutting out the undesirables, but a clean bill of health from the country sending them here. As a rule it is the educated class that is the dangerous class.”

“I quite agree with you,” said Dr. Rockwell. “I have heard it said that many of the returning American soldiers have become imbued with radical socialistic ideas while abroad. I don’t believe it! I reckon they got enough of foreign methods and foreign personality to last them for some time. I have too much confidence in the loyalty of the men who went into the trenches to preserve the idea of liberty, to think they could so soon turn traitor!”

“There’s nothing to that,” said Jack confidently. “That talk is only some expiring embers of German propaganda and Bolsheviki publicity!”

“This is our first stop,” Rockwell said, as he drove up to the curb in front of Dr. Black’s office and threw in the clutch. “I’m quite sure we’ll find the doctor in his office at this time.” He waved his hand gaily to a face which had appeared at an upper window, a face which Jack noticed was remarkably comely.

He turned his gaze inquiringly upon the doctor and that worthy nodded happily.

“That’s her,” he said, and ran lightly up the walk to the office door, waiting with his hand on the knob for Jack to approach.

Dr. Black sat at his desk, a copy of B. J. Palmer’s Fountain Head News on the desk before him. At first he made a move as if to put it away, when the sound of approaching visitors came to him, but appeared to think better of it, and allowed the little sheet to remain as he had dropped it, allowing his clenched fist to fall upon it, as if to prevent its disappearance.

“Hello, Claude! What’s on the carpet, now?” he asked as Rockwell, closely followed by Jack, entered and walked over familiarly to the desk.

“Hello, Daddy! Dr. Black, I want you to meet an old soldier friend of mine, Corporal Jack Berkley. He’s a Palmer student, a chum of Ralph Clawson, of whom you told me, and one of the men who helped to make real history on the Argonne.”

“I’m certainly glad to meet you, sir,” said Dr. Black, with real cordiality, grasping the young man’s hand. “This youngster here is sometimes a little extravagant in his praise of people he likes, but I’m willing to take you, sir, at his valuation. Any

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

man who proved his Americanism in Flanders is a friend of mine!"

"Thank you, Doctor," said Jack, shaking the old doctor's hand warmly. "Ah had the pleasure of becoming acquainted with Lieutenant Rockwell in France and am quite willing to be judged by his standards."

"Well spoken, well spoken, my boy! Have some chairs, then tell me what I can do for you."

"Oh, we just dropped in," said Claude. "I wanted the corporal to meet you and Gladys, and besides, I thought perhaps if there were any new Chiropractic doubts in your mind, possibly he could help to remove them."

"Well, you see I'm already enough of a convert to read B. J.'s paper. I expect he'll get me yet. I must confess he has a mighty convincing way of putting things. I don't know where this sheet comes from, but I'm giving that man Clawson credit for it. He seems mightily interested in the School, and apparently he's sincere in his belief that Chiropractic is the real thing."

"Oh, he is!" said Jack. "Yeh couldn't shake his faith!"

"That's the estimate I put on the man," said Dr. Black. "Do you, too, think Chiropractic has a chance to gain recognition—general recognition—from the public?"

"Why shouldn't it, Doctor? So long as the Chiropractor can show results, strikingly satisfactory results, why shouldn't the public accord him full recognition?"

"Under such conditions, certainly! But do they really exist? Are the results obtained by Chiropractic adjustment permanent, or is there only a temporary improvement, partially the result of mental faith and confidence?"

"There's no doubt in my mind," said Jack earnestly. "I know of one case of sciatica cured by three adjustments, which has shown no indication of recurrence in over a year."

"I'll admit, boys," said the doctor, addressing the young men familiarly, "that I've been giving the matter some pretty close attention lately, and while some of my objections, I am free to say, have been removed, there are still some lingering doubts of the wisdom of a medical practitioner taking up the art of Chiropractic, even as a part of his profession. When Claude here first began to consider a so-called professional course—when it first came to my ears that he was bent on doing so, I was pretty mad. Some way it seemed a silly thing for a man who had spent four years learning medicine, to take up an art he could master in four to six months. But I flatter myself that I'm fairly conservative, comparatively broad in my reasoning, and I began to ask myself, 'why?' From all over the country came to me reports of success being had by Chiropractic practitioners; even men of limited qualities of personality and mental ability. The simplicity of the thing must be its strongest point. I went over through The Palmer School, which I had heretofore regarded as a primitive sort of educational institution founded on illogical

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

premises and directed by a man who was never regarded in the light of a prodigy by the people of his home city, and what do you think I find? A school attendance of 1,700 made up of men and women of all walks of life! That among the number are lawyers, physicians, newspaper and business men, teachers and preachers, together with skilled workmen in many of the mechanical trades. I learn there are eighteen schools teaching Chiropractic in the United States, all offshoots of the Davenport School. I find that thousands of free adjustments are being given daily in the Clinics, with eighty-five per cent of results. I find a faculty of twenty-four full-time teachers, their sole business to teach their respective subjects to their classes. I find that in order to graduate from this school the student must put in either twelve or eighteen months of solid study and training, for six months of the time giving actual adjustments under direction of a regular instructor. I find that these instructors are; men of brains and education, experts and authors, as well as authorities, in their particular line of teaching. I find that apparently every student is inspired by high ideals and is enthusiastic in loyalty to his school! I discover an osteological collection, probably second to none in the world, so far as its specimens of human anatomical parts is concerned! I find a well-equipped laboratory and a spinograph department equal to the best! I learn that there are over ten thousand practicing Chiropractors in the United States and that many of the states recognize the science legally! I find a printing plant equal in all its appointments to some of the most modern metropolitan offices! All this I find, and then, quite naturally, I wonder why my medical association, in which I have always placed the most implicit confidence, has repeatedly assured me that Chiropractic is nothing more than a vision of the night; the crazy dream of an irresponsible visionary. I wonder, if it is such a hopeless, helpless, illegitimate infant, why the strongest forces of the medical profession; of the big drug manufacturers and the drug-selling corporations are brought into play, surreptitiously perhaps, but none the less certainly, as I have reason to know, to throttle this alleged harmless microbe of science. The action savors of misrepresentation and deceit! It serves to awaken public sentiment to self-analysis of the subject, and the result can only be disastrous to the organized opposition! Give the thing free rein say I. If it's worthy, it will win in the long run anyway; if it is a humbug, it will soon die of its own force! So far as Claude's suggestion goes, I have already withdrawn my objection. I am quite willing to trust to his judgment in the matter. But I shall watch results with the greatest interest."

"Well, Ah don't believe yeh'll ever regret the decision yeh've made," said Jack. "Ah sure am glad the lieutenant has decided to take advantage of the opportunity B. J. has given the medical men to come in on the professional course. Ah think

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

that, of itself, is an indication of the broad and liberal mind of the school's president."

"Very liberal, I'm sure," Dr. Black admitted. "Boys, try one of these Manilas."

All three men were soon puffing away and the room was enshrouded in a haze of blue ether when there came a rap at the door and in response to the doctor's "come," Gladys Black entered

"My, what's this ? Not Dante's, surely, but Black's Inferno!" she apostrophized. "Never mind, gentlemen, I'm quite used to it. I really believe Daddy's love for tobacco increases with his age. But he tells his patients it's injurious; how's that ?"

"For economical reasons, girl; a little touch of philanthropy on my part. Gladys, meet Mr. Berkley, if you can find him for the smoke. One of Claude's war comrades."

"I'm certainly glad to meet any real service man, and especially any friend of Claude's," said Gladys cordially, shaking hands without any show of conventionality, just a hearty clasp of honest impression. "Are you stopping in town, Mr. Berkley?"

"Oh, Ah'm here temporarily," said Jack. "Ah'm studying so Ah can set up an opposition shop to the lieutenant, when he hangs out his Chiropractic shingle."

Claude laughed.

"I'd rather make it a partnership," he said.

"That partnership idea is a good one," said Jack, "under certain conditions. Now I know a young couple, man and wife, who came to Davenport and took a course together. They graduated three years ago. You should take the course too, Miss Black, What do you suppose they're doing?" he asked, turning to Dr. Black.

"Making a live of it, I suppose," returned the doctor with a laugh. "That is," he added, "if they're not located in Illinois."

"No, they're in Indiana. Remember, this is an absolutely true story. They worked their way through school. Their income last year, above all expenses, was \$15,000!"

"Must have rubbed Aladdin's lamp with some success," observed Black. "Will you vouch for the accuracy of that statement, Berkley?"

"Absolutely."

"My, I should never know what to do with so much money!" said Gladys, with a shy glance at Claude.

"We'd buy a home on the bluff above Bettendorf," said Claude.

"Yes, I suppose you'd be wanting to look down on your old friends," said Dr. Black with a hearty laugh.

"Well, I think we'd better be going," said Claude. "I want to take the corporal over to the Commercial Club to dinner, there's some Food fellows over there I'd like him to meet. By the way, Gladys, another of my old comrades in arms, Walter Clawson, of whom you have heard me speak, is coming to The

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

Palmer School for a post graduate course. He has a sister in the school now. What did you say her name was, Jack?"

"Ralston, Beatrice Ralston," Jack answered slowly. For some reason he decided not to make any explanation regarding dissimilarity of names.

"Half-sister, then, I suppose," said Claude."

"Oh, I know Miss Ralston," said Gladys, quickly. "I met her at the house of a friend over on Iowa street in Davenport. I understand she's gone home for a vacation. She's a remarkably sweet girl I shall have you both over here when she returns, Mr. Berkley."

"Farewell, sweetheart," said Claude, starting for the door. "I'll drop in in the morning, Daddy. If you have any hard trips booked, save them for me!"

Jack shook hands with Gladys and her father, expressing his pleasure at meeting them, commending Claude for his thoughtfulness in contributing so generously to his enjoyment.

As he was about to turn from the old physician to join Claude, Dr. Black asked:

"Are you likely to see Clawson tonight?"

"Ah expect to. Ah can make it a point to do so, if you wish."

"I do. I tried to reach him by 'phone today, but failed. Tell him that government agents have a tip that John Feldman is in this neighborhood, hatching mischief! He is supposed to be in hiding somewhere in Bettendorf!"

CHAPTER XVIII

CHALLENGED BY THE ENEMY

On the same afternoon on which Jack Berkley was met and entertained by Lieutenant Rockwell, Clawson, coming home from palpation class, found a request from Watson, manager of the Examiner, for him to call at the office, at his earliest convenience.

Wondering what could be on the mind of his employer, Ralph shaved, changed his clothes and hurried down town.

"I have a letter which was left here for you this morning," said Watson as Clawson stepped into the sanctum. "It was brought in by a boy who I think got off of a Bettendorf car. I thought it might be in reference to some of the work you have been doing in that village. The messenger appeared very anxious to know if you were with the paper and if the letter would be sure to reach your hands."

Clawson took the envelope which the manager handed out, and for a full minute studied the written address. Suddenly a gleam of recognition came into his gray eyes and instead of opening the missive, he thrust it into his pocket and turned to go.

"There was nothing else, Mr. Watson?" he said inquiringly. "This letter has nothing to do with our newspaper work; it is on a purely personal matter. I thank you for calling me."

"All right. No, I don't think of anything new. That last Sunday's edition went like hot cakes! How long can you keep it up, Clawson?"

"Depends how long you want to continue paying for my services. I have appreciated very much the great benefit the extra work has been in helping me meet expenses."

"Well, you're still on the job," said Watson with a laugh. "I shall be sorry when you complete your school course and come to tender your resignation."

"I shall myself have many regrets," Clawson returned with some feeling. "You people have certainly treated me white and helped to make my stay in Davenport a pleasure."

He went up the long hill rather slowly. His mind was fixed upon that sealed envelope which had been handed to him by Watson. Well he knew its origin! There was no disguising that clumsy specimen of chirography. He knew every peculiar turn and twist of certain letters, too well. Too many fumes he

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

had read the insulting sentiments expressed by the same writer who had sent this added message after years of silence.

He reached his room and throwing himself into a chair drew out the envelope and for a long time sat turning it over and over, as if half doubting the wisdom of opening it at all. Then with sudden apparent resolve, he hurriedly tore off the end of the envelope, drew out and spread before him the single sheet of dingy yellow paper which it contained, and glued his eyes upon the few sentences it carried:

“THOUGH YOU HAVE AS MANY LIVES AS A CAT, I SHALL GET YOU YET. Thanks to my ability to read Morse, I got your message to Milledgeville. If you care to cry quits, I am not averse to meeting you half-way! If you would meet me to arrange terms, ask for Mitchell at the ‘Long Bar.’ If not, I give you fair warning Bettendorf will be an unhealthy place for you to visit! FEL—
—”

Though the lower corner of the written sheet had been torn off, leaving only a part of the signature, Clawson had no need of the full name to identify his correspondent.

So Feldman was wise to his whereabouts and with his diabolical luck had caught that message to the Adjutant General, inquiring about the location of his life-long enemy. It had ever been that way! His plans had always been in possession of the man whose hatred he had aroused in boyhood and which had been as implacable as fate, even before he had them fully formulated. If the spirit of evil watches over and protects his loyal servants, then Feldman had been most highly prized and carefully guarded, of all the personal aides of his Satanic Majesty.

But why suggestion of a truce ? What new scheme of deviltry was concealed beneath the treaty offer ? No matter what its real purpose, however, Clawson would never shrink from an opportunity to meet and wring from this arch-fiend in human shape, secrets for which he had given years of his life in helpless, hopeless, unfruitful search! Of twenty of those years he had been deliberately robbed, his enemy forced to be content with that, rather than the life itself which he had sought to destroy. Twenty years in blind ignorance of all that had gone before! Twenty years of a new and conscious horror of forgetfulness! Twenty years of nameless dread and uncertainty; twenty years of mental and physical slavery with the past a closed book! Yet not all, for through the haze of forgotten things had recently blazed a tiny flame of recollection, which pointed to that most diabolical plot of all which had power to close the book.

For a long, long time Ralph Clawson sat there and studied that significant scrawl. Then he folded the sheet slowly, placed it in its envelope and returned it to his pocket. Then he arose, went to his traveling bag which stood on his trunk in the corner and opened it, taking out a Smith & Wesson automatic revolver

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

which he first broke, then reloaded with new shells and placed in his hip pocket. Next he discarded his light overcoat, which he had retained since entering the room, and donned a heavy fur-lined garment in its place. In the hall he paused and glanced at Jack's door. He knew Berkley was absent for his room was open and there was no sound within. At first he appeared inclined to enter his friend's apartment, possibly to leave some message, but finally shook his head and passed down. He spoke pleasantly to Mrs. Brown at the foot of the stairs, but gave no suggestion of his purpose in leaving the house.

Once outside he walked rapidly to Second street, reaching the intersection of Perry and Second just as a Bettendorf car came in sight. This he boarded, taking a seat well to the front on the right or river side.

Again and again Clawson asked himself, what was the purpose of his trip? Was he ready to parley with the man who had never shown, in all his experience, the slightest mental flexibility? Was he ready to respond to this first indicated desire to end the feud of hate? If so, why the carefully loaded revolver which he could plainly feel with every movement, against his thigh? No! Meet the man he would, if such a thing were possible; but there'd be no parley! There'd be no murder on his part! A life might be snuffed out; but it would be simply a realization of retributive justice! Then again, what might not John Feldman have to sell? Would he for a consideration consent to straighten out the tangled threads his mischievous, revenge-seeking hands had drawn into an inexplicable snarl?

Often the words recurred to him: "If you would meet me to arrange terms, ask for Mitchell at the Long Bar."

Yes, he knew that place. Down near the river, near the edge of the Holy City, the Babylon of Bettendorf. Had he not been advised by the respectable citizens of the industrial village to shun this place? Had he not heard tales a many, of strange disappearances; of foreign intrigue; or racial plots and deeds of violence in this seething pot of hell's broth, on the banks of the Father of Waters?

What matter? Sense of fear was never for one instant an element of the nature of Ralph Clawson. He had waited long and patiently for the opportunity which now appeared to be freely offered. Should he allow it to pass in order to avoid personal risk? Never!

Through East Davenport and along the high bluffs upon which, walled and terraced, arose the magnificent homes of the wealth and culture of Davenport; now close and again far away from the muddy river whose current here was known to be most treacherous, finally into the town which one man's genius had raised from obscurity to nation-wide importance.

Many times during the past few weeks he had been a visitor to this wonderful hive of industry; had been the guest of its citizens and the repository of many a historical secret,

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

which his skillful pencil had shaped into instructive and entertaining reading for Examiner subscribers by the thousand.

At a corner he signaled the car to stop and alighted, turning his steps riverward along a side street.

Ahead loomed, through a hazy atmosphere, the long, rambling structure known as the "Long Bar." It had been a much frequented drink emporium for a certain class in the palmy days of John Barleycorn; but now presented an arid waste of weeds and disorder before its doors and perhaps less arid, but equally repulsive and gone-to-seed appearance, behind its long bar. Clawson walked into the place with a familiarity well assumed. A half-dozen loungers were grouped about the narrow, dirty room. Two foreigners, evidently Mexicans, were playing cards at a greasy table in a corner.

Ralph walked up to the bar, nodded to the bleary-eyed chap in the once white apron, and asked for a cigar.

"Give the boys a smoke," he said, throwing down a silver dollar.

"Just the change," said the barkeeper, thrusting the dollar into a trouser pocket beneath the dirty apron and helping himself to something labeled "Near Beer."

Ralph lighted his cigar, took one puff and threw it into a broken cuspidor. Finally fixing the waiter's eye, he leaned over the bar and said in a low tone:

"I'm looking for Mitchell!"

Suddenly the indolent barkeeper appeared to arouse from his habitual lethargy. He glanced at Clawson, surveyed him from head to foot with penetrating eyes, then nodded for the other to follow and led the way to a rear room of the dingy place.

"You are to wait here," he said, "until the chief is told of your arrival. Don't leave the room, for a messenger will be here within a few minutes."

He went out, leaving Clawson to his cogitations. "Chief," eh? Could Feldman be the leader of that gang of desperadoes whose presence in the vicinity of Bettendorf had been a constant nightmare to the officials on both sides of the river? Surely he was well fitted for such a distinction. But no matter what might develop, Clawson was determined to see the outcome of this incomprehensible affair.

Ten minutes later he heard an automobile stop before the place and the barkeeper immediately appeared at a side door and beckoned him to come out.

A big seven-passenger touring car stood panting at the edge of the walk, as if eager to be off. In the driver's seat was a tall black-haired and black-bearded individual, who Clawson at once decided was a Russian. His coat collar was drawn well up about his face but the hair and beard were not entirely concealed. Two piercing eyes gleamed from under the visor of a heavy woolen cap.

He did not speak, simply nodded toward the tonneau of the

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

big car and Clawson without hesitation opened the door and stepped in. As he took his seat and the driver opened the throttle, another man, somewhat resembling the driver, though not so large and having a face more suggestive of Bulgarian origin, came out from the Long Bar and sprang in beside him. The next minute the car sped forward and Clawson heard the barkeep shout after him:

“Hope ye have a pleasant trip, Mister.”

Clawson noted the time by his watch. It was three forty-five. Already the lengthening shadows of a short afternoon were falling athwart the murky river.

“How far do we go?” Ralph asked, turning to the man beside him, but that individual did not deign to reply. He simply shook his head. Then Clawson settled down resignedly in the broad seat to await developments.

For a half-hour, perhaps, the car sped on; now following the main road in the vicinity of the river, again making an apparently unnecessary detour among the high bluffs, coming back to the principal thoroughfare later on. Their course was up the river, and constantly the level space between the water and the bluffs narrowed, so that soon there was only a simple strip of level ground on either side of the road, while the banks became more elevated and precipitous.

At a sudden bend of the road, they came to a place where the highway spread out like a fork, there being at least four different tracks, leading out from the main thoroughfare, like the spokes of a wheel. At this point the car came to a stop, at a signal from another black-bearded individual, who had stepped from the underbrush along the way, into the road ahead of the machine. After a brief parley with the apparent outpost, the man in the seat with Clawson turned to him and said in excellent English:

“Are you willing to have your eyes bandaged for the balance of the ride? I assure you it will occupy only a few minutes.”

“Suppose I decline?”

“Then we have instructions to drive you back immediately to the Long Bar.”

For a moment Clawson hesitated. What was the occasion of all this secrecy, if the intentions of John Feldman were honest? It required a certain amount of rash courage to suffer oneself to be blindfolded in a strange auto with two fierce-looking foreigners, doubtless Bolsheviki agents, as one’s only companions.

Clawson moved slightly, and very plainly he felt along his thigh the automatic Smith & Wesson. If they made no attempt to disarm him, he would consent.

“Well?” said the driver, “what do you decide? I assure you no harm will come to you during the ride.”

“During the ride?” Was that significant? What was there to develop at its conclusion? No matter; the only chance for a solution appeared to rest in compliance with his companion’s demands.

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

"All right," he said. "I'll take your word for it. Go ahead!"

The Bulgar took from his pocket a large bandanna handkerchief and standing in front of Clawson, adjusted it over his eyes, drawing it tightly and tying it at the back.

"You will find it only a brief inconvenience," he said as the auto again bounded forward. Clawson noticed that after a moment or two they made a sharp turn to the right, in the direction of the river. With all his senses alert, he studied the apparent course of the machine, and mentally photographed it in its numerous turnings and rise and fall of the road level.

At the end of ten minutes, perhaps, the car again came to a stop, and Clawson heard a challenge, an apparent password given in some foreign jargon, which he could not understand, then again the car moved, but only for a short distance.

Ralph felt the hand of his companion upon his arm.

"We are to leave the car here," he said. "Come!"

Assisted by the man, Clawson stepped to the ground. Immediately he realized that another person had locked arms with him on the opposite side.

In this manner they proceeded for some distance, over rough and uneven ground, Clawson realized, but assisted by the men on either side he was able to proceed without mishap. Finally they came to a pair of wooden steps, there was a rap upon what appeared to be a door, and after a moment, during which there came the sound of the turning of a key in a lock, the blindfolded man realized that he had been conducted into a passage or hall, which gave out the odor of fresh earth, an underground apartment, Clawson rightly conjectured.

Then he realized that he had been ushered into a larger apartment, for the air seemed purer and cooler. His attendants released their hold upon his arm and removed the handkerchief.

"You will wait here until the chief is informed of your arrival," said the chauffeur, then both quitted the room and Ralph heard a key turn in a lock on the outside.

Left alone, Clawson's first action was to slip the automatic from his hip to the side pocket of his coat. Then he turned to inspect the room. Its only light came from a dingy oil lamp on a small table near the rear. The walls appeared solid save for two doors, the one through which he had been conducted and another nearly opposite which apparently opened into more remote apartments. At one point he discovered what appeared to have been a window, but it had been boarded up and covered with thick cloth, so no light from outside could penetrate.

Furniture of the room was meager indeed. A half-dozen wooden chairs; a rude wooden bench or cot on one side, covered with an army blanket; a small cupboard in a corner, having two shelves upon which reposed a few plates and two or three cups and saucers. A kerosene oil stove appeared the only means of heating the place, but on investigation Clawson found that this stove was not supplied with oil, nor was there any in sight.

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

Finally he took a chair and sat down at the small table, where the kerosene lamp smoked and flickered in an uncertain way. Was he then really a prisoner to the one man whose hate had been his Nemesis; whose every act in connection with himself had been a motive of revenge, though long masked under the guise of friendly interest? Well, it was perhaps as well to come finally to the end of the long road of scheming and misrepresentation! There was the one bare chance that having stripped his victim of everything except life itself, the assassin of hope and joy and happiness, had at last relented. Such a supposition appeared most unreasonable, so Clawson turned to the other side of the possibility and nerved himself for the meeting which was now inevitable!

There was a heavy step outside the inner door, a key turned and a tall, angular figure came into the room, locking the door behind him.

The newcomer was apparently Clawson's senior; spare, almost cadaverous of feature, with prominent nose, long, protruding lower jaw and cavernous eyes, which fixed themselves upon the classic face of Ralph Clawson, with a gleam of fierce cunning and exultation.

He came forward toward the table, pausing a half-dozen paces away, studying his visitor as if to analyze his feelings and intentions. Standing there in the half light of the oil lamp, his ghastly face was indeed a fit model for Fra Diavolo. Clawson, however, met his gaze unflinchingly.

"Well, Ralph, dear old friend, I see you have seen fit to answer my summons. What is it to be: a truce or the final ending of the tragedy?"

"Your motives toward me, John Feldman, have always been sinister!" Ralph answered in a steady voice. "What more am I to expect at this time?"

"Still inclined to pessimism in your estimate of my good intentions, I observe," said Feldman, coming forward and taking a seat at the side of the table opposite Clawson. His great fist was stretched out upon the top, the heavy carpals of his wrist standing out like abnormal protuberances of bone.

"Have I cause for any other reasoning?" Ralph asked slowly. "What story did you tell of that tragic occurrence in the Red Arrow mine? Dare you answer that?"

"Your memory seems wonderfully improved since the last time I saw you in Red Wood gulch," said Feldman, with an inquiring look. "If your memory is returning you may, indeed, become dangerous."

CHAPTER XIX

WHERE IS RALPH CLAWSON?

It was well on to midnight when Claude Rockwell drove Jack home. Pleasure of the reunion with the lieutenant and the remarkably courteous treatment extended by members of the Commercial Club had nearly driven everything else out of the Texan's head, so it was with something like contrition he stopped at Clawson's door as he went upstairs to deliver to him the message from Dr. Black.

But Clawson's door stood open and the room was tenantless. Jack turned on the electric light, for a certain inspection. The bed was undisturbed. Ralph's light overcoat lay where he had thrown it on his return from the Examiner office. Jack noticed that his heavy coat and cap were missing.

"Guess the lodges must be having some sort of a blow-out tonight," he muttered. "Ah'll see him first thing in the morning. Gee, but partner and Ah are getting right dissipated!"

But when Jack arose next morning, Clawson had not returned, nor was he in class during the forenoon. Back in his friend's room Berkley began a careful inspection in hope of obtaining some clue to his whereabouts. Surely, if he had intended an extended absence he would have left some word. He went down stairs to question Mrs. Brown.

She knew nothing except that Clawson had been called down to the Examiner office, and had afterward returned, changed his overcoat and gone out without indicating in any way his destination.

Back up to Ralph's room went Jack. Among the papers on the dresser top and on the small table where Clawson did his writing he persistently searched, but fruitlessly. Not a scrap rewarded his efforts. As he started to leave, his eye caught sight of a small yellow paper, which had fallen or been thrown nearly under the bed. He hastily picked it up. It proved to be a small section of the end of an envelope. In the corner was a narrow slip of white paper which had apparently been torn from whatever missive the envelope had contained when it was opened. Upon this scrap of paper were four letters, evidently a part of the signature. They were: "dman."

Jack replaced the white slip in its yellow covering and tucked it away carefully in his vest pocket. Then he went into his own room, filled his pipe and threw himself into an easy chair.

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

Quickly he had supplied the missing letters to the name, "Feldman." In connection with that deduction there came again into his mind that significant message of Dr. Brown to his partner; that message which he had been unable to deliver:

"Tell Clawson government agents have a tip that John Feldman is in this neighborhood hatching mischief. He is believed to be in hiding somewhere in Bettendorf."

"There's foul play at the bottom of this," Jack muttered. "Ah haven't got much of a line on this man Feldman, but Ah'm ready to bet he could tell where Clawson is. Jack; old boy, it's up to yeh to find the old gentleman and bring him home!"

Jack went to his trunk and after a moment's search brought to light a belt containing two holsters, in each of which reposed a polished 44. There was also a sheath from *which* he drew and examined a small hunting knife. The belt he buckled about his waist under his coat, with the comment:

"There I Ah reckon that's arsenal enough for this expedition! Now Ah'll call up Rockwell. He ought to be able to tell me something about the lay of the land in Bettendorf. Then I'll go down and see Watson. Maybe he can give us some pointers."

He had no trouble in getting in communication with Lieut. Rockwell, and when Jack had given him a suggestion of the business in hand, he was enthusiastic in his desire to participate.

"I'll bring a good man with me," he said, "and will meet you at the Examiner office inside of an hour!"

Jack was also fortunate in finding the manager of the Examiner at his desk. He had met him with Clawson on two or three different occasions, and knowing the custom of the office, did not stop to ask questions at the counter, but walked into the sanctum.

Watson looked up at his entrance and greeted him cordially.

"Ah've a bad piece of news for yeh, Mr. Watson, but Ah'm anxious that nothing be said about it in the paper, at least at present!"

"All right," said Watson. "Possibly you may be the best judge. What's happened?"

"Ralph Clawson is missing!"

"What?" Watson started up, in sudden interest. "Ralph missing? Why he was here in the office yesterday! He appeared all right."

"But he failed to return last night or today," said Jack. "He was not in school and Ah haven't been able to find any trace of him. Do yeh know anything about a man named Feldman, John Feldman?"

"Feldman? Feldman?" mused Watson. "That name surely has a familiar sound. Yes, sure! Feldman was arrested by government agents during the war and sent to the alien internment camp in Georgia. It was shown that he was an active promoter of German propaganda. Only a few days ago I heard that Feldman was supposed to be in the vicinity of Bettendorf, seeking

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

to organize open rebellion against the government. This has come as an aftermath of the big soft coal strike. Crazy agitators have been trying to make the ignorant foreigners believe that it would be an easy thing to capture the Rock Island arsenal and either destroy it or hold it against any force which might be brought against them. But the Department of Justice has been too active and the revolutionary plans have really been nipped in the bud. Now I think of it, Clawson received a letter yesterday, which I have reason to believe came from Bettendorf. Of course, though, it could have no connection with Feldman."

"Ah'm not so sure of that," said Jack, impressively. "If he received a letter from Bettendorf yesterday, Ah am almost certain that it came from Feldman. Do yeh recall the color of the envelope that Ralph received?"

"Yes, very distinctly. It was yellow, and I know I at first supposed it to be a telegram."

"Something like that?"

Jack took out the little scrap of envelope and held it for Watson's inspection.

"Sure, that's the color."

"Clawson opened his letter in his room," said Berkley, confidently, "and in his haste tore a portion of the signature, which was discarded with the end of the envelope. See?"

He handed over the white slip with its four letters.

"Feldman, by God!" said Watson. "But how could Clawson be linked up with that outlaw?"

"That's what puzzles me," Jack returned. "Ah'd back my life on the old man, but for some reason he's been inquiring of Dr. Black of Rock Island about the fellow, and the doctor sent a message by me yesterday to Clawson, saying Feldman was in this vicinity plotting mischief. The fact that Ralph received the letter, evidently from Feldman, has given me a lead and Ah'm going to Bettendorf and solve the problem, before Ah return."

"Better be pretty careful," said Watson. "They're a tough lot over there in the Holy City!"

Jack pulled up his coat, exposing his armament.

"Ah don't intend to take any chances," he said. "There's my friend, Lieutenant Rockwell outside, and Ah must be going. Thanks for your information."

"Success go with you I If you learn anything of importance telephone me, as I shall be anxious for news!"

He arose, following with his eyes the stalwart young soldier until he had jumped into Claude's waiting auto and was whirled away.

"I want you to meet Capt. Arnold," said Claude as Jack took his place in the machine. "What he don't know about the inwardness of Bettendorf's alien population isn't worth knowing! He was at Milledgeville and knows our man Feldman and his methods. I suppose you came prepared for some lively work, if worst comes to worst?"

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

“Ah deemed it advisable not to go empty-handed,” said Jack. “Ah reckon we’ll have to put ourselves under Capt. Arnold’s direction. Ah’ve never been in Bettendorf in my life.”

“Sure. He’s the boss of this outfit,” Claude returned.

“That being the case,” said Arnold, “I’d advise steering clear of the village of Bettendorf. Down through the foreign settlement every second man is a spy of the leading conspirators. I have satisfied myself that the real headquarters of the gang is not in the village, but several miles up the river, in what many years ago was a trading station. It’s a strong building built of hewn logs and is tucked away under the river bluff among the trees and is unobservable from any of the roads. We’ll strike off into the country at East Davenport and not return to the river road until we’re well above the old stockade. I have two men stationed not far from what we believe to be the Feldman castle. Really, I think this attempted alien uprising is practically ended! Action of the labor unions has given it a black eye. But I’d give a month’s pay to lay hands on the ring-leader and let Uncle Sam deal with him!”

“What about Clawson?” asked Jack.

“Well, that’s problematical,” Capt. Arnold replied. “We have absolutely nothing on which to base a conclusion. There may have been a feud of some sort between the two men; one can never tell. Now if we had the letter received by Clawson, we might be able to make reasonable deductions! As it is, we’re groping in the dark, but we have this to support our action. Any movement of authority against John Feldman is legitimate and should succeed! As for your friend, there are several possibilities. If they have been enemies, it may be a case of attempted bargaining. If Clawson is rich, it might be an effort to extort a ransom. Then, again, the motive may be of more sinister origin. A person objectionable to a character like Feldman could very easily be disposed of along the rough shores of the Mississippi. I don’t want to cause you unnecessary alarm, but to my mind the sooner we can get Ralph Clawson in our possession, the better!”

“That’s the feeling Ah’ve had all along,” said Jack, “though Ah’ve really had no reason to suspect designs on Clawson’s life. Ah don’t believe Ralph Clawson ever did anybody a wrong.”

“Imaginary wrongs sometimes lead to tragedies!” said Capt. Arnold. “These outlaws who are ready to incite rebellion against the best government in the world are quite capable of imagining anything!”

At East Davenport they turned to the north, taking Jersey Ridge road, which runs at nearly right angles to the river, following this until the bluffs were left far behind, then turned east again, taking a course parallel with the river road, but several miles removed.

It was near dusk when they finally turned eastward toward the main road. When this was reached and the machine headed down the river. Arnold requested Claude to drive slowly. A mile

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

further on he directed that the machine be slapped. Then, rising in his seat and placing his hands to his lips, he sent out a low, tremulous cry of the loon.

Very shortly came a rustle of the thick bushes and a shadowy figure stepped into the road beside the auto.

“You, Mack?” asked Arnold.

“Yes, Captain. Everything is quiet. Really I believe most of the gang have gone. Feldman is on the job. He has a prisoner, I take it. Was brought in yesterday, blindfolded. Feldman was away this afternoon, but he locked up tight before he left and the man is still here!”

“Where’s Jackson?”

“Down on the river. We thought there might be something doing from that side. They’ve got boats.”

“Don’t think they’ll try to use them in the slush ice. I think you’re right, that the band is breaking up. They’re wise to the action of the authorities and are scurrying to cover! Best we can expect now, I believe, is to get this man Feldman! He’s probably got all the evidence we need in that fort of his down there. And we must get him, there must be no mistake about that! Have you found any way by which we can reach the old stockade, with reasonable safety?”

“Yes, I’ve spent nearly all day looking out and studying a path, which I am sure I can follow in the dark. Drive on for a half mile and then we’ll leave the machine and do some climb

“You see,” said Arnold, in a low tone to Jack as they drove on, “I had this drive in contemplation before Rockwell called me up. Expected to make it tomorrow, however, and I imagine your action has really given us an opportunity to nab Feldman, while, had we waited until tomorrow, he’d have slipped away. It’s mighty fine to have your help, for I imagine this outlaw cornered would be a tough proposition. We’ll try to steal a march on him and this ought to be easy, if Mack is right and he is practically alone.

Finally at a word from Mack the auto stopped at the side of the road and the little party got out. Then by united effort they shoved the machine partially beneath the overhanging screen of bushes.

Then Capt. Arnold marshaled his forces. Mack was to lead, Jack next, then Claude and finally Capt. Arnold bringing up the rear. Each man had a revolver free in one hand, while the other rested on the shoulder of his neighbor in front.

In this manner they moved from the road into what had some semblance of a path, though the underbrush had not been cut away and great caution was necessary both in making progress without noise and in avoiding a slip or misstep. Naturally their progress was very slow, but all these men had had some experience in this sort of work, Arnold and Mack in the secret

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

service and Jack and Claude in locating machine gun nests along the Argonne.

For fully half an hour their slow and tedious climb continued. It was not so steep, for while gradually working downward, they were also moving parallel to the river, down the stream. But, for all, in many places they found it necessary to hold strongly to the encroaching bushes to steady their descent.

Finally they came out upon a small plateau free from bushes and here Mack signaled a rest. Down below them, through the interstices of the thick brush, they could see the shining surface of the river. Off to the right, reflected against the water, was a dark, oblong shape, which all instinctively realized must be the outlaw den.

Arnold crawled to Mack's side and whispered to him:

"Suppose you go on a ways and see how the land lays. We'll wait for you here."

Without hesitation the man dropped down on all fours and crept away in the direction of the stockade, as silent as a shadow.

He was gone for a long time; at least it seemed long to the anxious watchers. There appeared to be no movement about the building. Once Jack fancied he saw a faint gleam of light, but decided it was imagination.

Not a sound disturbed the silence of the night. The call of a whip-poor-will sounded from away down the river. Capt. Arnold pricked up his ears at the sound, but when it was repeated still further away, he shook his head.

"That's natural," he whispered to Rockwell. "That's no signal!"

Finally there came the sound of a slight struggle and the thud of some body striking the ground. Then all was still again. The old trading post remained in absolute silence and gloom.

Suddenly Mack crept out of the bushes, so quietly none of the party were aware of his approach. He crawled to Captain Arnold's side.

"The coast is absolutely clear!" he whispered. "There was one guard near the lower end of the path, but he won't bother! I have him well trussed up and fastened down so he can't make any disturbance!"

"You did well, Mack! Let's be moving."

Again the quartette of sleuths crept forward down the path, finally coming to the point where Mack had had his little decisive argument with the sentinel. The fellow lay absolutely unable to move hand or foot. One handkerchief was thrust tightly into his mouth, another tied about it, holding it in place.

"Did you search him?" whispered Capt. Arnold. "He might have a key to that outside door."

"Didn't have time," said Mack. "I'll do it now."

This he proceeded to do and Arnold's prediction was verified. Not only was a key, which evidently fitted the outer door, but a string of several other keys were soon in the leader's hand.

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

“Great luck!” he whispered. “Now men, get your guns ready and we’ll make a rush for it! Under no circumstances let Feldman escape!”

Then, even as they formed in a thin assault column, there came a sound of two shots in rapid succession from the interior of the building, now not more than ten feet away.

“My God, we’re too late!” cried Jack, bounding forward. “It was to be a tragedy, Captain!”

CHAPTER XX

APPROACHING A TRAGEDY

"Twenty years' search was entitled to some success," Clawson answered in reply to Feldman's question. "It has at least served to reveal to me the author of all my misfortunes; the loss of family, property, acquaintanceship, all that life holds dear to any man! I came here in answer to your letter, hoping that such a complete triumph as you have won in your lifelong fight against me may have satisfied your appetite for revenge; that you were finally willing to declare the truce which your note suggests. If there was honest motive in holding out that suggestion, then surely you can have no reason to refuse an answer to my question. What was the story which went back to the east regarding the accident in the Red Arrow mine?"

"It was sufficient," said Feldman, "for all purposes. It not only satisfied the authorities, but it carried conviction of your tragic fate to those who were intimately concerned. It may please you to know she never for a moment doubted the accuracy of the story. Here! You, I understand, have become a newspaper man. How is that for a bit of good newspaper writing? You may keep it as a souvenir."

Feldman took from an inner pocket a long bill book, from which he extracted a newspaper clipping and extended it to Clawson. Ralph seized the paper eagerly and scrutinized it closely. It was yellow with age and the date line which remained at the top of the clipping read: "Butte, Mont., October 16, 1900." He spread it out on the table before him and began reading, Feldman watching him with cruel, merciless eyes. Here is what he read:

"One of the most tragic incidents in the history of Montana mining occurred at the Red Arrow mine, near Redwood, in which as the result of a premature blast, Ralph Clawson, an eastern promoter and part owner of the Red Arrow, was instantly killed and his partner, John Feldman, severely injured. That portion of the mine was practically destroyed. Scattered fragments of Clawson's clothing are all that have been found of the unfortunate promoter. His body is supposed to have been blown into atoms and buried beneath the tons of rock and gravel which came down as a result of the explosion. Orders have been issued closing that portion of the workings permanently, Feldman, who held his partner in the highest esteem, being unwilling that the

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

remains, by him held sacred, should be disturbed. Love of these two men must have been great, for Feldman has shown the most inexpressible sorrow over the tragedy.

“Clawson was a wealthy New York farmer. He was enthused with the mining idea and acting upon the advice of his friend Feldman, who was a mining expert of long experience, had sold his real estate and invested the proceeds in the Red Arrow, which has proven a real bonanza. Finally Clawson decided to come West for a personal inspection of his holdings, arriving here on Wednesday. That evening he was entertained at the City Club by his friend Feldman and won friends from the members by his genial manner and attractive personality. Yesterday, with his partner and another miner, he went into the mine to look over some new workings, which were expected to open up a vein of superior quartz. A blast had already been prepared and Clawson was advised to wait until after it had been exploded, but expressed a desire to see the ground before as well as after the blast, to obtain a better comprehension of the real effect of the explosive. Real cause of the premature setting off will probably never be known. Clawson had no more than stepped into the chamber than the detonation came. Not only the main blast went off, but two or three minor explosions followed in quick succession, indicating that stored explosives had been affected. An investigation will be held to seek to determine what was responsible for the accident; if it was in any degree chargeable to negligence.

“Clawson was forty-six years old, and married. With the exception of his wife and little boy he had no near relatives. Feldman returns East tomorrow to arrange for funeral services for his friend, but will return here to testify at the investigation.”

Clawson finished reading and raised his cool, gray eyes, fixing them upon the fierce orbs of the gloating face opposite.

“I suppose the funeral was not overlooked,” he said sarcastically.

Feldman laughed sardonically.

“Do you think I’d forget any of the essentials,” he said, a sneer in his voice. “Not only were you given a most touching eulogy by your old pastor, but down in the little churchyard, where you used to play hide-and-seek as a boy, stands a handsome monument of granite, representing I might say, your interest in the Red Arrow mine! You see, Ralph, I have always made your interests paramount to my own.”

Clawson’s eyes fell. How could he hope to gain anything by attempted conciliation with this fiend in human shape? Every word spoken by him was an insult; every sentiment an expression of implacable hate and gloating triumph.

“Why did you send for me?” he finally asked.

“Because I always liked you, Ralph; always admired your innocence and childish simplicity. I found you as ductile as clay and it gave me real enjoyment to mould you to my wishes.

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

I sent for you because I knew you'd come and because I wanted one more chance to study the wreck you had become. My memory has been better than yours. I can go back to the time when we were both boys and you came South to visit relatives. We quarreled then, do you remember, and my first disgrace came when you pummeled me into an apology in the presence of Margaret. That disgrace has always been my cup of gall. Beaten by a northern farmer! The Feldman blood could never brook that indignity. But I concealed that bitter hate born of your blows and shook hands in apparent forgetfulness. Your excessive honesty, Ralph, was your great weakness. You could not understand deceit in others. You see, I give you full credit for what the world regards as high moral character."

He paused for a moment, then went on, in a wheedling tone:

"Then came the great crime of reconstruction. I had been with Mosby's raiders and was away from home when you came into the old neighborhood as a government agent. There again you came in touch with Margaret, and with your seductive ways and soft manner won her promise to be your wife. When I returned the great wrong had been accomplished! I tried to turn her to reason, but she too was a Feldman, and my arguments and protestations were of no avail. Not that I wanted her. Oh, no, not that! But the Feldman pride could not brook a union with a plebian farmer of the North, and an enemy. There must be reprisal, heavy, unmerciful reprisal! So I again shook hands in token of unalterable friendship and again you fell, like the doddering idiot that you were! I know I speak plainly, but the truth between friends is best."

"Go on, go on," said Clawson. "Rehearse the whole bitter truth!"

"Is it bitter? I really thought you'd enjoy it. Then came the wedding. Of course, no one for a moment considered anybody but John Feldman for best man, and John was only too glad to do the honors for his best friend. That surely was a gala night. That too, Ralph, do you remember, was the time I first broached the subject of the Red Arrow mine. Do you recall where we were? Out there in the conservatory where we'd gone to smoke a cigar. I can see you now as you sat there against a bank of poinsettia, its brilliant blossoms bending over as if to whisper a warning to you, but you only thought of the glittering prospect of great wealth which the proposition offered! It was legitimate, too, all that I led you to believe. It would have made you independent, Ralph, but for that unfortunate accident of which you have just read. It might please you to know that sold the Red Arrow for five hundred thousand dollars."

"Then squandered the money, I suppose?" said Clawson bitterly.

"Opinion might vary on that," said Feldman, sneeringly. "I can assure you that a good part of it went to promote pro-German sentiment in this rotten republic. A German victory would

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

have resulted in Bolsheviki success here! There is little difference in plutocracy, whether it thrives under czar, king, emperor or president. I am for freedom; untrammelled liberty of the people! Well, Ralph, I must leave you now. Make yourself comfortable as you can. I'll see that you have something to eat and tomorrow I'll see you again and perhaps rehearse something more of the history of the past, if you are sufficiently interested to listen. It may add to your comfort to know that there is enough dynamite stored under this building to blow the whole establishment into the Mississippi. It will be perfectly harmless, however, unless the sneaking agents of the Department of Justice become too inquisitive. In that case I could not be responsible for consequences! Good night, dear friend."

"One question," said Ralph rising, "just one question before you go."

"Ask it tomorrow," was the short answer, as Feldman went out, locking the door behind him.

Clawson took out his watch, noting the time. It was after ten o'clock. He had eaten nothing since noon and there appeared no probability that he would obtain any food before morning at least. He had his pipe and tobacco and this would in a measure satisfy the cravings of hunger. He found the oil in the smoky lamp was well-nigh exhausted and a search of the room failed to reveal an additional supply. He might need what remained later on, so he turned out the lamp and lay down on the hard and narrow bunk, the glow from his pipe alone penetrating the impalpable darkness.

Finally conjecture began to take possession of his mind. What had the morrow in store for him? What was Feldman's real purpose in bringing him to this hidden prison? Every word uttered by the outlaw during his visit had been of a character to warn of an approaching climax to what had been to him a life tragedy. That Feldman's motives were murderous he had no longer a doubt. The fiendish exultation with which he had rehearsed the incidents of the past; the gloating triumph which showed so plainly in his cadaverous face as he told of the ease with which he had deceived Clawson into a belief in his friendship, how adroitly he had tricked him; his admissions regarding the Red Arrow mine horror, were all practical promises of an ending of the feud by Clawson's annihilation.

Well, after all, what purpose could he now have in life? Twenty years of forgetfulness of those things which once had been his greatest joy and pride, had robbed him of all hope of recovery. For twenty years his own identity had been lost, snuffed out like a candle by that premature blast in the Red Arrow. Only since the sudden sight of Beatrice Ralston's face, that face so faithful a reproduction of the Southern girl whose love had been his dearest acquisition, had he begun to remember. Most remarkable had been the vividness with which he recalled his last previous meeting with John Feldman, in the old hermit's

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

hut in Redwood Gulch. Found by Feldman searching for any possible evidences of his crime, at a new opening of the mine produced by the explosion, senseless, his clothing in tatters but still alive, he had been carried to the hut and by the bestowal of a generous bag of golden nuggets, allowed to remain, with instructions that under no circumstances should the fact of his remarkable escape be made public. And Feldman had found a willing and faithful tool, for the story of the mine horror as published in the Butte paper had never been disputed. He remembered now how his arch enemy had come there once afterward and gloated with satisfaction over his mental lapse, his inability to recognize the man who had for years posed as his dearest, most considerate friend:

Oh, the fiendish cunning of the entire plot! But one thing Clawson did not know; one incident that the traitorous Feldman never gave to the press. It was that some days after the injured man had been partially restored to physical health and had been taken to the mouth of the gulch and told by the hermit to go where he pleased, that ancient solitary was found in his hut, dead from a knife-thrust in his heart. It was the Feldman method of guarding against possible contingencies.

Finally Clawson fell asleep. Demands of nature for repair of exhausted energies could not be denied. Strange as it may appear, there were no haunting dreams, just normal, refreshing sleep.

On awakening he discovered that the lamp had been again lighted and upon the table was a platter containing a quantity of bread, cold meat and a pot of coffee. He found that it was nearly noon of the second day. Feldman might come at any time now, if he had not already been in the room. That such was the case, however, was improbable. He would not have been considerate of the sleeper.

Clawson arose and proceeded to the table, making a substantial meal from the food provided. He did not stop to question of poison. That would not be the Feldman way. It would prove too slow a process and might rob him of the opportunity to gloat over his victim.

But whatever might come, Clawson had no intention of taking the dark trail willingly. His trusty automatic still reposed in his coat pocket. It had never failed to work perfectly in target practice; it would not fail if put to practical use.

It was a long afternoon for Clawson. Hour after hour passed and Feldman failed to appear. Again Ralph's reasoning turned to possibilities. Had the government agents really become aggressively active and was Feldman's grim prediction regarding results in such an emergency likely to come true? Or had hasty escape been forced upon the much-wanted man and was he to be left to starve in this underground prison?

Slowly the hours dragged on until seven o'clock in the evening. Then Clawson heard the rattle of the key and Feldman

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

came into the room. He noted the nearly cleared platter on the table and remarked as he took the dish and set it aside:

“Almost typical of the Last Supper, eh, Ralph.”

“I am not certain how that may be,” Clawson returned sternly, “but its Judas comes late. Are you prepared to answer my one question now?”

Feldman laughed ironically as he took a seat at the opposite side of the table.

“Ask it,” he said. “I know what it will be, but the pleasure of answering will be compensation for the effort. What do you most wish to know?”

“What became of Margaret and the boy?”

“Ah, your restored memory couldn’t reach quite so far as that, could it? That was really beyond your ken. There let it remain. She has no doubt whatever of the truth of the very plausible report of the tragedy brought to her by her cousin, John Feldman. Neither had she a suspicion that the investment made in mining by her former husband was not an absolute failure. Why destroy those hallucinations, so long as all the harm that could come from them has already passed?”

“But I insist on knowing!” said Ralph with determination.

“What! You insist? Now, really, the lion has thrown aside the ass’s skin. Why, Ralph, you’d be amusing except for that new glitter in your gray eyes, that I believe I have never seen there before. Do you actually make that a demand upon me, when I have told you it cannot be done?”

“I do make the demand!” cried Ralph angrily. “Time for senseless platitudes between you and I have passed! You cannot cajole, deceive or frighten me from my purpose. I demand to know what became of my wife and little son!”

For a moment John Feldman appeared staggered by the sudden revelation of the man before him. He had looked for weak pleading, hopeless begging for mercy when the climax was approached, but here was open defiance. Twenty years of mental lapse had apparently changed the entire character of the man he hated.

“You are a fool!” he finally cried. “You ask an utter impossibility. If it were to save my own life I would not tell you! Believe me, you shall never know; you shall never have opportunity to exercise your wonderfully aroused intelligence. Did you imagine I asked you to come here for parley? What could I want of parley with you? Nothing. There’s where you showed a streak of your old credulity. I thought you were disposed of for good and all out there in Montana, though immediate results were not what I had planned and hoped for. Then came the tell-tale dispatch, showing you were trailing me through the damnable internment camp. I knew then that my ghost was not laid. That dispatch, Ralph, sealed your fate. In my note I told you I’d get you yet! The truce idea was an afterthought. Honesty between friends, Ralph, especially such good friends as we have been,

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

I asked you to come here that I might kill you easily, surely and at my own pleasure!"

Feldman had risen to his feet and his words were hissed out with all the conceivable venom of a mad fanaticism. If he hoped to intimidate Clawson, however, he had for once mistaken his man. The latter also had risen and stood with his left hand resting by the finger tips upon the table, the right hand thrown back naturally as one might do in bending forward. His clearcut features were firmly set; his face gleamed white in the light of the lamp, his eyes watched Feldman's every movement with keen celerity.

"Then if I am to die," said Clawson, without a tremor in his voice, "why not give me the satisfaction of knowing what I ask?"

"By God, you would badger me!" cried Feldman. "You shall not ask again!"

His hand moved toward his side, but Ralph's keen eyes had not deceived him. Instantly there was a muffled report, there blazed a streak of fire across the board, while almost simultaneously Feldman's revolver cracked wickedly and Ralph crumpled down upon the table.

Feldman had fallen back as Ralph fired, reeling in his chair, but seeking desperately to raise his gun for a second shot at the inert form upon the table above him.

At this moment there came the sound of rushing feet, the outer door was nearly hurled from its hinges and Jack Berkley, followed closely by Capt. Arnold, plunged into the room. Jack, not knowing what sort of an encounter they were rushing into, had drawn both revolver and knife and as he entered his quick eye caught and interpreted the movements of the gaunt form, which could scarcely maintain its position in the chair. Already Feldman had succeeded in placing his revolver barrel against the edge of the table and was seeking to steady it for a certain shot at the gray head not a foot away from the muzzle.

There was no time for hesitation. To think with the Texan was to act and instantly the sharp hunting knife left his hand and sped a flash of fire in the shadows, as the glittering steel caught the reflected rays of light from the still burning lamp, straight as a bullet to the mark, piercing the back of the hand grasping the gun, penetrating between the metacarpals, clear to the heft.

Feldman's revolver dropped to the floor and the would-be assassin fell back, groaning and cursing in pain and rage.

Jack picked Clawson up and laid him tenderly upon the rude bunk. Even as he released him, Ralph opened his eyes and whispered rather weakly:

"Jack, oh, Jack; thank God you were not too late!"

"Ah came mighty near being, pardner, no mistake. When yeh're going to have any more of these surprise parties, be sure to send out yehr invitations earlier."

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

“Is your man all right?” asked Capt. Arnold, who was standing over Feldman, whom he had disarmed and who appeared in no condition to put up a fight. “Feldman has a bad wound in the shoulder, beside the injured hand. By the way, Berkley, that was a neat bit of knife play. Where did you learn it?”

“Used to practice it for sport down on the Texas ranch. Ah never expected, though, it would save a life, especially that of my dear old pardner here.”

He placed his arm affectionately about the shoulder of the elder man.

CHAPTER XXI

IN THE HANDS OF UNCLE SAM

Dr. Rockwell had given Clawson a hasty examination, finding that the bullet from Feldman's gun had just plowed a little furrow through the scalp. He had been stunned for a moment but the injury was of slight consequence. He now turned his attention to the man on the floor, whose wounds were really serious, though not likely to have fatal result.

Clawson's shot had taken effect in Feldman's shoulder, tearing through tendons and muscles and severing several blood-vessels. He had bled profusely and was growing weak. Claude gave him first aid, bandaging his disabled shoulder and binding up the wounded hand. Jack's knife had passed cleanly between the bones and the hurt was of a superficial character, though very painful.

"Ralph sure must have got the drop on him," said Jack, regarding the vanquished outlaw with much interest. "That accounts for his own slight injury. Feldman was just drawing his gun when partner fired from his pocket. It was not discharged until he had been hit and his arm was going up in the air, as he fell backward. Here's a case where speed was effective; a second lost would have been fatal to Clawson? Don't you think, Captain, we'd better explore this ranch? Might be a score of ruffians hidden somewhere about the place, waiting for their leader to report?"

"No danger of that, I think," Arnold replied. "I imagine that chap we left out in the bushes was the only reserve left. We'd have heard from them before this time, if they hadn't sought their own safety; we'll see, however, if we can't find some evidence to help hang Feldman."

That worthy had lapsed into silence, simply ignoring questions put to him by Capt. Arnold. Clawson, who had been watching him intently, suddenly discovered that the distance between Feldman and the inner door had materially decreased. Yes, that time he plainly saw him give a slight hitch of his body toward the wall. Instantly Clawson recalled what Feldman had said regarding dynamite and what might occur in case government officers came too close. He started up with a warning cry:

"Watch that man!" he shouted. "See, he is trying desperately to reach some certain point. Stop him, quick, or he'll blow us all to Kingdom Come!"

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

Noticing Clawson's interest in his movements, Feldman had abandoned his stealthy tactics and was now struggling desperately with his waning strength to reach the wall. Arnold did not stop to question. He seized Feldman by the collar and hurled him unceremoniously back to the place where he had first fallen.

"You watch him, Rockwell, and if he stirs, blow his damn' head off! Berkley and I will investigate this dynamite story!"

Yes, near the door and but a few inches above the floor they found an electric button. There could be no doubt that this had been Feldman's objective, for at its discovery he burst into a tirade of invective against the officers, the government and his own ill luck in failing to accomplish his purpose. Defeated, realizing that his last chance for revenge had been removed, his innate ferocity became unrestrained and he raved like a maniac.

Arnold and Berkley were not long in verifying the suspicion which had aroused Clawson. From the adjoining room they found a stairway leading down to a deeper subterranean chamber where, neatly stored and connected by a wire with the room above and with the electric button in the room where Clawson had been held a prisoner, was fully a ton of the explosive. They found a storage battery in excellent condition, the whole Satanic contrivance so arranged that a touch of the button would have set off the deadly mine.

After destroying the battery and removing the wire, the two men made a careful search, by aid of the lantern which they had found above, to be sure that no other battery connection with the dangerous cellar existed. None was found, however, and they discovered that the vault appeared to have no other point of egress or ingress save the stairs by which they had gained entrance.

Then they went up again and began a careful inspection of the old building. They found that it contained only three rooms, two beside the one in which they had left their prisoner. The second, or middle room, from which entrance to the stored explosive was obtained, appeared to have been Feldman's private apartment. In this they found a bureau with commodious drawers, a roll-top desk, two trunks and the necessary furniture for comfortable housekeeping. There was also a veritable arsenal of guns and revolvers.

Trunks and bureau drawers were unceremoniously forced open and a quantity of papers seized. That some of them had reference to the proposed revolution and the planned attack upon Rock Island, Arnold was satisfied at a glance. A big suitcase, found in an adjoining closet, empty, was pressed into service and into this was packed every scrap of written or printed paper that could be found. In a drawer of the bureau Jack came upon a bundle of old letters. Certain names which caught his eye suggested their possible value to Clawson. He wrapped them in a bundle and gave them to Arnold, with an explanation of his action.

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

“Be good enough to keep track of those, Captain. When yeh can do so, if yeh’ll send them to Clawson, yeh will be doing him an inestimable favor.”

“He shall have them,” said Arnold, packing them away in the grip.

The third room, which they visited last, was practically empty except for a few rough wooden benches ranged along the walls. This had evidently been the meeting place of the gang, before the birds of ill-omen had taken their precipitate flight.

Back in the first room they found Lieut. Rockwell perched on the table, a revolver laid carelessly across his left arm, trained on Feldman, while he carried on a monologue with the wounded and captured outlaw as the principal theme. Clawson sat on the bunk, laughing occasionally at some humorous allusion to his late adversary. What had well-nigh proved a tragedy had been converted by the fun-loving Claude into an amusing comedy-burlesque.

“Just to think,” he was saying, as the others entered, in closing his harangue, “a veteran in crime like yourself, a valiant leader of revolution; a former ally of the now defunct Kaiser; a man who has no fear of God, man or the devil, to be taken into camp and done for by a person little more than half your size; a white-haired, harmless old gentleman, who never killed so much as a chicken, but who will have the honor of knowing that by his good work, John Feldman will be permanently removed from the stage of Bolsheviki endeavor! It’s too bad, Feldman; it’s really touching, but you remember that ‘those the gods seek to destroy, they first make mad,’ and you were mad, Feldman, very mad I assure you, when your final little execution plot was nipped in the bud by Jack Berkley’s Texas toothpick! But ’twas a glorious victory.”

Feldman only glared and cursed.

“All right, boys, everything is cleaned up in good shape,” said Capt. Arnold. “I’ll send some of the service men over tomorrow to make ancient history of this ranch. Berkley, you and Rockwell bring Feldman; make him walk. Maybe he can show us an easier path to the highway. Mack, you bring along your friend out here in the bushes. We’ll hold him as a witness. Ready, forward, march!” And so the procession moved.

Prompted by a desire for less discomfort to himself, Feldman at a word from Capt. Arnold, directed the man whom Mack had dragged from the bushes, untying his legs, to guide the party by a less precipitous route to the top of the bluff, and the return to the auto was made quickly and with comparative ease.

Mack was left by Arnold, with instructions to locate Jackson and with him remain at the old stockade for the balance of the night, carefully to guard the place against any effort which might be made by any member of the gang to demolish it, with the assurance that a detail would be sent in the morning to seize the stored explosive and anything of value that could be found.

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

It was after midnight when Claude's auto rattled over the government bridge leading to Rock Island and soon after stopped before police headquarters. An officer, a sergeant, came down the stone steps and greeted Arnold as he jumped out.

"Well, Captain, what you been up to now? You look as if you had been out on business!"

"Rather," said Arnold, dryly. "Where's the inspector? I must see him as soon as possible. I have a prisoner here to turn over, who is wanted by both the state and the government. We've nabbed Feldman!"

"Feldman? Holy mackerel, that is some catch! Go right into the reserve room and I'll have the inspector here in a jiffy. He just stepped over to the house for a moment. Got Feldman? Well, I'll be dinged!"

Following instructions, Arnold led his party into the reserve room, not stopping at the clerk's desk, simply nodding familiarly to that functionary in passing. Arnold carried his valuable suitcase containing the Bolsheviki literature, while Claude and Jack assisted Feldman, and Clawson looked after the other prisoner, two patrolmen who had been on detail work and had just come in, joining the party. So it was an interesting little gathering which greeted the inspector who soon made his appearance.

"Of course, you know what our efforts have been to locate this man Feldman," Arnold said as the acting head of the department came in. "We have not only located him and his hangout, but we have him and one of his personal staff. I want to leave these men in your charge until tomorrow, when Federal officers will take them to Chicago. Mr. Clawson here, who came near being a victim of Feldman's revenge and who we found a prisoner in the den up the river, is really responsible for his capture, for had his friends, Lieut. Rockwell and Corporal Jack Berkley, not obtained a clue to Clawson's whereabouts and an inkling of the intentions of Feldman to put him out of the way, tonight's expedition would have been delayed and this revolutionary agitator would have escaped as have the most of his crazy followers, Feldman is pretty badly hurt and should have the services of the police surgeon at once. I imagine these men who have done the government good service tonight desire to get away as soon as possible, and if you would like a statement from them, especially Mr. Clawson, they will give it willingly, in the cause of Justice. Afterward I will give you a detailed account of the evening's work."

"Which I shall hear with much pleasure," the inspector returned, proceeding to shake hands cordially with the three amateur sleuths. "I presume you are not anxious, Captain, for hasty publicity of the affair?"

"I should prefer that nothing be given to the press until we have our friend Feldman safely out of the way."

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

“So I imagined. You need have no fear on that score. I’ll call the surgeon at once.”

During all the time since Feldman’s capture, not a word had been addressed to him by Clawson. Now, however, hoping that the certainty of punishment might have awakened a desire to compromise, Ralph walked over to his enemy’s side and said in a low tone:

“Are you now ready to call a truce? Will you answer my one question?”

“You poor fool,” snarled Feldman, “leave me alone!” You’ve held the cards tonight, but they’ve got nothing on me and I shall not be friendless before the farce of a court. As for your question, if I knew my refusal to answer would send me to the chair, I’d take the chair. You shall never see Margaret, never!”

“Don’t be so sure of that. I am no longer working in the dark. I shall never rest until I find her.”

Then Clawson turned away and followed the inspector into another room, where a clerk waited to take his statement. He never saw Feldman again. Thus his pseudo friend, implacable enemy, went out of his life.

It required but little time for the clerk to take such statements as the inspector deemed sufficient, then Jack bade Capt. Arnold good-night, thanking him for so promptly coming to his aid in the search for Clawson, and that officer generously refusing to accept any credit for the night’s success, vowing that but for Jack’s promptness in calling Rockwell, and Clawson’s own hardihood in walking directly into the lair of the tiger, realizing possible consequences of so doing, Feldman would doubtless have escaped from the country.

But when he went to thank Rockwell for his ready assistance, Jack was told to forget it and bundle into the machine with Clawson as Claude was going to drive them back to Davenport. Protests that the street car would serve as well were of no avail and so at three o’clock in the morning two tenants of Mrs. Brown’s lodging house let themselves in by aid of a night-key and made their way up the narrow stairs to their attic rooms.

At Clawson’s door Jack would have said good-night, but Ralph urged him to step in for a few minutes.

“But Ah reckon yeh need some rest by this time,” said Jack, solicitously. “Really, Ah should think that after the experience through which yeh have been tonight, yeh’d be plumb exhausted.”

“But I’m not,” Clawson replied. “Perhaps my nerves are a trifle upset, but a cigar will help to remedy that. Besides I shall not feel like sleep until I hear how it was that you were prompted to come to Bettendorf and how you people succeeded in locating Feldman’s hiding-place.”

He brought a box of cigars from the dresser and soon the two men, each in an easy chair, was offering incense to the god of Nicotine.

“Well,” said Jack, “there is the first clue.” He took from

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

his pocket the bit of envelope with its enclosure containing the four letters. "Ah, really can't tell you now, how Ah was able to finish the spelling of that name, but Innate Intelligence sometimes shows a disposition to aid us outside the regular course of our physical well-being. Ah could see the entire name as plainly as if it had been written in full. Sometime, very soon now, Ah will tell yeh how the name of Feldman appealed to me."

Clawson took the slip, studied it for a moment, then from his pocket produced the original letter he had received from Feldman and spread it open. The torn piece fitted perfectly. Jack then told of his visit to Watson; the knowledge he had there gained and his action in calling upon Lieut. Rockwell for aid.

"Captain Arnold's knowledge of the situation alone, Ah believe, made it possible for us to succeed," said Jack. "But no matter, we did succeed, and partner, Ah'm the happiest man in Davenport tonight. What Ah can't understand, though, is how yeh could take the chances yeh did, knowing as yeh must, just what a dangerous proposition yeh were up against. That villain had no other purpose but to murder yeh, when he sent that note."

"I realize that now," said Clawson, "but Jack, if you only knew the whole terrible truth of my relations with that man, you wouldn't wonder that I was willing to take any chances which appeared to offer an opportunity to clear up certain doubts in my mind; to explain vital facts which have been a sealed mystery to me for the best part of my life. It's a terrible thing, Jack, for one to be groping, groping blindly for something one cannot find, yet upon the obtaining of which depends the entire course of the future. I was not successful, though I learned some things which may be of value to me in a search which will be continued until satisfied, or life ends I You saved my life tonight, my dear boy! I know that, and I only wish I had words with which to express my appreciation of your heroism, your shrewdness and your interest in my welfare! I can only say that you have become as dear to me as my own son could be. You have placed me under a burden of obligation which my life will be too short to repay!"

"Ah should have been a pretty cheap friend, partner, if Ah had done less," Jack returned. "Ah want no thanks; Ah only want yer good comradeship and esteem. Some day, and it isn't going to be very far away, I'm going to ask a favor of yeh that will test yehr generosity. No, Ah can't tell yeh now what it is, but that day is coming. Of that Ah am as certain as that my name's Jack Berkley."

"I can't imagine any condition under which it would be possible for me to render you a great service," said Clawson with a puzzled expression, "but should such opportunity ever be presented, you have but to remind me of your wish. One day in looking over some old keepsakes, I found a photograph which you caught me studying. Tomorrow, or as soon as I can bring myself to the task, I am going to tell you the sad story of one wasted life! There are many tragedies written in stones! When you

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

have heard my story you will know what gave me the courage or the recklessness to put myself in the absolute power of my only enemy, without so much as a word left behind to explain my purpose.”

“In yehr own good time, partner; It’s not for me to question yehr motives or seek to pry into yehr secrets. Ah won’t deny Ah’m anxious to have the mystery cleared up, but take yehr own time. Let’s to bed now, with the consciousness of a good day’s work well done. Ah know yeh’ve got nerves of steel, but even they need relaxation or they’ll lose their tonicity. Good night, till manana.

CHAPTER XXII

CONVINCING DAVENPORT

Two of Davenport's progressive, leading business men meeting in front of the First National bank, stopped to discuss for a moment conditions existing or likely to develop as a result of internal dissensions in Germany. One was Watson, manager of the Examiner, the other was former Mayor Dougherty. While the European situation had been made to appear a reason for their street interview, it would have been obvious to an observer that both men had some subject occupying their minds of weightier present moment than the ousting of President Ebert, or the possible complications which might arise in connection with the Fiume situation.

There was a certain hesitancy in the converse of each, a marked uneasiness which suggested that each possessed a secret he desired to share with his companion, yet was uncertain how the confidence might be received. The ice was finally broken by Watson, who advanced the casual observation:

"I understand B. J. is going to give a dinner to some of Davenport's citizens, in connection with the dedication of his new building. Reckon he has in mind to surprise some of them by personal observation, with the progress his institution on the hill has been making.

"Yes," returned the ex-mayor, "I received my invitation this morning. Good idea of B. J.'s, I should say. I hope every invitation will be accepted. It's high time the people of Davenport, especially her business men, came to realize what an important factor the P. S. C. is becoming, has become in fact, in the commercial activity and prosperity of the city. Really, Watson, we can't get away from the fact that the Palmer interests have, in a financial way, become our interests. I don't believe that twenty per cent of our financiers, merchants or professional men realize what The Palmer Chiropractic School actually means to us in dollars and cents."

"Absolutely right," returned Watson, earnestly. "Look at the area of his real estate, acquired during the past few years. I am reliably informed that the purchase value of the Brady Hill property acquired by the doctor since 1906, was fully \$120,000. Buildings already erected on this land and for which preparation for immediate construction is being made, will reach the tidy sum of over \$900,000, practically a million—over a million with the price of the land added. The building just completed, cele-

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

bration of the opening of which we are invited to attend, has cost the doctor \$150,000, and the cafeteria in which his coming dinner is to be served, represents by itself an outlay of \$25,000.” “Well,” observed Dougherty, “I am myself surprised at your figures. I had not thought them so high.”

“Not as surprised as many others will be, when they learn the true facts of the school’s development, as they doubtless will if they respond to B. J.’s hospitable summons,” Watson replied, and the men separated.

Primary cause of the above conversation had been the sending, by the president of The Palmer School of Chiropractic, to several hundred of the “leading citizens,” of the following unique letter:

“Helpmate of Mine,

“Dear Friend:

“A unique banquet is on and you are picked to help put it over. Invitations to banquets are usually issued with a ‘\$3 a plate; please remit.’ There is no ‘Please Remit’ with this ticket. As the guest of ‘Charley and B. J.’ we will ‘hand out’ all you can eat IF you will rejoice with us in the dedication of our new Administration Building.

““Will you? Ab-so-lu-te-ly?”

“We want you to come, call, coalesce and codify our Chiropractic cafeteria combinations. Be one of the gang who helps others by helping himself.

“After the internal man has been ADJUSTED and the external man has ADJUSTED Panatela or Camel between his teeth, and the entire man is properly relaxed, then the mental man will be given a gabfest adjustment of his sublaxated ideas of our past, present and future. After which we want you to stroll about, look us over and pass an opinion on our latest shanty, five floors, ’n everything.

“No lobsouse time incinerators will be present. We have work to do and we want you to know us, to help us help ourselves, that all of us may continue to make ‘EVERY YEAR A BETTER YEAR FOR DAVENPORT.’ The Chiropractic village on the TOP OF BRADY HILL must grow to make Davenport, Iowa, the ‘CHIROPRACTIC CITY.’

“Enclosed find a double-barreled invitation, without a single string. Come if you want to; if you can’t come with a whole head, heart and hand—stay away. We provide the eats, cigars, tickets, stamped envelopes to send them back; you are to provide the thinking brain, willing heart and ready hand.

“Until we surprise you, I am,

B. J. PALMER, D, C., PH.C.

“P. S. Please suggest the name and address of one

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

other business man whom you think would also appreciate coming on this occasion.”

Needless to say the receipt of this characteristically Palmeresque letter, enclosing the specified free ticket, caused more than passing interest among the half thousand men who had been selected as beneficiaries of B. J.’s liberal hospitality, and as the date which had been fixed for the innovation neared, the common salutation when two business men met, was:

“Going to the Palmer dinner?” and the nearly universal response would be: “Sure! Couldn’t miss that!”

Was it surprising that a certain feeling of elation came to B. J. Palmer, as the flood of favorable responses to his invitation began to roll in? Among the bidden guests were merchants, lawyers, editors, clergymen, realtors, contractors, in fact the true business, commercial and financial life of the wide-awake Iowa city, sprawled over the Mississippi river bluffs and rapidly reaching out to seize surrounding territory. His hour of triumph was approaching; the hour when he should be able to prove not only to those who had maintained faith in his new science and his ability to develop it, but to those others who had given the activities on “Brady Hill” only perfunctory attention, or had characterized B. J.’s ambition and ideals as the vision of a dreamer—to lay before these men, many of whom had known him from boyhood and the handicaps under which he had labored, facts and figures to prove without question of doubt the proportions of the victory he had won.

Added to all this was the gratification coming to the determined head of the institution, that the handsome Administration building, the completion of which had been delayed far beyond the time specified in the contracts, by strikes and walkouts in various departments of the work, had at last become a finished reality; in its completeness, a tribute to the genius which had planned it.

On the evening set for the formal opening of the new building, Jack Berkley and Clawson stood on the corner of Brady and Ninth street, interestedly watching the line of autos driving up to the main entrance of the banquet place, discharging their freight of men, then whirling away to make room for others of the apparently never-ending line.

“Ah’ve noticed,” said Jack, “that it is a common custom in Davenport to hold receptions on the opening of new business places, but they’ll have to go some hereafter, if they hope to approach B. J.’s little affair. Ah reckon it’ll open some of their eyes a bit wider in the direction of the old P. S. C.”

“If nothing else sets them thinking,” replied Ralph, “that little booklet he has issued as a souvenir of the occasion will start them toward a mental estimate of the importance to their city of the big school. Over in the printery today I obtained a glimpse of that pamphlet and its appearance is pretty good evidence of the capabilities of our printing plant. It’s an artistic

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

production from a typographical standpoint, but its contents is made up of a collection of facts and figures which I imagine will be quite staggering to his guests. Here are some interesting features of that booklet, which I jotted down for future reference." He took from his pocket a folded paper, and consulting it, read: "Chiropractic was accidentally discovered by D. D. Palmer in September, 1895, on the fourth floor of a building at Second and Brady streets, Davenport. Harry Lilliard, a janitor in the building was the first patient. LeRoy Baker, of Fulton, Ill., was the first student in 1896. There were only a few students up to 1905 when the first Chiropractic school in the world was moved to the top of Brady Hill, where it now dominates its position. On January 22, 1920, the number of students in actual attendance was 1,636. There was deposited by students in Davenport banks at that time, a total of \$2,876,110.08. Four hundred and seventy students had on deposit over \$2,000 each. There were sixty-six students with deposits ranging from \$5,000 to \$30,000 each, seventeen being above \$10,000 each. The average amount in checks cashed through the P. S. C. office window daily is \$1,000. Seven hundred and eighty-nine students are working part of the time; 838 are not working; The school payroll in 1919 was \$91,923.33; for 1920 it will be above \$150,000."

"Ah should think the financial benefit to the town would appeal to 'em," Jack remarked.

"Yes, but the banking business brought into the town is really a small part of it," Clawson returned. "B. J. has made a careful canvass and he finds that 4,123 persons are at present here as students or members of the families of students. Think how much money that number of persons will add to the general channels of trade yearly. This is really the first comprehensive idea I have had of the financial magnitude of the institution."

"Ah reckon B. J. is entitled to all the glory he can get out of his achievement," said Jack, and as the last tardy guest had by this time passed under the unique inscription placed above the Administration building entrance: "An Institution of the Dear Love of Comrades," the two men continued on their way to their rooms.

Inside the brilliantly lighted and splendidly appointed cafeteria the crowd sat down to a repast which would put to shame the cuisine of many a banquet-serving hotel. In addition to the large number of invited laymen, there were present the members of the faculty and the heads of the various departments of the school. It is a characteristic of B. J. Palmer that he never forgets his efficient helpers in the great work for humanity he is directing.

A hidden orchestra, composed of P. S. C. students, furnished delightful music during the progress of the meal. When cigars were reached, B. J. arose and addressed his guests. He spoke of the pleasure given by their presence, told them that he had con-

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

densed into the souvenir booklet the important points in Chiropractic history which would be of particular interest to them, and convulsed his listeners with his sallies of wit and philosophy, happily intermingled. He was frequently and cordially applauded. Regarding the attention given to Palmer graduates after they go into the field, he said:

“Graduating means quitting, in most schools. How many of you men who have graduated from a school, college or university, can recall how ruthlessly you were forgotten, once you left them ? Remember you ? Yes, when they want money. Remember you? What do they do for you to help you get that money? The P. S. C. regards itself as the Alma Mater and Pater Mater to its children. We write to each child, each week a letter. We tell him what to do; how to do it. We offer suggestions of how to succeed and give him the matter to succeed with. He writes home; we write to our children. No lost connection. We have done this for eight years.”

He extended an open, standing invitation to them to visit the school in these words:

“We welcome visitors at any class session, on any day. In the Senior class unusual or perplexing cases are reviewed every day except Saturday and Sunday. The free public Clinics are always interesting. The hush, silence and ether of the operating room are not present. ‘Keep smiling,’ is. You may even think you are visiting some county fair. Lectures are frequently given at Class Assemblies by noted people who journey here to visit the home of Chiropractic; by those who have taken adjustments and know its worth. Visitors are always welcome to these. If Chiropractic is what we claim it to be, you should know it. If it is not what we claim, then you should also know that. Investigate it from some other angle than the amount of money you make out of its people being here.”

Speaking of the Chiropractic idea, Dr. Palmer said:

“The P. S. C. is not based on the idea of amassing wealth; nor the idea of acquiring great stretches of real estate; nor the idea of multiplying buildings of magnitude, or of great cost. The P. S. C. idea is no greater than the value of the purpose for which it serves humanity. What is this idea that makes us grow ? We talk conservation of forests, rivers and harbors, water-power and other natural resources, outside of man. But it was left for Chiropractic to prove a method of conservation of the natural resources of man. Man moves all else. Man is a very awkward, dilatory, backward, dragging, slow, mental and physical inefficient animal. He first needs conserving: then conservation of all else follows. The idea of the P. S. C. is to conserve man that he might better conserve all else. What the P. S. C. is today or will be tomorrow, is what follows.”

Following B. J.’s remarks, came numerous responses from the representative assemblage, many felicitations being extended to the president, the faculty and the school, together with many

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

promises of sympathy and encouragement with and for the institution, the bigness of which many of the speakers had for the first time fully comprehended.

Then when the lateness of the hour counseled dispersal, so many of the guests as wished, were taken through the spacious building on a tour of inspection. First they were shown the complete kitchen appointments, the equal of the best in the city; and were then conducted to the first floor, where exclamations of surprise were numerous as the full scope of the big P. S. C. printery was revealed to the visitors.

“Why,” said one man, as he regarded the twelve presses and the other complete mechanical equipment of the vast room, “I can’t see what can be your need, B. J., for such a really metropolitan office. Surely you do not find employment for all those parks of presses, and the elaborate impedimenta you have assembled, all of which appears to be of latest design and modern improvement?”

“Come in here at any time, any day but Sunday,” was Dr. Palmer’s reply, “and you will see what a hive of industry we make it. To give you an idea of the scope of our individual work I may tell you that the P. S. C. as an organization, writes, edits, prints and sells anything in the printer’s ink line that our 10,000 Chiropractors in the field need to educate the public to what Chiropractic is—is not; what it does—how it does it, who produces the Chiropractor—how he is produced; what he can do—how he does it. It covers every field of our thot; our organization being complete to produce and distribute. The P, S. C. issues four regular monthly publications. The Fountain Head News is our house organ. It is conducted exclusively by the president of the school and expresses his distinctivduality and personality. It goes free to every practicing Chiropractor in the world, every Saturday. It requires 416,000 copies annually, consuming 41,600 pounds of paper to meet its requirements, and we pay annually \$864 in postage to send it out. The Chiropractic Educator is a four-page sheet issued for the Chiropractor, to assist him in the education of the people in his locality. It averaged 500,000 copies monthly in 1919, or 6,000,000 copies for the year, requiring 1,500,000 sheets, 3,000 reams, 150,000 pounds, or seventy-five tons of white paper for the job in that year. The Chiropractor and Clinical Journal is a forty-eight to sixty-four page monthly journal, which averaged 2,000 subscriptions last year, or 104,000 copies, for the production of which three tons of paper was used. All this in addition to millions of pamphlets, circulars and tracts on various diseases; a full set of scientific lectures, a library of thirteen textbooks on Chiropractic subjects, and other millions of charts, monographs and leaflets. Beside all this, we print hundreds of thousands of publications for different state organizations of the P. S. C., annually. During 1919 one hundred and twenty-eight tons of paper were used in our printery and in the store-room we have at present 250 tons for

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

present and future use. So, you see, we are able to make use of all this machinery; in fact actually require it in our business.”

“Seems really as though a magician had touched this piece of property on Brady Hill,” commented the visitor.

“There’s something more than magic about this splendid equipment,” said Watson of the Examiner, who had been inspecting the plant with critical professional interest.

“But its success,” interpolated B. J., has come through the magical influence of energy, determination and absolute honesty in our dealings with our students and graduates.”

On the second floor, or mezzanine, where the enormous quantities of stock, printed and unprinted, was stored, the visitors’ attention was attracted by the 20 tons of capacious steel bins.

“Wonder what those are used for?” a guest inquired of a neighbor.

“Those,” said B. J., who overheard the remark, “are where we store printed matter awaiting delivery. Those bins weigh twenty tons and at the present time they contain millions of pieces of finished material awaiting order for shipment.”

On the third and fourth floors the visitors were informed the large rooms were being used temporarily as class rooms, but were told that as soon as this need could be met by the erection of a building, then under construction, the administrative department of the school would here be housed.

Then came a trip to the top where a complete roof-garden christened with the unique title “Up-e-nuf” had been provided for the benefit of the army of students, arranged with facilities for movies; a soft drink parlor and a public auditorium provided with a speaker’s “shell,” etc. The handsome set of chimes, which with the tower in which they are hung cost \$9,000, and upon which had been played, earlier in the evening, some of the latest popular airs, came in for generous approval.

Upon the ground once more, the visitors appeared loth to leave and B. J., his proud and happy wife, and the other members of the faculty, were showered with compliments, evidently sincere, and clearly indicating that any incoordination which might at any time have existed in the relations of The Palmer School of Chiropractic and the business and professional interests of Davenport, had been effectively adjusted.

CHAPTER XXIII

A STORY OF LOST MEMORY

Jack Berkley was in a quandary. No doubt Clawson's promise to tell him the story of his life; to explain the mystery of his relationship with Feldman, was induced by a conviction that the man who had been the chief factor in his rescue and who had without a doubt saved his life, was entitled to a knowledge of the incidents which had led up to that almost tragic scene in the hut under the Mississippi river bluffs.

Jack had been making deductions of his own regarding Clawson, and so far as they had gone, they were remarkably clear and convincing. The experience of the past two days had only served to strengthen his belief that he was not entirely at fault in his solution of what at first had appeared an unsolvable problem.

Much as he desired to hear the promised recital, which he imagined would cover the period of Clawson's life immediately preceding the accident of which he had been told, he had a strong feeling that he should much prefer the recital be given in the presence of others. He had Dr. Black and Claude Rockwell in mind in this connection and decided that if possible he would induce Clawson to include in his confidence these two who had proven their faith in and friendship for him.

Had Clawson's lost memory been fully restored? Had the curtain of forgetfulness which obstructed his partner's view of the past been entirely removed? "Jack wondered.

He believed that it had. He reasoned that the action of Clawson in answering Feldman's invitation to a meeting, had been prompted by a reawakened knowledge of the outlaw's former relations with himself and that the final meeting of the two, which had come so near a tragic ending, had possibly served to clear up the last lingering doubt. That Clawson had suspected treachery, was indicated by the fact that he had gone to the conference armed, and had been alert to his danger, as shown by the advantage he had gained over his enemy, when it came to a show-down of the cards.

Miss Ralston's mention of her mother's family name; the relationship of Walter Clawson to Beatrice; the strange resemblance of the girl of his heart with that picture Ralph had evidently treasured as one retained memory of the past; even that strange meeting in Uncle Jerry Green's room, with its surprising consequences, were all links in a chain which he believed was

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

leading to a definite result which would be as surprising as it was delightful.

Good-luck appeared to play into his hand, for almost the first person he met on the following morning on entering the P. S. C. was Lieutenant Rockwell. The young doctor had just come from Dr. Elliott's room, as Jack passed the door.

"Well, I've done it!" he said, shaking Berkley's hand warmly. "I am now a full fledged Palmer School registrant! How are you after last night's experience?"

"Perfectly fit," Jack responded. "Some experience, eh?"

"Well it worked out all right. They started Feldman for Chicago this morning. By the way, Capt. Arnold handed me a bundle of letters we found in Feldman's ranch, which may greatly interest your friend Clawson. They throw some light on the relations of the two men. Appears like a long-time feud and a lot of meddling. I'll bring them over to you tomorrow."

"Just the thing Ah was searching for," said Jack, "an excuse to get Clawson over to Dr. Black's. He's ready to tell his story now and Ah want yeh people to hear it. Couldn't yeh get the doctor to ask Clawson over this evening, say? Then he could get his own letters and possibly their receipt would help to make the other proposition possible."

"You've got a long head, Jack. I'll fix that all right, as soon as I get back across the river. What's your telephone number?"

Jack gave the required information and then went on into class. Dr. Palmer was to occupy the first period with a lecture on the serous system. As Hardy labored long and persistently against the strongest objection and obstruction from a bigoted medical profession to establish his theory of blood circulation, so Dr. Palmer had taken up and elaborated the science of the serous system, with almost equal handicap, but with persistency and determination which were bound to secure recognition in the end.

Jack was a little late home that afternoon. He found Clawson in his room. The latter called to him as he came up the stairs.

"Dr. Black called me on the phone a short time ago," he said as Jack came to his door. "He says he has something of importance for me, and asks me to come over this evening. I don't feel like disappointing him and if you don't mind, we'll defer the story I promised you until tomorrow."

"Just suit yehrsel, partner. Yeh know Ah told yeh to take yehr own time. Rockwell wanted me to come over tonight, so it won't matter. Ah reckon its good enough to keep."

"It's been stored away long enough to be good," said Clawson with a facetiousness new and strange to him. "We can go over together then."

"That'll suit me," said Jack with an inward chuckle. Every thing appeared to work in his favor. "What do yeh think of B. J.'s idea of the serous system?"

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

“From what I have read of it and what B. J. has told us, I think it is another triumph of that remarkable man’s genius in tracing the causes of disease. Unlike vertebral subluxations and adjustment, the theory of the serous system was not an accident, but the result of hard and persistent study. The fact that he took the matter up in 1905 and that it is already being accepted by scientists as a logical and practical explanation of the distribution, uses and final disposition of those fluids which are not blood but which have such important function in the metabolism of the body, is proof of its soundness. The wonder is that it was so long neglected or regarded as an unexplainable feature of the circulatory tract. Its development and acceptance is another evidence of B. J.’s unwavering determination to know the reason why.”

“Ah reckon it clears up many of the problems of secretion and excretion,” said Jack.

“Yes, and of the transportation and assimilation of the nutritive elements which go to maintain the human mechanism,” said Clawson. “I was greatly pleased to have the discoverer of the system himself explain to us his philosophy of the serous cycle. He makes things so clear and understandable.”

“Well, Ah’ll have to do some studying, if I’m going out tonight,” Berkley asserted and went away to his books.

At eight o’clock that evening they rang Dr. Black’s doorbell and were admitted by Lieutenant Rockwell.

“Glad to meet you again, Mr. Clawson,” he said cordially. “Doctor is expecting you and told me to bring you both right in to his private office.”

“Well, Clawson,” was the doctor’s greeting, “they tell me you’ve been having a rather rough experience. Hope you suffered no bad results from the wound Claude here says you received.”

“Oh, no, not at all,” Ralph replied, bending his head to show the doctor the tiny mark where Feldman’s bullet had cut away the hair and slightly furrowed the scalp for an inch, “Man born to be drowned will never hang, you know, Doctor.”

“Well, I shouldn’t want to take such close chances,” Black returned with a shake of the head. “But I guess you will have no further trouble with our friend Feldman. He’s got his foot in it right, this time.”

“Did they find conclusive evidence?” asked Clawson.

“Not quite enough to send him to the chair, but almost! He’ll be too old to do any further harm when he gets out of Uncle Sam’s clutches this time! By the way, Capt. Arnold left a package of letters here for you, which he is sure will be of interest to you, and which appear to be of no use to the government. That’s why I asked you to come over.”

He took from a drawer of his desk the package Claude had found in Feldman’s bureau and given to Arnold the night before.

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

Clawson's hand trembled as he received the package, but his voice was steady as he said:

"I certainly thank both you and Capt. Arnold for the interest you have taken. If you don't mind, however, I should like to examine the contents of this package at my leisure in my own room."

"Surely, surely," exclaimed Dr. Black. "Of course I had no other idea. But I say, Clawson, not to be too inquisitive, would you mind giving us some idea of what it's all about? How in the world did you ever come to be mixed up in such a tangle as the boys pulled you out of last night? Understand, I don't want to urge you against your will, but you may be sure that your secret, if it is a secret, will be safe with us. Eh, boys?"

"Absolutely," said both in one breath.

For a moment Clawson did not answer. He sat gazing reflectively at the package in his hand. He was evidently under a severe nervous strain. The muscles of his neck stood out prominently, his hands closed and unclosed spasmodically. Finally he said:

"You men have proven yourselves my friends and I should be most ungrateful if I declined to comply with your request. Really I see no reason why you should not know, for your knowledge of the whole matter may help me to a solution of that portion of mystery and uncertainty which still surrounds my past. Before I am through, Doctor; I shall give you new and strong evidence that the art of Chiropractic is all, even more, than its founder has claimed.

"I'm pretty well satisfied on that point, already," said Dr. Black. "It wasn't Billy Sunday's preaching over here that did it, but I'm converted just the same. Let's 'have a cigar. It'll seem more sociable."

He handed out a box and took one himself. Clawson took two or three strong puffs, then leaned back in his chair, half closed his eyes and began:

"I was born on a farm. My father was one of the largest land owners in Allegheny county, New York state. He was not only wealthy in the possession of valuable farms, but he was repeatedly called upon for service in the law-making body of the state. We had friends, relatives living in Tennessee, and it was during a visit to them I first met Margaret Feldman. She was a reigning queen in the community in which she lived, but remarkable as it may appear, she from our first meeting showed a marked preference for the Northern farmer boy. We became great friends. She had a cousin, John Feldman. He was a domineering, quarrelsome, selfish individual, and my first clash with him came one time when I found him annoying Margaret, threatening her because of some imaginary slight. Naturally I took her part and a fight resulted, in which I proved too much for the bully and forced him to apologize to his cousin.

"For a time he showed strong resentment, but later came

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

to me and apologized for his boorishness and shaking hands, promised undying friendship. There was no serious understanding between Margaret and myself when I returned home, but there seemed to be a tacit agreement that sometime we should become more than friends. It was ten years before I saw her again. When I went back for another visit finally, I found her still single, just as lovely and as friendly as before. It was during this visit I asked her to marry me and she confessed that she had loved me from the first and would be happy to be my wife. But our romance was not to run smoothly. Prompted by some outside influence, which I now believe to have been John Feldman, her parents showed strong opposition to the marriage, and I was forced to return home with the assurance from the woman I loved that while she was doomed to unhappiness by the decision, she could not marry so long as her aged parents protested. So I went back North with my hopes unrealized, but with the pledge of Margaret that when her parents were gone, she would come to me if I still wanted her.

“Then sad changes occurred in my own family. Mother was rather suddenly called away and father, mourning her loss, did not live a year. I was the only heir. Into my possession came the big farms, the hundreds of head of stock and a substantial bank account. Encumbered by my business cares, despondent over the loss of my parents, after a time I again turned to Margaret. Her parents, too, had passed on and she was willing to join her fortunes with those of the Northern farmer. I went South again and John Feldman met me with an exaggerated cordiality which in my egotism I mistook for real appreciation. There was an elaborate wedding. Feldman was best man. He congratulated me with a frankness and warmth that removed any doubt of his sincerity which I might have possessed. That night as we sat in the conservatory smoking a cigar, he broached the subject of mine speculation. He knew I had money and his specious reasoning, which showed the enormous profits to be made in the West, excited my interest. He was shrewd enough not to urge the matter too strongly, just got me interested in the fact that the Red Arrow mine was paying big dividends, which could be greatly increased by the addition of a few thousands of dollars in modern machinery and railroad building. As a fact, the property was fully as good as he represented. But Margaret and I went back to Allegheny and began life on the old farm where I had been born, without deciding to take advantage of John Feldman’s liberal proposition. For three years we were supremely happy. Margaret appeared perfectly contented in her Northern home, but after a time began to suggest that I was making a mistake not to accept the mining proposition. A little boy had come to us, and yet, while I was reasonably content on the farm, where I was making money, I too began to have a craving to branch out, to get away from the prosaic life of a farmer and get into the whirl of big business.

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

“Finally a letter came from Feldman, advising that capitalists stood ready to take an interest in the Red Arrow, but that he with his regard for both Margaret and myself, was anxious to see me make an investment which would make us rich, enable us to go to the city and enjoy life less humdrum than that of the rural community in which we lived. I think Margaret, too, was somewhat tired of the country and longed sometimes for that society in which she had so long held a leading place. Feldman urged his proposal as the final chance I would have for so desirable an investment and finally I fell. Disposing of my farm and stock, I sent Feldman \$50,000, and very promptly received the necessary papers, constituting me part owner in what promised to become a real bonanza.

“After closing up my business in the East, I took Margaret and the boy back to her old home, and settled down to the easy life of a gentleman of leisure.

“Everything went along smoothly. Dividends ample for all my expenses, which were not niggardly, came promptly, and I could look forward to a time when I was likely to interest myself in public affairs. I had never taken much interest in politics, but with no regular business to occupy my attention, time began to hang heavily on my hands and I instinctively turned to politics as a medium for action. I was mentioned as a congressional candidate and had practically decided to enter the race which seemed an easy one, when a letter came from Feldman, urging me to take a trip out to the mine as he wished to consult me regarding some extensions, which he assured me promised most amazing results.

“Margaret urged me to go, arguing that in case of my election I would be unable to take time for such a trip and reminding me that I had never yet seen the property in which I had invested practically all my resources. I decided, as I almost invariably did, that her judgment was correct, so I prepared for the trip. How well, now, I remember the morning I said good-bye to Margaret, kissed the boy, held him in my arms for a moment and then set him down in the “raveled walk to take what was to prove my last embrace of the dearest woman in the world, soon to become a second time a mother.”

Clawson’s voice choked and there was moisture on his swarthy cheek under the graying eyelashes. He lighted his cigar and puffed vigorously upon it for a time. Charitably, neither Of his friends changed position or spoke. Jack, pondering upon Clawson’s last words, figuratively hugged himself with suppressed elation. Slowly but surely his theory was approaching realization.

“I have never seen or heard a word from her since,” Ralph continued in a low tone. “It was in the hope of obtaining some knowledge of her whereabouts that I took the chances of that visit to Feldman in his lair. But he never told. It was my persistence in asking that one question which precipitated the attack

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

which my awakened suspicion of the man gave me the inspiration to effectively resist.

“I went to Butte. Feldman met me at the train and showed me every courtesy. He appeared to have considerable standing with the business men of the city, for that night he took me to the club, where I was royally entertained. On the following day he took me for an inspection of the mine. Everywhere there were evidences that our property was most valuable. He showed me in the rich workings golden nuggets large as filberts many of them. All the machinery and buildings of the mine were in apple-pie order. The miners appeared contented and prosperous. Then he took me into what he said were new workings where a mine was laid, expecting to open fabulous sources of wealth. I was insane with the joy of it all. But even in that moment of my delirium it was more for Margaret than myself that I was glad. She would be a lady indeed and our children, hers and mine, should have all the advantages that wealth could furnish. Acting on Feldman’s suggestion I went into the new chamber where the mine was laid. He urged me to do it, that I might better appreciate the havoc which the explosion would bring. Scarcely had I stepped inside when the blast was fired. There was a glare of flame, the earth seemed to crumble together; a roar of a thousand thunders swept over me and I knew no more!

“When I returned to consciousness, how long after I do not know, I found myself in a rude bunk in a small hut, which I afterward found was in a deep gulch, fully a mile from the mine. A rough looking man with long hair and whiskers appeared to be looking after me, but I felt no interest in the place or my benefactor. My mind was a blank. I had no remembrance even of the accident which had so nearly cost my life, or the incidents leading up to that point. I could not recall my own name. I lived entirely in the present. I was content to eat the food provided by the old hermit and slowly get back my strength. On my underclothing I found the name Ralph Clawson, worked in silk, I remember now by whose hand. So I called myself Ralph Clawson, and Ralph Clawson I have been for twenty years. I had no remembrance of Margaret, the boy, my connection with the mine, or Feldman. Weeks afterward I went out from that gulch, an absolute stranger to the world, a stranger to myself!

“Someone, Feldman, I suppose, had provided me with a sum of money and I made my way to Butte and to the railroad station. None of the men who had helped to entertain me that first night of my visit to the West, would have recognized me. For many days my face had not felt a razor, my clothes were torn and dirty, in fact I looked the veritable hobo. But I had the money to purchase a ticket and they could not deny me. I went to Chicago, but that did not content me. Something all the time seemed pulling me eastward. Finally I found myself wandering on foot over the hills and through the valleys of old

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

Allegheny; searching, searching for something, I could not have told what! I must have passed through the old neighborhood, but I did not recognize any of the landmarks. It was to me a new country. I saw no one I knew; no one called me by name! With passing events my mind was particularly active. I read the newspapers, mingled with the people and readily adjusted myself to conditions which existed, regardless of the mental lapse. One day I went to a near-by city and instinct or Innate Intelligence led me to a newspaper office. I applied for a job, was employed as reporter and for twenty years I performed the duties of my position on that paper, without a thought for all that had gone before. Then Chiropractic attracted me and I came to Davenport.

“On my first day here I sustained a shock. I came face to face with one who was an exact duplicate in feature and expression of Margaret Feldman at the time she first promised to become my wife. Only a strange coincidence, it proved, but that shock served to stir my lethargic mind to action regarding events of the past. First of all vividly came back to me that visit to the Red Arrow mine; Feldman’s interest in urging me to enter the new workings and the terrific explosion which followed. I realized that the premature blast was not an accident but the result of a hellish plot to get rid of me. But try as I would I could not go back of that dastardly affair; yet what I recalled whetted my ambition to know all. Jack and I frequently discussed the school, its teaching and its art. Suddenly one day came to me the thought: why remain in ignorance, when Chiropractic offers a solution of your problem? But did it? Trial alone could tell. I arranged with one of the instructors to give me adjustments for my cerebral weakness. I did not reveal my hope, not even to Jack here, but I took the adjustments regularly, and remarkable as you may consider it, today my mind is absolutely clear regarding the past. I remember everything down to the most minute detail. But before this came about, I had started a hunt for John Feldman, whom I associated directly with my great misfortune. I had seen his name mentioned in a Fargo paper. I wired the chief of police of that city, but he had no knowledge of the man further than that he had been connected with a steamboat accident on the river near here. He advised me that Dr. Black might give me some information. It was that suggestion, Doctor, which first brought me to your office. Since that time I have been remembering more and more, until now there remains nothing obscure except the one most important fact of all; if alive, where is Margaret ?”

“Yeh’ll find her yet, partner, no fear of that,” said Jack.

“Yes, I’ll find her!” Clawson said impetuously. “With my memory restored, I shall go back to the old place in Tennessee and trace her, if she is no longer there. Innate tells me that I

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

shall find her and that when she knows the truth, she will forgive.”

“I can’t see that you have been in any way remiss; that there is anything to forgive,” Dr. Black remarked. “Certainly it was through no fault of yours that your memory failed. Cases of similar nature are frequent. But to me, the marvelous thing is your remarkable recovery under Chiropractic adjustment. You people certainly have taken the wind out of my medical sails and I’m willing to admit the corn. Claude had the right idea after all.”

“But you’re not going to quit school to prosecute your search, are you, Mr. Clawson?” Rockwell asked.

“You can judge what my feelings are in the matter,” Clawson replied, “and yet after all, I am inclined to regard a completion of my course a duty that I should not shirk. Strongly as my desire urges me not to delay a day in an attempt to recover that I have lost, in my present financial condition I should be in sorry plight to urge a return of the old relations, even if I should find Margaret. Perhaps she’s married again. Vivid stories of the mine horror in which I was alleged to have lost my life; that my body was torn to atoms and buried under tons of rock and gravel, were published in the Butte-papers, and there is no question that Feldman was shrewd enough to look after all the legal technicalities. In fact he told me in our last meeting that Margaret had never entertained a doubt of my death or the fact that my body had never been recovered. It may be that my search will reveal me another Enoch Arden. In that case I should never see Margaret again!”

“Innate doesn’t tell you that, Ah’ll wager,” said Jack earnestly. “Put me down as a prophet, partner, the roses are going to bloom for yeh again, no mistake.”

“It may appear strange to you all, that I can discuss this terrible matter with a degree of composure,” said Clawson, “but when you consider that I have had twenty years of absolute forgetfulness, you will understand why I am not crazed with the joy of possible reunion. It is not that my love for the woman who was my wife is less strong, only that it is more subdued. Whatever I can do by use of the mails, I shall do, and I believe I shall be able to learn the truth, be it bitter or sweet.”

“You can count on us three to do everything in our power to aid you!” declared Dr. Black. “Claude, have you your machine here?”

“Sure,” returned the lieutenant. “You needn’t request it; I have arranged to drive Mr. Clawson and Jack back to Davenport.”

“Don’t weaken, Clawson!” was the doctor’s parting injunction. “Finish your course and in the meantime we’ll move heaven and earth if necessary to locate that woman and bring you together!”

CHAPTER XXIV

BEATRICE RETURNS

“There’s just one point yeh overlooked in your story yesterday in Dr. Black’s office, partner.”

It was the day following the visit to Rock Island and Jack was in Clawson’s room, when he made the above observation. He could not have told what prompted it, though if the truth be known he was quite ambitious to clear away the mystery which had enshrouded the elder man and had caused Jack some of the most anxious hours of his young life. Having heard the story, he was more than ever desirous to wipe away all doubts and uncertainties and bring matters to a climax.

“What was that?” asked Clawson, in surprise, regarding his young friend inquiringly. “What was it I omitted, with which you can refresh my memory ?”

“By what name were you known in the vicinity of your wife’s old home?” returned Jack, answering Ralph’s question with another.

“Why Clawson, Ralph Clawson,” the other answered. “Why ?”

“Well, partner, Ah reckon yeh’ll have to take another adjustment. Evidently yeh’ve forgot something; that is, there’s something yeh’ve failed to remember.”

“You speak in riddles, Jack. I fail to comprehend your meaning.”

“Did you ever know a man named Morrison ?”

“Morrison? Morrison?” Clawson repeated the word mechanically. “That name has a familiar sound and yet—and yet I—cannot recall the connection.”

“Strange coincidence, too,” pursued Jack relentlessly. “Same christian name as yehrsel. Maybe yeh’d remember it better that way—Ralph Clawson Morrison.”

The effect upon Clawson was electrical. He sprang up, a wild expression in his gray eyes, fixed in questioning eagerness upon his companion’s face.

“Ralph Clawson Morrison!” he gasped, “My name, my name, Jack! Yes, I had failed to remember that—that name which I had not heard for twenty years. How did you know; how could you know that?”

“Ah didn’t know, partner, Ah only suspected, from something I once heard. Do yeh remember Ah told yeh once my

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

buddy in the army had a name similar to yehrs? He enlisted as Walter Clawson, but his real name was Walter Clawson Morrison. I learned that afterward. Could you remember the name of your little boy, the one you told us you left down in Tennessee ?”

“What do you mean, Jack? Surely you are not trying to mock me with your strange questions? Dear little chap! I can see him now, as he stood there on the walk, waving his chubby hand to me as I left him and Margaret. What was his name? Walter ? Yes, I almost think it was. Surely it was. I remember now, he was named after Margaret’s father, for her father and myself—Walter Clawson Morrison. God, man, what hopes your words have raised! Could it—could it by any possible chance be my boy? Tell me, Jack, could it?”

His words were almost a prayer, as he seized Jack’s hand and clung to it pleadingly.

“Well, we’re never sure of anything until we know it’s so,” Jack returned, “and even then we sometimes have our doubts! Now Ah don’t want to raise any false hopes, but Ah have reason to believe that the soldier Ah knew in camp and in the trenches, had been taught that his father died when he was very small. In fact he told me enough to give me that idea. Take that fact with the similarity of name and what conclusion must we naturally reach ?”

“It does at least seem possible,” Ralph answered eagerly. “Oh, Jack, if it could only prove true! But where is he now? He may not have escaped the havoc of war; his bones may lie bleaching among the poppies of Flanders! See how many of our brave boys gave their lives to stem the tide of Hun aggression!”

“True, yet Ah have reliable information that he is still alive; is returning from Europe and will soon be taking a post graduate course at the P. S. C. If we are patient, we shall soon know the truth. In the meantime, if yeh don’t mind, partner, Ah’ll see what Ah can do in trying to trace the movements of yehr wife following yehr reported and apparently fully verified death. Of course, the people in yehr old neighborhood have no idea that yeh are alive. It would be more reasonable for a stranger to start such an inquiry than for the supposed dead person suddenly to appear as a letter writer. Don’t yeh think so?”

“Possibly you are right, Jack; of course you are right! I certainly have no objection to your making the effort. Here,” he hastily wrote three names on a scratch pad, tore off a sheet and handed it to Berkley, “there are people who would be likely to know. Strange how clear my mind is becoming regarding those once forgotten persons. Write them; they may be able to tell you what we desire to learn.”

“All right,” said Jack cheerfully. “I’ll do my best, partner, and don’t you worry! We’re going to straighten out this tangle quicker than you think!”

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

He took the list of names and went away to his room. An hour later he left the house, walked across to Perry street and from there to Fourth, where he dropped into the Federal building and mailed four letters; three to a city in Tennessee and one to Fargo, N. D. From there he walked to Third street and boarded a green car for Rock Island.

Dr. Claude Rockwell's office was in a down-town business block. He had just parted with a patient at the exit door of his private room, and had lighted a cigar for a comfortable smoke, when there was a quick knock and in response to his "come in," Jack Berkley entered.

"Think of the devil an—oh bother the quotation, I did have you in mind, Jack, and am mighty glad you appear I Must be something in the wind, or you'd never show up this way. Clawson hasn't disappeared again, has he?"

Jack laughed.

"No," he said, "not so bad as that, though if he did, Ah'd trust yeh and Capt. Arnold to find him. But Ah did come to see yeh about Clawson, just the same. Ah think it's high time his fifteen puzzle was solved!"

"Easier said than done, isn't it?" Claude remarked.

"No, not a bit. Ah reckon Ah've got the straight dope on him and Ah just came over to consult with yeh as to the best way to call a show-down."

"All right; elucidate."

"Ah believe Ah've got the cards stacked in his favor," said Jack breezily. "Fact is Ah've got a load of deduction that's getting pretty heavy and Ah want to unload some of it. So Ah'm going to take yeh into my confidence. But this must be a secret between us. Ah don't want a soul to get wise to our plans until we are ready to ring up the curtain on the final scene. Are yeh expecting any more patients?"

"No, I'm through for the afternoon. Come in to the private office, have a cigar and we'll go into executive session."

"That suits me to a T," said Jack. "It's just what Ah hoped yeh'd say."

The sun was just dropping behind the western bluffs when the door of Dr. Rockwell's office opened and the two young men came out. Their faces were radiant with well-defined purpose. At the outer door Claude took and vigorously shook Jack's hand, in parting.

"The thing will work to a charm," he said. "It'll make a general clean up. If we don't get Clawson's goat this time, I'll miss my guess. Jack, old boy, you're a wonder. I'll see you at the school every day and you'll keep met posted. Don't worry about this end of it. I'm going to enlist Daddy, though I shall not give even him the details, and you may be sure there'll be no failure here!"

"Just give Innate the credit," said Jack, as he departed.

Spring comes early in Davenport. April, which in many

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

sections of Uncle Sam's northern domains is a dismal, disappointing month, runs a close second to May for vernal honors in the Iowa city. The trees begin to foliage, the early flowers appear and the gray squirrel colony is active in building nests and selecting the season's partner.

On the next to the last day of that opening spring month, Jack Berkley paced the platform of the Rock Island & Pacific railway station, rapidly consuming an unusually large cigar, pausing and listening eagerly, every few minutes, for the sound of the expected train.

Beatrice was coming!

Those three words meant much for Jack. Not only had the enforced separation from the girl he loved been an unreconcilable hardship, but there were other reasons which had whetted his impatience for her return and added to his uneasiness, as to the results of her coming. In his pocket he carried answers to the letters he had suggested to Clawson that he permit him to write, but while he was eager to show them to the man they interested most, he had mapped out a definite plan of action which he was determined to pursue. In fact the tenor of those letters had served further to strengthen that determination and he was resolved not to divulge their contents until he had seen Beatrice, and the plans which he and Claude Rockwell had formulated, had been brought into action.

He was well on his second cigar when the whistle of the approaching train greeted his anxious ears. It pulled into the station and Jack waited eagerly for her appearance. Yes, there she was, waving her white hand from a coach window, on her slow progress to the door. Travel was heavy and passengers and baggage seemed to move so slowly.

He met her at the car step, lifted her to the platform as he would a child and kissed her regardless of a half-dozen students standing near, before he set her down.

"My, Jack, it's good to see you!" she exclaimed, "but what will people think? Oh, you impetuous boy!"

Following her came a straight, soldierly figure in the khaki, the insignia of a lieutenant upon his arm. He was assisting an elderly woman, white-haired and with a Madonna face; a face to impress one instantly as that of a person entitled to the respect and veneration of even the chance stranger. Jack would have known her at a glance from her resemblance to Beatrice.

"Mr. Berkley," said Bee, "I want you to meet my mother and brother. I think you boys have met before."

For a moment Walter Morrison stood gazing into Jack's smiling countenance with surprise and questioning eagerness, then he seized the Texan's hand in enthusiastic grasp:

"Corporal Berkley, as I'm alive! Why didn't you tell me who I was to meet, Bee? Didn't you know that of all men I would be most glad to see him?"

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

“Why, I thought you’d enjoy the meeting more if it came unexpectedly,” said Bee demurely. “Don’t you, now?”

“It’s the height of pleasure, anyway,” her brother returned. “Here, mother, shake hands with the man who saved you the thought of having a son sleeping on the banks of the Argonne. This is the hero who carried me into our lines, out of the hell of No Man’s Land.”

“Mr. Berkley certainly has the limit of my appreciation for an act which I know was that which only the bravest would undertake. A mother’s love goes out to you as if you were my own boy,” said Mrs. Ralston in a musical, well-modulated voice. Her manner was most affable and Jack fell in love with her at once.

“It was all in a day’s work,” said Jack modestly, “but Ah sure am glad that Ah had the nerve to do it and that the man Ah aided was yehr son. Where do yeh wish to go, Bee? To your rooms, I suppose?”

“Yes, I wrote the landlady and she has reserved a place for us.

“Good. Come right along, then; Ah have a machine waiting.”

“Reckless spendthrift,” said Beatrice, as he led the way through the station to the rear, where the auto was parked.

“There’s nothing under Heaven too good for that mother of yours,” he returned, emphatically. “Gee, Ah’m afraid I shall love her nearly as much as Ah do her daughter!”

“I shall not be jealous if you do,” she replied, cheerfully.

When they reached the Fourteenth street house, Jack, with a quick, intelligent glance at Bee, to which she responded with a little nod, turned to Mrs. Ralston and said:

“A friend of mine, Dr. Black, who lives just across the river in Rock Island, has invited us all to his home tonight. His daughter tells me that she is acquainted with Miss Beatrice and they urge that Ah bring yeh all over. They are splendid people and there we will also meet Lieutenant Rockwell, who was the first medical officer to see Walter here, after he was wounded. He is to become the doctor’s son-in-law. Yeh’ll all go, won’t yeh ?”

“Sure we will,” Beatrice answered at once. “I do know Miss Black and she is a charming girl. We are sure to have a pleasant evening.”

“Did you say Lieutenant Rockwell?” asked Walter. “By George, we’ll have a real reunion of veterans! Of course, you’ll go, mother! You’re not so very tired, are you?”

“Not at all,” she returned sweetly. “Anything that pleases you young people is agreeable to me, unless you think I’ll be in the way.”

Beatrice placed her hand playfully over her mother’s mouth.

“You dear old goosie,” she said, “don’t ever say anything

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

like that again. You know you'd never be in the way to us, would she, Jack?"

"Ah should very much regret it if she thought best not to go," said Jack, "and so would she, afterward. Well, that's settled. We'll call for yeh at 8 o'clock sharp."

He helped carry their baggage up to the house and with a cheery "I'll see you later," started for the street, but half way down the walk called to Bee. "Oh, say, girlie, just a minute."

She ran down obediently to meet him.

"What is it, Jack? Is there anything wrong?"

"Not a thing, sweetheart. I just wanted to suggest that if you haven't already prepared your mother for a great surprise, perhaps it would be best to do so before evening. Ah'm getting a bit scary about consequences. Ah've had tragedy enough already with this case!"

"I understand you, Jack. She doesn't know the truth, but she seems to have an impression that something wonderful in her life is about to occur. Beside, Jack, you know joy never kills!"

"She brought the opals?"

"Certainly. Did you think she'd leave them behind? She's been studying them more often lately. Sometimes it seems almost as if a line of mental telegraphy had been established between Fargo and Davenport."

"Ah hope there has, though Ah don't believe he suspects anything. He's caused me mental worry enough; Ah hope to get satisfaction tonight! Be sure to have yehr mother wear the opals."

"All right, I will."

She held up her lips coyly, but temptingly, an invitation which he was not slow to accept.

"At eight, sharp," he said. "There'll be a hot time in the old town tonight!"

CHAPTER XXV

WHICH COMPLETES THE CYCLE

Jack Berkley was a busy man. Returning the auto with which he had met the Ralstons, to the livery, he hurried up the hill to the house where he and Clawson made their home. He had assured himself that the latter had no engagement for the evening, so had no doubt of his ability to induce Ralph to call with him at Dr. Black's residence. Even should Clawson object, Jack believed that he would be able to make some suggestions which would speedily remove all opposition.

He had refrained from telling the elder man of Beatrice's expected return and he had no intention now of enlightening him regarding the personnel of the party which had that day arrived from Fargo, not even the fact that Walter Clawson Morrison was now in Davenport. Jack imagined that he possessed a degree of theatrical talent and he was determined that the drama he was now staging should possess all the elements of mystery and surprise that it was possible to inject.

"Hello, partner," he cried in enthusiastic tone, as he stopped at Clawson's door and discovered Ralph busily engaged in making typewritten notes of the morning's lecture on the "Restoration Cycle." "Yeh're going out again tonight, so Ah'd advise yeh to get the question of concussion of forces off of yehr mind. Dr. Black's got something important to say to yeh, Claude tells me, and we are expected over there at eight-thirty sure."

"Something important, did you say?" Clawson asked eagerly. "Has he heard anything?"

"Ah won't be sure," Jack returned innocently, "but Ah suspect he has! Rockwell says the old gentleman appeared quite excited, and said that we were not to fail to see him tonight!"

"Dr. Black is certainly showing great unselfishness in his efforts in my behalf," Ralph observed. "Do you know, Jack, I consider it quite a triumph for Chiropractic that we have been able to convert him to an acknowledgment of its merits. There's a medico who is entitled to our confidence and respect."

"There are many honest medicos, Ah'm satisfied of that," Jack returned; "men who are broad enough to realize that this is an age of progress and that old systems and old methods are surely passing to make way for the developments of modern thought and research. Dr. Black is gradually becoming of the same type as our own Dr. Hender."

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

“He couldn’t select a more desirable model. During all the time we have been here, Ah have never heard an adverse criticism of that prince of good fellows, have yeh?”

“Not one; but there’s no occasion. In his case adverse criticism would be rank libel. Well, Ah’ve got to change my clothes and go up to the school to meet a party, but Ah’ll be back for you at eight o’clock. Ah guess we’ll go over on the car. Better spruce up a bit, for Ah imagine, from what Claude said, the doctor has invited in a few friends whom he wants yeh to meet.”

“I’ll be ready,” Clawson asserted, as Jack turned away, his face beaming with satisfaction.

At 7:30 o’clock Jack was standing in front of the P. S. C. when Lieutenant Rockwell turned his machine in to the curb at the entrance.

“All ready?” he asked, as Tack jumped into the vacant seat by his side.

“Yes, ready as ready can be,” Berkley replied. “Yeh will drive over for the Ralstons and take them across to Rock Island. Ah will have Clawson there not later than eight-thirty. He is quite anxious to know what news the Doctor may have. Do yeh think we’re putting it onto him pretty rough?”

“Not a bit. Doctor has an idea he’s going to work out, that will add a little more dramatic flavor to the affair. Bet you handkerchiefs will be in demand before this night’s over!”

At the Fourteenth street house Rockwell was introduced to Mrs. Ralston and Beatrice, while his meeting with Walter was what was to be expected between these two former soldier comrades. To the careful attention of the young army doctor was the former sergeant indebted for the fact that his discharge from hospital found him practically as sound as before his battle injuries. When these formalities had been attended to, Jack made his excuses and hastened back to his own quarters.

He found Clawson waiting his return somewhat impatiently. Perhaps with a whisper from Universal Intelligence, Innate had been sending strange mental impulses to those nerves which had been so long impinged. To Clawson’s educated mind had come new and suggestive impressions. He could not rid himself of the idea that the coming visit to Dr. Black promised revelations to him of a most vital character. Their possible nature he could not define, and yet he was obsessed with the feeling that a crisis in astonishment on entering Clawson’s room, at sight of the really distinguished looking man who awaited his coming. His white hair and moustache, his black eyebrows, under which his steel-gray eyes shone with unwonted brilliancy; his pale but strongly featured face all stood out with striking effectiveness above the black coat and expansive shirt-front.

Acting upon Jack’s suggestion he had slipped into a dress suit, which so changed his ordinary appearance that Jack paused his life was approaching.

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

“Gee, partner,” cried Jack, in real admiration, “yeh sure are some gent in those glad rags. Why, yeh look fit for a wedding.”

“Clothes do help to make the man,” quoted Clawson with a smile. “I just thought I’d indulge in the luxury once more. Hope you don’t think I’m overdoing the thing.”

“Not a bit; not a bit,” declared Jack. “Ah couldn’t have advised yeh better. But, on my word, partner, one wouldn’t think a swallow-tail would make such a difference!”

As usual, Lieutenant Rockwell met them at the door when they rang the bell at Dr. Black’s residence, a half-hour later, and conducted them to the doctor’s waiting room, where they were welcomed cordially by the bluff old physician.

“Glad you didn’t fail us, Clawson,” he said, shaking Ralph’s hand heartily. “Just thought we’d make a little surprise for you. Jack, here, was partially responsible. He wanted you to meet his future mother-in-law, Mrs. Ralston, who came to Davenport today with her daughter Beatrice, who is a good friend of my Gladys. If you don’t mind we’ll go in where the folks are.”

They followed their host into the spacious parlor. Shaded lamps gave a subdued light to the room and the faces of those seated in the extensive apartment were not clearly distinguishable. As they entered, they were introduced informally by the doctor.

“Mr. Clawson, my daughter Gladys; you have met Miss Ralston; Mrs. Ralston, Mr. Morrison. I think you all know Jack Berkley. He’s worth knowing. Claude, how’s your voice tonight? For my part, I’d like a little music.”

Clawson was somewhat surprised at the host’s brusque manner. What a strange, unconventional introduction. Much as if everyone in the room was acquainted with everyone. So that white-haired, rather stately woman, who sat in such semi-obscurity that he could not study her features, was Beatrice Ralston’s mother. Strange that Jack had not told him of their arrival. That was so unlike the impulsive young Texan. And where was Morrison? Surely the Doctor had spoken that name, yet he could discover no person in the room beyond the others mentioned. He had turned to Berkley for an explanation, when, obedient to his prospective father-in-law’s request, Claude went to the piano, and with Gladys as accompanist began to sing. The first words of that song set Clawson’s heart to beating more rapidly and he reached out his hand and clutched Jack’s arm convulsively.

“Darling, I am growing old,
Silver threads among the gold;
Shine upon my brow today, love,
Life is fading fast away.”

Who ever heard that song without a touch of sentiment?
Claude had a rich tenor voice and he sang with wonderful feeling.
Even Jack was impressed with the pathos of the words. To Claw-

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

son it was an inspiration, and at the same time a deluge of bitter fact. Its pleading promises were almost the echo of his own heart-throbs. He sat, half-dazed with the impressions conveyed, until Claude's voice died away on the last words, and Dr. Black was speaking.

"That song," he said, "reminds me of a most remarkable story which was recently told me, and which I have had the good fortune to verify. You are nearly all Chiropractors or soon will be, and while I have not until very recently had any faith in the alleged new science, there are facts in this story which go to prove the wonderful possibilities of the new art. Twenty years ago a man, through an act of treachery, nearly lost his life in an explosion. Notice of his death was legally established, however, and, so far as the man's friends knew, he had in reality passed on. But he was not dead. The terrible shock of the explosion had deadened his brain but spared his life. All that had gone before was a mental blank. He could not even remember his own name; his wife and child were forgotten, he was a man without a home and without a country. For twenty years he lived, worked and prospered as an entirely different individual from that he had been. The wife, made destitute as well as a supposed widow by the fiendish cruelty and dishonesty of her husband's implacable enemy, mourned for him loyally, but finally driven to the straits of poverty and with two children to support listened to the pleadings of an honorable man and became his wife.

Clawson had listened to the Doctor in speechless amazement, at this revelation which must be the secret of his own mystery. He started to rise to his feet, but Jack caught and pulled him down.

"Listen, partner, hear the full story."

"But here is the wonderful part of the story, to me," continued the doctor. "Among the students who came to the Palmer school over in Davenport, less than a year ago, was this nameless man. His mind was as clouded regarding his life previous to the explosion as at any time during his lapse. He began taking Chiropractic adjustments and what is the result? Today his mind is clear; the past is as an open book and the one object he now holds in life is to find the woman who was once his wife."

"But you said she remarried, Doctor," interposed Jack.

"So she did, boy, so she did! It was an honorable, legitimate marriage too, for the courts had declared her husband dead. In fact, he was dead, so far as his connection with conditions existing before the accident was concerned. But that's not all the story. Friends of the man with the restored mind started inquiries to learn what had become of the former wife. They learned the facts of the wife's remarriage, but they also discovered that the second husband had died a year after his marriage and that the woman, left again dependent upon her own resources, by her needle has been able to support herself and children until

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

they were of an age when they could give her assistance. Isn't it a remarkable story? Do you wonder that the words of Claude's song recalled it to my mind?"

Clawson could be restrained no longer. He sprang up and quickly confronted Dr. Black.

"You say she still lives and is a widow," he exclaimed. "Doctor, if you are not mocking me, tell me where she is!"

Dr. Brown glanced quickly about. Claude, watching him intently, caught the signal and the next moment a flood of light illuminated the large room.

Then a strange thing occurred. Mrs. Ralston, stepping into the full glare of the light, advanced toward the astonished Clawson. She was dressed in white; her beautiful face was flushed with emotion; about her bare, still rounded neck, flashed and shimmered in the electric light of the room a magnificent circlet of opals.

For a moment Clawson stood as if petrified. His face flushed and paled alternately. His eyes were fixed upon the woman with an expression of mixed fear and longing. His form shook as with an ague. He took one or two irresolute steps forward, then stretched out his arms toward her pleadingly, uttering the one word:

"Margaret!"

"Yes, Ralph."

"Thank God, my Margaret!"

Then he had her in his strong arms and Claude discreetly turned off the light, until only indistinct shadows appeared in the room.

Then after a brief space the light returned, but there were no persons in the room save Margaret and Ralph. He released her from his clinging embrace, but held her at arm's length to feast his eyes upon her beauty, with all her sorrows, as yet unmarred by the hand of time.

"But to think, Margaret," he protested, "of the twenty long, hopeless, wasted years."

"We must make them up by a greater love than the first," she said hopefully.

"If that were possible," he returned. "And these opals; you have kept them all these years!"

"They were your gift, Ralph; your wedding gift! I think I would have starved rather than part with them! For I loved you so; I loved you so always, even when I took new marriage vows. I could never cease loving your memory, dear!"

"Let us thank God and Chiropractic, which have brought us together at last!" he said.

"With these good friends who made this meeting possible," she added, "I thought I should die of joy when Beatrice told me of the man in Davenport who so much resembled this."

As she spoke she took from her pocket a small brooch which opened with a spring. In it a manly face was revealed, a face

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

the counterpart of Ralph's, though the hair was dark and the features more full.

"This and the opals were all I had, Ralph, but they occupied many a solitary hour. There must have been all the time some invisible influence whispering to me that you would yet return."

"It was Innate!" he said reverently.

"Well, if you people are over the first paroxysm, we will come in," said Dr. Black, his beaming face appearing at the door. "There are two kids out here who want to be introduced to their dad!"

"Oh, I had nearly forgotten," said Margaret, deprecatingly. "How selfish I am. For one thing we have cause for superlative gratitude to the All Wise, Ralph. Our children, Walter, and Beatrice, born three months after you left us, have been spared to bless our declining years."

Then Jack Berkley came in arm in arm with the man he had dragged back from the jaws of death in those awful days on the Flanders front.

"Yeh know, partner, Ah partly promised that yehr boy would come back to yeh," he said, leading Walter to Ralph's side. "Here he is; safe and sound, and a chip out of the old block, Ah'll be bound! Seems to me there's a strong family resemblance between Ralph Clawson Morrison and Walter Clawson Morrison!"

The resemblance was marked, notwithstanding the disparity in ages.

"Can it be possible that you are the little chap I left so far back in the long ago—my little Walter," cried Ralph, placing his arms affectionately about his son's shoulder. "Now, indeed, has the happiness of this hour nearly compensated for the years of forgetfulness. I am proud to find that you, my boy, have not rejected those principles of patriotic loyalty which have always been the pride of the Morrisons. I had rather see you in that khaki than in broadcloth. From those stripes I realize that your duty was well performed. I am proud to think that you are my son."

"Here's a young lady who deserves some of your attention," Jack continued. "She, too, deserves a father's blessing. You told me once yeh hoped Ah'd win her. Ah've done it, partner; she's promised to be my wife. Ah told yeh not long ago Ah was going to ask a great favor of yeh. Yeh've found one son, can't yeh make room for another?"

For answer Ralph stooped and kissed Bee, took her hand and placed it in that of Jack's. He then turned to Margaret and led her to a seat, placing himself beside her.

"Of course, Clawson, excuse me, I mean Morrison," said Dr. Black. "You'll be wondering how we solved your problem for you, but I want to tell you that you have only one person to thank and that individual is Jack Berkley. It was his perceptive faculties which were a predominating factor in bringing you

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

people together. As long ago as the first day you came to Davenport, Jack began making deductions. Similarity of names; chance words dropped by Walter, Beatrice and yourself, were the principal elements considered by him in making an analysis of the case. Events proved his diagnosis correct. Answers to letters he wrote brought the final evidence needed to establish certain relationships. You must forgive us for injecting a little dramatic flavor into the decoction you were asked to take, but you see we wanted to be sure that there should be no collapse of the structure he had erected. It isn't every man who can come into possession of such an interesting family on such short notice. Morrison, I certainly congratulate you!"

"Jack has placed me under obligations I can never meet," said Ralph, earnestly. "I realize that I have him to thank for everything, even the life of myself and boy! I only hope that my life may be spared beyond the allotted time, that I may in a measure——"

"There, partner, Ah wish yeh'd stop that. Ah haven't been working for any medals or seeking honorable mention. All Ah want is to see yeh and Beatrice's mother as happy as she and Ah are going to be. Innate knew yeh were too good a man to lose, and that's the reason the proper impulses were sent along to aid us in that little affair up the river and afterward in clearing up the tangle, which proved to be only a simple incoordination after all."

"It was easy enough when you got the major and made the proper adjustment," said Beatrice with a laugh.

Just then Gladys and Claude, who had been strangely absent for some time, came to the door with the announcement that refreshments were waiting in the dining room. Was it not a merry evening which followed? Even Dr. Black admitted, as his guests were about to depart, that never in his seventy years of experience had he ever enjoyed such another.

"There is just one other matter upon which I have set my heart," he said. "Gladys and Claude are to be married the first Thursday in June. It will be a home wedding and this I ask as a special favor. Let's make it a triangular affair. To tell you the truth, I shan't rest entirely easy in my mind until I see Mrs. Ralston's name properly changed, and I know that as Beatrice and Jack are to be important factors at my daughter's marriage. Lack of a legal ceremony should not longer be allowed to stand in the way of their complete happiness. What do you say, folks?"

"Ah'm for the trinity!" said Jack.

"That settles it," cried the doctor enthusiastically; "As you have been the chief promoter and producer of our little play, we shall depend upon you to stage the final act."

CHAPTER XXVI

AT THE END OF THE ROAD

When Dr. B. J. Palmer introduced the innovation of an ultra-metropolitan cafeteria, with artistic embellishments and appointments calculated to make the big city caterer turn green with envy, he welded successfully another link in the chain of circumstances connected with the P. S. C., which has served so firmly to bind the student body in loyalty and love to the institution and its management.

At least Clawson so expressed himself, as he and Jack Berkley sat for the first time with their feet under one of the polished oak tables and discussed the palatable viands the efficient chef had prepared in the spacious kitchen, where cleanliness presided as a goddess, and which had been served in abundant portions, by white-uniformed attendants, to the utter disgust of that H. C. L. tyrant whose extortionate tribute had turned many a student of moderate means to experimenting with rooming-house gas-plates.

“Ah’ve been in some of the swell eating places of New York, London and Paris, during the past two years,” Jack commented, casting his glance admiringly about the spacious room, occupying the entire basement of the big new Administration building, “and Ah must say this lays over anything Ah’ve come across on either side of the big pond, when it gets right down to genuine artistic beauty and homeness. Of all B. J.’s big ideas, this is a long way short of being the least.”

“I quite agree with you,” Clawson returned in genuine appreciation, “that the doctor has done a big and a splendid thing for the students in providing them with a model restaurant, every feature of which is a tribute to, and a reflection of, B. J.’s original, artistic, sympathetic and philanthropical instincts. One at all familiar with his ethical reasoning would recognize, at first entrance into the place, the master-touch of his deft hand. Did you notice the word placed over the door from the hall entering this room?”

“Not particularly. What was it?”

“Fletcherize.”

Jack laughed.

“Reckon he intended more than an admonition against bolting one’s food,” he commented. “Ah reckon he injected genuine

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

food for thought into that single word, which he'd like certain Davenport people thoroughly to masticate."

"Right," said Clawson. "That's exactly what had occurred to me. I have noticed that under all of the doctor's quaintly original and somewhat unique pronouncements, there is an underlying strata of philosophy and common sense which cannot fail of their intended impression. But best of all, you will notice that in all the mottoes which embellish the vacant wall spaces there is not one but carries an uplifting sentiment, that gives to the establishment an atmosphere of genuine refinement which cannot but serve to elevate the thoughts and strengthen the moral character of the student who comes here to dine. For instance, there is beauty, inspiration and encouragement for the sometimes partially discouraged seeker after Chiropractic knowledge, in that selection over there: 'When Love and Skill Work Together, Expect a Masterpiece.' There's another, rich in suggestion: 'Not How to Put in the Day, But How Much to Put Into the Day.' Why, it's an education to come here and study the many quotations, original with B. J., or gleaned from the bright sayings of other philosophers, which liven up these snow-white walls."

"It sure is," Jack assented. "And the business instinct is also active Ah notice. That's a wise one near the cigar stand: 'Only the Mints Can Make Money Without Advertising.' There's one thing though, that B. J. always incorporates in his personal advice to advertisers. That is, to deal only in legitimate goods, worth full value."

"Right again, Jack. You appear to be making progress in your study of the Palmer philosophy," Clawson laughingly suggested.

"Well it's a practical philosophy and easily understood if one is open-minded, Jack returned.

"That's because it's clear and honest," said Clawson. "He has given his literal rendering of the old proverb up there, where he has had painted: 'Honesty is the Only Policy.' Makes it imperative. His is always a positive nature. It's been one of the keys to his success. But through the entire framework of his mental and physical creations runs an element of artistic taste and sentiment which improve their value to the lover of the beautiful. Look at the harmony of coloring and touch of art in the decorative scheme of those massive supporting columns! He certainly has the faculty of selecting people to do his work who are capable. The man who did that painting is a real artist. Now taking the entire appointments of the place into consideration, from the names of the various members of the faculty, traced up there on the frieze of those columns, down even to the selection of the furniture, three characteristics stand out most prominently—originality, substantiality and harmony. The whole scheme is a reflection of P. S. C. ethics. There is not a single discordant note."

"Ah think Mabel and Dr. Elliott have had some say in the

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

arrangement," Jack observed, as the portly form of the business manager appeared in the entrance, pausing to cast a critical eye over the long line of eager students, lined up in the roped-off walk leading to the food-distributing counter. The two friends had entered the cafeteria early and had noted in some surprise the large patronage which had so soon been attracted to the place.

"Undoubtedly," Clawson returned. "There's just one word that describes Frank Elliott comprehensively—efficiency. The people of Iowa will be wise to give him that seat in the senatorial chamber at Des Moines. They'd be sure of a capable, liberal and intelligent representative."

"Ah reckon his honesty would be his greatest drawback to political success," laughed Jack, as he and Clawson arose. "So long, partner; I'm going down to meet Rebecca at the well."

Clawson glanced in the direction indicated and saw Beatrice Ralston standing near the genuine source of water supply near the rear of the room, the dug well which had been on the site of the building when it was purchased by the School and which had been embellished by a characteristic curbing upon which always reposed, above the limpid water below, convenient for instant use, the original old oaken bucket.

"Love's young dream," he soliloquized, turning his steps in the direction of the cigar counter. "I only hope it has a pleasant awakening."

Our story is told; why write more? Dear reader, put yourself figuratively in the place of either of these friends of ours and you can realize how much more life meant to each of them than before that remarkable scene in Dr. Black's parlor, where their varied relationships were revealed and plans for the future practically developed.

Mrs. Ralston, Beatrice and Walter remained at the Fourteenth street house, while Ralph and Jack retained their rooms with Mrs. Brown. Walter had registered for his post-graduate course and, with the exception of Mrs. Ralston, all were extremely busy with their school work.

Willingly, remembering his promise to Jack, Ralph Morrison, as we must now call him, had accepted Beatrice as his adjuster, and, perhaps for that reason, found it necessary to make frequent calls at his daughter's rooms. If the former husband and wife met on these occasions and enjoyed long talks together, making up in part for the lost opportunity of the buried years, were they not blameless? Jack found it necessary frequently to walk home with Beatrice, and many plans they laid for that time when they should receive their diplomas and go out together to practice their wonderful profession.

Advanced to the adjusting class, with all the morning lectures and quizzes, palpation and then afternoon and evening Clinic, their time was fully occupied, so that first Thursday in June

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

which Dr. Black had suggested as the time for a triple wedding, and which they had at first thought so far away, came upon them before they were scarcely aware of the fact.

No necessary preparation had been neglected, however, and the society editor of the Examiner was able to make it an exclusive feature story for her paper. After this event, Mrs. Brown was forced to put that familiar sign, "Rooms for rent," in her front window, while the Fourteenth street house had two additional tenants.

Both Ralph and Jack had proven very competent adjusters, for they had possessed the ability to interpret and the ambition to apply the teachings of Chiropractic philosophy and, regardless of all distracting outside circumstances, had, from the first, studied the art with a determination to master it in every detail. It had been practically decided, as soon as they entered the Senior class and Walter had become familiar with his P. G. work, that father and son should unite their forces in carrying the boon of drugless healing to suffering humanity.

Ralph, following his marriage to Margaret, had found it desirable to sever his connection with the Examiner, and Watson, when he had heard the strange story which Ralph told him one day, with its happy sequel, while expressing great regret at his decision, at the same time admitted that, placed in the same circumstances himself, he would have resigned sooner.

It was indeed a happy summer for every one of that little circle of friends who had been so miraculously brought together. There were frequent interchanges of visits between the family of the Rock Island physician and the Chiro students whom Dr. Black had come to regard with the highest esteem. Claude had become enthusiastic over the daily revelations of The Palmer School, and on many occasions the elder medico was a visitor at the daily Clinics, as highly gratified at the results which his young friends were obtaining as they could possibly be. From a deprecator of the Palmer methods, Dr. Black had become one of B. J.'s strongest supporters and many a warm argument, in which he was frequently involved with his former associate professionals, left the broadminded old physician master of the field.

In his meetings with Margaret, Ralph had zealously avoided all reference to Feldman. There had been a tacit agreement between those who had taken part in that affair of the old trading post, that the mother of Walter and Beatrice should be spared the humiliation which would naturally come from a knowledge of the dastardly work of her relative. Ralph's explanation of his escape from the mine had been truthful, but so worded that no suspicion of foul play was suggested. He had been careful not to drop a hint of the Bettendorf incident and its results.

But sitting together in Vander Veer park one delightful July day, the wife suddenly asked:

“Do you remember, Ralph, that first night over at Dr. Black’s you said that Jack had saved your life! You have never told me the circumstances.”

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

“Because I thought the knowledge would cause you unhappiness, dear,” he returned. “I am all right now, we are supremely happy; why not bury the unpleasantness of the past and enjoy the present and the future with no annoying reflections to mar its serenity?”

“But I am your wife, Ralph; I am entitled to your confidences. I admire Jack so much, for I know how he risked his own life in saving that of our boy, and how helpful he was in bringing you and me together. Why should I not know how much more I am indebted to Bee’s husband?”

“Simply because the telling would involve one in whom you have reposed confidence, knowledge of whose short-comings would only cause you regret and possible unhappiness!”

“Nothing outside of our own family circle would cause me real unhappiness now,” she returned coaxingly. “Who was it, John Feldman?”

“Yes, it was Feldman.”

“I am not surprised,” Margaret returned quickly. “I long ago interpreted his real character! I never had reason to doubt his story of the accident at the mine and your supposed death, for newspaper clippings and records from the registrar’s office in Butte made that representation legally clear. But when he came to me with the report of financial losses and I was left with absolutely nothing of the large sum you had invested, my suspicions were aroused. Later I had good reason to believe that the cousin I had trusted, whose Judas smile and specious promises had been responsible for the loss of my husband, possessed a dual character; that with the manners and professions of a gentleman he was deceitful and treacherous; a villain at heart! You can tell me all, it will not disturb my peace of mind!”

So, carefully avoiding distressing details, adroitly but omitting no main facts, he told her.

For a time she sat apparently deep in thought, after he had finished. There was no indication of surprise in her handsome face or clear eyes. Finally she said:

“Do you know, Ralph, I have been wondering if the same influences which gave you back your memory would have benefited John Feldman. There is no doubt he possessed many of the finer qualities, but there must have been a strain of degeneracy in his make-up. He showed this as a boy, as you remember. As he grew older, the baser instincts came to predominate. I’ve been studying the subject of chiropractic philosophy and have found it very interesting. This question has come to me: Might not the bad cements of his nature have been induced by incoordination, which, long continued, resulted in a chronic condition of mental incompetency which finally dominated his actions? What is your opinion?”

“Well, Margaret,” said Ralph, admiringly, “you certainly appear to be getting the idea. I’ll say yes to your question. I don’t believe there can be a doubt that had he as a child, or at the

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

first symptoms of viciousness, been given proper adjustments, his entire after character might have been changed. I really am of the opinion that future developments of B. J. Palmer's effective methods will lead to fully as remarkable results as you have suggested. Why not? We who have studied the new science; who have been able in a measure to interpret the teachings of our philosophy, believe that Universal Intelligence created the human body a perfect machine, possessing at birth all the natural forces necessary to a perfect development along the lines intended by that Supreme power. Deviation from that plan can come only as the result of incoordination. Taken in time, those incoordinations may be reduced by proper adjustment, restoring the bodily machine to that ideal over which Innate was placed in charge."

"Then in time we should have an entirely new type of citizenship, providing all children were given Chiropractic attention as they developed?" Margaret asked.

"That should be the result," Ralph answered, "though it might take several generations to accomplish the full reformation. There would be incoordinations of heredity to overcome, which no doubt would prove the strongest obstacle to speedy readjustment of conditions. Really, the future possibilities of Chiropractic are more remarkable even than the secret wrung by chance from nature by Dr. Palmer's father. I think that B. J. himself believes that his remarkable art is still in its infancy. Even his building plans indicate that. Today there is no student in his school who is studying as hard or as conscientiously as the president of the institution."

"I have found it a most absorbing subject," Margaret said. "Walter and Beatrice have both been enthusiasts, and even before coming here I had become impressed with the idea that in giving his new art to the world, Dr. Palmer had conferred an inestimable blessing upon suffering humanity. I have been almost tempted to myself enroll as a student."

Ralph laughed.

"I couldn't spare you the time now," he said. "Had you been here to start with me, it might have been different, but now—well, I shall need you to help me in my work. You will be my inspiration and for your sake, dear, I shall certainly succeed! But each year we will come back to Davenport to attend the lyceum and gauge the progress which is being made by the wonderful institution on the hill, for the annual lyceum is a faithful barometer of P. S. C. conditions. This year it will be the greatest gathering of Chiroso that has ever occurred, although last season Davenport was awakened out of her Rip Van Winkle sleep by the strength and enthusiasm shown by lyceum guests."

Rapidly the days rushed on. Graduation exercises were being discussed by those who were soon to launch out on the sea of professional endeavor.

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

Cramming for the final examinations which would be conducted by B. J. himself and Dr. W. L. Heath, Mrs. Palmer's father, long a member of the faculty, was a feature of many a student room, for there was an ambition to make those final papers so perfect that no doubt of proficiency could be entertained.

There was little dread of the coming ordeal, for Dr. Heath was known to be kindly considerate of those upon whom he was called to pass judgment, and the same feeling was entertained regarding him, that the students possessed in relation to other members of the faculty. In these later days of their course, too, Ralph and Jack had become better acquainted with the late additions to the faculty, Drs. Vinkemeyer, Mayback, Boner, Fruitiger and Stephen, and to each they were willing to give credit for intelligent interest in their work and helpfulness to their classes.

Since his marriage, Beatrice had inveigled Jack into the mysteries of the social life of the school, and scarcely an assembly ball or other function, organized by the different alumni, or the fraternal societies, nearly all strongly represented, but what those deservedly popular young people were present. Welter, too, had formed many pleasing acquaintances, so it is not surprising that they dreaded, though hailed with happy anticipation, the approach of the day when they should pack their text books for future reference and don the cap and gown for those final impressive exercises.

Along with all the other activities now came preparations for the lyceum. Reports received by Dr. Palmer, from all sections of the Union, from Canada and even several foreign countries, indicated a gathering of former students which would tax the facilities of the school to accommodate.

This knowledge, of course, served as an inspiration to the various classes and alumni, to muster all their forces, state pride joining hands with school pride to make the affair not only a credit to the seventeen hundred students in attendance, but also an object lesson to those few people of Davenport who, down in their secret hearts, were praying for calamity to overtake the P. S. C. Why? Jealousy of a successful man, nothing more.

Then came the all-important day. At the appointed hour the beautiful chimes on the Administration building rang out a glad anthem, telling to the people not only of Davenport but of Rock Island and Moline that 500 students of B. J. Palmer's school had proven their faithful and effective application to the elaborate curriculum of the big Chiro college, and were forming in procession, clad in somber cap and gown, to march to the big assembly hall to receive their rewards of merit, the prized diploma.

Then the march up the aisles, past the seats they had so long and studiously occupied, now holding double their number of fresh, eager, aspiring classmates, who must wait for another commencement day before they, too, could march to the platform with that proudly conscious feeling of duty well performed.

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

Following the long line of graduates came the members of the faculty, clad in dress suits, their faces beaming with pleasure at the fine appearance of the student body which for so many long months they had directed into the paths of scientific knowledge.

Bringing up the rear, came B. J. and Mabel. As the graduates, each at his respective seat upon the temporarily extended stage, stood in respectful attention as the faculty moved slowly down the hall to the front, a roar of applause, almost deafening in its intensity, went up from the body of the hall, continuing until the marchers had grouped themselves at the center of the platform, Dr. and Mrs. Palmer in front, and the president had raised his hand for silence. Then suddenly as the storm of applause had burst, it ceased.

Exercises were brief but impressive. After a short but forceful address by B. J., in which he congratulated the members of the class upon their success and praised them for their diligence, as well as giving them practical advice to guide them in the great work for humanity upon which they were about entering, the graduates formed in single column, marching before the assembled faculty, each being handed his or her diploma by Dr. Palmer; each receiving from their former instructors, the men whom from long and intimate association they had come to love and esteem, hearty congratulations and best wishes for successful, profitable and pleasant field experience.

Then the chimes again rang out their silvery toned notes of a gladsome welcome to the full-fledged Chiro, and student friends crowded forward to add their good wishes to all that had gone before.

Margaret met Ralph in the aisle as he came down from the platform, and linking her arm with his, drew him closely to her, whispering eagerly:

“Oh, Ralph, my husband, I am very proud and very, very happy!”

Then came the big graduation ball, the real notable social event of the year, which can only be appreciated by actual attendance, as the thousands yet to come to the fountain head for the real truth of Chiropractic will fully realize. Afterward there were good-byes to be said, to members of the faculty, including B. J. and Mabel, for their unfailing kindness and interested zeal in their behalf, then back to the Fourteenth street house for the last night in Davenport.

“We’ll see you at the train tomorrow,” said Gladys and Claude as they shook hands at parting in the lanai. “My, you people did look professional in those mortar-boards.”

But, after all, though pleased at the consciousness that they had successfully completed the course which at first appeared to present almost unsurmountable difficulties, difficulties which had been dissolved by the attentive interest of the various members of the faculty, there was a feeling of sadness in the heart

THE SPIRIT OF THE P. S. C.

of each graduate that the time for a severance of those more intimate associations had at last arrived.

“Seems just as if we were leaving home,” said Jack Berkley, as they discussed that last evening, the pleasure, yet regret that divorce from all the pleasant relations which had been established during the period of their school attendance, was so close at hand,

“Yes,” said Ralph, “it has certainly been an enjoyable and profitable experience. To me, perhaps more than to any other P. S. C. student, has the time in Davenport been well employed. Not only have I learned something of the advantages and possibilities of our wonderful art, but I have discovered that the world is not all a sham, as many a newspaper man believes. But beside all this it has enabled me not only to find myself, but to recover those treasures of the home which I believed irrevocably lost.”

“Well, so far as I am concerned,” chimed in Beatrice, “I feel like crying at the thought of leaving Pa and Ma Palmer, B. J. and Mabel. They’ve been as kind as any parents could be, to me, and the only way I can reconcile myself to leaving them is in the thought that I shall come back each year at lyceum time to feel the touch of their hands and receive their welcome greeting.”

“I doubt if there is another school in the world where such a feeling exists,” said Ralph.

Just one incident of that final parting of the friends, and we are done. As the Morrison party waited at the Rock Island station for the train which was to take them, first to Fargo for a few days’ relaxation, Lieutenant Rockwell with his wife and Dr. Black entered the waiting room. The old physician appeared quite excited and his salutation was brief, followed by a hurried explanation:

“Here’s a letter I just received from an attorney down in Tennessee. I was afraid I’d be too late to reach you before the train pulled out. That man Feldman wasn’t all to the bad, after all. Read that:”

Ralph took the open letter Dr. Black extended, and read aloud:

“Fort Leavenworth, Kas.,
August 20, 19——.

“Hon. G. P. Slater,
Nashville, Tenn.

“John Feldman, held here as a United States prisoner, on a life sentence for conspiracy against the Government, died today of influenza. He left a will, in which Mrs. Ralph C. Morrison, a cousin, is made beneficiary to the amount of \$50,000 in government bonds. On proper application by the heir, the will and other necessary papers will be forwarded.

“Ambercrombie, Adj’t.”

THE END