

CONFERENCE TO HELP FARMERS

WAREHOUSE PROBLEM TO BE DISCUSSED

Plans Which Will Be Under Consideration Have as Object Increase of Credit, and Greater Choice in Marketing.

(Bulletin Washington Bureau.) WASHINGTON, D. C., June 11.—

Financing of the farmer along modern and scientific lines so that he may warehouse his products and borrow on the warehouse receipts will be discussed at a conference here next Monday before Secretary of Agriculture Wallace and Secretary of Commerce Hoover. It will be one of the most important of its kind ever held in the interest of advancing agriculture to the same financial basis as manufacturing and mining.

Representatives of various farm organizations, elevators and grain dealers, insurance companies and other associations interested have been invited to attend.

The proposal is to provide a method by which the farmer may be given unlimited storage facilities for his grain and receive a warehouse certificate in such form and under such conditions that it would pass as an order for delivery of the grain.

Aims Are Many.

It would thus greatly increase his borrowing power and would relieve him of the pressure of selling his grain except at his own option. It would enable him to haul his grain at the time of the greatest farm economy without being compelled to sell at that time. It would extend his credit area far beyond his local bank. It would place him in the same position as to credit as is the grain dealer.

The present system of local elevators and warehouses of small capacity, relying upon immediate dispatch to larger capacity terminal elevators, makes it impossible for the local elevator to give long storage of grain in any quantity. Owing to this situation, if the farmer wishes to retain his grain until more favorable marketing conditions he must hold it at the farm, then he must borrow money from his local bank, where the credit is a personal one and limited by the ability and consideration of the local banker.

In turn the ability of the local banker to extend credit is greatly limited by his relation to the federal reserve system.

Plan in Outline.

The proposal is, therefore:

(a) That the country elevator should receive all grain offered for storage and issue a certificate as to quantity, grade and quality, showing on its face the rate of charge for warehousing, storage and insurance against fire and other risks.

(b) That the country elevator should have the right to ship grain to the natural terminal elevator and, upon presentation of the certificate, deliver grain of the same or higher grade at the terminal, with proper reflection of freight charges. If the grain had moved into a terminal elevator, the charges for freight and handling, together with accumulated storage and insurance, would be deducted from the sale value.

(c) That the storage certificate should be safeguarded by a method of insurance by the liability companies.

(d) As there must be an absolute settlement between the country elevator and the farmer as to quantity, grade and quality, there must be some ready method of appeal in case of disagreement.

Appeal System Needed.

This might be arranged by farmers and country elevator operators agreeing to abide by a determination of sample made by some nearby authority, such as the grade supervisor of the department of agriculture. Experience with millions of transactions under the grain corporation during the war showed that such disagreements are extremely rare and do not entail many appeals.

If the above plan can be made practicable, the farmer will have a prime collateral which will open to him a much wider circle of credit than that of his own local bank. Through the sale of his certificates he would be able to place his grain on the market at any time he wished under no compulsion by seasonal or financial reasons to accept a market price at variance with his own option.

The conference is to determine to what degree such a plan will benefit the position of the farmer, how far it will increase the mobility of his credit, how far it can be made workable from the point of view of elevator operators and insurance companies, and the methods and machinery by which it can be set in motion. If the plan can be made practicable, it will in no way overlap or replace cooperative activities. Its function, being to render farmers' credit security more mobile, will, in fact, contribute to any cooperative effort.

The Rosicrucians.

The Rosicrucians were members of a mystic secret society which became known to the public early in the Seventeenth century, and was alleged to have been founded by a German noble called Christian Rosenkreuz in 1388. He was said to have died at the age of 100. The Rosicrucians pretended to be able to transmute metals, to prolong life and to know what was passing in distant places. Their secret was never revealed, if there was one to reveal. The society is said to have died out in the Eighteenth century.

What He Loses.

It is all right for a man to get married. It is the natural thing and the desirable thing for him to do. But he should understand one thing. When he gets married he exchanges the friendly interest of every other woman in the world for the open suspicion of one.—Philadelphia Ledger.



BULL-DOG DRUMMOND

The Adventures of A Demobilized Officer Who Found Peace Dull

by CYRIL McNEILE "SAPPER" Illustrations by IRWIN MYERS Copyright by Geo H Doran Co

At one o'clock the car swung up to The Elms. For the last ten minutes Hugh had been watching the invalid in the corner, who was making frantic efforts to loosen his gag. His eyes were rolling horribly, and he swayed from side to side in his seat, but the bandages round his hands held firm and at last he gave it up.

Even when he was lifted out and carried indoors he did not struggle; he seemed to have sunk into a sort of apathy. Drummond followed with dignified calmness, and was led into a room off the hall.

In a moment or two Peterson entered, followed by his daughter. "Ah! my young friend," cried Peterson affectionately, "I hardly thought you'd give me such an easy run as this." He put his hand into Drummond's pockets, and pulled out his revolver and a bundle of letters. "To your bank," he murmured. "Oh! surely, surely not that as well. Not even stamped. Un-god him, Irma—and untie his hands. My very dear young friend—you pain me."

"I wish to know, Mr. Peterson," said Hugh quietly, "by what right this dastardly outrage has been committed. A friend of mine, sick in bed—removed, abducted in the middle of the night; to say nothing of me."

With a gentle laugh Irma offered him a cigarette. "Mon Dieu!" she remarked, "but you are most gloriously ugly, my Hugh!"

Peterson, with a faint smile, opened the envelope in his hand. And, even as he pulled out the contents, he paused suddenly and the smile faded from his face. From the landing upstairs came a heavy crash, followed by a flood of the most appalling language.

"What the—h—I do you think you're doing, you flat-faced son of a Maltese goat? And where the h—I am I, anyway?"

"I must apologize for my friend's language," murmured Hugh gently, "but you must admit he has some justification. Besides, he was, I regret to state, quite wonderfully drunk earlier this evening, and just as he was sleeping it off these desperadoes abducted him."

The next moment the door burst open, and an infuriated object rushed in. His face was wild, and his hand was bandaged, showing a great red stain on the thumb.

"What's this—jest?" he howled furiously. "And this d—d bandage all covered with red ink?"

"You must ask my friend here, Mullings," said Hugh. "He's got a peculiar sense of humor. Anyway, he's got the bill in his hand."

In silence they watched Peterson open the paper and read the contents, while the girl leaned over his shoulder.

To Mr. Peterson, Godalming. £ s. d.

- To hire of one demobilized soldier
- To making him drunk (in this item present strength and cost of drink and soldier's capacity must be allowed for)
- To bottle of red ink
- To shock to system
- Total

CHAPTER IV.

In Which He Spends a Quiet Night at The Elms.

ONE.

"It is a little difficult to know what to do with you, young man," said Peterson gently, after a long silence. "I knew you had no tact."

Drummond leaned back in his chair and regarded his host with a faint smile.

"I must come to you for lessons, Mr. Peterson. Though I frankly admit," he added penitently, "that I have never been brought up to regard the forcible abduction of a harmless individual and a friend who is sleeping off the effects of what low people call a jug as being strictly typical of that admirable quality."

Peterson's glance rested on the disheveled man still standing by the door, and after a moment's thought he leaned forward and pressed a bell.

"Take that man away," he said abruptly to the servant who came into the room, "and put him to bed. I will consider what to do with him in the morning."

"Consider he d—d," howled Mullings, starting forward angrily. "You'll consider a thick ear, Mr. Blooming Know-all. What I want to know—"

"Do what the kind gentleman tells you, Mullings," said Hugh, "and go to bed." He lit a cigarette, and thoughtfully blew out a cloud of smoke.

"Stop this fooling," snarled Peterson. "Where have you hidden rotts?"

"Tush, tush," murmured Hugh. "You surprise me. I had formed such a charming mental picture of you, Mr. Peterson, as the strong, silent man who never lost his temper, and here you are, disappointing me at the beginning of our acquaintance."

For a moment he thought that Peterson was going to strike him, and his own fist clenched under the table.

"I wouldn't, my friend," he said quietly, "indeed I wouldn't. Because if you hit me, I shall most certainly hit you. And it will not improve your beauty."

Slowly Peterson sank back in his chair, and the veins which had been standing out on his forehead became normal again. He even smiled; only the ceaseless tapping of his hand on his left knee betrayed his momentary loss of composure. Drummond's fist unclenched, and he stole a look at the girl. She was in her favorite attitude on the sofa, and had not even looked up.

"I suppose that it is quite useless for me to argue with you," said Peterson after a while.

"I was a member of my school debating society," remarked Hugh reminiscently. "But I was never much good. I'm too obvious for argument. I'm afraid."

"You probably realize from what has happened tonight," continued Peterson, "that I am in earnest."

"I should be sorry to think so," answered Hugh. "If that is the best you can do, I'd cut it right out and start a tomato farm."

The girl gave a little gurgle of laughter and lit another cigarette.

"Will you come and do the dangerous part of the work for us, Monsieur Hugh?" she asked.

"If you promise to restrain the little fellows, I'll water them with pleasure," returned Hugh lightly.

Peterson rose and walked over to the window, where he stood motionless, staring out into the darkness. Hugh realized that the situation was what in military phraseology might be termed critical. There were in the house probably half a dozen men who, like their master, were absolutely unscrupulous. If it suited Peterson's book to kill him, he would not hesitate to do so for a single second.

For a moment the thought crossed his mind that he would take no chances by remaining in the house; that he would rush Peterson from behind and escape into the darkness of the garden. But it was only momentary—gone almost before it had come, for Hugh Drummond was not that manner of man—gone even before he noticed that Peterson was standing in such a position that he could see every detail of the room behind him reflected in the glass through which he stared.

A fixed determination to know what lay in that sinister brain replaced his temporary indecision. Events up to date had moved so quickly that he had hardly had time to get his bearings; even now the last twenty-four hours seemed almost a dream. And as he looked at the broad back and massive head of the man at the window, and from him to the girl lily smoking on the sofa, he smiled a little grimly. He had just remembered the thimblestick of the preceding evening. Assuredly the demobilized officer who found peace dull was getting his money's worth; and Drummond had a shrewd suspicion that the entertainment was only just beginning.

A sudden sound outside in the garden made him look up quickly. He saw the white gleam of a shirt front, and the next moment a man pushed open the window and came unsteadily into the room. It was Mr. Benton, and quite obviously he had been seeking consolation in the bottle.

"Have you got him?" he demanded thickly, steadying himself with a hand on Peterson's arm.

"I have not," said Peterson shortly, eyeing the swaying figure in front of him contemptuously. "For heaven's sake, sit down, man, before you fall down." He pushed Benton roughly into a chair, and resumed his impassive stare into the darkness.

The girl took not the slightest notice of the new arrival, who gazed stupidly at Drummond across the table.

"We seem to be moving in an atmosphere of cross-purposes, Mr. Benton," said the soldier affably. "I hope your daughter is quite well."

"Er—quite, thank you," muttered the other.

"Tell her, will you, that I propose to call on her before returning to London tomorrow."

With his hands in his pockets, Peterson was regarding Drummond from the window.

"You propose leaving us tomorrow, do you?" he said quietly.

Drummond stood up.

"I ordered my car for ten o'clock," he answered. "I am quite sure that I shall be more useful to Mr. Peterson at large than I am cooped up here. I might even lead him to this hidden treasure which he thinks I've got."

"You will do that, all right," remarked Peterson. "But at the moment I was wondering whether a little persuasion now—might not give me all the information I require more quickly and with less trouble."

A fleeting vision of a mangled, pulp-like thumb flashed across Hugh's mind; once again he heard that hideous cry, half animal, half human, which had echoed through the darkness the preceding night, and for an instant his breath came a little faster. Then he smiled, and shook his head.

"I think you are rather too good a Judge of human nature to try anything so foolish," he said thoughtfully. "You see, unless you kill me, which I don't think would suit your book, you might find explanations a little difficult tomorrow."

For a while there was silence in the room, broken at length by a short laugh from Peterson.

"For a young man, truly your perspicacity is great," he remarked. "Irma, is the blue room ready? If so, tell Luigi to show Captain Drummond to it."

"I will show him myself," she answered, rising.

Hugh saw a look of annoyance pass over Peterson's face as he turned to follow the girl, and it struck him that that gentleman was not best pleased at the turn of events. Then the door closed, and he followed his guide up the stairs.

The girl opened the door of a room and switched on the light. Then she



"Tell Me, You Ugly Man," She Murmured, "Why You Are Such a Fool."

led him smiling, and Hugh looked at her steadily. "Tell me, you ugly man," she murmured, "why you are such a fool."

Hugh smiled, and as has been said before, Hugh's smile transformed his face.

"I must remember that opening," he said. "It establishes a basis of intimacy at once, doesn't it?"

She swayed a little toward him, and then, before he realized her intention, she put a hand on his shoulder.

"Don't you understand," she whispered fiercely, "that they'll kill you!" She peered past him half fearfully, and then turned to him again. "Go, you idiot, go—while there's time. Get out of it—go abroad; do anything—out don't fool round here."

"It seems a cheerful household," remarked Hugh with a smile. "May I ask why you're all so concerned about me? Your estimable father gave me the same advice yesterday morning."

"Don't ask why," she answered feverishly, "because I can't tell you. Only you must believe that what I say is the truth—you must. It's just possible that if you go now and tell them where you've hidden the American you'll be all right. But if you don't—" Her hand dropped to her side suddenly. "Breakfast will be at nine, my Hugh; until then, au revoir."

He turned as she left the room, a little puzzled by her change of tone. Standing at the top of the stairs was Peterson, watching them both in silence.

TWO.

In the days when Drummond had been a platoon commander he had known many dangerous things. The ordinary joys of the infantry subaltern's life—such as going over the top, and carrying out raids—had not proved sufficient for his appetite. He had specialized in peculiar stunts of his own; stunts over which he was singularly reticent; stunts over which his men formed their own conclusions, and worshipped him accordingly.

But Drummond was no fool, and he had realized the vital importance of fitting himself for these stunts to the best of his ability. Enormous physical strength is a great asset, but it carries with it certain natural disadvantages. In the first place, its possessor is frequently clumsy; Hugh had practiced in France till he could move over ground without a single blade of grass rustling. Van Dyck—a Dutch trapper—had first shown him the trick, by

which a man goes forward on his elbows like a snake, and is here one moment and gone the next, with no one the wiser.

Again, its possessor is frequently slow; Hugh had practiced in France till he could kill a man with his bare hands in a second. Oishi—a Japanese—had first taught him two or three of the secrets of his trade, and in the intervals of resting behind the lines he had perfected them until it was even money whether the Jap or he would win in a practice bout.

And there were nights in No Man's Land when his men would hear strange sounds, and knowing that Drummond was abroad on his wanderings, would peer eagerly over the parapet into the desolate torn-up waste in front. But they never saw anything, even when the green ghostly fares went hissing up into the darkness and the shadows danced fantastically. All was silent and still; the sudden shrill whimper was not repeated.

Perhaps a patrol coming back would report a German, lying huddled in a shell-hole, with no trace of a wound, but only a broken neck; perhaps the patrol never found anything. But whatever the report, Hugh Drummond only grinned and saw to his men's breakfast. Which is why there are in England today quite a number of civilians who acknowledge only two rulers—the King and Hugh Drummond. And they would willingly die for either.

The result on Drummond was not surprising; as nearly as a man may be he was without fear. And when the idea came to him as he sat on the edge of his bed thoughtfully pulling off his shoes, no question of the possible risk entered into his mind. To explore the house seemed the most natural thing in the world, and with characteristic brevity he summed up the situation as it struck him.

"They suspect me anyhow; in fact, they know I took Potts. Therefore, even if I catch me passage creeping, I'm no worse off than I am now. And I might find something of interest. Therefore, carry on, brave heart."

(To be Continued)

MOST TALK NOT CONFESSIVE

Assertion Made That Anecdotes Compose by Far the Greatest Part of Conversations of Americans.

For hours a group of men will talk, and all problems fall like ducks on a rifle range before their well-aimed epigrams. It may be a brilliant session, but we cannot forbear thinking that not many serious thoughts are expressed with fervor, that few honest emotions have adequate utterance. A gathering often is devoted to anecdotes, quips and the cracking of jokes, like the biblical thorns, under the conversational pot.

Of course, much conversation is necessarily anecdotal, but two travelers who meet in the smoker of a train crossing our American plains do not tell anecdotes merely, says the New York Sun. There the anecdotes take on more meat and grow in length—they become tales. Again, however learned we are, we forget our pedantry when we talk in a smoker. Yet over a meal among those we know and will meet again we slough off our impulse to modesty and sincere self-expression and launch forth in all our drab erudition or else we sparkle in anecdote and say nothing to the point; forgetting that the best jests, aside the point, seem pointless.

In short, there is not always enough confessional conversation between Americans. In France and in Latin America the art of conversation has become an art of confession—of the confession, indeed, of one's faiths, follies and fancies. As for us, we feel that no one is so sympathetic perhaps, as to merit listening to our personal histories, or what is more to the point, the emotional accompaniment of these histories.

WRITER'S RIGHT TO BORROW

Highest Authority of the Practice in the Works of the World's Greatest.

One reads for thought and for quotation not less; if he find his thought more finely conceived and aptly expressed by another, let him quote without hesitation or apology. He has the highest authority for the practice. How rich is Plutarch's page, Montaigne's, Bacon's! And what they borrow is of a piece with their own text, giving it added strength and grace. I know the fashion of our time affects disdain of borrowing. But who is rich enough to refuse, or plead honorably for his exclusiveness? Somehow the printer happens to forget his quotation marks, and the credit of originality goes to the writer none the less.

The plea is that quoting often implies sterility and bad taste. Then Shakespeare and his contemporaries were wanting in wit and fine rhetoric. Hear how Montaigne justifies his practice:

"Let nobody insist upon the matter I write but my method in writing. Let them observe in what I borrow, if I have known how to choose what is proper to raise or relieve invention, which is always my own; for I make others say for me what, either for want of language or want of sense, I cannot myself well express. I do not number my borrowings, I weigh them. And had I designed to raise their estimate by their number, I had made twice as many."—Bronson Alcott.