

THE COPPER HOUSE

A Detective Story

BY

JULIUS RECIS

AUTHOR OF "NO 13 TORONTO"

On board the lighter, the blanking of machinery became audible, and the tow-line was fast loose. The submarine shot away, and steered for the open sea, leaving a white trail of foam in its wake. The spectators began to run along the beach, and came out on the little promontory. On land, the police had completed their 'round-up,' which yielded a harvest of fourteen abandoned, dejected individuals, all captured unarmed, and asserting their innocence. But it looked as though their Chief was to get away in spite of everything. Wallion stood on the furthest point, looking out to sea.

"Fog!" he remarked, laconically.

A dense, gray wall was rising out of the Baltic, and driving in towards the land. The submarine continued to steer east at full speed, leaving the lighter to shift for itself; both entered the fog-belt, and disappeared.

Robert Lang reproached himself bitterly for his remissness, but Wallion said:

"You couldn't have known it, and besides, what matter if he slips through our fingers for the time being? He has nothing left to hope for."

He spoke in a low tone, and without shifting his gaze from the sea. Was he waiting for something?

Ten minutes passed. Then the sea of fog was tinged with a sudden crimson glow, which seemed to come from a point due east of the outlying islands. A deafening and prolonged explosion rent the air; when darkness settled down again, and silence reigned once more over the sea. They looked at one another.

"A mine explosion?" suggested some one.

"The submarine!" cried Robert Lang. "It came from that direction. A catastrophe must have occurred on board." "Or—something else!" cried Wallion. "Ortiz went on board as a defeated man—and Rastakov's comrades."

He bent his head and turned away.

"It is late. Let us go."

Two days later, quite a little company was assembled in Lawyer Burchard's office. There were Leonard Grath, Lona Ivanovna, Sonia and Sergius. The lawyer trotted up and down his sunny room, and looked incessantly at the clock. All faces were cheerful and free from anxiety, but a certain solemnity pervaded the atmosphere, and nobody seemed inclined to talk.

Twelve o'clock struck, and the lawyer stopped his pacing, and looked expectantly at the door.

It opened, and admitted Maurice Wallion in travelling costume.

"Good morning," he said, with a smile. "I have to go abroad this afternoon, so you must excuse me if I seem a little hurried."

He shook hands with everybody, and gave Leo a small packet, saying as he did so:

"Take back your property; it is an atonement from a man who is sincerely repentant."

The young man opened the parcel, and colored with astonishment.

"The mortgages on the Copper House!" he exclaimed.

"Yes," answered the journalist, smiling. "Take them, you deserve a reward after all you have gone through, but ask no questions."

He turned to Lona Ivanovna. "I have a message for you. You know that Marcus Tassler quit the Copper House when Ortiz threatened your son's life. From that minute, he became another man, and fled from Ortiz' neighbor-

hood, never to return. He wishes me to tell you that he regrets the past, and that you will never see him again."

The old Russian lady appeared deeply moved.

"Did you go and look for him?"

"Yes, I have had a talk with him."

"And—you let him go?"

"Yes, he is broken and changed. We must be merciful."

The old lady bowed.

"I thank you," she said simply.

"I have another very important piece of news for you," Wallion continued. "Raebel and I, with the help of certain interested persons in various quarters, have settled the question of Tarraschin's memorandum, which is now in the hands of its rightful owner. Yes, Sergius Tassler, you must forgive me, but you know you had really no right to it at all! You shall not be a loser in the matter. I am authorized to inform the Bernin family—that they are at liberty to return to Russia."

He smilingly deprecated their delighted expressions of gratitude, and continued:

"This brings the whole matter to a definite conclusion. Gabriel Ortiz' gigantic 'coup' has failed, and he himself has vanished without leaving any trace. I suppose you have seen the notices in the newspapers about the mysterious mine-explosion? That's the end of a many-sided adventure. By special request from an influential quarter, no official report will be published. The fourteen men who were arrested will be deported. Whatever the future holds, my friends, none of you will ever hear anything more of Gabriel Ortiz."

He was silent for a little. "He was a man, after all!" he added, but he saw that none of them quite understood him. Sonia had clasped Sergius' hand, and regardless of them all, was pressing it to her cheek. Wallion bowed gallantly to her.

"I wish you a happier and brighter future," he said, smiling; "you are worthy of it!"

With these words, he left the room, and they looked after him with a pang of regret in the midst of their happiness, for they felt that they were losing a friend, and that his path might never again cross their own.

—o—

A letter from Maurice Wallion to the author, dated Montreal, July 20th, 1918.

"My dear Author,

"I suppose it must be! Tell what happened at the Copper House in your own way; of course, there will be more fiction than fact, but that can't be helped.

"You can say that I was mistaken as I have never been mistaken before; (except in the case of Madame Loretta Chandeloup, whose story I will tell you some day). I believed that Gabriel Ortiz could be conquered, and I was wrong. The man died unconquered. I salute his memory; I could have wished to be his friend.

"Don't forget to lay stress upon one thing; that two important points in this mad adventure have never been cleared up. First, what became of all that was left of Ortiz' millions? They disappeared, as though by magic, from the banks, between the 10th and 20th of July, 1917. The Whirlpool engulfed them, and it is a mystery to me what became of them.

"The second point is: is Gabriel Ortiz really dead? What

whole selfish "system" by which tariff legislation is drawn and passed.

The system comprises a broad interlocking structure of devices—pressure, manipulation and log-rolling—by which powerful economic groups get special privileges, subsidies and exemptions at the public expense. They bring almost irresistible influence to bear on senators and representatives. Their lobbyists besiege congressional committees where the agents of the consumer are never, and of the farmer seldom, heard. We have seen how they worm their way into the committee room to influence rates. They raise huge campaign funds, as Mr.

Grundy calmly admits he did, in the expectation of reciprocal tariff favors; and when the campaign is over they proceed to collect just as a business man does on a promissory note. They arrange log-rolling deals by which one interest trades votes with another to gain selfish ends of both. As the elder La Follette said of Aldrich in his autobiography, they convert legislators who are supposed to look at the national interest into well-rewarded attorneys for local and special interests.

It is a consolation to think that the "system" is being more effectively shown up this year than even when La Follette, Beveridge and Dill—r exposed the Aldrich bill, or

when Senator Quay was forced to admit speculating on his inside knowledge of pending tariff changes. As various senators said the pending bill has fallen under a shadow of general discredit. A little more, and public disgust will make it possible to do away with the system entirely and resort to the same type of alternative procedure which Governor Smith outlined a year ago.

Q. Is poor eyesight a common failing? D. W.

A. It is estimated that at least one person out of four, has vision defective enough not to be able to do close work without serious eye strain.

THE MASTER MAN

BY

RUBY M. AYRES

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

They had turned in at the little station yard, and Patricia had thrown open the low door of the car and tried to get out before he had brought it to a standstill.

"Do you want to break your neck?" he asked angrily.

She turned stormy eyes on him.

"You wouldn't care if I did," she said. "I believe you'd be glad."

Milward laughed outright.

The car was at a standstill now, and he took her dressing-case and followed her into the station.

"You'll have to hurry—the train is in," he said.

He found a carriage for her and deposited the case on the rack.

There was only a moment before the train started.

Milward stood at the open door, a little breathless with his hurry.

"Goodbye, and try to forgive me," he said.

Patricia ignored his offered hand.

"I hope I shall never see you again," she said.

He stood back from the door as the train began to move.

"Oh, I think you will," he answered easily.

CHAPTER II.

"But it's monstrous—monstrous!" said Patricia. She leaned forward, her hands clutched the arms of the big chair in which she sat, and stared at the man who had just finished reading from the pile of papers on the table before him.

Her face was colorless and her beautiful eyes blazed.

"He must have been mad," she said again hoarsely. "He always told me that everything would be mine—everybody knew it!" She tried to laugh. "Oh, there's some mistake, of course; there must be another will."

Mr. Phillips shrugged his shoulders.

"I am afraid there is no mistake," he said, with unwonted gentleness. "This will was only made a month ago, and Mr. Rolf knew quite well what he was doing. It was a surprise to me, I admit. I always looked upon you as his heiress—everybody did. I had no idea that Mr. Rolf had ever intended to change his will. I most certainly had no idea that his son was still living."

Patricia leaned back again

actually happened that night out in the Baltic? The red glare haunts me!

"You know that Russia is still suffering. Kerensky's fall soon succeeded that of Ortiz; neither of them was strong enough to steer the drifting ship, which still awaits its master-pilot. Bolsheviks, Czech-Slovaks, monarchists, and foreign powers are injuring themselves without gaining one atom of honor or happiness in exchange for all the blood they are shedding. Is Ortiz still behind the scenes? Has he risen from his grave to play the 'grand jeu' I cannot tell. You may say: after all, he was only a grain of dust in the whirlpool. Possibly, has not a grain of dust been able to change the course of the world before now?"

"It is just a year today since I fought him at the Copper House for Tarraschin's memorandum. Somehow I feel that I shall see him again; I would stake my life on it!"

"Good-bye, and, perhaps, au revoir!"

"In haste, between two adventures,

"Yours very sincerely,

"Maurice Wallion."

THE END.

In Bath, England, water is still flowing through the lead pipes that were used in Roman times.

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in her chair; she felt faint and giddy.

"I don't believe he is alive," she forced herself to say. "I believe it's all some cruel joke—he was always cruel! He told me himself that his son had died years ago. He never spoke of him. Oh, I am sure that it cannot be true."

Mr. Phillips did not answer. He felt very sorry for this girl. He had done his best to persuade his client to leave her at least a small income. He recalled his own indignant words now as he looked at Patricia's stunned face:

"You have brought her up in luxury; you have encouraged her in extravagant tastes for 14 years, and now you leave her without a penny! What will become of her? What can she do?"

And a little shiver of distaste shook him as he remembered Peter Rolf's mirthless laugh as he had answered:

"She can go back to where she came from; it will do her good. She never showed me any affection—I owe her no consideration. Now, then, are you going to draw up that will, or shall I get someone else to do it?"

Peter Rolf had always been a determined man, and, even while he made his protest, Mr. Phillips had realized its hopeless futility. So the will had been made, leaving everything to this son whom everybody had believed to be dead.

It seemed a gross injustice. Mr. Phillips thought, as he looked at Patricia. He wondered what she would say if she could know how Peter Rolf had chuckled to think of her discomfort when the terms of his will became known.

He said again, gently:

"I hoped to be able to make him change his mind, or at least, to leave you something, Miss Rolf, but—"

Patricia turned on him furiously.

"Don't call me Miss Rolf—don't call me by his name; I won't have it. He must always have hated me—I am sure now that he did." Her voice trembled suddenly.

"What do you suppose will become of me? What in the wide world can I do?"

The lawyer cleared his throat nervously.

"You will probably marry," he said, courteously. "And, of course, young Mr. Rolf will see that something is done to provide for you; I am sure that he will do so."

She laughed scornfully.

"If he is anything like his father, he will hate me, too," she said. "Do you know him? Where is he now? And does he know about—about this—injustice?"

"I have not seen him or heard anything of him since he went away, 15 years ago. I always understood that he was dead. I can assure you that it was as much of a surprise to me as—"

She interrupted impatiently: "But now—where is he now?"

"In Australia."

"And he knows—about this?"

Mr. Phillips shook his head.

"I wrote—at Mr. Rolf's wish—as soon as this will was made, but he cannot yet have got the letter. I have sent a cable, of course. He will probably sail for England at once, but even then it will be six or seven weeks before he can possibly get here."

"And in the meantime what am I to do? Where am I to go?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

BLUE RIBBONS

In our rush for egg production, meat quality and so-called utility characteristics of poultry, there has been a growing tendency to disregard the finer points of breed, type and color and those characteristics of beauty and refinement which go to make up a pure-bred bird. We must not lose sight of size, type, color and purity of breeding. We will find ourselves a nation with mongrel poultry. We are just entering the show season. For the next two or three months, fall and winter shows will be held in almost every community throughout the nation. These exhibitions offer an opportunity for every poultryman to enter his birds or products, and the results can be used by him as a

LANternS IN HEN HOUSE

There is no question but what providing the laying flock with a 12-hour day throughout the winter by means of artificial light at the beginning or end of the day, or both, pays under western conditions. More and more farm flocks are being thus helped to make the best of warm houses and good rations during the months of short days. Generally, providing the poultry house with lights has been assumed to go hand in hand with electricity on the farm. But as yet a comparatively small per cent of farms are electrically equipped. During the last two years I have visited at

NEW ERA IN BEEF PRODUCTION

We are in a new day of beef production. In this new era here in the Middle West we are taking much of the speculative element out of beef-cattle feeding. The young, early starting, feed-from-birth-to-market baby beef is definite, and finally replacing the older, heavier cattle. Baby-beef production is taking the gamble out of cattle feeding.

With the old system of buying and feeding out heavy cattle, a feeder hesitated to make the venture unless he felt confident of a wide margin. Even then he could not be sure of the outcome of the enterprise. It was this type of feeding which gave the cattle-feeding game the gambling reputation.

In order to help meet this changing condition and to aid farmers with the newer system of cattle feeding, we have built a part of our animal husbandry extension work around a state-wide car-lot baby-beef feeding contest for the last two years. We have just completed the second of these contests. Out of these contests we have derived some valuable lessons.

First of all, we have found some most efficient baby-beef producers. J. H. George, Corning, Ia., who has won the contests in both years, has been able to make his whole carcasses of calves gain almost a pound and a half a day from the day they were born until they went to market, weighing 1,000 to 1,100 pounds at 13 to 15 months of age.

One point driven home by the contests is the heavy losses incurred from diseases, some of which are easily preventable. For example, nine out of 50 farmers who entered the first contest had to drop out because of the losses from black-leg. This was amazing, for a safe, easy, inexpensive and sure method has been in use for some years in preventing this disease. The preventive, of course, is vaccination.

The contests also have shown that heifers are not so good feeders as steers, on the whole. The heifers averaged 7 per cent lighter than the steers in the state contest.

It has been urged that it is wise to castrate and dehorn feeder calves while they are young. That this is good policy has been demonstrated in the contests.

Another outstanding lesson from these contests has been the difference in the ability of their progeny of making good use of their feed. In the same herd, calves from certain cows forge far ahead of others by the same sire. All, of course, had an equal chance.

Why should we not work out, as is obviously needed, some kind of record of performance for beef cattle to measure their productive ability, such as we have had for 50 years with dairy cattle?

OLD METHODS VS. NEW

We frequently come across someone who knows of some new and better way of doing things. Everywhere there are new inventions and improvements, many of which cannot be patented, but which nevertheless are going to have a lot of influence on our ways of doing business. Most people do not realize how rapid has been the change in our ways of feeding both human beings and animals. High powered advertising has so shell-shocked us that sometimes we fail to recognize truth merely because it is shouted at us too loudly.

Corn and Vitamin D have undoubtedly revolutionized the poultry business. The mixing of tankage with alfalfa meal, linseed oil meal, minerals and other feeds has made the raising of hogs far more profitable. Trapping and selection have made the White Leghorn into an extraordinary egg machine. Of course, in the machinery world changes are stealing up on us all the time. It was only a few years ago that a tractor was developed to cultivate three or four rows of corn at a time, and now we have successful two-row tractor corn pickers, which, in good corn, have husked over 1,500 bushels of corn in a day. Some farmers are actually producing their corn and small grain with only about one half as much labor as used to be required.

Of course, the saving in labor is offset to some extent by the increased outlay in machinery. In fact, these wonderful new inventions oftentimes cost more than they are worth during the first few years after their introduction. But after a short time they are either improved or the price is cheapened, and the result is that thousands of farmers find that they can out-compete their neighbors by using the new devices. The inventive urge is in the air, and this means that all of us must be on our toes continually, reading the papers, attending farm demonstrations, talking to machinery people, and learning from county agents.

It also means that some of us must be on our guard not to spend too much money on things which have not yet been fully proved. Others of us must be on our guard against the inclination to stay in the old rut long after it has been proved possible to make more money by the new methods.

BOVINE "T. B." ERADICATION.

Those who have objected to a program of eradicating bovine tuberculosis held that it was impossible to eradicate this disease, must get little comfort out of the results which are being obtained. Much evidence can be cited to show how erroneous the reasons are of those who would let bovine tuberculosis run its course. Many states offer substantial evidence that tuberculosis is on the decrease and notwithstanding the imperfection of the tuberculin test, real progress is being made in subduing this cattle disease. A report from one western agricultural college states that in one county in their territory less than .07 of 1 per cent of the animals are affected. This is almost absolute eradication. Nearly 12,000 cattle were tested and only 9 reactors found. In another county where 32,000 cows were tested, only 212 reactors were found, when on first test there were nearly 1,500. In other words, the percentage of infection in this county on the first test was 4.78 per cent, while on the second test it was only 0.66 per cent. We hear some say that the tuberculin test does not reveal the diseased animals. To this it can be stated that the animals slaughtered from these sections show a marked decrease in tuberculosis. In fact, in some sections scarcely any diseased animals are found upon slaughter at the packing houses.

A DUCKLING RATION

The best food for the new hatchery ducklings is bread moistened with milk, with a little fine grit and powdered charcoal sprinkled on it.

least a dozen farms, says an investigation of poultry warfare, where it was called to my attention that lanterns had been used to furnish light for the chicken house. In most cases, these were gasoline lanterns, although I know at least one farm woman reported the use of an oil pressure kerosene lamp. If equipped with reflectors of the right sort and hung in the right part of the poultry house, these lanterns have proved a safe and desirable sort of light. For those without electricity, this sort of lighting for the poultry house is worth investigation and trial.

Whole System Putrid.

From New York World.

It fell to Senator George of Georgia to make the really final comment on the affair of Senator Bingham and Mr. Eyanston. The report of the Caraway committee as "was expected, confined itself to facts without comment." In debate, Mr. Caraway ably brought out the impropriety of introducing a salaried agent of local interests into the group of senators drafting a great national measure to see that these local interests were given the special privileges they craved. But Senator George went beyond this in showing how the episode is typical of the

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