

THE COPPER HOUSE

A Detective Story

BY

JULIUS REGIS

AUTHOR OF "NO 13 TORONTO"

"Follow me: I have an idea."

The journalist turned, and began to creep along the roof, which was wet and slippery. The rain had ceased, and the thunder no longer rumbled, but the sky was still overcast, and the darkness denser than ever. Raebel was no coward, but he was beginning to find the situation far from pleasant, and muttered wrathfully to himself.

"Be careful here," the journalist's voice warned him: "it's a cumb roof, as you know, and slopes abruptly."

"Where are you going?" asked Raebel.

"I am crawling down to the eaves," exclaimed Wallion, his voice seeming to come unexpectedly from beneath the Austrian's feet. He followed his companion's example, slid dizzily down, and fortunately brought up, feet foremost, at the eaves. There, to his indescribable horror, he heard an extraordinary creaking and crashing, out in the empty space beyond the edge of the roof.

"Where are you, Wallion?" he faltered.

"Here," replied a calm voice. "Don't you remember the old oak tree behind the house? Spring right out from where you are now, and you will find it is almost like jumping onto a mattress."

"Gracious heaven!" thought the Austrian, shutting his eyes, and without waiting for any miracle from above, he took the leap, just as two carbines were fired through the trapdoor.

It seemed an age before he fell into a network of yielding branches. Wallion's hand grasped him, and he found himself sitting astride a good-sized bough.

"A bird couldn't have done it better," whispered his friend. "This is a funny life, but at any rate, we are making the most of our time!"

"And where next?" inquired Raebel faintly.

"Down to terra firma again, of course!"

They climbed down and reached the ground breathless, but unharmed. A loud shout was heard on the roof, and a shot was fired in reply from the terrace.

"We must get right away from the house!" cried Wallion: "there's just one chance in 10 that we may find the coast clear."

They ran helter-skelter through the nearest bushes, and came out on the open space in front of the stable and cowhouse. But they had not gone 10 steps, before lights began to twinkle on all sides, and they saw dark figures hurrying to intercept them.

"No," said Raebel, "not one chance in 1,000. It is not within human power to shake them off: they are worse than teazles!"

Both men felt that they were not up to a long chase, exhausted as they were after their efforts, and they instinctively steered their course towards the stable, rushed in, and fastened the massive bolt. Here they would at least gain a moment's respite, though they could hear the steps of their pursuers outside, surrounding the building. They breathed more easily, and looked at each other by the light of a match.

"Listen," said Wallion slowly. "If help doesn't come soon, we shall both be done for; we have seen too much, and Tarraschin's memorandum is in my pocketbook. The document is all-important. If either of us can save it, well and good: but if the worst

happens it must be destroyed. Agreed?"

"Agreed!" replied Raebel, seriously.

They shook hands. A bullet crashed through the door. The match went out, but Wallion struck another. The two horses in the stalls turned their heads uneasily, and blinked at them with great, solemn eyes. They passed through the stable, climbed into the hayloft, and pulled the ladder up after them. A minute later, the stable door was burst open by a powerful blow from a huge piece of timber, and the place was invaded by a swarm of dark figures. Wallion and Raebel fired simultaneously, and a cry betrayed that someone had been hit; the besiegers drew back a little, and there was a pause which lasted for several minutes.

"That was too risky for them," whispered the Austrian; "they are evidently meditating something else, but what?"

The silence made him uneasy.

"I don't like this," he murmured. "Why haven't they returned?"

Wallion said nothing. They could hear steps outside, voices, strange noises of different kinds. A shot was heard in the distance. Suddenly a heavy body fell upon the tiled roof, which was splintered by the blow, something fell with a thud into the hay, and lay hissing close to them. Wallion sprang up.

"Fire!" he shouted.

A violent explosion flung him against the wall, and a tongue of flame shot up through the hole in the roof. The hay had caught fire, and was beginning to burn with a dark, smoky blaze, which spread rapidly, filling the loft with light, and making it intensely hot. In their first bewilderment, Wallion and Raebel stood irresolute.

"The swine!" exclaimed the Austrian indignantly. "The treacherous brutes!"

He would have tried to drop the ladder again through the trapdoor, but a bale of burning hay fell into the aperture and blocked it. He staggered back, shielding his face with his hands.

"Shut in!" he said bitterly; "trapped like rats!"

They retreated before the fire to the other end of the loft, where there was still one portion which the flames had not reached, since there was no hay in that half of the building. The journalist looked at his watch, and the Austrian, irritated at the meaningless precision of the action, exclaimed:

"That's right, I suppose you are going to make a note of the exact instant of our death!"

"It is just ten o'clock," replied Wallion deliberately. Over their heads, the tiles on the roof were cracking from the heat, with a noise like the rattle of rifle-practice; the fire was speedily consuming the woodwork, the roof-joints were burning, and the floor itself began to give way.

They heard the terrified horses break loose, and gallop away, neighing wildly. The two men were now the only living creatures left in the burning stable.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

SHE CAN HAVE IT
YORKSHIRE, ENGLAND—While Maggie Freeman is the only girl in England to hold the job she does, she is welcome to the distinction. She is the only girl grave-digger in the country. She succeeded her father when he died. In addition to digging graves, she acts as clerk of records, bell-ringer and general factotum.

French Auto Design
Has No Front Axle
PARIS—(AP)—Elimination of the front axle, independent springing of each front wheel and a dual steering control are suggested as the solution of many automobile difficulties by D. Sensaud de Lavaud, an engineer famed for originality in design. Several of his inventions have been exhibited at the Paris Auto Salon.

Independent springing of front wheels is found on a number of French cars and it is claimed for the system that it avoids the twisting motion of the chassis on rough roads. But the old steering system is in general use.

De Lavaud's idea is that dual steering control of the front wheels, properly sprung, would eliminate "gyroscopic motion" and make unnecessary the irreversibility of a steering gear. The car, also, he thinks, would be handled better by connecting each wheel with the steering mechanism instead of steering one wheel which controls the other through a tie-rod.

THE MASTER MAN

BY RUBY M. AYRES

Author of "The Phantom Lover," "The Girl Next Door," etc.

By RUBY M. AYRES.

CHAPTER I

When Peter Rolf died Patricia was away from home staying with some people in a houseboat on the Thames.

It had been ideal weather for the river, hot and breathless, with wonderful starry nights, and it was an ideal evening when the telegram came summoning her home because Peter Rolf had inconsiderately died while she was away and so spoiled a holiday which she had been thoroughly enjoying.

Patricia was Peter Rolf's adopted daughter.

For fourteen years he had fed and clothed her and brought her up in the lap of luxury, and had thoroughly succeeded in spoiling a girl who had been born in homely circumstances and who had been meant by nature to be sweet and unselfish.

Once or twice when people had ventured a well-meant criticism of his conduct, he had laughed, the slow, mirthless laugh which Patricia hated.

"When I die, everything will be hers," he said. "If she has extravagant tastes she will be able to gratify them for the rest of her life."

Peter Rolf was a strange man. It was his boast that he had no friends. He had been married, but his wife had died so long ago that nobody seemed to remember anything about her. He had had a son, but he had quarrelled with that son before Patricia came upon the scene, and the youngster had gone abroad and died.

Patricia was the only person with whom he never quarrelled.

He never showed her any affection, but he gave her everything she wanted and let her do exactly as she pleased, with the consequence that she grew up from the shy, affectionate child she had been when he first brought her to his house, to an imperious, self-willed beauty.

The name Patricia suited her admirably. She had the air of a princess, though there were people who said unkind things about the home from which Peter Rolf had taken her.

But nobody really knew, any more than they really knew why Peter Rolf had adopted her at all.

The general impression was that he had wanted someone to leave his money to and that his queer nature had been attracted by the girl's prettiness.

She had been seven when she first entered Peter Rolf's life, and she was one-and-twenty when the maid crossed the lawn behind the Retreat houseboat and gave her the telegram that told her of his death.

Patricia was lying in a hammock slung under shady trees on the river bank, and Bernard Chesney lounged beside her in a deck chair.

There was a gramophone playing from a punt somewhere downstream, and Chesney was idly humming the words of the song under his breath as he looked at Patricia with adoring eyes.

It was a silly song about a coon and a moon, and a man leaning over the railing of the houseboat which was moored a little way off looked across at the singer with a sort of affectionate contempt in his eyes.

He was rather a tall man, heavily built, and he was not very young, if one could judge by the tinge of grey in his hair and the lines about his eyes but he was good looking in a powerful masculine way, and he was very much tanned as if by constant exposure to wind

and weather.

"When she said she lubbed me she didn't speak true, So I'm off with the ole lub an on with de new!"

sang Bernard Chesney, keeping time with the rather rasping tones of the gramophone. The man leaning over the houseboat railing frowned a little and looked at Patricia.

She certainly made a picture, lying there in the hammock, but her beauty was entirely spoiled for him by the knowledge that nobody was more keenly aware of its existence than was she herself.

To his irritated eye there was a pose in every line of her figure, every fold of her white frock; even the turn of her pretty dark head on the scarlet cushions seemed to him to be studied.

That he knew her to be quite young seemed to make her self-confidence and queenly air more difficult to tolerate; where in heaven's name had she acquired it, he wondered, even as he realized the perfection of her pale, oval face and the deep brown of her eyes? Her hair, which was very dark and straight, was coiled rather untidily in a big knot at the back of her head, and when she smiled—which was often when she looked at Young Chesney—a most distracting dimple appeared at the corner of her mouth.

She was deliberately trying to ensnare the boy at her feet, Milward knew, and he was just turning away with a sort of honest disgust when a maid crossed the lawn from the houseboat behind him and gave Patricia the telegram.

She opened it with a languid hand; then she gave a little scream, which was too inartistic not to be genuine, and sprang up.

Chesney broke off abruptly in the middle of his refrain and scrambled to his feet.

"Good heavens! What's the matter?"

The telegram fluttered to Patricia's feet.

"He's dead!" she gasped. "Mr. Rolf... Oh, what shall I do?"

The frightened words reached the man leaning over the railing, and he moved and came quickly forward.

"Is anything the matter? Not bad news, I hope."

Patricia raised her dark eyes to his face; there was a world of fear in them.

"It's Mr. Rolf—he's dead. Oh, what shall I do?" she said again, and hid her face in her hands.

Chesney had picked up the telegram, and the two men read its message together.

It was the elder man who spoke.

"There was a train to town in half an hour; if you hurry, you can catch it, Miss Rolf. I will drive you to the station."

"Half an hour!" Patricia looked up quickly. "I can't possibly be ready in half an hour. How can I, with all my things to pack and everyone to say goodbye to?"

"Your things can be sent on," he answered rather curtly. "And I am sure that people will understand if you leave without saying goodbye."

His first pity for her distress was passing; he was beginning to realize that perhaps it was only for herself that she was upset. His face was pale and stern as he turned to Chesney.

"Perhaps you'll send a wire for Miss Rolf. She can easily catch the seven train if she hurries. You know the address?"

"Yes," Chesney sped away, and Milward looked again at Patricia.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Jugo-Slavia Decreases Seven Marriage Forms

BELGRADE—(AP)—Seven forms of marriage will be recognized by the new church law of Jugo-Slavia. Announcement of the decree shows that new ceremonies will be instituted for the marriage of persons of mixed religious faith, such as a Mohammedan with a Christian or a Jew. In addition civil marriage, which hitherto has been legal in only a few sections of the king-

dom, will be made lawful throughout the country. Legal recognition will be continued for the five present forms.

HIS SPEECH RETURNS
Durham, England—James Richardson, who lost his voice in the World War, had it restored to him in an odd way. He was walking across the street when a motorcycle bore down on him. He jumped and at the same time cried, "That was a close one." He thus found his voice and proceeded to sing all his favorite songs to convince himself.

OF INTEREST TO FARMERS

LARGE COWS DESIRABLE

Experience has shown that within the breed, other things being equal, large cows are the best producers. It has been estimated that this amounts to \$5 for each 100 pounds of live weight. The average dairy cow will remain in the herd for five lactations or more. At this rate a cow weighing 1,100 pounds is worth \$25 more than her stable mate weighing only 1,000 pounds. The growth stimulus is stronger in the young animal than later in life. As age advances the stimulus seems to die down and there is less response to the action of such agencies as feed and care. It is essential, therefore, that dairy heifers be well cared for during the first winter. When pastures are the only source of maintenance during the fall months, it is not uncommon to find the young stock in thin condition when the period of winter feeding commences. Liberal supplies of legume hay make excellent roughage for growing heifers. It is rich in nitrogenous material and carries plenty of protein, thus supplying two essentials for growth. Where silage is available it combines well with the hay, helping to supply total nutrients at low cost. The kind and quantity of the grain ration will depend on the age and condition of the young herd and the roughage fed. Heifers between 10 and 20 months of age receiving all the alfalfa hay and silage they will consume in the ratio of one pound of the former to two of the latter have made satisfactory gains. When such roughages are not available, concentrates should be fed to meet the deficiency. Heifers within three months of freshening should be fed five pounds daily of a good grain mixture.

FIGHTING THE RATS

Nearly every fall, the farm flock keeper will discover that rats that have their abode elsewhere during the warm weather, have invaded the poultry house or burrowed under the walls or under nearby trash or equipment. The rats have learned that a winter's food supply is guaranteed if the poultry feed is available. The delicacy of a fresh egg now and then to add variety to the diet. Trapping rats in the presence of chickens is very unsatisfactory, though better than making no effort to rid your place of undesirable winter boarders. Setting traps behind feed, etc., is not only best from the standpoint of likelihood of catching the rats, but it reduces the risk of catching the chickens. Poisoning rats and killing them with gases are far more effective than trapping in most cases, but real care must be used that chickens are not killed or injured along with or instead of the rats. Poisoning rats is a real job. Taking any old thing for bait and dosing it with poison the first time is placed in runways or holes, really doesn't get you very far in the killing of rats in a chicken house or elsewhere. The rats must get into the habit of looking for the bait through having it fed to them unpoisoned for several days before the poison is applied. It is best to use two or three kinds of bait, such as fish, chicken, vegetables and cereal, or cereal products. Rats seem especially fond of hamburger steak and white bread, but they refuse these, try other feeds. After they are used to eating the bait, use a dose of poison. If the common poisons, strychnine, phosphorus or arsenic, or preparations containing these, are used, care should be taken that there is no chance of the hens eating the poisons. Red quill, the recent addition to rat poisons, will not kill poultry when first exposed. It should be mixed with the bait at the rate of one part to ten parts of bait. It should not be exposed for more than 48 hours where chickens may get at it. Gassing is practical when rats have burrowed under walls or into the floor. Cyanide gas is extremely effective, but should not be used unless one is certain that all the tunnel openings are filled except where the gas is put in, or are easily covered with earth or should not be used in closed buildings, as it is fatal to both poultry and humans.

SLOP VERSUS SOLID FOOD

Slop of the best hog producers in the corn belt consider that they get better results by slopping their hogs than by supplying all the feed in dry form. Few, if any, of those who practice the slopping method have ever made any direct comparisons between partial slopping and all dry feeding, and therefore are not in position to say from experience that one method is better or more economical than the other. Rather, they favor slopping to dry feeding because that is what they have always followed. There is no doubt but partial slopping gives good results, but the question is whether the returns are enough greater to pay for the extra labor involved. If not, why go to the trouble of preparing slop once or twice a day. Many tests made by experiment stations indicate that partial slopping has no advantage over dry feeding. Another test bearing on this question was recently completed at the Kansas experiment station, that should be of interest to some at this time. Two lots of pigs, 10 head per lot, were fed for a period of 80 days. Lot 1 was fed corn and tankage in a self-feeder with free access to alfalfa hay, salt and water. Lot 2 was self-fed corn, alfalfa and salt, with free access to water, as in the case of Lot 1. In addition to this, Lot 2 was given a slop containing one pound of wheat shorts and four-tenths of a pound of tankage per head per day. The results are interesting. They show that the pigs of Lot 1, which received no slop, gained 2.15 pounds per head per day, while those of Lot 2, that were slopped, gained 1.94 pounds per day.

DAMP LITTER

The fall season, and particularly the month of November, is a time when there is apt to be some hard rains. It is always well, of course, to protect the interior of the poultry house as far as possible from such rains by dropping curtains or closing windows if the weather is threatening at night. Naturally, this is done if the owner is around the place when it rains. However, there are times when it is impossible to get the curtains lowered in time, and it rains in. Also, it rains in many times in spite of closed curtains, if it is a heavy rain. The wise flock owner gets the litter that has been thus dampened out of the

Furthermore, the pigs of Lot 1 consumed 373 pounds of corn and 30 pounds of tankage to produce 100 pounds of gain, while those of Lot 2 consumed 349 pounds of corn, 21 pounds of tankage and 52 pounds of shorts to produce the same gain. The former produced pork at a feed cost of \$6.50 per hundred-weight and the latter at a cost of \$6.55. Furthermore, the pigs that received no slop showed a better flesh than those that were slopped. This means that the labor involved in slopping brought no returns whatsoever, which is in conformity with many other similar tests that have been made in the past at other stations.

FILLING THE SILO.

A crew of five men with the right equipment will do more work than a crew of 15 men with the wrong equipment. They will also do more than half as much as the 15 men with good but over-sized silo-filling equipment. The Wisconsin method of filling silos proves it. This is the method: First, reduce the speed of the cutter to about 450 R. P. M., by proper sized pulley so that it can be run with a 10 H. P. gas engine, or a 5 H. P. electric motor, preferably the latter because it starts easier and will stand an overload for a few seconds. Then keep only five men. One of them drives the binder; another is the extra pitcher in the field; the other three men haul bundles. They help load in the field and feed; the machine as they unload alone. For hauling longer distances have an extra man and team hauling bundles. The unloader-feeder stops the machine when he gets through it and the team is not at hand. With steady running such a crew can handle six tons an hour with a small motor. An extra man to feed the machine is unnecessary if the pitcher will take a little care in laying the bundles on the feed table. Medium-sized bundles do not need to be divided for feeding. They can be lapped about one third for steady feeding. Why should it be necessary to tramp the ensilage in the silo? Gravity will do that cheaper if you give it time enough. With the smaller crew, the cutting season may be extended by a longer time so that ample automatic settling occurs. A forked blower pipe distributes the ensilage even over the silo. The newer ensilage cutters have fans so designed that they elevate the silage to the top of the silo. The fan wings must fit the housing closely—clearance not over an eighth of an inch. This is particularly true at the tips or ends, but is important in a lesser degree at the sides also. Ensilage cutter manufacturers have profited much by the tests that have been made by a silo expert, beginning five years ago. Practically all the machines have been redesigned as a result. Nevertheless, this authority hasn't told the farmers to discard their old machines. He has taught them how to use them to better advantage—cutting down the speed with proper pulley sizes, sharpening the knives every half day, keeping the ledger plate sharp and, if possible, tightening the hood in the proper place. Happy deeds is the farmer who can rig up his old cutter so that the fan will operate at a speed low enough that it can be handled by a 5 H. P. electric motor.

KEEPING TRACK OF EGGS

One of the simplest and most practical methods of keeping track of the eggs that are gathered daily is to build a rack containing 4 shelves made of boards about 10 or 12 inches wide. The shelves should be set 12 inches apart, and should be about 28 inches long. Buy eight 10-quart galvanized buckets and mix with any dark colored paint mark on each a day of the week, and on the last "Home Use." Set the buckets on the rack, two on each shelf. When Monday's bucket is taken out and the eggs are gathered, brought in and placed in its proper place on the rack, there can be no mistake as to where Monday's collection is, and so on with the rest of the week. In the "Home Use" bucket may be kept eggs for the table, all cracked or misshapen eggs that are not marketable. This device will not only simplify the care of eggs, but will prevent many mistakes. For instance, every poultry-man knows how disappointing it is to find upon his return from town that the new-laid eggs have been sold while there are plenty of three-day old eggs on hand. It must be remembered that the rack containing the eggs must be set in a place that does not get too cold in winter nor too warm in the summer.

RAISING THE FARM BOY

Here is one farmer's idea on the way to treat boys on the farm: (1.) Train the boy from youth for responsibilities by giving him responsibilities. He will make mistakes but they will not be as serious as those made by learning later. (2.) Treat him as an equal with intelligence and you will develop his power of judgment. Be a pal. (3.) When you give him something, don't Indian-give. (4.) Make sure a partner if he wants to stay on the farm. Otherwise pay him fair wages so that he can finish his education and start in some other line. If you have given him the proper training he should be worth more to you than a hired man, for if he has the right stuff in him he will take an interest in the affairs of the farm that no outsider would.

SHEAF OATS FOR FEEDING

Besides saving the threshing bill, the use of sheaf oats for feed permits the grain to be cut somewhat earlier than when it is to be threshed. As a result, the straw is more palatable. In addition, more of the leaves of the oats plant, and of any legume that may be in the bundles are saved.

house as soon as the weather clears. Such litter, if allowed to remain in the house, not only keeps the air altogether too moist, but is a breeding place for disease and colds. It will not be necessary in most cases to change the entire litter—merely as much as has been wet. Replacing this litter with dry material will help to maintain healthful conditions within the house and prevent a drop in egg production.

KEEPING SEED POTATOES

Keep seed potatoes at about 37 degrees Fahrenheit in storage. Some farmers believe the temperature ought to be 32 degrees, but that's too cold.

French Auto Design Has No Front Axle

PARIS—(AP)—Elimination of the front axle, independent springing of each front wheel and a dual steering control are suggested as the solution of many automobile difficulties by D. Sensaud de Lavaud, an engineer famed for originality in design. Several of his inventions have been exhibited at the Paris Auto Salon.