

## THE MASTER MAN

BY RUBY M. AYRES  
Author of "The Phantom Lover," "The Girl Next Door," etc.

She was regarding him with burning anger in her dark eyes, and she broke out tremblingly:

"I don't know what right you have to arrange my affairs. I think it is great presumption. If I go tomorrow morning it will be time enough. I can do no good; Mr. Rolf is dead."

A little flame of anger filled her eyes.

"You will go tonight, do you hear?" he said almost roughly. "You will catch that 7 o'clock train, and your things can be sent on." He paused; then added: "Try and think about somebody besides yourself—for once."

She gave a little choking cry.

"How dare you speak to me like this? What right have you?"

He laughed; her anger was nothing to him.

"I am Chesney's friend, and that gives me the right," he answered. "And from what I know of you, I can thank God for his sake that you have been called away now."

A wave of crimson flushed her face from brow to chin.

"I don't understand. What do you mean?" she stammered. For once her composure had deserted her.

Milward's face softened unwillingly.

"I mean," he said more quietly, "that because Chesney is my friend I do not intend you to play the devil with him and ruin his life; he's too good for that. Now—will you go and get ready?"

For a moment it seemed as if she were going to defy him, then without a word she turned and walked towards the Retreat.

Milward followed; his brows almost met in a heavy frown.

Could she really be so heartless, he was wondering, with that face, with that smile? How could Nature make so perfect a face and form, and forget to endow it with a heart?

"We must leave here in 15 minutes, Miss Rolf," he called after her, but she did not answer, and he crossed the lawn again and went down the road to a neighboring garage to fetch his car.

Chesney was at the gate when he returned; he asked an agitated question:

"Miss Rolf! Where is she?"

"I'm going to drive her to the station—to catch the seven train up to town."

Chesney stared. "But she can't be ready! There's only a quarter of a hour..."

"She'll be ready," Milward answered; he was filling the tank with petrol. "Sorry we can't take you along as well, old chap," he said without looking up. "There's no room, you see."

Chesney grunted: Milward had never paid Patricia the slightest attention before, and Chesney was inclined to be jealous.

"I say, you know," he broke out boyishly, "it's rotten luck; whatever will she do? She hasn't anyone in the world but old Rolf... Rotten luck, breaking up her holiday like this!"

"Yes, I thought that was the chief trouble," said Milward dryly.

Chesney's face flamed.

"What do you mean?" he asked sharply. The other man shrugged his shoulders.

"Oh, nothing! What relation was she to Rolf?"

"None—adopted daughter, that's all."

"I see."

"She'll get all the old man's money," Chesney said with a note of constraint in his voice.

Milward did not seem im-

pressed, and at that moment Patricia came down the garden and joined them.

She still wore her white frock, with a long coat over it, and she was followed by a maid carrying a dressing-case. She ignored Milward and spoke to Chesney.

"I am so sorry to have to run away like this, but you understand, don't you? I can't find Mrs. Chesney anywhere, but you will tell her how it is, won't you?... I shall write, of course."

Young Chesney flushed up to his eyes.

"I'm sorry, too," he said in a low voice, "very sorry."

He gripped her hand hard.

"Good bye, and if there is anything I can do for you, please don't hesitate to ask or send for me."

And the next moment the little car was racing away through the warm evening.

"You'd better take the rug," Milward said impartially. "It's dusty down the road and you'll spoil your frock. You'll find it behind me."

Patricia looked at him jeily.

"Thank you, but it's not worth while."

She was furious with him for having made her leave, and furious with herself for having obeyed him.

Milward kept one hand on the wheel and, half turning, dragged the rug from behind him and flung it lightly across her lap.

"There is no sense in spoiling an expensive frock like that," he said tolerantly.

She bit her lip; tears of angry mortification in her eyes.

"You are not very sympathetic," she said, in a quivering voice. "I think you might at least be... a little... sorry for me. Mr. Rolf was the only friend I had in the world."

Milward looked down at her dispassionately.

"I would sympathize with you, I would be sorry for you if I thought you really wished it," he said, "but I know you do not."

She gave a stifled cry, and he went on quickly:

"Miss Rolf, why won't you be honest with me? I know that Mr. Rolf's death means little or nothing to you; I know that unless you had appearances to consider you would infinitely rather stay here than go back home. Isn't it rather... rather petty in the circumstances, then, to ask me to be sorry for you?"

There was a little silence; then she said, in a changed voice:

"I wonder why you hate me so much? I don't think anybody has ever really hated me before."

He shrugged his shoulders.

"I don't hate you; I haven't any feeling one way or the other except that..."

He hesitated, and she looked up quickly. "Yes?"

"Except that I should like to appeal to you for Chesney," he went on firmly. "He's only a boy—he doesn't understand that it's quite possible for a woman to pretend to care for a man when she cares nothing at all. Don't you think it's rather cruel of you to deliberately lead him on, as you have done, and then show him that such a thing is possible?"

She drew in her breath hard; her hands were clenched under the light rug.

"Nobody has ever so insulted me before," she said quiveringly.

"The truth is not an insult," he maintained. "If you choose to consider that it is, I am sorry, but..." He broke off, catching Patricia's arm in a rough grip.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## OF INTEREST TO FARMERS

WORLD'S CHAMPION STEER



The prize steer of the world, just selected at the International Livestock show at Chicago, is "Lucky Strike," crossbred Aberdeen Angus owned by Elliott Brown, 20 years old, of Rose Hill, Ia. This animal won over a large list of entries. The steer is shown here with John Clay, president of the show at left, and its owner. The animal weighed 949 pounds, and brought its owner \$9,110 in cash and prizes.

### TYPE OF CORN FOR SEED

Some corn growers who look forward to the next year select a good supply of corn for seed purposes from the field during the fall, while others select the seed from the crib during the winter months. In either case, more care should be selected than will actually be needed because of the rough and smooth types of seed corn. The average yield of corn from the use of the smooth type of ear has been 12 per cent more than the average yield from the rough type of ear. The ears of corn finally selected for seed purposes should be well matured, free from all indication of disease and with medium smooth kernels that are bright and glossy. The largest ears with long and indented kernels are not generally good seed ears, especially in the western part of the corn belt, where early maturity is quite essential for high yields.

### USE CAPACITY LOAD

Some tractor owners make the mistake of putting too heavy a load on a new tractor before it has been sufficiently worked in to do its work most efficiently, and the heavy load may cause overheating and scoring. On the other hand, many owners lose efficiency in power farming by under-loading their tractors. A very considerable proportion of the heating value of the fuel burned cannot be put to useful work, but is used up as heat loss in the exhaust, heat loss through the cooling system, loss in friction in the engine and gears, loss in ground resistance, and in operating the fan and magnet. This total waste, while not constant, does not decrease at all in proportion to the decrease in load. Hence to secure a maximum efficiency, a tractor should be loaded so as to give its engine at least three-fourths of its rated load. If the tractor is capable of pulling three plows and only two are used, the engine is losing a considerable part of its efficiency. His outfit and also of his own labor. With three bottoms he could plow nearly 50 per cent more acres per day than with two bottoms at a smaller fuel and oil cost per acre; and at practically no additional cost of labor and for overhead on his tractor and plow.

### A RHAPSODY ON CORN

In response to the toast, "What I Know About Farming," Governor Oglesby of Illinois gave an address at a banquet held in 1894 that for beauty of diction and appreciation has seldom, if ever, been excelled. Here it is: "The corn! the corn! the corn! that in its first beginning and in its growth has furnished aptest illustration of the tragic announcement of the chiefest hope of man: 'If he die he shall surely live again.' Planted in the friendly but somber bosom of Mother Earth, it dies. Yes, it dies the second death, surrendering up each trace of form and earthly shape until the outward tide is stopped by the reacting vital germ which, breaking all the bonds and cerements of its sad decline, come bounding, laughing into life and light, the fittest of all the symbols that make certain promise of the fate of men. And so it died, and then it lived again, and so my people died. By some unknown, uncertain, and unfriendly fate I found myself making my first journey into life from conditions as lowly as those surrounding that awakening, dying,

### STARTING PULLETS RIGHT

The pullets are just about to be put in their winter quarters. The size of the eggs, the number produced and the health of the birds during the next four or five months will depend in large part upon the care which is given them during the next few weeks. It is essential that they be put in absolutely clean quarters which have been thoroughly disinfected. They should run on a concrete or board floor, not on an earth floor. They must be given constant access to a good egg mash, preferably one containing buttermilk. They must be fed a good scratch feed and the mash and

living infant germ. Again my mind turns to the glorious corn. See it look on its ripening, waving field. See how it wears a crown, prouder than monarch ever wore; sometimes jauntily, and sometimes, after the storm, the dignified survivors of the scorching sun, stand in a field of slaughter and to pity a fallen foe. And see the pendant caskets of the corn filled with the wine of life, and see the silken fringe that set a form of fashion and for art. And now the evening comes, and something of a time to rest and listen. The scolding clouds conceal the half and then reveal the whols of the moonlit beauty of the night; and then the gentle winds make heavenly harmonies on a thousand harps that hang upon the borders and the edges and the middle of the field of ripening corn, until my heart seems to beat responsive to the rising and the falling of the long, melodious refrain. The melancholy clouds sometimes make shadows on the field and hide its aureate wealth; and now they move, and subtly into stark, large comes the golden glow of promise for life. Industrious land, Aye, the corn, the royal corn, within whose yellow heart there is of health and strength for all the nations! The corn triumphant! That with the aid of man has made a victorious procession across the tattered plain and laid foundation for the social excellence that is and is to be. This glorious plant, transmuted by the alchemy of God, sustains the warrior in battle, the poet in song; and strengthens everywhere the thousand arms that work the purposes of life. Oh! that I had the voice of song or skill to translate into tones the harmonies, the symphonies, and oratorics that roll across my soul when standing, sometimes by day and sometimes by night, upon the borders of this western sea. I had a world of promise, and then before one-half the year is gone I view its full fruition and see its heaped gold await the end of man. Majestic, fruitful, wonderful plant! Thou greatest among the manifestations of the wisdom and the love of God that may be seen in all the fields or upon the hillsides, or in the valleys. Glorious corn that, more than all the sisters of the field, wears tropic garments. Nor on the shores of Nilus nor of Ind does Nature dress her forms more splendidly. My God! to live again that time when for me half the world was good, the other half unknown. And now again the corn! that in its kernel holds the strength that shall (in the body of the man refreshed) subdue the forest and compel response from every stubborn field, or shining in the eye of beauty, make blossoms of her cheeks and jewels on her lips, and thus make for man the greatest inspiration to well-doing, the hope of companionship of that sacred, warm, and well-embodied soul, a woman."

### CAUSES OF EGG EATING

Egg eating is a vice that is quite common in some flocks. It is sometimes laid to the fact that something is lacking in the ration. No doubt this is true in a few instances; however, in most cases it is largely a matter of habit brought on to some extent by poor management. Keeping pullets on range after they have started to lay encourages them in the habit of laying all over the place; they are not used to nests and therefore will lay their eggs on the floor. Or the pullets may have been put in the laying house before they were laying many eggs, but there may not be enough nests to accommodate all the birds—at least one nest for every five birds—with the result that eggs are laid on the floor. The result of this floor laying is that not only are eggs easily broken, thereby encouraging pullets to eat them, but vent picking is also encouraged. Another form of poor management that is responsible for egg eating is having insufficient nesting material in the nests. When nests are bare or nearly so, eggs are easily broken when laid, and the habit of eating the range starts readily on broken eggs. Once the habit starts, the thing to do is to catch the birds that are the most active in the eating. Usually if the ringleaders are removed, the others will not continue.

Where you find scrub sires you usually find a scrub farmer.

## THE COPPER HOUSE

A Detective Story

BY JULIUS REGIS

AUTHOR OF "NO 13 TORONTO"

Then the journalist went up to the great double trap doors, which were only opened to hoist up the bales of hay, and, as though to get air, he unbarred them and threw them wide open. A loud shout greeted his appearance, as his tall figure was unexpectedly outlined against the glare of the fire. He looked down into the darkness, and became aware of a crowd of upturned faces, and gleaming rifle barrels.

"Is Ortiz there?" he called out.

The adventurer stepped slowly to the front, his hands behind his back in his favorite attitude.

"What do you want?" he asked. "Have you made up your mind to surrender?"

"No, I only want to remind you that I still have the Tarraschin memorandum, and it will not be much to your advantage to burn me alive."

"What do you expect me to do then? I should be no better off if I shot you on the spot. The decision lies with you; give me the paper, and you are free."

The journalist seemed scarcely to hear him. A look of intense excitement had come into his eyes, which were fixed on the wooded ridge near the house, and a sigh of relief burst from him as he saw a white light flash out once.

"No, my dear Ortiz, I am not going to give you the document, but, on the contrary, this!" he cried, and raising he fired three successive shots into the darkness. Ortiz sprang back.

"What do you mean?" he exclaimed.

A rocket shot up from the bay, and burst in ten thousand stars. Frantic whistles were heard from the Copper House, together with an extraordinary medley of voices, knocking, shots and running feet.

"Go and see what is happening!" ordered Ortiz.

"Do not trouble, for I can tell you," said Wallion. "It is what I have been waiting for the whole of this long evening; it is my lieutenant, Robert Lang, who has come with the police."

Ortiz did not stir, but his very soul seemed to look out of his eyes, as he fixed them on his enemy.

"Were you clever enough for that after all?" said he. "I could not have believed it. I admit that I have underrated your powers. I suppose you think you have trapped me now?"

"That I cannot say; but I do know one thing, Ortiz; this is the end of your glorious dream!"

The adventurer seized a rifle and fired at the black silhouette of the man who had outwitted him.

"You shall not survive it!" he shouted. "Farewell, Wallion!"

The journalist staggered back, and fell on to the floor. A loud voice was calling from some way off:

"The police! Where is the chief? The police are here!"

CHAPTER XXI

The end of a glorious dream

The stampered began. Two minutes after the alarm had been given, not a man was left near the stable, which was now burning on every side, casting a vivid radiance over its immediate neighborhood.

It struck them later as extraordinary that the gang had retreated without a single attempt at resistance. The last shot was that fired by Ortiz himself, and aimed at his bitterest foe—Maurice Wallion. From that hour, nobody set

eyes upon the reincarnated Napoleon; it is to be supposed that, like his great prototype after the defeat at Waterloo, he apathetically allowed himself to be hurried away by his panic-stricken followers. He was hopelessly beaten, he had lost everything, and he must have realized this; he chose to vanish into the night.

Wallion had not been hit. Together with Raebel he jumped down from the granary, the floor of which collapsed a minute later.

"That's what one may call a rescue at the eleventh hour!" exclaimed the Austrian. "But what puzzles me is how did help come, when we had been unable to send a word of our plight?"

"I was prepared for the worst this morning," answered Wallion; "Robert Lang had orders to come to our relief on the stroke of ten, if he had heard nothing from me by then. The reason why I was so anxious to send him a message, is very simple; the submarine, of course, necessitated special measures, and I am afraid that Lang has omitted to take them."

This simple explanation made the Austrian open his eyes; he gave a prolonged whistle of admiration, and said:

"Wallion, you're an out-and-outer!"

Policemen, in plain clothes and in uniform, now began to spread around the Copper House in a wide semi-circle, and they went to meet them. Robert Lang was at the head, with several police officers of higher grade.

"Hallo, Lang!" cried Wallion. "You are punctual, thank goodness, but tell me quickly, how things stand as regards the channel into the bay?"

The young man stood still. "The channel into the bay?" he echoed.

"Yes. Have you a patrol-boat outside?"

"No. Is that necessary?"

Raebel threw up his hands at this question, and exclaimed:

"Then Ortiz will get away!"

Wallion briefly explained the situation. The news of the submarine created a sensation and one of the policemen hurried off to alarm the coast guard. After an instant's hesitation, the main body of police resumed their march to the sea-shore. Not a light was to be seen in the bay, but suddenly the noise of an engine was heard through the damp, still atmosphere and a strange, dark mass became visible in the channel between the island and the shore. It was the submarine, towing the lighter after it. The deck of the latter was crowded with men; a gloomy silence reigned on board, and the ports of the submarine were closed.

Lona Ivanovna came running, followed by Sergius, Sonia and Leo. The last-named wrung the journalist's hand, in silent gratitude, but the old Russian exclaimed:

"What are you doing, Mr. Wallion? You're not allowing Ortiz to escape!"

The journalist replied, thoughtfully:

"He can't escape from himself."

She did not understand him.

"And Tarraschin's memorandum?" she asked.

"We'll talk of that by and by. I have it quite safe."

### (TO BE CONTINUED)

### And Then Don't

From Answers.

Paul: Arthur wants to borrow 10 pounds from me. Is he good for that amount?

Phillip: Yes, with proper securities.

What would you suggest?

A chain and padlock, a pair of handcuffs, and a watchdog.

A small storm to break over each cone, and thus breaking up energy which might otherwise accumulate into one great destructive hurricane.

Professor Franklin suggests that the United States weather bureau make a test with small cones in the tornado region of the middle west before extensive experiments costing several million dollars are conducted in Florida. Scientists who are skeptical of the plan point out that past efforts to create rising currents of air by firing heavy cannon into the sky have proved unsuccessful.

No Sale.

From Answers.

Office Boy: There's a commercial traveler outside, sir.

Boss: What sort of a commercial traveler?

"He's got a moustache."

"Tell him I have one alect'ry."

Q. Please give some information about Roland Hayes, the negro singer. E. B. H.

A. Roland W. Hayes was born in Georgia and educated at Fisk University. It was as a member of the Fisk University Jubilee Singers that Roland Hayes first attracted attention as a singer. He was heard by a wealthy music enthu-

siast who decreed that he should have further musical training. This further training he received from a distinguished singer of singing.

Q. Have there been Passion Plays other than the one at Oberammergau? D. J.

A. The name, Passion Play, has been given to plays representing the passion of Christ. These plays became numerous between the 13th and the 16th centuries, especially in Germany and the Tyrol. The most important survival is one that takes place every 10th year in the village of Oberammergau in the Bavarian highlands.