

THE BELATED EXTRA

By W. T. WATERS, JR.

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NOTHING could have been more hideous than the series of mysterious murders down in Southend. The whole city was horrified to find the spotlight of the country turned unblinkingly on one of its own suburbs.

The fourth and last murder had been the most atrocious of all. A steady young bookkeeper, head of a happy little household, with his arms full of week-end packages. Searchers found him late that night. The bundles were scattered about just as they had fallen. A cabbage lay unrolled from the wrappings. Some oranges had rolled out of a paper sack and lay scattered in the mud at the edge of the sidewalk.

The bookkeeper himself—well, there were no evidences of robbery. There was the same lack of apparent motive that had characterized all the other killings of the past three months. The same devilish hand seemed to show in all of them.

The police were baffled. Such faint clues as they managed to unearth led them nowhere. The city was getting nervous. Men asked each other timidly where this thing would stop. Few were bold enough to walk the streets of Southend—or, for that matter, any other part of the city—after nightfall.

Haden, star man of the News, was on the story for his paper. For days he had not been seen about the office. Not a line of copy came from him. To his mates he himself had become a mystery.

Early on this particular afternoon he sat in whispering conference with Farnum, managing editor of the News, and Burke, the city editor, in the former's office.

"It's the biggest story of my life," Haden was saying. "I've tied every thread together, and there's no doubt on earth that I've located the fiend. Whatever you think about my yarn now, before the day's over you'll have to believe it. He's the man, and no mistake. I've hardly lost sight of him for three days. At three o'clock I met Roswell. He's the deputy, you know. Then we go together and get the warrant, and after that there's nothing to do but serve it."

Farnum laughed nervously. "Just be careful, Haden."

"Roswell doesn't know where he's going, and has no way of knowing till I tell him. Nobody knows but you and me. I've promised Roswell all the credit if he keeps his head shut. Every hole is plugged. There just can't be a leak outside the office. If it's kept tight inside here we'll wake them all up with the biggest story of the decade—facts, solution, all."

"I think it won't get out from here," Farnum opined, smiling with a show of satisfaction, and pointing to his locked desk. "In here's the type and the only proof that's been taken. The foreman of the composing room himself set it last night, after everybody had gone. He wouldn't tell under torture. If you've got it sewed up outside, Haden, it's in a bag here. We'll stand by till you phone to let 'er go. Then she goes."

Haden stood up, looking at his watch.

"Fair enough, then. I'll have to get along. We've got to be prompt to the dot. He doesn't vary a second. Roswell and I will get out there and wait, and then while the fit is on him, while he's in his own trap with all the gruesome stuff around him, we'll get him."

"It's a ticklish business, and you don't want to get hurt," said Burke, shifting in his chair.

"Oh, I'm not fooling myself about that part of it," Haden answered, shaking his head and smiling. "I warned Roswell to come prepared for trouble. And he knows I never joke."

He opened the door and stepped across the threshold, lowering his voice, though there was no one in sight in the corridor.

"When you hear 'let 'er go' from me you can just send that extra sizzling out, for I won't say it unless everything is all right. So long."

With a nod and a smile he closed the door and was gone.

The regular city edition of the afternoon run was off the presses and gone. The big machines in the bowels of the building were thundering forth the out-of-town edition. One of them was not working, however. Its crew had been ordered to "stand by," and they waited without knowing or caring the reason. The boss pressman himself had slipped the casts on the cylinder, and nobody else below knew they were there waiting for the press of a button that would send them racing into the extra which was to startle the country.

Burke, on the top floor, held his whole force of reporters together.

"Something's up, I'm thinking, and it's got the bosses scared, from the looks of things," said Hurdy, of the courthouse run, to Fisk, the city hall man, as they sat together with their feet elevated upon a litter-straw table. But no explanation was forthcoming, so they talked of other things.

Burke sat at his desk, apparently busy. His thoughts, however, were swirling through doubt and conjecture. Farnum, nervously pacing the floor of the local room, caught Burke's eye once in passing, but neither changed

expression or spoke. The telephone rang time and again. At each ring Farnum and Burke thought their nerves would snap till the call was answered.

One of the rings came from Carson, the man on police. He wearily reported an ambulance call from "somewhere down south." He was told to rush what he could for the night edition, if the story turned up anything.

The wait went on and on. The blank, meaningless strain began to worry the men. They tried to busy themselves at their desks with dub stories for the next day. The endless clatter of the telegraph keys at their gossip and the sporadic ringing of the telephones upon a flat silence grew irritating.

A shrill cry came up from the street below.

Burke leaped to his feet and rushed to a window, with Farnum beside him. A faint clamor of treble voices, growing in volume every second, was to be heard from the street below. Burke slammed the window open.

"Extra—a! All about de—"

Carson burst into the room behind them.

"It's Haden," he groaned. "Oh, my Lord, he's gone! Here it is." He thrust a flaring extra of the Sentinel under Burke's eyes. "It was that ambulance call. I had just landed the story when the boys caught me with this down on the street."

Every man in the office was standing alert. Without a word they gathered around Carson and Burke, listening silently and tensely to what Burke read aloud:

MURDER FIEND IN SOUTHEND GETS TWO MORE
Deputy Sheriff and Newspaper Man Latest Victims

Albert Haden of the News and Deputy Sheriff Roswell found dying and dead behind "haunted" shack in fury-ridden district. Mystery piled on mystery. Police summoned by call from unknown source and respond with reserves and bloodhounds, finding Haden and Roswell in weeds behind abandoned house on Allen road where son killed parents thirty years ago. Shack surrounded by officers. Besiegers under fire of murderer fend within walls. He cannot escape.

Then Burke's eyes skipped to other lines of big type below these:

Haden, in delirium on hospital table, mutters "Let 'er go! Let 'er go!"

Farnum burst out of the group and disappeared through the door.

"Quick, the last mother's son of us!" commanded Burke. "Carson and Hurdy to the shack. Fisk to the hospital. Brady—"

He shot orders right and left, while the telephones rang madly and men vanished like magic. The presses were already rumbling and roaring angrily in their pit.

They were still hot and fuming from their mad race through extra after extra when, about midnight, Haden became aware that Farnum was standing beside his cot in the hospital. He regarded him steadily for several moments, to be sure that he was not seeing another of the phantasms that had been bothering him in his fevered dreams. Farnum was smiling.

"Did we make it?" Haden strained to make his question audible.

Farnum nodded. "They got him," he added.

Whereupon Haden closed his eyes again, and without further ado went back to sleep.

Bird Songsters Not of the Same Family

William Lyon Phelps, in a pleasant article in Scribner's Magazine, expresses some surprise that the English blackbird sings so beautifully, while our own blackbirds produce so poor a quality of music. After hearing our blackbirds, grackles and redwings, when Professor Phelps heard in Europe "a strain of the loveliest music in the world" he could hardly believe it when they told him it was a blackbird singing. The English or European blackbird is not a blackbird at all, according to the American understanding of that designation. The English blackbird belongs to the thrush family, of which our hermit thrush, wood thrush and robin are prominent members. They all sing well. In fact, musical ability runs in the thrush family wherever its representatives are found. The English blackbird is really our robin, except that he differs somewhat in appearance, the variations being due perhaps to climatic conditions. No wonder he can sing! The bird known in England as the robin is really a warbler, not related at all to our robin except that both are birds.—Ohio State Journal.

Musical Changes

One musician explains that the term "blues," now given to combinations of major and minor chords with lapses into sevenths, was applied by tramping musicians to unintentional discordant sounds. A musician who played too many blue notes was discharged. Nowadays, the more notes of this kind, suggestive of cat, dog, cow or train that he makes, the more valuable he is to a musical organization.

Norway's Capital

According to tradition King Harold founded in 1048 a town on the eastern part of the present city of Christiania, to which he gave the name of Oslo, a name never explained satisfactorily. In 1626 it was burned, but although incorporated with the city of Christiania, the old Oslo had never been altogether given up, the citizens retaining their ancient privileges and their ancient coat-of-arms.

DAIRY

BLUE GRASS LISTED AS PAYING PASTURE

Kentucky blue grass is the ideal grass for pastures, says J. W. White, soils research specialist of the Pennsylvania State College experiment station. It is high in nutritive value and also in its ability to improve the fertility of the soil.

According to White, approximately four million acres, or one-third of the total improved farm land in Pennsylvania is in pasture. A large percentage of this is either located on rough mountainous land unsuited for tillage, or on land that has been depleted of fertility by continuous cropping without return of sufficient plant food. This so-called pasture land is of little economic value in this state, he says, and it requires many acres of such pasture to maintain a grazing animal, such as a dairy cow.

"Farmers too often utilize all their best land for cultivation; thus making it necessary to use the poorer land for pasture," states White. "This inherited practice should be overcome by the dairy farmer, because by following it he is not getting the best returns from his land."

Most of the pasture studies conducted by eastern experiment stations have dealt largely with an attempt to rejuvenate old pastures of extensive acreages rather than to attempt to develop highly productive pastures on farm land similar to that used for general farm crops. White has been using high-grade soils for permanent pasture experiments.

Experiments conducted at the experiment station on the same soils and with the same treatment show the value of blue grass pasture compared to a grain rotation. In one of these where complete fertilizers were used the pasture, which contained four acres, on the average produced 1,986 pounds of crude digestible proteins as compared with 633 pounds produced on the same number of acres in a four-year rotation.

Dysentery or Scours in Calves Is Preventable

Dysentery or scours in new-born calves is commonly called "white scours" or "calf cholera" and is caused by germs born in the calf or contracted by way of the udder or mouth just after birth. There is no specific medicinal remedy, but the disease can be prevented with a fair degree of success in the following way: Provide a new, sanitary calving pen and calf pen. At birth, saturate the stump of the navel with tincture of iodine and then dust it with powdered starch or finely sifted slacked lime. Cleanse and disinfect the cow's udder and teats before the calf is allowed to nurse. As soon as possible after birth have a veterinarian immunize each calf with polyvalent calf dysenteric serum, or white scours bacteria. The serum has also some remedial effect. When the disease is prevalent in a herd it is best not to let calves nurse their dams but to feed milk from a cow that has been "fresh" for some time.

Certain Feeds Tend to Give Undesirable Odors

The fact that certain feeds under certain conditions tend to produce undesirable flavors and odors in milk has caused the United States dairy bureau to conduct feeding trials and determine results with a view to making suggestions helpful to farmers in overcoming the difficulty.

Department bulletins entitled as follows have been issued by the United States Department of Agriculture: Bulletin No. 1067, "The Effect of Silage on the Flavor and Odor of Milk"; No. 1190, "Effect of Feeding Green Alfalfa and Green Corn on the Flavor and Odor of Milk"; No. 1208, "Effect of Feeding Turnips on the Flavor and Odor of Milk"; and No. 1297, "Effect of Feeding Cabbage and Potatoes on Flavor and Odor of Milk."

These bulletins may be secured by writing to the United States Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

Dairy Notes

Watch calves fed alfalfa for any tendency toward scouring.

The scrub bull in a herd is far more destructive than the proverbial "bull in a china shop."

The value and importance of using good bulls is essential to the economical development of the dairy industry.

More and more dairy farmers are selling their "star boarders" for beef as the work of the cow-testing associations spreads.

Ground oats are especially good for bulls. Cottonseed meal is generally looked upon with disfavor, since it may cause impotency.

In order to get a profit from milking cows it is necessary to keep good animals and to give them good care. This means a comfortable barn, a silo and plenty of hay and forage.

When they fail to respond to increases in the size of the ration, feed dairy cows according to production if you would profit according to feeding.

POULTRY

COMMERCIAL GRADES FOR MARKET EGGS

William H. Lapp, of the Iowa Agricultural college, in a circular gives the following description of the ordinary commercial egg grades:

Extras—These are eggs weighing from 24 to 28 ounces to the dozen and are uniform in size and fairly uniform in shape and color. They must be free from heat or germ development. The air cell must not be larger than the size of a dime.

Firsts—These are eggs weighing from 22 to 24 ounces to the dozen, uniform in size, and fairly uniform in shape and color. They must be free from heat, with an air cell not much larger than that of an extra. The shell must be sound and clean.

Seconds—These are made up of light stains and dirties, heated and stale eggs, also small eggs or any others not classified above but edible.

Checks—These are slightly broken eggs.

Cracks—These are generally classed with checks.

Leakers—Leakers are broken eggs where the liquid is escaping.

Rejects—These are the eggs unfit for food.

In securing eggs that will class as "extras" or "firsts," Professor Lapp suggests that the following points be kept in mind:

1. Take pride in the eggs you sell.
2. Keep a flock of good standard bred stock. Hatch only large, select eggs.
3. Keep nests clean and plenty of them.
4. Do not keep eggs in a place above 90 degrees temperature.
5. Keep litter in house clean.
6. Separate males from flock as soon as hatching season is over.
7. Do not market small, inferior eggs. Use them at home.
8. Do not wash dirty eggs if they are intended for market.
9. Keep eggs covered when taking them to market.
10. An egg is generally good quality when it is produced. Don't help to deteriorate the quality. Market eggs often.

One difficulty in the way of the Iowa farmer in working higher grades on eggs is that in a great many cases higher grades are not rewarded by proportionately higher prices, due to the indiscriminate attitude of some local buyers. The co-operative egg selling associations of Minnesota and Missouri have found that the quality of the eggs handled goes up very promptly after the returns for the first lots have been received. As soon as farmers are sure that they are going to get premiums for their high quality, their percentage of "extras" and "firsts" goes up markedly.

Necessary to Have Eggs Clean in Fowls' Nests

It is necessary to have the eggs clean in the nests, because washing eggs takes time and also removes the natural bloom. One common cause of dirty eggs is the habit of pullets roosting in the nests. This can soon be broken up by going through the houses just after roosting time and removing such birds to the roosts. Spending a few minutes in the houses just at sundown to frighten the pullets from the nests will teach them to select another roosting place themselves. Then they are most apt to go back to the regular roosts each night.

Walking on dirty dropping boards is another cause of dirty eggs. Some poultrymen nail strips of two-inch mesh wire under each roosting section. This permits the droppings to fall through to the boards but keeps the hens from walking on the boards. They have to hop from perch to perch and then down into the litter and will have cleaner feet when going on the nests in the morning. The mesh of the wire may be fine enough to catch any eggs laid during the night and save them from breaking.

Poultry Facts

Provide plenty of oyster shell in addition to grit.

Sunshine keeps chicks growing rapidly. Give them plenty.

A chicken doesn't drink very much at a time, but that's no sign that it doesn't need any water.

Tuberculosis in poultry causes an unthrifty condition, especially in the older birds. They get poor and thin, lose flesh rapidly in most cases, and many of them get lame.

If one is not careful on mash feeding, there is danger of getting the chicks off feed by giving too much.

The first six weeks of a chick's life is the most critical period. The largest per cent of losses occurs during this time.

Plenty of shade should be provided for growing chicks. When allowed to range in an orchard or cornfield, they will not only find ample shade and green feed, but will benefit the trees or corn by destroying bugs and worms.

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Instructing Her Doll.
Little Annette had overheard the people next door quarreling. Shortly afterwards as she was sitting on the piazza with her doll, she said very impressively: "Now, Dorris, when you know I am right, you must never, never talk backward to me."

Mythological Goddess.
In mythology, "Bellona" was the wife of Mars and the goddess of war. Her parents were called Bellonari. On the 24th of March, Bellona's day, her votaries hacked themselves with knives and drank the blood of their sacrifices.

Beautiful Thought
As the sparks falling on the river, so shall the glories of our strength go out. But the graces of the holy soul shall be as the brightness of the firmament, and as the stars for ever and ever.—John Martineau.

Removing Paint Spots.
Paints spots on glazed tiles are removed by soaking the paint with a few drops of strong ammonia and scraping off with a wooden stick. For removing paint from unglazed tiles, ammonia, soap and hot water, scouring powder and sharp sand may be used.

Joys of Spring.
More than 100,000 people joined in ceremonies celebrating the Setsubun, or advent of spring. Buddhist families revived the ceremony of driving out the devil, which consists of throwing roasted peas in their homes and shouting, "Out with the devil."

Played Heavy Part at Ninety.
Charles Macklin, English actor and dramatist of the Eighteenth century, who lived to be one hundred years old, created, when he was ninety, the strenuous part of Maccyphani in his own play, "The Man of the World."

Not Worth While.
"There is no tax on brains," remarks an exchange. The revenue would be too small, brother, the Boston Transcript replies.

Hand Lever Lifeboat.
A lifeboat made in England is operated with hand levers instead of oars, which are apt to be lost or damaged.

Slow in Development.
The upright piano was invented in 1807, although it was many years before it even approached its present perfection.

Control of Breathing.
The nerves that control our breathing are controlled in their turn by the concentration of carbon dioxide in the blood.—Science Service.

Rights and Duties.
No human being is entitled to any "right," any privilege that is not correlated with the obligation to perform duty.—Roosevelt.

Dragon Fly's Antiquity.
The dragon fly is the most ancient insect known to scientists and has the least complex anatomy.

On His Dignity.
Marylebone Wife — "My husband obeys me in everything, but when there is a stranger about he disobeys me to show that he is not obliged to be obedient."—London Tit-Bits.

Punishment.
Teacher (to sleeping pupil)—You're not fit to sit by anyone with sense. Come up and sit by me.

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Consolation.
Scientists have discovered that after all the honey bees lose a good share of its time, electing to hang around the hive, gossiping with its cronies. This assurance will be a relief to mere human beings, to whom the supposedly 100 per cent industry of the bee was a reproach.

Famous Executioner.
Jack Ketch, who died in 1686, was famous in England as an executioner. When Punch and Judy was introduced in England, shortly before Jack's death, his name was quickly associated with the execution of the puppets.

Boy and Man.
The boy who used to spend about fifteen years wishing he could put on long pants has grown to be a golf-worshipping man who spends the whole winter awaiting an opportunity to put on short ones.—Fort Wayne News-Sentinel.

Perils of Boston.
Two Boston citizens required the services of a policeman to protect them from the fury of a gigantic rat that attacked them on the street. Somebody must have left the lid off the bean pot.—Rochester Herald.

London's Parks.
There are many more than a dozen parks in and around London. An American, voicing the usual surprise of his countrymen, once described London as "a series of parks with some houses between."

All, All Alone.
"Eat a raw onion every day and you'll be happy and healthy," advises a doctor. And you'll find there'll be more room for you in the trains and buses, too.—London Opinion.

Similar Experiences.
A bulldog at Macon, Ga., has been given two baby tigers to raise, and some day that bulldog is going to feel just like most American parents do now.—American Lumberman.

About as Hard.
Renewing one's notes sometimes reminds one of the difficulties met in trying to renew one's youth.—Milwaukee Journal.

Source of Straw Hats.
Straw, from which most straw hats are made, is grown from special varieties of wheat in China, Japan and Italy.

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