



The COW PUNCHER

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"HE'S A WONDERFUL BOY."

Synopsis—Dave Elden, son of a drunken ranchman and almost a maverick of the foothills, is breaking bottles with his pistol from his running cayuse when the first automobile he has ever seen arrives and tips over, breaking the leg of Doctor Hardy, but not injuring his beautiful daughter Irene. Dave rescues the injured man and starts for the nearest doctor, 40 miles away.

CHAPTER I—Continued.

She looked about the place somewhat hopelessly. Her father read her perplexity.

"It seems as though you would be in charge here for a while, Reenie," he said, "so you will save time by getting acquainted at once with your equipment. Look the house over and see what you have to work with."

"Well, I can commence here," she answered. "This is Dave's room. I suppose I should say Mr. Elden's, but—what was it he said about 'mistering'? It would be splendid if it were cleaned up," she continued, with kindling enthusiasm. "These bare logs, bare floors, bare rafters—we've got back to essentials, anyway. And that's his bed." She surveyed a framework of spruce poles, on which lay an old straw mattress and some very gray blankets. "I suppose he is very tired when he goes to bed," she said, drolly, as though that could be the only explanation of sleep amid such surroundings.

In the south end of the larger room stood a fireplace, crudely made of slabs of native rock. The fires of many winters had crumbled the rock, so that it had fallen in in places and was no longer employed for its original purpose. A very rusty and greasy stove now occupied the space immediately in front of the fireplace, the stovepipe leading into the ample but tottering chimney. Near the stove was a bench supporting a tin washbasin, a wooden pail and certain fragments of soap—evidently all the equipment necessary for the simple ablutions of the Elden household. The remnant of a grain-bag, with many evidences of use and abuse, performed the functions of a towel, and a broken piece of looking-glass gave the faintest intimation that a strain of fundamental relationship links the sexes. By the western wall was a table, with numerous dishes, and to the wall itself had been nailed wooden boxes—salmon and tomato cases—now containing an assortment of culinary supplies. A partially used sack of flour and another of rolled oats leaned against the wall, and a trapdoor in the floor gave promise of further resources beneath. There was a window in the east and another in the west, both open and uncurtained; myriads of flies gave the only touch of life to the dismal scene.

Irene looked it all over, then leaned against the window sill and laughed. Her father had brought her west for holidays, with the promise of changed surroundings and new experiences, but he had promised her no such delight as this. With the Elden kitchen still photographed in her mind she called up the picture of her own city home—the order; the precision; the fixings; the this-sits-here-and-that-stands-there-ness; the flatness and emptiness and formality of it all; and she turned again to the Elden kitchen and laughed—a soft, rippling, irrepressible laugh, as irrepressible as the laughter of the mountain stream amid the evergreens.

Then she looked again from the open window, this time with eyes that saw the vista of valley and woodland and foothill that stretched down into the opening prairie. Suddenly she realized that she was looking down upon a picture—one of nature's obscure masterpieces—painted in brown and green and saffron against an opal canvas. It was beautiful, not with the solemnity of the great mountains, nor with the nearer, more intimate relationship which is the peculiar property of the foothill country. The girl drew a great breath of the pure air and was about to dream a new daydream when the voice of her father brought her to earth.

"Can't you find anything that will do for a bandage?" he asked.

"Oh, you dear Daddykins!" she replied, her voice tremulous with self-protection. "I had forgotten. There as a spell, or something; it just came upon me in the window. The bandage? Dear, no! The only cloth I have is the kitchen towel, and I can't recommend it. But what a goose I am! Our grips are in the car, or under it, or somewhere. I'll be back in jiffy." And she was off at a sharp trot down the trail along which she had so recently come in Dave Elden's wagon.

The grips were duly found, and Irene congratulated herself that she and her father were in the habit of traveling with equipment for overnight. Arrived at the house, she deftly wrapped a bandage about her father's injury and set to work at the preparation of supper, not strange to her, as her

mother considered it correct that her daughter should have a working knowledge of kitchen affairs.

Once during the evening she took a glance into the other room. It was even less inviting than Dave's, with walls bare of any adornment save dirty garments that hung from nails driven in the logs. On the rude bed lay an old man. She could see only a part of his face—a gray mustache drooping over an open mouth, and a florid cheek turned to the glow of the setting sun. On a chair beside the bed sat a bottle and the room reeked with the smell of breath charged with alcohol. She gently closed the door and busied herself through the long evening with reforms in the kitchen and with little ministrations designed to relieve the sufferings of her father.

The sun sank behind the Rockies and a darkness, soft and mystical and silent, stole up the valley, hushing even the noiseless day. The girl stood framed in the open window and the moonlight painted her face to the purest ivory and toyed with the rich brown fastness of her hair and gleamed from a single ornament at her throat. She was under a spell. She was in a new world, where were manhood, and silence, and the realities of being, and moonlight, and great gulfs of shadow between the hills, and large, friendly stars, and soft breezes pushing this way and that without definite direction, and strange, quiet noises from out of the depths, and the incense of the evergreens, and a young horseman galloping into the night. And conventions had been swept away, and it was correct to live, and to live!

The first flush of dawn was mellowing the eastern sky when the girl was awakened from uneasy sleep by sounds in the yard in front of the ranch-house.

The stars were still shining brightly through the cold air. In the faint light she could distinguish a team and wagon and men unhitching. She approached and, in a voice that sounded strangely distant in the vastness of the calm night, called:

"Is that you, Dave?"

And in a moment she wondered how she had dared call him Dave. But she soon had other cause for wonder, for the boy replied from near beside her,



The Girl Stood Framed in the Open Window, and the Moonlight Painted Her Face to the Purest Ivory.

In that tone of friendly confidence which springs so spontaneously in the darkness:

"Yes, Reenie, and the doctor, too. We'll have Mr. Hardy fixed up in no time. How did he stand the night?"

How dared he call her Reenie? A flush of resentment rose in her breast, only to be submerged in the sudden remembrance that she had first called him Dave. That surely gave him the right to address her as he had done. Then she remembered she was in the ranch country, in the foothills, where the conventions—the conventions she hated—had not yet become rooted, and where the souls of men and women stood bare in the clear light of frank acceptance of the fact. It would be idle—dangerous—to trifle with this boy by any attempt at concealment or deception.

She could see his form now as he led the horses toward the corral. How straight he was, and how bravely his footsteps fell on the hard earth!

"He's a wonderful boy," said the doctor, of whose presence she had been unconscious. "Cat's eyes. Full gallop through the dark; side-hills, mountain streams, up and down; breakneck. Well, here we are." The doctor breathed deeply, as though this last fact was one to occasion some wonderment. "Your brother tells me you have an injured man here. Accident. Stranger, I believe? Well, shall we go in?"

Brother! But why should she explain? Dave hadn't bothered. Why hadn't he? He had told about the stranger. Why had he not told about both strangers? Why had he ignored her altogether? This time came another flush, born of that keen womanly intuition which understands.

With a commonplace she led the doctor into the house and to the bedside of her father. When the operation was completed the girl turned her at-

tention to the kitchen, where she found Dave, sweating in vicarious suffering. He had helped to draw the limb into place and it had been his first close contact with human pain. It was different from branding calves and he had slipped out of the room as soon as possible. The morning sun was now pouring through the window and the distraught look on the boy's face touched her even more than the frankness of the words spoken in the darkness. She suddenly remembered that he had been up all night—for her. She would not deceive herself with the thought that it was for her father's sake Dave had galloped to town, found a doctor, secured a fresh team and driven back along the little-used foothill trails. No doubt Dave would have done it all for her father, had her father been there alone, but as things were she had a deep conviction that he had done it for her. And it was with a greater effort than seemed reasonable that she laid her fingers on his arm and said:

"Thank you, Dave."

"What for?" he asked, and she could not doubt the genuineness of his question.

"Why, for bringing the doctor, and all that. I am sure I can't—father won't be able to—"

"Oh, shucks!" he interrupted, with a manner which, on the previous afternoon, she would have called rudeness. "That's nothing. But, say, I brought home some grub. The chuck here was pretty tame. Guess you found that out last night." He looked about the room and she knew that he was taking note of her house-cleaning, but he made no remark on the subject.

"Well, let's get breakfast," she said, after a moment's pause and for lack of other conversation. "You must be hungry."

Dave's purchases had been liberal. They included fresh meat and vegetables, canned goods, coffee, rice and raisins. He laid the last three items on the table with a great dissembling of indifference, for he was immensely proud of them. They were unwelcome items on the Elden bill of fare; he had bought them especially for her. But she busied herself at the breakfast without a thought of the epoch-marking nature of these purchases.

The doctor, who had been resting in the room with his patient, entered the kitchen. During the setting of the limb he had gradually become aware of the position of Irene in the household; but had that not been so, one glance at the boy and girl as they now stood in the bright morning sunshine, he with his big, wiry frame, his brown face, his dark eyes, his black hair, she, round and knit and smooth, with the pink shining through her fair skin and the light of youth dancing in her gray eyes and the light of day glancing on her brown hair, must have told him they had sprung from widely separated stock. For one perilous moment he was about to apologize for the mistake made in the darkness, but some wise instinct closed his lips. But he wondered why she had not corrected him.

They were seated at breakfast when the senior Elden made his appearance. He had slept off his debauch and was as sober as a man in the throes of alcoholic appetite may be. Seeing the strangers, he hesitated in his lurch toward the water-pail, steadied himself on wide-spread feet, very flat on the floor, and waved his right hand slowly in the air. Whether this was to be understood as a form of salutation or a gesture of defiance was a matter of interpretation.

"Visitors," said the old man, at length. "Always welcome, 'm sure. Sh-shush me!" He made his uncertain way to the water-bench, took a great drink and set about washing his face and hands, while the breakfast proceeded in silence. As his preparations neared completion Irene sat a place at the table.

"Won't you sit down here, Mr. Elden?" she said.

There had been no introductions. Dave ate on in silence.

"Thank you," said the old man, and there was something in his voice which may have been emotion or may have been the huskiness of the heavy drinker's throat. The girl gave it the former explanation. As he took the proffered chair she saw in this old man shreds of dignity which the less refined eye of his son had not distinguished. To Dave his father was an affliction to be borne; an unfair load laid on a boy who had done nothing to deserve this punishment. The miseries associated with his parentage had gone far to make him sour and moody. Irene at first had thought him rude and gloomy; flashes of humor had modified that opinion, but she had not yet learned that his disposition was naturally a buoyant one, weighed down by an environment which had made it soggy and unresponsive. In years to come she was to know what unguessed depths of character were to be revealed when that stoic nature was cross-sectioned by the blade of a keen and defiant passion.

Mr. Elden promptly engaged the doctor in conversation, and in a few moments had gleaned the main facts in connection with the accident and the father and daughter which it had brought so momentarily under his roof. He was quite sober now and his speech, although slowly, was not indelicate. He was still able to pay to woman that respect which curbs the coarseness of a tongue for years subjected to little discipline.

Irene takes the first of many rides with Dave.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Dromedaries Succeed Where Other Transports Fail in Manchurian Desert



Photograph shows supplies being carried across the Manchurian desert by means of dromedaries. These "ships of the desert" succeeded where motor and other vehicles failed.

Men Who Develop Into Murderers

Five Feet, Seven Inches, Average Height

Are you a murderer?

If you are about 5 feet, 7 inches in stature, a little over thirty-five years of age and have a subnormal temperature, science may brand you a murderer. At least, such are the ideal specifications for a murderer, based on measurements of more than 1,500 convicted slayers at the Waupeun (Wis.) state prison.

Other interesting data of the genus are that frequent headaches, insomnia and periods of intense depression are common. Teeth that have grown bad through neglect are evident in half of the cases.

A third of the murderers never attended school, while only 3 per cent completed high school. More than half were at work before they were twelve years old and 90 per cent before they were fifteen. Almost half of them were unable to retain the same job or position a full year. Half of them, records show, murdered while under the influence of liquor.

"Hello" Purely American Expression, but Originated With French Wolf Hunters

You should try to learn the old wolf hunter's call, because you know the wolf is a scout, and that should be the scout call, writes Dan Beard in Boy's Life.

This call was used in France first and afterwards in England, but there are no wolves in England now and the bugle call has been forgotten in both countries, therefore we "paint it green and call it our own." Even though William Tell and Robin Hood bodged the same calls before America was discovered, we can make it American the same as we have made the old French wolf hunter's cry American. French was spoken in English court circles, so the titled wolf hunters used the French cry "hab le loup" or "la loup, loup," being pronounced too, the cry being a low, the English put on the H and made it halloo, and we made it hell-o, which is an American expression, as all the telephone girls know.

So the old wolf hunter's bugle calls which came here with the Huguenots will also be American "when blown through wooden flat-bottommen's trumpets."

Cooksu, Korean Delicacy and Great National Dish

The great national dish of Korea is cooksu. Sumner R. Vinton writes in Travel. To make it, you plunge a large lump of ice into a bowl partly filled with steaming vermicelli of the endless variety. Over this you pour a portion of hot beef stew. The ice congeals the beef fat into little islands of grease, and you never know whether the portion dangling from the end of your chopsticks will be icy cold or burning hot. The vermicelli, which is very tough, is to be lifted to the mouth with the chopsticks. Keeping a firm hold on it with lips and teeth, you slip the chopsticks down to lift again and take up the slack by sucking.

Kilt, Highlander's Garb, of Scandinavian Origin

The kilt is part of the characteristic and ancient dress of the natives of the Highlands of Scotland. The word means "that which is girded or tucked up." It is of Scandinavian origin. The Danish word kilt, in use today, means "to tuck up." The kilt of the Highlander is short but has a very full skirt, belted in at the waist, and reaching to about the knees. The early kilt was not a separate garment, but merely the lower part of the plaid in which the Highlander wrapped himself, hanging down to his knees.

About 40,000,000 Tons of Anthracite Coal Are Mined Every Year by Wet Process

The rivers of Pennsylvania yield about 250,000 tons of coal every year. About 40,000,000 tons of anthracite coal are mined every year by the "wet process" in Lackawanna, Luzerne, Carbon, Schuylkill and Northumberland counties. The process requires the use of vast quantities of water, which when it is discharged carries in suspension millions of tons of culm or coal dust fine enough to pass through the smallest screen in a dry process breaker. Much of the culm finds its way into the rivers of the anthracite district, the Lackawanna, the Susquehanna, the Schuylkill and the Lehigh.

They carry culm waste for many miles downstream, to drop it at last in shallows and eddies behind dams and on valley bottoms. Much of the coal thus scattered is recovered by dredging with suction dredges or with the more familiar bucket type of dredge. The machinery, which is usually mounted on a stern-wheel, flat-bottom boat, dumps the coal into scows that carry 12 to 14 tons. The recovered river coal brings from 70 to 90 cents at the wharf.

FACTS AND FANCIES

It takes three men six months to make a cashmere shawl, which requires ten goats' fleeces.

The skin of an elephant, when tanned, is very expensive, the tanning taking about six months.

Corsica produces the largest quantity of wax in all the countries in Europe, if not in the world.

When the average man expresses his gratitude it is merely an offhand way he has of asking for more.

It is the easiest thing in the world to stir up trouble. All you have to do is to tell the truth at all times.

Vast Quantities of Coal Remain in the Mines in an Unminable Condition

Mining is still conducted with serious loss of life and a waste of material amounting to \$1,000,000 a day. A government estimate shows that of 6,000,000,000 tons of coal mined in one year (1914-1915), 3,000,000 was left underground in unminable condition, says Boy's Life. It is believed that more than one-half of this loss is preventable; \$50,000,000 worth of petroleum is wasted annually and \$75,000,000 in coking coal. In 1914, 2,454 persons were killed in coal mines.

To study and remedy such conditions the government established in 1910 a bureau of mines with headquarters at Washington, an experiment station at Pittsburgh, and an office for the study of smelter problems at San Francisco. This bureau investigates mine explosions and safety conditions, studies mining methods with a view to preventing waste and inefficiency, and instructs miners in first-aid and rescue work.

England Eats Larger Part of Europe's Cheese Output

Statisticians have figured out that England eats the larger part of Europe's output of cheese. Europe's output amounts to 340,000,000 kilograms. England alone consumes 180,000,000 kilograms of this amount. Next comes Holland, which takes 56,000,000; Switzerland takes 43,000,000; France, 31,000,000, and Germany 26,000,000 kilograms. The only people on earth who eat no cheese are the Chinese.

Chile's Claim to Distinction.

Chile claims that the Island of Chilo, off its west coast, is the original home of the potato and that it has been cultivated there since early in the fifteenth century.

GRASSHOPPERS MAKE FINE POULTRY FEED

Especially Relished by Turkeys and Guinea Fowls.

Fowls Consume Millions of Destructive Insects During Course of Year With Minimum Amount of Trouble to Farmers.

Grasshoppers are beginning to bring big cash dividends in North Dakota through the medium of poultry, especially in turkeys and guinea fowls. The experiment has been successfully tried at the state agricultural college and numerous farmers have taken the cue.



Fattened Turkeys Being Driven to Market.

Wherever there are green fields there are grasshoppers and other insects. G. R. Greaves of the agricultural college, who has conducted the experiments, says:

"It seems the inexorable law of nature that wherever there is something good to eat there is something to eat it, and man's existence is a continuous struggle for supremacy over the creatures that are determined to consume the food he requires."

During past years in North Dakota, prairie chickens, sage hens and grouse held the grasshoppers in check, and their plumpness and the delicious quality of their meat attested to the superiority of their food.

Now the prairie chickens especially are going the way of the buffalo, and Mr. Greaves was assigned to find a substitute that would keep down the insect pests with a minimum of trouble and expense to the farmer. The answer is turkeys and guinea fowls.

Mr. Greaves declares that flocks of turkeys and guinea fowls consume millions of grasshoppers and other insect pests, and naturally do their own foraging. Early in the season the experimental flocks at the agricultural college have grown fat and strong on the young insects.

Later in the season they have received the abundant exercise necessary for their proper market conditioning by chasing the elusive hoppers, have saved the field crops and provided a new, big source of income.

"Three old turkeys kept through one winter," said Mr. Greaves, "produced a flock of young turkeys the following season which kept the fields near their house clear of grasshoppers, and fulfilled their destiny by grazing Thanksgiving tables."

BEST PRACTICE IN PLOWING

According to Minnesota Expert It Is Best to Deepen Furrows Gradually Each Year.

The nature of the soil and the crop to be grown should determine the question of whether to plow deeply or more shallow. As with most other farm problems, the farm operator's judgment and experience must be called into play in determining which practice is best on any farm.

Andrew Ross, vice director of the Minnesota experiment station, believes that deep furrows turned on edge, at "three-quarters over," furnish the best conditions for pulverizing and sweetening the soil. "It is not good practice," he says, "to deepen the plowing greatly in any one year. It is better to deepen it by one-half inch or an inch each year until a sufficient depth has been reached. Rarely is it necessary to plow deeper than seven or eight inches, except for certain deep-rooted crops like sugar beets, carrots, potatoes and like crops."

"Where it is desirable to incorporate in the soil waterholding material, such as a green manure crop or a dressing of coarse barnyard manure, deep plowing is wise. Either a very sandy or a very heavy dense clay would be benefited by such treatment periodically."

FALLACIOUS IDEA OF SHEEP

Animals Will Consume More Weeds and Shrubs Than Other Animals, but Need Some Feed.

Many farmers who have failed with sheep have gone into the business with the fallacious idea that sheep will eat anything, simply because some misinformed person started the tale. Sheep will consume more weeds and shrubs than any other class of animals, but to turn them into the woodlot and expect them to thrive on sprouts and dry leaves is asking too much of their digestive system. However, there is usually waste land on most farms on which the sheep may be kept at certain