

THE COPPER HOUSE

A Detective Story

BY JULIUS REGIS
AUTHOR OF "NO. 13 TORONTO"

"But do you remember Mrs. Gregory at Los Angeles? Do you remember how often she turned the conversation latterly on the Copper House, what interest she showed in it, how she drove you on to give her such glowing descriptions of it that you began to feel quite nervous? And how, by degrees, she inspired you with the idea of a voyage home, without further delay. Don't you remember all that?"

"Now you mention it—yes, I believe it really was that pretty Mrs. Gregory who put the journey into my head."

"You see, during my travels, I made friends in all sorts of places. There were you in Los Angeles, I ransacked my memory—ha! Mrs. Gregory!—a beautiful, an intelligent lady, a regular diplomat. I sent her an elaborate telegram. Can you forgive me?"

"My dear Mr. Wallion," replied Leo at once, "I am flattered, delighted! We must be friends now, and don't, whatever happens, spirit me back to California, before you have explained how I have become the object of such unbounded interest."

"In your capacity as owner of the Copper House."

"I haven't been a great success so far, in that line," remarked Leo. "When I tell you that I have been as good as turned out of it..."

He broke off his sentence in another guilty confusion, at an unexpectedly piercing look from the other.

"Have you been there already, in spite of my warning?"

The young man nodded. "And the immediate result is this nocturnal visit?" continued Wallion. "So you have been there? I was wondering all the time what could have happened to agitate you so much; I might have realized that you are one of those folks who never take advice..."

Well, never mind, I am rather reluctant to take it myself, without knowing the reason for it. What did you see, to scare you so desperately?"

At this question, a sort of panic terror overwhelmed Leo. He saw once more the fugitive stumbling into the hall; he heard the shot ring out. He faltered: "I believe that a man has been killed—shot—at the Copper House; they didn't want me to see..."

Wallion bent down and looked into the young man's eyes, as a doctor would examine his patient.

"Tell me all about it," said he.

Leo thereupon poured out a very disjointed story, which the journalist heard in silence.

You are sure that the girl called out 'Sergius'?"

"As sure as I am that Rastakov called the fugitive Bernard Jenin."

"And you think that Jenin certainly came into the house, but did not leave it again?"

"No, for it was impossible for him to get away."

"And you say that he disappeared altogether after that shot had been fired?"

"Yes, as though he had been instantaneously annihilated."

Wallion looked puzzled, and threw himself back in his chair with a gesture of vexation.

"Things don't tally! Talk of magic! I am brought up about whichever way I turn in this affair. Why should Lena Ivanovna shoot Bernard Jenin—they ought..."

He scratched his head meditatively, and got up from his seat. "I know where I am with Rastakov, he is quite definitely on my black list. But Lena Ivanovna? and the girl who called out 'Sergius'?"

Presently Leo ventured to

ask a question which had been on the tip of his tongue for a long time.

"I think it's my turn now to ask you for some light on these difficulties," said he; "you were joking, weren't you, when you said you needed my help?"

Wallion turned round and answered: "I suppose you know the Copper House like the palm of your hand?"

"Who should, if not I?"

"Exactly, you know the house, and you have the right to do so. Do you understand why these people want to buy the property? Simply to deprive you of that right. No one but yourself is in a position to know what is going on at the Copper House; and some underhand work is on foot there, which is bound to come to a head sooner or later. But I won't tantalize you with riddles, I will speak out."

He sat down again, and continued:

"It is a good thing you didn't run off to the police; that will come later, but not yet. I presume you did not meet Marcus Tassler?"

"No," replied Leo.

"That's just as well; it leaves us free to see the situation clearly."

"Excuse me," interrupted Leo, "I don't see anything clearly, as yet!"

"I am going to tell you a story," said Wallion. "Five months ago, I was sent for early one morning to see a dying man. I asked his name, and, to my surprise, I was given the name of a person who, several years previously, had been a friend of mine, and who had had the reputation of being a very promising journalist. But in consequence of an extremely unfortunate and ridiculous love-affair, he went all to pieces, and finally disappeared of his own accord, from our circle."

"I hastened to him, and found a poor, battered, neglected creature, lying, watch in hand, and speculating with a sort of childish curiosity, as to who would reach him first—myself or Death. They had told me beforehand that the unfortunate wretch had come home tipsy the night before, and had fallen out of a passage window on the fifth story, down to the stone pavement below. Everyone in the building had been aroused by the cry he uttered as he fell."

"I won't mention his name, for obvious reasons."

"When I came into the poverty-stricken bedroom, he raised his head from the pillow, and said very slowly and softly: 'I was afraid they wouldn't let you come!'"

"I fancied he was derisive, and he looked as though he could barely have another minute to live."

"Who do you mean?" I asked him.

"The men who killed me," was his reply.

"I hardly know what I said, for it was a dreadful shock to see the man whom I remembered full of life and health, lying an utter wreck before me. His back was broken. The change in him was so overwhelming that he could not but notice my consternation."

"Yes, it is I," he said, 'but in a minute or two I shall not be here any longer... quick, quick, bend down—no, do not touch my hand!' and he turned away his head, as though in shame."

"Send away the doctor," he murmured. I asked the doctor if he would remain outside the room until I called him, and stooped down over the dying man. His eyes glittered with fever, in his haggard, unshorn face. 'Do you know why I am

dying?' said he. 'It's because I have seen too far into the depths of the Whirlpool... you are blind—what of you blind! Can you see nothing?'"

"He brought out these words with such an effort that it made him gasp for breath, and I gave him some water."

"Mark my words," he began again in brief sentences and with repeated pauses. 'I have thrown away my own life... they bought me to do their work, but I won't... it is the beginning of chaos... first in Russia... then it will spread everywhere... the man who dominates the Whirlpool is called Gabriel Ortiz; I found that out yesterday, and last night they killed me... for I am as good as dead already.'

"His failing energy beat out every word like the sparks from an anvil, and I listened breathlessly, for I realized that he was husbanding the last remnants of strength to make some amazing revelation."

"Gabriel Ortiz... remember that name... his right hand is Baron Fayerling... but there are many others... their plan... it's appalling... the wild beast shall possess the earth!"

"He groped for my hand, as though by clinging to me he could retain his hold on life a little longer. His anguish was fearful to see."

"The war is nothing to what will happen, if Ortiz is not crushed... but be careful... they kill;... his voice grew fainter, and he lapsed into unconsciousness. I called in the doctor, but after a few minutes, he died."

"The dim room still seemed to echo with the sound of his voice. What was it he wanted to tell me?"

"Wallion lighted a cigaret, and Leo could see that he was deeply moved."

"You see for yourself what a fantastic confession it appeared. And yet it never occurred to me to doubt the dead man's information, though I could find nothing to confirm it amongst his papers. But I made discreet inquiries of his neighbors, and when I went away, I was convinced that he had really been murdered by two men, who had lain in wait for him on the staircase, and pushed him through the window. I felt sure he had been in his right mind, but that he had been unable to complete a communication which would have been of incalculable importance."

"Could you find no clue to it?"

"No, but I took it for granted that he was the author of an article, headed: 'Who Is the Man in the Whirlpool?' which had appeared a few weeks previously in a little popular weekly paper. It proved impossible to verify it, because, for some unknown reason, the newspaper came to an end shortly after, and its contributors were all dispersed. In this remarkable article, attention was called to the fact that, during the war, Stockholm had become a center of activity for adventurers of a type hitherto unknown to civilization, and it was asserted that amongst them was a man who, as it were behind the back of the war, was organizing these mysterious forces, no one could say how or why."

"At all events, the writer of the article and the dying man took the same view, that something was brewing and I had suspected as much already; things were going on in Stockholm which aroused my notice, there was a sort of subterranean movement which puzzled me. The image of a whirlpool was extraordinarily apt, and I could not doubt that the poor fellow I had just seen die, had been sucked into the vortex by sheer want, or by the temptation of easily earned money. Many weak and unfortunate characters have gone that way in these times! But what he caught sight of in the Whirlpool had evidently alarmed him, and he had made an effort to save his soul

alive. Had I only arrived at the scene a few minutes earlier I might have learned everything. At any rate, he had not summoned me in vain; I knew now that the master villain was called Gabriel Ortiz."

"But when I tried to obtain particulars as to this Gabriel Ortiz, I immediately met with the most extraordinary difficulties, which were in themselves a proof that he existed, but that he had safeguarded himself with the most intricate precautions. I had only just started my investigations in earnest, when the Russian revolution broke out in March. At once I became aware, here in Stockholm, that under my very eyes, the sinister development was gaining strength. The Whirlpool was beginning to seethe. My attention had been directed towards Baron Fayerling, but I had not succeeded in discovering anything mysterious about him. He stays at one of the best hotels, goes everywhere, and lives officially on the rents of his Rumanian property. But as Rumanian property is just now a very uncertain source of income, Baron Fayerling also does business of the most up-to-date kind, and has associated himself for this purpose with Marcus Tassler, the manager of the Finn-Russian Import and Export company, a thorough-going profiteer, and even outside business matters a regular shark."

"Meanwhile, the odd thing about Tassler is the interest he takes in the Copper House. Mark this: we have at the Copper House three perfectly inconspicuous persons, who seem to prefer living in the most complete retirement; they are Andrei Bernin, his sister and his daughter. As long as I have had my eye on them, they have never left the Copper House, and have not evinced any particular friendship for Tassler or the baron, who often stay there as self-invited guests. He has installed there a staff of attendants whom he commands with almost military zeal. The gatekeeper is called Tugan; no one knows his nationality, but he is a regular watchdog, and only too glad to get food, drink and fighting, provided gratis. He, of course, lives at the lodge."

"Then we have the gardener, whom you have probably not seen yet; his name is Rosenthal, a taciturn, meditative sort of fellow, with something refined about him which distinguishes him slightly from the rest. He has two underlings, and these three live in the gardener's cottage behind the big house."

"Next we have the cow-house and the stable, which now contain only three cows and two horses—but four cow-herds and two grooms are kept to look after them—what do you make of that?"

"Wait! The list is not complete yet. There are the six men whom Sonia Bernin calls the forest-guards, and they really do keep watch in the wood, as you can testify from personal experience!"

"And finally two individuals are installed at the little cottage beside the pier that runs out into the bay; they fish, and sail in and out of the farther islands, but what they catch, neither you nor I can say!"

"So there we have a retinue of 18 men—but not a trace of either men or women servants in the Copper House itself. Not counting the three Bernins, who are Russians, every one of the others on the place is a foreigner, although 10 or 11 of them can speak Swedish, and six have been naturalized as Swedish citizens."

"And you said you didn't know the Copper House!" exclaimed Leo; "why, you know it better than I do!"

"Anybody can find out that sort of thing," replied Wallion. "There is no secret about it. But the burning question is: What is really going on at the Copper House?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

in the egg-laying contest at Georgia agricultural college, last year but few of her eggs will hatch—only 11 out of 100 this year.

Most of her eggs have been infertile despite the frequent changing of roosters. No fertile eggs were produced from several matings.

Dr. E. G. Kilbourn, her owner, has enlisted the aid of Michigan state college specialists in an effort to determine whether Maid of Flint requires a different ration than other hens on account of her high egg production or whether certain physical conditions are responsible for the infertility.

able peace with Germany! But how can we close our eyes to the evidence?"

"You who died for France, let us hear your voices. Unite them with the voice of the great chief who led you to victory."

Prize Leghorn Hen Lays Infertile Eggs

FLINT, MICH.—Maid of Flint, a prize White Leghorn hen in the flock of the Kilbourn poultry farm, has given poultry scientists a new problem to solve. She produced 343 eggs in 365 days

old men, children and women, where nearly all the young men were killed in the war.

"How the voice of Poch would have denounced the new pretensions of Germany," said M. Millerand. "In spite of his protests we have seen all guarantees of peace swept away. The Rhineland has not become the independent buffer state needed between the two countries. And now the responsible voices of Germany have begun to preach openly the abrogation of those treaties which were to have kept peace for France."

"How we could wish for a dur-

MILLERAND WARNS THAT NEW MENACE THREATENS PEACE

THREASON, FRANCE—

"Stand up, you dead! And tell the living Frenchman of the new peril that menace," exclaimed Alexander Millerand, former president of France, as he delivered a warning of a new war with Germany. He gave this in an address at the dedication of a monument to the war dead of Barron, a village near here. Barron is one of those villages of



A DOZEN different things may cause a headache, but there's just one thing you need ever do to get relief. Bayer Aspirin is an absolute antidote for such pain. Keep it at the office. Have it handy in the home. Those subject to frequent or sudden headaches should carry Bayer Aspirin in the pocket. Until you have used it for headaches, colds, neuralgia, etc., you've no idea how Bayer Aspirin can help. It means quick, complete relief to millions of men and women who use it every year. And it does not depress the heart.



Kill All Flies! THEY SPREAD DISEASE. Flies are the most common carriers of germs. They spread disease from man to man, from man to animals, and from animals to man. They are a nuisance and a pest. Kill them with DAILY FLY KILLER. It kills all flies, is clean, ornamental, convenient and cheap. Lasts all season. Made of metal, can't spill or tip over. Will not soil or injure anything. Guaranteed. Insist upon DAILY FLY KILLER from your dealer. HAROLD SOMERS, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Electricity Great Aid to Market Gardeners

Electrical gardening has proved to be a practical and economically profitable occupation in Sweden. Although the recent winter was one of the hardest in history, such garden products as "home-grown raspberries," cucumbers and the most delicate of garden flowers have been available at all times. In the gardens near Hamlingby, a small town north of Stockholm, 10,000 tulips, 1,500 lilacs of the valley, and 1,500 hyacinths were raised during January, all in ground electrically heated and under the artificial light of electric lamps. The operating expense of the electrical system was found to be negligible. The most difficult phase of the work is found in supplying various types of plants with the particular variety of light which they require, the lamps suitable for roses, for example, being unsuited to the development of carnations. There are 300 so-called "electro-horticultural" stations in Sweden, all of which are carrying on experiments in the artificial production of flowers and vegetables.

Da Vinci's Learning

Leonardo da Vinci drew a map of the globe, said to be the first to include America, and also showing an imaginary Antarctic continent. Even before Columbus sailed from Spain Leonardo not only maintained that the earth was round, but calculated its diameter to be more than 7,000 miles. The actual diameter, as now accepted, is roughly 7,900 miles.

Is the Girl to Blame?

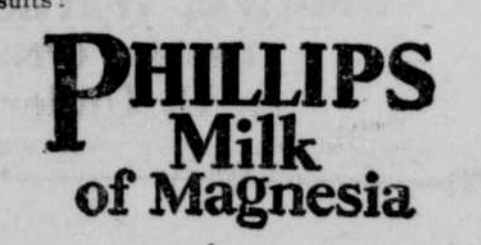
She—Jim Jones is certainly cracked. He—Probably, his girl dropped him. —Border Cities Star.



Makes Life Sweeter

Too much to eat—too rich a diet—or too much smoking. Lots of things cause sour stomach, but one thing can correct it quickly. Phillips Milk of Magnesia will alkalize the acid. Take a spoonful of this pleasant preparation, and the system is soon sweetened.

Phillips is always ready to relieve distress from over-eating; to check all acidity; or neutralize nicotine. Remember this for your own comfort; for the sake of those around you. Endorsed by physicians, but they always say Phillips. Don't buy something else and expect the same results!



- TOY TUNNEL HELPS UNDERGROUND CITY
- NEW YORK—Bush Terminal in Brooklyn, sometimes known as New York's "City Within a City," is adding a toy vehicular tunnel to its already extensive underground system.
- Tractors, a little larger than toy automobiles, will pull 4x6-foot trailers through this tunnel, which will extend from one end of the Terminal to the other, connecting the various enterprises within it. Some 35,000 persons live here and are engaged in various trades.
- The tunnels is expected to collect goods from different buildings so that can be shipped out quickly in full carload lots.
- "Suppose there are 17 manufacturers in the different buildings connected by the tunnel," says W. L. Sturges, mechanical superintendent of the Terminal. "If they all have small shipments for Philadelphia they can be brought together to make up one carload lot."

Newspapers and Professors

From Columbus Dispatch.

We hesitate to poke fun at the small army of college professors who offered their suggestions on how to run a newspaper in reply to a questionnaire submitted to them by an association of midwestern dailies. The reason for the hesitancy is the realization that, were the situation reversed, our suggestions as to how to run a college probably would be as wobbly in logic as were those of the professors in regard to the fourth estate.

It is evident that, were some of these professors catapulted into the editor's chair, they would proceed at once to turn out a newspaper designed for their own particular class. Editorials would be printed on the front page; crime news would be devoid on sensational aspects; headlines would be diminished; news stories would be shorter and "hot" news would be sacrificed for carefully prepared articles of educational value.

The result would be a newspaper of particular interest to the scholar. But what of the butcher, baker, banker, merchant, clerk, policeman and the scores of others who make up the bulk of a newspaper's readers? It is scarcely likely they would be satisfied with the professors' newspapers. They want the news as and how it happens. If it is a sensational occurrence, they want to be thrilled. Moreover, they want as many details as the reporters can dig up for them. As for the varied size of headlines, this is a device to indicate relative importance of the stories and is a distinct aid to the reader. Many newspapers print editorials on page one. Most newspapers have a goodly share of material that is scholarly in character but of distinct educational value. However, the point always before a careful editor is the wide diversity of tastes among his readers. Therefore, it behooves him to produce a paper of such wide scope that all will be reasonably pleased. He cannot unduly consider any particular taste, as would the critical professors. Considering the enormity of this task, most impartial critics will concede that the American newspaper succeeds remarkably well.

Does Pickett Want War?

From Cedar Rapids Gazette.

A few applicants for citizenship recently have stipulated that if they took the oath of citizenship they would do so only with the reservation that the call to arms must be in a just cause. They have met with considerable criticism because of this attitude. Perhaps their policy of citizenship will be given more favorable consideration since the recent announcement of Deets Pickett, research secretary of the Methodist board of prohibition, temperance and public morals, that war with Canada is likely to ensue unless that country co-operates more effectively with the United States in preventing smuggling.

Mr. Pickett gives Canada the choice of two courses. She must either refuse clearances to all vessels which intend to transport liquor to the United States, or suffer the consequences of an intensive anti-smuggling campaign in which Canadians are liable to be shot. If the second alternative is chosen Mr. Pickett fears the Canadians may become resentful enough to start a war.

If Mr. Pickett has "the low down," it looks as though war clouds were looming. The Canadians are not likely to refuse clearances to rum runners. Liquor is not illegal in Canada. If the Canadian government should decline to issue clearances she would be placed in the position of enforcing the prohibition laws of the United States. Glimpses of conditions over the border probably have convinced Canadian officials that enforcing prohibition is neither inexpensive nor pleasant. So she will have none of it.

The only alternative, as Mr. Pickett sets forth, is war. Hostilities would be in the nature of a holy war, of course, and he expects starry-eyed crusaders to flock to the dry standard. With Canada subjugated it would be possible to extend the dry regime across the border. Mr. Pickett probably regards the prospect with the joyous eagerness with which the Mohammedans regarded the rich provinces of Castile across the straits of Gibraltar. But the will to a dry war is not so widespread as he supposes. It is one's guess that a draft will be necessary. Meanwhile those persons applying for citizenship who stipulate that they shall choose the cause in which they do battle are not so dumb.

Q When were cabinet photographs first made? E. R. S.

A Cabinet portraits were introduced by F. R. Windon, a photographer of Baker street, London, in 1867.

Making It a Team

The new minister drove up to a country home in a two-horse buggy. Little Sammy Funkhouser met him and asked: "Is them your horses?" "Yes, sonny," replied the minister. "Why do you ask?" "My ma said you was only a one-horse preacher," explained Sammy.

"'At's Sure as Shootin'." From the Cincinnati Enquirer.

Blinks—What makes you so sure he won't live long? He certainly looks healthy enough to live 100 years.

Links—He's healthy, but his work isn't. He's a racketeer.