

# THE COPPER HOUSE

A Detective Story

BY JULIUS REGIS

AUTHOR OF "NO. 13 TORONTO"

The other nodded. "It set me thinking," he admitted; "they support Ortiz with extraordinary keenness, though I don't believe he half knows what ideas Rastakov cherishes inside the ugly mug of his. Of the men he has under his orders, half, to my knowledge, are bolsheviks, that is, they belong to the extremist party which is working to overthrow Kerensky. Ortiz is working for that also, but from another motive."

"The situation is involved, and if Rastakov gets to know the real import of Tarraschin's memorandum, there may be a surprise in store for our friend Ortiz."

"A bolshevik revolt is in progress at Petrograd at the present time," remarked Wallion, thoughtfully "all depends upon what Ortiz intends to do. Do you think he is still there?"

"At Petrograd? I did not know he was there at all; I imagined him to be in Finland," exclaimed the Austrian.

"Yes, at the beginning of this week I could tell, by various signs, that he was in Petrograd. But now that the Tarraschin memorandum has been snatched from under his very nose, he is naturally coming here, and should arrive this evening, at latest."

"Yes, as soon as it is dark enough."

"Does he always come at night?"

"Always, since the end of March."

"I guessed as much," said the journalist, "when I saw how the side of the lighter had been knocked about: some sort of craft had evidently come alongside in the dark. But tell me, why does that blue light, which looks like an acetylene flare, appear every evening?"

"It is some kind of signal which they show from the lighter, and it burns every evening at such times as Ortiz is expected. They do it these nights, especially, as they are engaged in shifting a secret cargo on board the lighter."

"A secret cargo? Arms, you mean?"

"Yes, a good deal of stuff was brought here on the motor-launch 'Nelly's' contraband drips. It was a sad blow for Ortiz when the 'Nelly' was captured, but, as one would expect, they had obliterated all traces very skillfully, and the police made no search here. There are still several thousand Mauser rifles, packed in wine-jars, as well as a quantity of other articles, calculated to induce Russian opinion as regards the reactionary program."

"Whilst the Austrian talked, he was unconsciously smelling a fragrant, red rose, which he had picked up, and his voice was as unruffled as a mild spring day."

"Where did they store all these things before they were moved to the lighter?" asked Wallion.

"Isn't that down in your notes yet?" retorted the other, looking up from his rose with a smile.

"I was looking round a bit, and I struck me what a good hiding place there would be under the hay in the cowhouse."

"You've hit it! What sharp eyes you have! But I don't think we need waste much time over contraband goods. Only a minimum of weapons have been despatched from here; Ortiz has probably thought the greater part of his stock in Russia itself, for the millions who once formed the czar's fine army sell everything they can lay hands on—rifles, machine guns, ammunition, everything—even heavy artillery! And to anyone who wants

them! And cheap!—eight or ten roubles for a nice little cannon—five for a machine gun."

The Austrian burst out laughing, and Wallion smiled.

"These are fine times for adventurers," said he; "we need only look out of the window to see that. What an extraordinarily tangled web the war has woven in this one little spot. Bernard Jenin with the Tarraschin memorandum Baron Payerling and Marcus Tassler with Ortiz' millions; Rastakov with his bolsheviks; the Bernin family: the question of contraband; and at the back of them all, the hitherto invisible Gabriel Ortiz, with his shadowy and fantastic schemes."

"If we could get hold of the memorandum, we could break up the whole gang," interrupted the Austrian; "if only I knew what they had done with Jenin!"

"You still think he is in the house?" asked the journalist, with an odd smile.

"Most assuredly, for he has never left it, that I can swear to. You have not once gone in or out unobserved: I saw you. Oh, he is certainly there—but where?"

Maurice Wallion wrote a few lines on a piece of paper, and handed it to his companion.

"Will you do me the favor of getting this in some way or other to Leonard Grath?" he said. "I won't show myself yet, though there is little more for us to talk about, except the beginning of all these mysteries. Perhaps you never heard of the emperor of the Amazons?"

"No," replied the gardener, looking surprised.

"Then I'll tell you about him; I'll wait for you here, whilst you deliver my message to Grath."

The other man looked curiously at him, and said:

"Good! I can see you are better informed on some subjects than I am. You stay here, and if you think you hear anyone else coming, just go into the tool house—you'll be safe there—or go up into the loft."

He indicated a wooden staircase in the corner, took up the note, and went out. Wallion watched him from the window go slowly up the garden, and disappear round the house. Five minutes later he returned, and Wallion noticed, with some annoyance, that he was now accompanied by two stalwart forest guards, of a peculiarly bovine cast of countenance.

The three men stopped outside the door, and a lively conversation followed, in which they were joined by five or six of the other men, who came strolling up to listen. Suddenly a name was mentioned which made the journalist prick up his ears.

"Wallion isn't far off," said one of the men.

"And who may he be?" growled another.

"Rastakov says he is a detective. It looks as though we may have to get out of this tonight, if we have a fellow of that sort on our track, but if he turns up before we are ready to quit, I guess he'll find trouble awaiting him. We needn't be too particular now, you know!"

"But how shall we get away from here?" asked a doubtful voice.

"Oh, don't bother me, that's the chief's outlook; he'll see to that when he comes. What are you going to do, Rosenthal?"

"Go indoors, and get a bit of sleep," replied the gardener.

"I was on guard all last night, my turn now; besides, we've all got to be up tonight."

A chorus of protest greeted this announcement, but Rosenthal

that dispersed them with a few vigorous expressions, and, as soon as they were gone, he opened the door, and came in to his visitor.

"Grath has got your note," he said quietly. "I threw it in at his window, and made sure that he had picked it up, before I came away. Did you hear what those fellows were saying?"

"I seem to be in great demand!" replied Wallion.

"They believe that you are on your way here; two men are awaiting your arrival at the station, and others are patrolling the roads. Practically the whole gang is assembled here, and ripe for anything. The baron has shown them your portrait, so they know what you look like, and if you attempt to leave here, and to get into communication with your friends, you had better take the precaution of having an aeroplane handy."

"I shall certainly stay where I am: it's very cosy here," said Wallion. "But where did the baron get a picture of me?"

"He probably cut it out of some newspaper. What do you say to having a bit of lunch, whilst we discuss the situation?"

"I say yes, with all my heart," laughed the journalist. "Can we count on being left in peace for so long?"

"Yes, on the whole. The baron and Tassler have returned to Stockholm, and are not expected back for three or four hours: this is the calm before the storm."

The Austrian set to work on his preparations for lunch with the skill of an old campaigner, and the journalist lent a hand, so that in a quarter of an hour's time they were sitting down to a simple but plentiful meal. When they had finished, Wallion lighted a cigar, leaned back in his chair, and looked at his watch.

"Three o'clock," he remarked. "Let's have a chat, before things get going again."

"Yes," said the Austrian eagerly. "You mentioned a very curious title: 'Emperor of the Amazons,' I think it was; what sort of a royal nonesuch was he?"

"You don't know the history of Gabriel Ortiz' earlier fortunes, then?"

"Oh, does it concern him? No, I have never heard his story; it ought to be an interesting one: let's hear it, at all events."

The journalist gave a brief sketch of Ortiz' youthful escapade in Paris, his rash adventure as emperor of the Amazons, and his daring finance as the "Coffee King" of Wall Street. The Austrian listened with breathless interest, and as Wallion finished, he exclaimed:

"All this is new to me. One may call it a fit prelude to the great drama of his life. That he imagines himself to be descended from the great Napoleon, explains a good deal; he is not the first to delude himself with that fable, and I dare say that he, like most of the other 'soi-disant' descendants of Napoleon, has altogether omitted to provide any proofs of his statement!"

"He stated that his grandfather was a natural son of Napoleon the Great, born during his captivity at St. Helen; the mother was said to be a young Creole, named Anita Ortiz. To begin with, Gabriel Ortiz' father, at that time a wealthy Brazilian citizen, became acquainted with the great secret of his family, and for many years he sought in vain to establish the facts. After the Amazon adventure, Ortiz was interviewed by an American reporter, and was simple enough to boast that, with his noble birth, and his genius, he would show the world once again to what heights a descendant of Napoleon could rise. The result was, that the well-known Professor Hichens devoted 20 minutes of his valuable time to our friend, and within that time, completely annihilated his claim. The professor proved

hid all signs of her sex. At the dressmaker's her husband waited at the door as usual. Fatmah Hanum had arranged her plan with a girl friend who had more liberty than herself, and who was in the shop to meet her.

This girl, as soon as Fatmah Hanum arrived, dropped her own veil and walked out to the waiting husband. Imitating Fatmah's voice through the thick, concealing cloth she told him that her purchases would not be ready for half an hour, and they must wait a little. He nodded and set off, thinking his wife was behind him. Meanwhile Fatmah Hanum hurried out

that no woman named Anita Ortiz had ever been at St. Helena at the time specified, and that all the so-called natural descendants of the imprisoned emperor had been shown beyond a doubt to be impostors. As far as I know, Gabriel Ortiz had nothing to say in reply. The whole thing was simply the creation of a young man's imagination, but very characteristic of this particular man."

"It is certainly most remarkable," said the Austrian thoughtfully. "I have seen him out here twice, and he really does very strongly resemble the Little Gray Corporal. He is short, pale and clean-shaven, with thin dark hair, which he wears brushed over his forehead, a determined mouth, and dark, gray-blue eyes, expressive of a despotic will and a love of power. One is almost tempted to think..."

Wallion interrupted him:

"Don't let us worry ourselves over it, it doesn't really affect the case; we can allow that Ortiz has a genuine talent for play-acting, can't we? The important thing is to anticipate his wild schemes before it is too late. Everything depends upon who has the Tarraschin document in his possession by the end of today; and to get hold of it, we have only to find Bernard Jenin."

"Which is not going to be so easy as you seem to think!" said the Austrian, rather abruptly. "My dear Mr. Wallion, don't underrate the baron and Rastakov: they are admirable sleuth-hounds, though they have had no luck so far."

"And, therefore," retorted the journalist, "it must be a point of honor with us to beat them at their own game! Don't you yourself insist that Jenin must still be in the Copper House, living or dead? Why my good sir, the Copper House isn't like London: a man hidden in it can't remain hidden indefinitely, after all! The sooner we can get speech with him, the sooner we shall be able to control the entire situation. I suggest..."

He paused, frowning a little, then smiled and continued:

"Of course, we must proceed with a certain amount of diplomacy, and whatever happens, we must start with Lona Ivanovna as our ally; I'll see to all that."

"Have you a plan?"

"I have three! But before anything else, you must, on my behalf, get into communication with Robert Lang. You need only say a few words to him, he will know what he has to do. Do you think you can manage it?"

The Austrian nodded.

"Yes, I can telephone at any time from the lodge; in case of need, I have these to back me up," and he pointed with grim satisfaction to his hip pockets, in each of which reposed a burnished steel "Browning," of the most powerful pattern.

"I can make things pretty hot for them, if the worst comes to the worst," he added; "this is my last resource, and when I use it, it will mean that my own life is at stake. None of us will come out of this alive if they discover us too soon, but I think we still have a good chance. What am I to tell your friend Lang?"

Wallion considered:

"Tell him that there is no need to get anxious about the baron and Rastakov until they get back here, which they should be allowed to do un molested, though under surveillance. Also say to him that 'to-night's the night'...Hallo, what's that?"

He leaned forward and looked out of the window.

"What is that young scatter-brain up to now?"

Leo had come out of the house, accompanied by Sonia Bernin. The young man seemed to have some special object in view, for, as the journalist watched him, he ran quickly across the terrace, followed by the girl.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## Giraffe Transit Big Problem But Puzzle Is Solved

SCHENECTADY, N. Y.—(UP)—Transporting giraffes is a ticklish matter, officials of the Boston and Maine railroad discovered recently, but through the ingenuity of a youthful employe of the company and the courtesy of the General Electric company here, the problem has been solved.

The chief difficulty was what to do with the excess neck of the animals, since they admittedly would not fit into an ordinary railroad car. The young employe advanced the idea that certain underslung cars used by the General Electric company for transporting electric transformers might suit the purpose. Measurements were taken and the boy's suggestion was adopted.

The underslung cars are so constructed that they barely clear the roadbed and are two feet lower than the ordinary car, which, railroad men estimated, would just allow the giraffe's elongated neck to clear tunnels and overhead crossings along the route the animals were to be shipped.

### First of Five.

Just one year ago, Russia's famed "Man of Steel," Dictator Josef Stalin, inaugurated his drastic "Five Year Economic program," an impressive scheme of industrial and agricultural expansion by which by 1933, he proposed to make the soviet union entirely self-supporting and independent of the outside capitalistic world. Last week Dictator Stalin announced his budget for 1930, published figures which, if honest, showed astounding progress made during the first of his five years.

Russian industrial production and Russian factory wages have been increased, Stalin declared, almost exactly according to schedule. Moreover, instead of the 21 per cent increase in production which the five year plan hopefully called for, the Soviet Union's industrial production actually increased 24 per cent during the past 12 months. Only by failing to achieve notably reduced prices for manufactured goods of sustained quality did Soviet Russia fall behind her schedule.

Proud of his success thus far, confident that he can jam the whole Five Year program through, Dictator Stalin announced recently that he would add another \$1,000,000,000 to Russia's budget for 1930, thus raising the soviet government's total expenditure to \$5,000,000,000 per annum (13 per cent more than it is spent by the United States government). Further, the area of land under cultivation is to be increased by 8 per cent and most startling of all, Russian industrial production is to be raised 35 per cent.

Who's kidding Walter? Duranty, doughty dean of United States correspondents in Moscow, commenting on Dictator Stalin's titanic project:

"Every economist knows what it means to increase an annual industrial production of a great country by say even 10 per cent. To try to increase it by one third sounds like madness."

"But Josef Stalin does not think so. He knows that Russia is a land of unlimited possibilities, almost unscratched resources and largely unused manpower... Under the lash of his will I believe that the program outlined... will be accomplished... Moreover, M. Stalin has behind him young Russia, that never knew Tsarist slavery and is free from the faults and vices of servile psychology. He and they have a daring which Danton declared was a guide to victory and a faith which no greater than Danton said could move mountains."

To help shove some of the mountains which must be moved if Russia is to increase her industrial production by one third, the Union Council of People's Commissars decided recently a decree which would abolish Sunday institute seven day working week in all factories and other Russian institutions. Said Moscow's daily Pravda, seemingly confident that the measure would be adopted:

"All-week work will be a mighty factor in the country's cultural revolution and will deal a smashing blow to religion."

### A LITTLE STREAK OF FOOL.

Most every one, I reckon,  
Has a little streak of fool,  
Which runs from second childhood  
To little kids in school.

One never can remember  
The names of folks he meets;  
Another one is daffy  
'Bout crossing crowded streets.

One never knows the time,  
Can never fix a date;  
Another makes appointments  
At which he's always late.

Another thinks all flappers  
Are falling for him hard;  
His pal thinks other chicks  
Just love a city yard.

One woman thinks a lipstick  
Helps her get herself a man;  
Another one is loony  
About her coat of tan.

Myself am no exception  
No matter where we are,  
I never can remember  
Just where I parked the car.

—Sam Page.

### It's Now a Horse Apiece

#### Twixt Auto and Equine

RAVENNA, OHIO.—(UP)—Twenty years ago it was a common occurrence to see a horse frightened by an automobile. But recently at Mantua Center, near here, an auto ran into a telephone pole when a runaway horse dashed down the street toward it.

The auto suffered a skinned nose and a broken wheel while the horse continued down the road. Martha Moore, Christine Bunker and Robert Kinsley sustained slight injuries when the auto took flight,

## Dorothy's Mother Proves Claim



Children don't ordinarily take to medicines but here's one that all of them love. Perhaps it shouldn't be called a medicine at all. It's more like a rich, concentrated food. It's pure, wholesome, sweet to the taste and sweet in your child's little stomach.

It builds up and strengthens weak, puny, underweight children, makes them eat heartily, brings the roses back to their cheeks, makes them playful, energetic, full of life. And no bilious, headachy, constipated, feverish, fretful baby or child ever failed to respond to the gentle influence of California Fig Syrup on their little bowels. It starts lazy bowels quick, cleans them out thoroughly, tones and strengthens them so they continue to act normally, of their own accord.

Millions of mothers know about California Fig Syrup from experience. A Western mother, Mrs. J. G. Moore, 119 Cliff Ave., San Antonio, Texas, says: "California Fig Syrup is certainly all that's claimed for it. I have proved that with my little Dorothy. She was a bottle baby and very delicate. Her bowels were weak. I started her on Fig Syrup when she was a few months old and it regulated her, quick. I have used it with her ever since for colds and every little set-back and her wonderful condition tells better than words how it helps."

Don't be imposed on. See that the Fig Syrup you buy bears the name, "California" so you'll get the genuine, famous for 50 years.

### Traffic Event Recalled

The tearing down of an old grade school at Princeton, Mo., recalled to older residents the assassination of President Garfield. It was while the structure was being erected the President was shot. When the news came the workmen laid two rows of black brick. When the President died two additional rows were added. The four mourning strips encircled the building, and were set off by red brick, of which it was comprised principally.

## For Best Results in Home Dyeing

You can always give richer, deeper, more brilliant colors to faded or out-of-style dresses, hose, coats, draperies, etc., with Diamond Dyes. And the colors stay in through wear and washing!



Here's the reason. Diamond Dyes contain the highest quality anilines money can buy. And it's the anilines that count! They are the very life of dyes.

Plenty of pure anilines make Diamond Dyes easy to use. They go on evenly without spotting or streaking. Try them next time and see why authorities recommend them; why millions of women will use no other dyes.

You get Diamond Dyes for the same price as ordinary dyes; 15c, at any drug store.

### Stingless "Iodine" Found

Having all the antiseptic properties of iodine, but not stinging when applied to open wounds, a new drug has been discovered by Prof. Hans Friedenthal, a physiologist of the Berlin university. He has named the new antiseptic "metajodin," which is said to be made by combining iodine with oxygen.

There are too many "average men."



## Makes Life Sweeter

Next time a coated tongue, fetid breath, or acid skin gives evidence of sour stomach—try Phillips Milk of Magnesia!

Get acquainted with this perfect anti-acid that helps the system keep sound and sweet. That every stomach needs at times. Take it whenever a hearty meal brings any discomfort.

Phillips Milk of Magnesia has won medical endorsement. And convinced millions of men and women they didn't have "indigestion." Don't diet, and don't suffer; just remember Phillips. Pleasant to take, and always effective. The name Phillips is important; it identifies the genuine product. "Milk of Magnesia" has been the U. S. registered trade mark of the Charles H. Phillips Chemical Co. and its predecessor Charles H. Phillips since 1875.



### Turkish Wife's Strategy.

Harold Armstrong in the North American Review.

A Turkish woman, Fatmah Hanum, told me a story that paints the married life of her sex more vividly than pages of description.

Just before the war a few Turkish women were making a bid for more freedom. One of these used to visit Fatmah Hanum when her husband was away at his office. One day they teased her, saying that her husband was old-fashioned and prim because he gave her no liberty.

she liked. Whereupon her friends invited her to tea at their flat the next day.

Now she was in a quandary. Her husband was the strictest of the strict, and even if he agreed that she should go out it would be only with him or her mother. She thought out a plan. She told her husband that she must make an urgent purchase at the dressmaker's next day. After some discussion he agreed somewhat grudgingly and against his wishes.

They set out walking, as they always did, the husband in front and Fatmah behind, heavily veiled and dressed in the formless bundle that

hid all signs of her sex.

At the dressmaker's her husband waited at the door as usual. Fatmah Hanum had arranged her plan with a girl friend who had more liberty than herself, and who was in the shop to meet her.

This girl, as soon as Fatmah Hanum arrived, dropped her own veil and walked out to the waiting husband. Imitating Fatmah's voice through the thick, concealing cloth she told him that her purchases would not be ready for half an hour, and they must wait a little. He nodded and set off, thinking his wife was behind him. Meanwhile Fatmah Hanum hurried out

of the shop to the flat where her friends were waiting expectantly, but not believing that she could carry out her promise.

"There!" she exclaimed, dashing in. "You see that my husband is not so stiff and old-fashioned as you said. He has let me come and I am here alone. But I'm busy and cannot wait," and she hurried back to the shop with honor satisfied.

In due course the husband, walking stiff and sedate, returned with his changeling wife behind him. The two girls changed places in the shop and Fatmah Hanum returned home behind her husband without his guessing what had happened.