THE COPPER HOUSE

A Detective Story

JULIUS REGIS AUTHOR OF "NO 13 TORON!"

"A whole regiment would not be able to prevent my getling away by sea."

"As long as you did not fall in with two or three torpedo boats outside the headland!"

"Ah," murmured Ortiz, "is that why you sent off your friends?'

"Yes, they will give the alarm to the coast guards, if they have not already been warned. I had not counted on a stolen submarine when I came here, but now I know where I have you"

As they talked, both men were on the alert for sounds from outside; people were approaching, and as though at a given signal, those inside the room regrouped themselves.

Ortiz and Fayerling took a few quick steps towards the door, and the sentries sounded their rifles; Wallion, Raebel and Lona Ivanovna drew back towards the window, and stood in front of the pretended Andrei Bernin, in his armchair. The two groups kept a watchful eye on one another across the room.

"Discussion is useless," said Ortiz, presently; "your friends have failed—look!"

A confused mass of shadows became visible through the doorway, and rifle-butts clanged on the hall floor. Two weary and dejected figures were pushed forward into the circle of light in the middle of the room: they were Leo and Sonia, and Wallion could not repress an exclamation of disappointment.

"You have failed?" he said, going up close to Leo; "haven't you telephoned or done anything?"

The young man shook his head wearily:

"We did our best, but they were too clever for us: it was a

In a few words he told his story. Sonia had taken refuge in her aunt's arms.

The journalist perceived that he could no longer expect help from any quarter, and that he must rely entirely upon his own skill and resourcefulness; it was like the final moves in a game of chess, when the board had been swept clean of all but a few pieces, and the antagonists are two evenly matched and quick-witted players. Leo Grath and the others were pale with mortification: they had lost heart, and were powerless to make any further attempt to save themselves, though Max Raebel, who stood ust behind the journalist, said in a low tone:

"We are out of our depth, Mr. Wallion, things look bad for us. But if you give the word, I am at your orders: at least, we an still use our fists!"

The journalist did not reply, but turned to Ortiz, who was listening to Rastakov's and Tassler's obsequious report.

"Gabriel Ortiz," he said quietly, "I warn you for the last time: we are under the protection of the law of Sweden.'

The adventurer turned round, and inspected him from head to foot.

"I presume I am to consider that as a formal protest?"

"Yes. It is addressed to your friends as well as to your-

self." "My friends!" echoed Ortiz, in an indescribably contemptuous tone; "if I and my plans were dependent on my friends, I should be weaker than you. Do you suppose I take either friends or enemies into account Your protest is futile, sir, and if you haven't perceived it already, I shall convince you of it."

He gave an order in Rus-

Women Handicapped, French Artist Says

WASHINGTON--The woman who would succeed in art must break down the barrier of her

From her own experience, Mile. Fanny Bunand-Sevastos, 23-year-old artist and feminist from Paris, is inclined to that belief.

"It is difficult," she says, "to make people realize that a canvas has no sex and that its value does not increase or decrease according

sian. The two marines stepped forward, and took possession of Lona Ivanovna's revolver, the butt of which was protruding from her work-bag. The old Russian lady was taken off her guard, but she quickly realized that she was disarmed, and rapped out an indignant oath. Sonia caressed her soothingly:

"Never mind, Auntie," she whispered. "Keep still; don't make Sergius uneasy; he is looking this way, and I think he wants to say something to you."

"Yes, of course, child," murmured the old lady, irritably, "he wants to fight, and so do I; it is only natural. . . She leaned across to the whitehaired figure in the armchair, and a few brief sentences were exchanged between mother and son. The journalist watched her closely, for he feared that the hotheaded old Russian was contemplating some rash step, and suddenly he guessed that Sergius was still armed. Lona Ivanovna must be trying to persuade him to give her his revolver. Was she determined to make a fight for the document? To his relief, Sergius simply shook his head, and Lona Ivanovna drew back in high drudgeon. As she looked at Wallion, he said softly:

"Let sleeping dogs lie! Leave your son's revolver, we may need it later on."

The other marine now proceeded to search Wallion's clothes, turning over his papers and rummaging in his pockets. He seemed greatly surprised at finding nothing, and called out something inquiringly. Ortiz waved his hand, and the man returned to the door. Wallion had allowed himself to be searched without saying a word, though he thought the more. The man had overhauled him thoroughly and rapidly, and had probably been a policeman in former times; which would account for his dexterity. Ortiz had chosen his men carefully; supposing one of them had the inspiration to-no! The journalist resolutely barished thought from his mind.

But some obscure association of ideas made him open his cigarette case, and light a cigarette at the tiny blue flame of the cigar-lighter which he always carried in his waistcoat pocket. A barely perceptible smile flitted across his face. Perhaps Ortiz noticed the smile, for he said in a harsh

"You are unarmed; you have no possible means of communicating with the outer world; my will is paramount here; need I put things more plainly? My will! In those two words you have the only law that carries weight here tonight."

"And before what court of law will you enforce it?" inquired the journalist politely. "Do you insist upon a set trial?"

"Oh, don't put yourself out on my account!"

"Take care! I am not accustomed to be spoken to in such a tone. I suppose you are trying to gain time? What can you hope for now? I assure you we could blow the Copper House into atoms tonight, without a single person being near enough to see even the reflection in the sky. Don't you

hear that?" Hear? Wallion felt, with every nerve in his body, the long-drawn out reverberations of the thunder storm which raged anew over their heads, whilst the dark window-panes were continually lit up by the glare of lightning. He knew

perfectly well that the advento whether a man or a woman.

painted it. "Although for men art is a career girls are only supposed to play with paint and some day to leave all that 'nonsense' and get married. All that greatly handicaps the woman painter in making contacts with galleries or dealers. The dealer considers her an economic risk. Women have been in the arts for years, but Rosa Bonheur had to wear trousers

and smoke a pipe to be recognized."

Mile, Savastos comes from a well known French family. Her mother is Mme. Anthippe Couched-Sevastos, editor of the Revue de la

turer was not exaggerating.

"A court of law," Ortiz repeated. "Baron Fayerling, these people seem to expect us to perform a scene from comic opera! . . . Very good, if they are such sticklers for form, I appoint you as general prosecutor, baron, but be brief." The baron said slowly:

"I accuse Maurice Wallion of having used force to hinder me in carrying out an appointed task, of having attacked my assistant Rastakov, and of having helped the thief, Bernard Jenin, to get away

with Terraschin's memorandum." "A comprehensive indictment!" remarked Wallion.

"Do you deny it?" "What would be the good?" After a minute's silence, the

baron proceeded: "I accuse Lona Ivanovna, Andrei Ivanovitch, and Sonia Andreievna, of having received and hidden the thief, whose real name is Sergius Tassler."

"And whose father stands there!" interrupted Lona Ivonovna in a threatening voice, pointing at the merchant, who started back; "of what can you accuse your own son, and your former wife? Why are you silent? Are you beginning to feel what an utter worm you are, little Marcus? Speak man! Out with it, or I am afraid you will choke. ."

The merchant tried to reply, but his trembling lips could only arithmetic an indistinct murmur.

Silence!" said Ortiz sharply. . . "You are to answer and not to ask questions, Lona Ivanovna. Where have you hidden Sergius Tassler?" His dark, steadfast gaze seemed to read her inmost thoughts. . "You refuse to answer?"

He put his hands behind his back, and came up to her, thrusting out his hand, and compelling her to meet his

"You are obstinate? Do you think I need your answer? I tell you, I saw through the whole of your miserable little secret as soon as I got into the room-but it amused me to play with you-look here!"

Before anyone guessed his intention, he had snatched the wig from the fugitive's head: the blue spectacles fell on the floor, and were broken. Sergius sprang up with a cry, and stood unmasked, pale and agitated before Ortiz, who continued with appalling composure:

"The game is up. No, my lad, your plan was really too audacious! You didn't calculate that I should be aware of the important fact that Andrei Bernin was dead; and besides. the man who wears a flowing beard on a young face, should be careful to keep in the dark.

This revelation produced an overwhelming impression. The baron and Rastakov, realizing how they had been tricked, stood mute, glaring malignantly at the man who had foiled them; Lona Ivanovna tried to spring forward, but one of Rastakov's men pushed her back and raised his gun threateningly, whilst, as though in obedience to some preconcerted signal, four more armed men came in from the hall.

"Let him alone!" eried Lona Ivanovna. "I forbid you to touch him!"

Ortiz did not seem to hear her; without changing his position, he stood and studied Sergius Tassler's face, as though he were bent on solving a problem. Wallion, who in his turn, watched Ortiz narrowly and quietly, guessed what the problem was.

"So it was you who brought Tarraschin's memorandum out of Russia?" said the adventurer at length, thoughtfully. "What have you done with

"I shall not tell you," replied Sergius vehemently; 'what have you to do with us?

We have a right. . . . "I want no unnecessary explanations. I know all about

Femme. Her step-father, Dr. Paul Louis Couchod, was physician to Anatole France.

She liges the United States. "Abroad," she says, "only shop girls and working people have fun at a carnival. Here, everyone joins in and has a good time. It is better. I like it."

Woman Makes Good At Conducting Opera

AUGSBURG, GERMANY--Gertrud Hrdlicka, the only womper of your own free will?" "Never!"

you. Will you give me the pa-

"Then I shall take it." "Don't be so sure that you can find it!"

"I have no need to search," replied Ortiz, raising his hand. "I don't think much of your intelligence; you are not wanting in brains, but you rely too much on yourself, and you lack imagination. You have hidden the paper somewhere about you -not in your clothes-they are liable to be searched, aren't they ?-what else have you? Ah, give me your stick!"

A strange expression passed over Wallion's face, as Sergius mechanically held out his stick, and he could not restrain an audible "bravo," at the ingenuity of Ortiz's reasoning.

Ortiz turned round, with the stick in his hand:

"I appreciate your compliment, but the thing was perfeetly simple. One could see from here that the handle of the stick unscrews. Meantime, your 'bravo' betrays that the secret was known to you, which makes it less likely that the paper is still in its hiding-place; indeed, it is hardly worth while looking inside."

He tossed the stick to the baron, who with nervous haste unscrewed the handle, and peeped into the cavity.

"Manifestly empty!" remarked Ortiz, coolly; "that was to be expected; it was a poor hiding-place, and no doubt you discovered it at once, Mr. Wallion?" "Of course."

"You have it then?" Wallion hesitated for the

fractional part of a second. "I can give you my word of honor that I have not removed the paper from the stick," he said then. "Are you so sure that it is not there after all?"

Leonard, who could not understand the journalist's intention, bit his lips; he was beginning to think that Wallion was altogether too complaisant, but Raebel gave him a dig in the ribs, and whispered with a

"Have you ever seen an acrobat on the top of a pole! He's nothing to Wallion; just keep your eye on him. He's not the sort of a man who comes to grief at the first round!"

Although the Austrian spoke lightly, the perspiration stood on his forehead; experience told him that the situation was critical, and he could see that Ortiz was getting to an end of his patience. He did not trouble further about the

"Sergius Tassler," he said sharply, "if you wish to live you must answer me. Did you have Tarraschin's memorandum in your stick?"

Sergius started back a little, but made no reply; his dark. resigned face did not change. and he looked calmly at his tormentor.

"Answer him, for Heaven's sake," sobbed Sonia; "answer, Sergius, I won't have you die!" His face softened at her passionate appeal, and he said

"I did hide the paper in my stick; I do not know who took it out; I have nothing further to say."

There was no mistaking his sincerity, and Ortiz showed no sign of doubting his word.

"You have said enough," he remarked, his eyes beginning to sparkle; "you have said more than enough, but you are even more imprudent than I

thought; now I understand!" His eyes rested for an instant on the young girl, with a thoughtful and not altogether unfriendly expression; then, with a shrug of the shoulders. he dismissed her from his mind, and for the first time turned his whole attention to Lona Ivanovna.

(TO B) CONTINUED)

EXCLUSIVE EDWARD From Montreal Star "I thought sure Ed would marry one of the twins.'

"No; he said if he couldn't have an exclusive model he wouldn't have

an opera conductor in Germany has made her debut in Max Herre's fairy opera, "Dornroeschen."

Since her appointment to the municipal opera of Augsburg last fall, she has had to content herself with helping prepare performances The prejudices against having a woman conduct an opera were still too strong. Only at the end of the season was she enabled to make

her debut. According to both Augsburg and Munich critics, Fraulein Hrdlicka made good

TO MARRIED LIFE + MILWAUKEE-Present lax-+ ity of marriage laws, accord- + +ing to Dr. John A. Lapp of Mar- + + quette university, is a serious >

+ threat to modern family life. "The foundation of the fam- + + 11y-the marriage contract-has + come to be a mere scrap of pa- → + per to hundreds of thousands," 4

 Different state marriage laws + + are conflicting with one an-+ other, he explains. One state + + marries a couple. Another + + divorces them. Another state + + makes divorce easier; another + + makes marriage easier. In brief, + + according to Dr. Lapp, mar- +

+ riage laws should be uniform. +

"Our marriage laws are in + + chaos," he says. "The only + + reliance in law today is to seek + + a uniform statute in every + + state fixing a minimum re- + + quirement of a certain number + → of days after a license is grant- → + ed before a ceremony can be + + performed; prohibiting mar- + + riage of parties outside the + + state without a license from + + their home county; and re-+ quiring that licenses must be + + secured in the home county of + + one of the parties."

+++++++++++++++ TO BEN AND LILLIAN

Who's never known parental thrill, And knows that now he never will, Has moments when he wonders why Capricious Fate has passed him

To send a son unto his friends, The while she never e'en pretends No matter how he hath bescught She'll bring to him or son or

And such a son she's sent these friends! To their advancing years he

daughter.

This learning avid, eager boy The halo of a holy joy. Wherever they may chance to be, Their lives he crowns thus

worthily, And blends their hearts to His This fruit of their enduring love. Yet other thoughts may be descried By him who thus hath been de-

Who's never known parental thrill And knows that now he never Has moments, too, of wondering If child of his, while blundering

From babe to man, or womanhood, He ever could have understood. Could he have looked within such

Become of it a guiding part To lead the little feet along, Till they became full fleet and

strong
To bear the burden of the day,
When far from home they'd tramped away? cannot know! Perhaps he's That God hath kept him from the

But this he knows! Unto these Acclaim and praise he gladly

For they have done that greatest A son to college days to bring, And kept him fresh—and strong— and clean! A life whereon their own to lean

Along the way they yet must tread, And so shall reap their scattered

-Sam Page. Suspicious of World Bank.

From Kansas City Star. Word from Washington would indicate that the administration has not altered its original attitude with respect to the Bank for International Settlements. The secretary of state has recently reiterated his declaration that the American government will have nothing to do with that institution and it has become known that negotiations have been proceeding with Germany now for some time, looking to a seperate debt agreement.

The money which Germany owes this country, largely on account of the military occupation costs, repre sents a relatively small share of the total reparations. Nevertheless, if the government does not permit the Federal Reserve bank to participate in the international bank, the machinery for effecting payment set up by the Young plan would scarcely be acceptable to the United States. For the management of the bank would be accorded such wide powers, that without official representation theoretically, at least, the govern-ment would not be justified in per-mitting the institution to handle our private transaction with Germany.

Conclusion of a separate pact with Conclusion of a separate pact with Germany, providing for direct payment of our share, would be the natural corollary of the position which we have assumed. But that does not dispose of all the problems which the world bank raises. The Young plan would allow the other directors, in case the Federal Reserve bank is precluded from participation, to appoint "any bank or ticipation, to appoint "any bank or banking house of widely recognized standing and of the same national-ity" as a substitute, provided only that such action is "not inconsistent with the laws of the country in question." In view of the fact that such an American bank might be accorded extensive rediscount facilities by the international bank, it would be well to consider how that development would react upon the reserve system and the present banking structure of the

Proved Her Worth.

From Answers, London. Alice had just given her mistress

notice. "I'm going to Mrs. White in the next street, ma'am," she added. Her mistress frowned.

"But does Mrs. White know that you've only been with me for six weeks?" she inquired suspiciously. Alice nodded.

"Yes, ma'am. She said that if I'd nanaged to stay with you that long, was good enough inference for



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Milk of Magnesia

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Hotel Perfection

The Viscountess Astor, when about to sail for her London home, said to a New York reporter:

"New York is very modern, up to date and down to the minute. This is delightful, but it's hard on the nerves. "A man from the Middle West walked into a 40-story New York hotel and said to the clerk cautiously: "'Is this hotel down to the minute,

"Down to the minute? You bet she's down to the minute,' said the clerk. 'We furnish sleeping powders with every bedroom." "-Detroit Free

To Cool a Burn Use HANFORD'S Balsam of Myrrh All dealers are authorized to refund your money for the

South Africa Fights Jackal South African farmers are mobilizing for a big battle against the wily and destructive jackal, the agriculturists' greatest pest, says the Washington Star. The object is to drive the jackals into the Mapuassi mountains and to let thousands of dogs have the time of their lives. Commandos are being organized as at the time of the Anglo-Boer war and a force of 12,000 farmers will be under the charge of an Anglo-Boer war veteran, Commandant Tom Bourman.

Minute Calculations

A Seattle chemist who recently purchased an up-to-date and very delicate set of scales has worked out some interesting problems with his latest plaything. A strand of human hair, he states, long enough to encircle the world at the equator, would weigh 759 pounds.

Covering the Ground

Son (home from agricultural colege)-I've brought some books on farming for you to dig into, Dad. Farmer-And I've bought another So acres for you to dig into.-Monteal Star.

Those who have no dignity are pernetually making fun of dignity. Dignity is a fine thing.



Health Giving **医型医型管性性**

All Winter Long Marvelous Climate - Good Hotels - Tourist Camps—Splendid Roads—Gorgeous Mountain Views. The wonderful desert resorts the West

Write Cree & Chaffey Dalm Spring CALIFORNIA