



CHAPTER VIII—Continued

Then I'll come in. He pushed the door, and as if she had expected that too, he felt her weight against it.

"Don't, Hal," she said, less surely; "for the love of heaven, please don't. I'll come out to you—for five minutes."

"No," said Hal. "If you come out, there'll be no conditions. And if you don't come out, I come in."

"Hal, I'm tired; I've got a headache—please, oh, please, my darling."

"You haven't a headache, and you'll forget you're tired. Barry, I'm serious as death, as sin, as happiness; if you won't come to me, I'll come to you. Do you understand that?"

He waited a few seconds for her to speak again; then he pushed the door against her strength until she dropped back from it and he stood inside, closing it behind him.

There was no key, nor any eye for the bolt to engage, so he left it and faced her.

She turned from him as if the room had grown too small, murmuring, "Dear God, if you haven't given me a way to keep him out, you must want him here."

Hal took her arm above the elbow and turned her to him, then held her other arm, too, and shook her once, gently, to stir the heavy-lidded study that held her eyes.

"You believe there is a God?"

"If I do," she said, meeting his look steadily, "you don't know better than I what he wants of me."

And he held her before him by the arms and looked into the living blue of her eyes—deeply strengthened against him, yet never blind to the wonder of what had occurred



As if He Had Expected It, He Pushed the Paper Into His Pocket.

—there fell suddenly across his heart a bad shadow, as if somewhere a silent signal for hurry had been made.

His voice sounded too slow, too undisciplined for his quickened purposes as he said to her: "Angel of heaven, it's nothing to tell you I'd die for you—is it? Love is as much as you said it was, so that all its old meanings have fallen away and I can speak it only to tell you I love you; and to say I love you so much I'd die for you is nothing more—is it?"

His voice made no inquiry, but his eyes waited upon hers for the known answer. Her golden head moved a little aside and back again, and her deep look gravely understood him.

"Barry, do you love me?" She looked down at the mouth that had asked her that, then back at his eyes as her bare whisper said, "You know it; God forgive me for letting you."

"You'd never need to tell me you loved me so much you'd die for me—would you?"

"No," she said. "You mean me to know you would, just by saying you loved me—wouldn't you?"

"Yes."

Without changing the composure of his tone he said: "But you won't shake off the wrong slavery of a spurious bargain with your father and with a man who has no claim upon you; you won't risk a little time of trouble in your conscience, of unrest in your disillusioned duty to a figure of love that had his best life in your own fancy as a child; you'd die for me, but you won't do this other. Won't even willingly

listen to me tell you why you must, how you can."

She looked at him, the dark awe of alarm taking her eyes more deeply; she said nothing. But under the very heart of her look, he saw a shining, liquid fullness that had come so slowly she herself might not have felt it.

And before the tears could form, he had her—warm and mortal—in his arms.

"That's it," he whispered, feeling her soft cheek wet against his. "You cry, and when you're cool and calm again, I'll show you the simple, honorable, little things that are all we need to do to have the world—to ourselves, for always."

She shook her head against his shoulder, but not, Hal triumphantly felt, with the same stubborn conviction.

Clear footfalls ringing on the sidewalk opposite reminded Hal that the lighted room must be in plain view of anyone who cared to look at the windows.

But one of the shades wouldn't stay down; so, back at the door, he cursed the impossibility of locking it, and turned out the light.

The glow of the street against the ceiling showed the meager furniture, and Barry waited for him. He went to her.

"It can't happen—ever," she said, as if to herself. "And you must go away, in a minute—soon, before—oh, God help me, my darling."

Her good lips turned quickly to his. He felt her close—her whole, surrendered loveliness living against him; it was as if she gave the best treasures of her life to the keeping of his exalted body, as if their nearness found its way of growth to inseparable communion, miraculous and destined both.

She would forget he must go; and he knew he must not.

A quick, single creak was all the warning that came from the hall, bringing Hal to a sense of time elapsed, to sharp, premonitory alertness. Doc's ugly growl was begun as the door-latch clicked; it broke into a sharp bark at the sound of a step in the room; and the door crisply closed again.

A key scraped metal, found the key-hole, and turned the lock over, plucked smartly out again. Then the snap of the switch put light in the frugal room, and Hal was looking into Martin Crack's light-blue eyes, their lazy, private smiling harassed by a rattish intensity, as of hate and fear and triumph all together.

Only his voice was still drowsy as he said, "I kinda thought it'd be tonight."

For a moment Hal was afraid that the bursting of hot poisons in him must blind him, gag him, nauseate him beyond any power to act.

"You little snooping son of a—cat!" he said, the heavy savagery of his voice somehow saved from trembling. "What're you doing here?"

Indolently Crack's hand slipped into his side pocket; Hal knew the sight of that evil little golf ball would snap the last shackle on his control; but Crack drew out a stubby double-derringer to point at him, and a small, preposterous agent of reason remaining in Hal noted how that old-fashioned weapon suited Crack's old-fashioned tidiness.

"You guess what I'm doin'," said Crack in a sly, almost sensual mischief.

The bed creaked. Hal became aware of his arms, hanging down beside him, drained of certainty, ready to tremble, as after great effort. Then the physical revulsion under his fury abruptly choked itself, left him to a numb, miserable disgust, a tainted exhaustion of blood that would pass for calm. And in it there throbbed only one sure emotion to command such faculties as were undrugged—hatred of Crack, steady and uncomplicated, seemed to live independent of Crack's private gloating in his degradation. Hal heard his own voice quiet and careless in contempt as he nodded at the der-

ringer: "You don't need that d—n silly thing."

Crack put it away, brief embarrassment bringing some of the drowsiness back to his eyes. "Thought you'd probably be sensible."

"You did," said Hal drily. "And what's there to be sensible about?" The small check in Crack's return to basking satisfaction did Hal good.

Hal looked at Barry. She sat on the edge of the bed, knees drawn up, legs tightly encircled by her arms, golden head a little bowed over her dark, sullen stare at the washstand in the corner.

"Well," said Crack, with a sort of sly modesty in achievement: "we can use dough an' we can use publicity. You got the check, which."

"You'll have a h—l of a time getting money," Hal said out of his listless calm, "so shoot on the other, if you think it'll get you anywhere."

"I guess it'll get us somewhere all right," said Crack. "But I figured Mr. Frederick Ireland'd sooner make it dough, if you wouldn't."

By G—d, what a dirty trick on the Old Man, getting him into a mess like this! . . . Shame like an instant of fright, held Hal's veins and made his lungs seem to shrink. Providence, you Ireland! Providence! Let a narrow, white bug leer at you in the rotten trap you walked into, and leave Providence to take care of the Old Man. Christmas! Leave Providence to take care of your hate, too. Look at Martin Crack, named for a saint, no doubt—look at him sitting there, a venomous lackey of evil: don't fight him, don't match your pristine wits against his basking viciousness, don't disturb your fine wounded spirit now that the first fury is out of you.

Hal thanked God his revolted calm had stayed steady upon him till he saw what he must do. He could stall, somehow, for another day, until patient Sister Anastasia was delivered at her sorry destination; and in Los Angeles, a free agent, he would be his father's—his own Providence in this. In the room of a city hotel, alone with Crack, he might remember those immense, riven compositions in defiance through which they had minutely traveled, scenes in which it did not matter what happened to a man.

And while these flashing thoughts tumbled past Hal's bitter attention, he said quietly: "If it interests you what Frederick Ireland would think, I'd ask him."

"You know him better'n I do," said Crack. "What do you figger he'll think?"

"How well do you know him?"

"Don't know him," said Crack; "but you'd ought to. You're his son, aren't you?"

"Is that a statement?" Hal asked. "Or a request for information."

"Don't seem like you were exactly denying it."

"No," said Hal. "I don't remember having denied it, since I've known you."

He glanced at Barry as he reached for a cigarette. She hadn't stirred.

"You're Ireland's son," Crack said. "Frederick Ireland—the big whack."

"Sure," said Hal confidently. "And you got no idea what he'll think when he hears you been caught in a married woman's room by her husband?"

"If I told you what you didn't like, you wouldn't believe it," said Hal, as if Crack were being a little dull witted about it.

The shy smile slipped over Crack's fair-skinned face again, and he said, "Look, Ireland, we don't want to get you in a lotta trouble." A hot swirling under Hal's composure made him hold himself hard; in Los Angeles, in the room alone with Crack, he would remember that "we."

"Well," said Hal, "S'pose you don't."

"Here's the thing," Crack said: "if you'll talk dough, the whole works stops right here in this room—between the three of us. If you won't, we gotta go to Uncle Frederick. An' after that, it's court an' the newspapers."

"That's a program, anyway," said Hal. "Push them number one off, and go to Mr. Ireland. Is that all you want to know?"

"Don't you wanna save yourself trouble?"

"Yes, you bet," said Hal, and the casual readiness of his own voice fortified him. "But I don't see any trouble."

"You don't," said Crack. "You don't wanna stop this right here?" Hal welcomed with vicious pleasure the undertone of impatience. He said, "By paying you money?"

"Yes."

Hal puffed the fragment of a laugh through his nose and said,

"Wouldn't pay you a nickel even if it meant anything to me."

"Maybe you don't think I know you're Ireland's son," said Crack, his voice breaking peevishly as he raised it.

"I haven't denied it yet," said Hal. "Anyone'd think you didn't want to go ahead with this."

Crack watched him again and liked it less. The cunning in his eyes tried for a space of minutes to challenge Hal's unworried look, then suddenly the peevishness blew to a hot ember of malice, hissing in his words like a coal settling through snow: "By G—d! If all this is wasted, I'll—"

With one unguarded look of sweating hatred of Hal, he jerked a pencil and a telegraph form from his pocket and went to the bureau, elbow out, to write quickly at a message.

Hal turned toward Barry then and, hands deep in jacket pockets, watched her in gloomy detachment. Where had love, or whatever it was, gone? When would the acid of this shabby lesson in beauty eat through, searching out each crevice in his spread wounds like iodine, to sting them deep? Tomorrow, after he left her at some Los Angeles hotel, with Crack? Or tonight, soon, when he was out of this room.

She and Crack married—bound, linked, moving together across the country, hiding their connection till Hal should make himself vulnerable as an abandoned puppy. Later he might think of all the details of his opening himself to her, with Crack somewhere near by, drowsing over "shy" secreted schemes that amused him. He might think of the smallest things he had said as well as of the enormous things he had asked her to bring to him.

And thinking of those, and remembering her dark, hard, unstirring acquiescence here there would be a richness of pain at which to clench his teeth, in which to learn how arrogance is cut down.

"There!" Crack exclaimed, darting from the bureau. "Tell me what you thinka that. Tell me if that starts changin' your mind."

Hal took the telegram and read it. Under his father's name and office address the message ran: "Young man between twenty-five and thirty six feet hundred sixty-five pounds gray eyes brown hair gray flannel suit made by Selkirk in Oxford name Henry Ireland nickname Hal travelling from New York to Los Angeles in share expense auto stop claims he is your son account trouble which will explain after you wire Martin Crack at Grand hotel on Santa Monica boulevard Hollywood California if he is your son very important please reply quick—Martin Crack."

Hal pushed out his underlip carelessly, looked up at Crack, and handed the form back. "Why not say what the 'trouble' is? Save you another wire."

"Listen, Ireland," said Crack, his dry cheeks colored, his eyes shining and white all around the irises, "you're a good sorta guy. I'm only human." That's it, Hal told himself with quick satisfaction: he's not human, any more than a little puffed-headed viper in the dust is human.

"I'd like to save you the trouble this is gonna make for you if—"

"Oh, shut up," said Hal, wonderfully keeping his voice in superficial contempt. "If you've got to talk about it any more, talk to her." It hurt much more sharply than he'd expected—to say that so negligently; and his voice was dull as he added, "I'm going."

He walked past Crack to the door, opened it, and as he passed it from one hand to the other behind his back, he looked at Barry again. Still hugging her legs, her head still partly bowed, her staring went on, hard and dark and sullen, into the corner of the room. A jet of anguish sprang molten from his dead sense of her inviolability.

"And this is all," he said in a slow, moderate voice. "Everything led here—to this."

She turned her head slowly, not raising it, and looked at him, her scorn dull and general, only incidentally for him. Then her eyes went back to their staring before she said, her voice frankly husky, "This is all."

Crack followed him out the door, was following him down the hall outside as Hal heard the key turn the lock behind him. So she was ready to move as soon as they left. To do what? he wondered. Read, go to sleep, take up her staring again? As if it mattered!

"Listen," said Crack, a perverted intimacy struggling in his voice. "I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll—"

"You'll shut up," said Hal, and turned into his room, locking the door behind him lest he anticipate everything by throttling Crack's little life out of him there in the dark hall.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Origin of "Jerk-Water"

The origin of "jerk-water" as applied to small towns is obscure. It is supposed that the original jerk-water was a place where trains stopped to take on water.

In the early days of railroads the engine was often stopped at wayside streams to replenish the water supply. This was called jerking water, because the water was carried to the locomotive in leather buckets.

In time "jerk-water" came to be applied to small towns noted for nothing in particular except that trains stopped there to take on water.

POULTRY

BALANCED RATION FOR YOUNG TURKS

Adequate Nutrition Needed in Early Growth.

By L. E. Cline, University of Nevada, Agricultural Extension Expert, WNU Service.

Unless young turkeys are fed a proper ration during their period of most growth, they are likely to show very poor net returns at marketing time. All the needed elements of nutrition must be provided in adequate quantities and in proper proportions to obtain maximum development. These requirements are not always taken seriously by some turkey raisers.

At the present stage in their growth, the young turkeys are building their skeletons, muscle tissues, feathers, and body organisms at a rapid rate, all of which requires special kinds of food in definite proportions.

Many of the ills of their turkeys which are so discouraging to turkey growers at this time of year are the direct result of malnutrition, and can be corrected through a properly balanced ration if prompt action is taken.

Loose, flabby crops, which often become troublesome, are the result of insufficient protein. Turkeys up to two months of age should have at least a 25 per cent protein ration. After this time the protein can be gradually reduced to 14 or 16 per cent at fattening time.

If the proportion of total ash in the feed exceeds 7 or 8 per cent, there is great danger of the young poult developing leg deformities. At the first showing of leg trouble the per cent of ash in the ration should be looked into and lowered if too high.

Stuck-up eyes and nostrils, as well as puffy sinuses, are often the result of insufficient fresh green feed. Deformed breasts and back bones also are caused by this deficiency in vitamin A which can be obtained from green feed. Serious loss to the turkey farmer can result from the lack of green feed or a proper substitute.

A properly balanced ration may cost more per pound than one which is thrown together without thought of the turks' needs. Since this is the time when the foundation for the turkey crop is being laid, it is poor economy in the long run to skimp on the principal means of building the flock.

Water Glass, Lime Water to Preserve Eggs for Year

There are two methods of preserving eggs which are practical for the average family. One is to preserve them in water glass, and the other is to keep them in a solution of lime water. Water glass is available at most drug stores, and is reasonable in price. The material is dissolved in water and the eggs should be immersed in the solution.

A solution of lime water may be made by dissolving burnt lime in water, and pouring off the clear solution after the lime has settled. The clear solution is used for preserving the eggs.

Only clean, fresh eggs with sound shells should be put in these solutions to be preserved. Stone jars make satisfactory containers for preserving eggs in this way. Usually eggs can be kept in good condition for a year in either water glass or lime water solution.—Massachusetts State College.

Line Breeding

A definition of line breeding given by a prominent poultry breeder is: "Line breeding is a form of systematic inbreeding in which an effort is made to keep away from too close inbreeding. It is really, in its ordinary use, breeding confined to the blood lines of a single family. The details of this practice vary considerably with different breeders, but the purpose is the same in each case, namely, to avoid the necessity of introducing blood of another strain or family with the disastrous results to the uniformity of the strain which often accompanies such introduction of blood. Line breeding, whether known by this name or not, is almost universally used by successful breeders, but is often accompanied by the occasional and judicious introduction of outside blood."—Missouri Farmer.

Guard Against Egg-Eaters

An effort should be made to prevent the newly housed pullets from acquiring the egg-eating habit. Their nests should be well fitted with litter and placed in a dark place where broken eggs will not be seen so readily. Plenty of nests, one to every five hens, should be provided so that large numbers of eggs will not accumulate in a single nest and the danger of broken eggs increased. Plenty of oyster shell should be available so that the shells will be thick, soft shelled eggs prevented, and breakage minimized. Eggs should be gathered frequently, and broken eggs should be carefully removed from the building.

Better Potatoes Scientists' Aim

New Varieties Now on Trial; Much Work Ahead for Experimenters.

By Prof. E. V. Hardenburg, New York State College of Agriculture, WNU Service.

Very few new varieties of potatoes have been developed during the past forty years. This might seem to indicate that the public is satisfied with what we have. But it is not true. Varieties of potatoes are needed that will not turn black after cooking; that will resist such diseases as scab, leaf-roll, late blight, and yellow-dwarf; that will resist leaf hoppers; and that will better tolerate heat and drought. Much as the potato breeder has done, his job has just begun.

For more than 20 years the United States Department of Agriculture has been developing thousands of potato seedlings at its breeding stations. Attention centers especially on improvement in the shape of the tuber, the color and the texture of the skin, shallowness of eyes, cooking qualities, and resistance to virus diseases.

Three of the most promising varieties have been named and are now on trial with many growers in a few potato states. In order of their introduction, these varieties are: the Katahdin, a handsome, shallow-eyed glossy white-skinned potato; the Chippewa, promising early variety, white skinned and shallow-eyed, that may compete with Irish Cobbler; and the Golden potato, medium in season, white-skinned, yellow-fleshed. Other seedlings will be named and introduced this year, but several years may pass before they become generally available.

Live Stock Losses Are Heavier in Summer Time

Two suggestions for reducing live stock shipping losses are advanced by C. W. Hamman, extension specialist in marketing for the Ohio State University.

He suggests the use of sand as a bedding material for truck and carlot shipments during the hot, summer months, and trucking to market at such times that the live stock will arrive during the early morning hours. The sand, well wet down, helps to avoid overheating and losses.

Shipping losses during a year are estimated to amount to as much as \$30,000,000, Hamman says. Losses from death and crippling at four Ohio markets reached \$162,000 during a season when accurate count was kept.

Greatest losses are with hogs. During summer months one hog in 200 is dead upon arrival at the stock yards. Of the \$162,000 loss reported in the survey, \$137,000 were in hogs. The remainder was the result of losses of cattle, sheep and calves.

Barnyard Brevities

Germany is buying many draft horses from Belgium.

Onions are expected to constitute Egypt's second best money crop this year.

Bees yield about 100,000 tons of marketable honey annually in the United States.

Apple trees are attacked by 176 kinds of insect pests; oak trees by 500 kinds.

Oklahoma in 1934 produced the poorest corn and cotton crops in her entire history.

Two-thirds of the meat animals that are slaughtered in this country are slaughtered under government inspection.

Japanese Hulless, White Rice, Queen Golden and South American are among the important varieties of pop corn grown.

A survey disclosed farmers of the South Plains region of Texas had invested \$1,000,000 in tractors in a six-month period.

The Irish Free State has organized a "flying squad," which will seize property of farmers who do not pay their land annuities.

Prospects for an apple crop in northeast Kansas are above the five-year average, a survey by the state horticultural society indicated.

The screw worm, notorious pest of the Southwest, invaded Texas and southeastern states last year and killed thousands of dollars' worth of live stock.

Where a good sod cannot be established on plowable pasture areas by topdressing, plowing or disking, followed by fertilizing and reseeded, are recommended.

The number of horses in Great Britain has declined by more than 600,000 in the last ten years, according to a recent census made by the Army council.

Danish cabbage and cabbage grown chiefly for kraut are seldom troubled by maggots in the field, but early cabbage or cauliflower may suffer severe injury.

CHIC HOUSE FROCK WINS POPULARITY

PATTERN 9209

Your personal appearance about the house gets a new assurance of chic when you select this cleverly cut frock! A new slant on the popular yoke-sleeve is featured bringing the bodice up to form a round neckline and diagonal shoulder line! The three buttons are a clever way of accenting the new slant. The unusual pockets boast a button for good measure too, and you can see by the diagram that the frock is easy enough for a beginner to make! A printed cotton for the housedress, but a new



plaid seersucker or gingham would make a charming run-about frock! Pattern 9209 may be ordered only in sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 16 requires 3 1/4 yards 36 inch fabric.

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Smiles

QUEENS AT PLAY

Cousin Emily—Mrs. Spriggs went to Eleanor's the other night and found a famous hirman there. So for her next evening she got an even more famous man. Isn't that like Mrs. Spriggs?

Cousin Kate—Exactly! Always wanting to trump her partner's ace.—Sydney Bulletin.

Gold That Glittered

Jack—You say she partly returned your affections? Toni—Yes, she sent back my letters but kept all the jewelry.

The Dear Children

"So you like having children about the house, uncle?" "Yes, I always think they make the place so nice and peaceful when they've gone to bed."—London Tit-Bits.

Publicity Profit

"Do you think good plays win literary prizes?" "Not necessarily," answered Mr. Stormington Barnes, "but good manners often do."

