

TYPES OF BEEF ANIMALS FOR HOME CONSUMPTION

The farmer buys more beef than he takes from the farm. Only about 10 per cent of meat furnished by the average farm is beef. In the North and West the average consumption of beef per family is nearly 300 pounds and in the South it is less than 100 pounds.

The beef animal killed for home use, suggest specialists of the United States Department of Agriculture, may be a beef steer or an unprofitable cow, or a heifer that does not promise to be a good producer and would not bring a good price for beef on the market. Very little veal is killed on the farm for home use. Much of the beef bought by farmers is bought in the summer from village butchers who operate meat wagons or cars in the country. On the average farm there are no facilities for keeping fresh meat during warm weather.

The Harmonica Mystery

By P. G. WOODHOUSE

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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—Captain Gunner resident of Mrs. Pickett's Excelsior boarding house, is found dead in his bedroom, under circumstances that point conclusively to suicide or murder.

CHAPTER II.—Paul Snyder, veteran head of a highly successful detective agency, is appealed to by Mrs. Pickett to endeavor to solve the mystery. On his staff Snyder has a young man, Elliott Oakes, for whom he has a promising future if his abnormal self-confidence and egotism can be eliminated. He turns the case over to Oakes, secretly hoping the young man will fail in trying to solve the mystery.

CHAPTER III.

Flat Up Against It.

A day later Mr. Snyder sat in his office reading a typewritten manuscript. It appeared to be of a humorous nature, for as he read chuckles escaped him. Finishing the last sheet, he threw back his head and laughed heartily.

The manuscript had not been intended by its author for a humorous effort. What Mr. Snyder had been reading was the first of Elliott Oakes' reports from the Excelsior. It was as follows: "I am sorry to be unable to report any real progress. I have formed several theories, which I will put forward later, but up to the present I cannot say that I am hopeful.

"Directly I arrived here I sought out Mrs. Pickett, explained who I was, and requested her to furnish me with any further information which might be of service to me.

"She is a strange, silent woman, who impressed me as having very little intelligence. Your suggestion that I should avail myself of her assistance in unraveling this mystery seems more curious than ever now that I have seen her.

"She is a hard-working woman, who certainly conducts this boarding house with remarkable efficiency, but I should not credit her with brains. She never speaks except when spoken to, and even then is curt to the point of unintelligibility.

"However, I managed to extract from her a good deal of information, which may or may not prove useful.

"The whole affair seems to me at the moment of writing quite inexplicable. Assuming that this Captain Gunner was murdered, there appears to have been no motive for the crime whatsoever.

"I have made careful inquiries about him, and find that he was a man of fifty-five; had spent nearly forty years of his life at sea, the last dozen in command of his own ship; was of somewhat overbearing and tyrannous disposition, though with a fund of rough humor; had traveled all over the world; and had been an inmate of the Excelsior for about ten months.

"He had a small annuity, and no other money at all, which disposes of money as the motive of the crime.

"In my character of James Burton, a retired ship's chandler, I have mixed with the other boarders, and have heard all they have to say about the affair.

"I gather that the deceased was by no means popular. He appears to have had a bitter tongue, and was not sparing in its use, and I have not met one man who seems to regret his death.

"On the other hand, I have heard nothing which would suggest that he had any active and violent enemy. He was simply the unpopular boarder—there is always one in every boarding house—nothing more.

"I had seen a good deal of the man who shared his room, he, too, is a sea-captain, by name Muller. He is a big, silent German, and it is not easy to get him to talk on any subject.

"As regards the death of Captain Gunner, he can tell me nothing. It seems that on the night of the tragedy he was away at Brooklyn with some friend. All I have got from him is some information as to Captain Gunner's habits, which leads nowhere. The dead man seldom drank except at

night, when he would take some whiskey. His head was not strong, and a little of the spirit was enough to make him semi-intoxicated, when he would be hilarious and often insulting.

"I gather that Muller found him a difficult roommate, but he is one of those placid Germans who can put up with anything. He and Gunner were in the habit of playing checkers together every night in their room, and Gunner had a harmonica which he played frequently.

"Apparently, he was playing it very soon before he died, which is significant, as seeming to dispose of the idea of suicide.

"But if Captain Gunner did not kill himself, I cannot at present imagine who did kill him, or why he was killed, or how.

"As I say, I have one or two theories, but they are in a very nebulous state. The most plausible is that on one of his visits to India—I have ascertained that he made several voyages there—Captain Gunner may in some way have fallen foul of the natives.

"Kipling's story 'The Mark of the Beast' is suggestive. Is it not possible that Captain Gunner, a rough, overbearing man, easily intoxicated, may in a drunken frolic have offered some insult to an Indian god?

"The fact that he certainly died of the poison of the krait, an Indian snake, supports this theory.

"I am making inquiries as to the movements of several Indian sailors who were here in their ships at the time of the tragedy.

"I have another theory. Does Mrs. Pickett know more about this affair than she appears to?

"I may be wrong in my estimate of her mental qualities. Her apparent stupidity may be cunning.

"But here again the absence of motive brings me up against a dead wall. I must confess that at present I do not see my way clearly. However, I will write again shortly."

Mr. Snyder derived the utmost enjoyment from the report. He liked the matter of it, and he liked Oakes' literary style.

Above all, he was tickled by the obvious querulousness of it. Oakes was baffled, and his knowledge of Oakes told him that the sensation of being baffled was gall and wormwood to that high-spirited young gentleman.

Whatever might be the result of this investigation, it would at least have the effect of showing Oakes that there was more in the art of detection than he had supposed. It would teach him the virtue of patience.

He wrote his assistant a short note:

"Dear Oakes: Your report received. You certainly seem to have got the hard case which, I hear, you were pining for. I wish you luck.

"Don't build too much on plausible motives in a case of this sort. Fauntleroy, the London murderer, killed a woman for no other reason than that she had thick ankles. Many years ago I myself was on a case where a man murdered an intimate friend because of a dispute about a ball-game.

"My experience is that five murderers out of ten act on the whim of the moment, without anything which, properly speaking, you could call a motive at all.

"Yours, Paul Snyder.

"P. S.—I don't think much of your Pickett theory. However, it's up to you. Enjoy yourself."

CHAPTER IV.

Baffling Clues.

Young Mr. Oakes, however, did not enjoy himself.

For the first time in his life he was beginning to be conscious of the possession of nerves. He had gone into this investigation with the self-confident alertness which characterized all his actions. He believed in himself thoroughly.

The fact that the case had the appearance of presenting unusual difficulties had merely stimulated him. He was tired of being assigned to investigations which offered no scope for the inductive genius which he considered that he possessed.

Hitherto he had been a razor cutting wood. Now, however, he told himself, he could really show Mr. Snyder the difference between modern methods and the stupid rule-of-thumb which seemed to be the agency's only form of mental expression.

This mood had lasted for some hours. Then doubts had begun to creep in. The problem began to appear insoluble.

True, he had only just taken it up, but something told him that, for all the progress he was likely to make, he might just as well have been working on it for a month. He was baffled.

And every moment which he spent in the Excelsior boarding house made it clearer to him that that infernal old woman with the pale eyes thought him an innocent fool.

It was this, more than anything, which had brought to Elliott Oakes' notice the fact that he had nerves. Those nerves were being sorely troubled by the quiet scorn of Mrs. Pickett's gaze.

He began to think that perhaps he had been a shade too self-confident and brusque in the short interview which he had had with her on his arrival.

She had struck him as a thoroughly stupid old woman, and his manner had shown it.

He had been keen and abrupt during that interview. He had cut in on her remarks. He had examined her with regard to the facts which he needed to supplement those which he had

from Mr. Snyder with a curt superciliousness which now he was beginning to regret.

Such an attitude as he had assumed could only be justified by results, and the fear was creeping over him that he could not produce those results. Failure was staring him in the face. Since his arrival he had not ceased to brood over this problem, but he could see no light.

Mrs. Pickett's pale eyes somehow made him feel very young.

Elliott Oakes' first act after his brief interview with the proprietress had been to examine the room where the tragedy had taken place. The body had gone, but, with that exception, nothing had been moved.

Oakes belonged to the magnifying-glass school of detection. The first thing he did on entering the room was to make a careful examination of the floor, the walls, the furniture, and the window-sill.

He would have hotly denied the assertion that he did this because it looked well, but he would have been hard put to it to advance any other reason.

He discovered what probably, in his heart, he had expected to discover—nothing. There were particles of dust on the floor, but they conveyed nothing to him. There were marks on the window-sill, but what they signified he had no notion.

However, he went through his performance conscientiously. It was his way of taking formal possession of the case.

He rose, a little flushed, and, abandoning the magnifying-glass, made a comprehensive survey of the room from a position near the door. If he discovered anything, his discoveries were entirely negative, and served only to deepen the mystery of the case.

As Mr. Snyder had said, there was no chimney, and nobody could have entered through the locked door.

There remained the window. It was small, and apprehensiveness possibly on the score of burglars had caused the proprietress to make it doubly secure with an iron bar. No human being could have squeezed his way through it.

After a quarter of an hour he left the room, locking the door behind him. No more unsatisfactory preliminary investigation could ever have been made.

It was late that night that he wrote and dispatched to headquarters the report which had amused Mr. Snyder. The interval he filled up by making guarded inquiries among his fellow boarders.

He had no difficulty in making them talk. Nothing like the death of Captain Gunner had ever happened among them, and the difficulty would have been to start successfully any other topic of conversation.

Captain Muller, the big German, who, by virtue of having been the dead man's roommate, might, if he had desired, have held the position of principal speaker and star-witness, was the only man who seemed to have nothing to say. He was plainly a man of silent habit, and not even his vicarious connection with the tragedy could shake him from it.

The theories of the others ranged from heart-disease—in spite of the doctor's definite statement to the contrary—to the ingenious suggestion from one of the party that Captain Gunner had been bitten by a snake at some previous date, several years before, and that the poison had lain dormant in his system until this moment.

The theorist claimed to have known a man who had made a voyage with a man to whom a precisely similar experience had happened. The only weak spot in the story was the fact that the speaker's informant had the reputation of being the most persevering liar in his native state of Massachusetts, and had twice claimed to have seen the sea-serpent.

Young Mr. Oakes went to his room with the beginnings of a bad headache.

All the really reliable information which he had acquired from his companions he had embodied in his report, and, as he had admitted in that document, it did not lead to anything very definite.

It was in his room that he first snatched at the avenging Indian theory as a possible solution, and, if he had been honest with himself he would have admitted that there was a good deal of the emotions of the drowning man toward the straw in his attitude toward it.

Nothing supported the theory except his active imagination.

Captain Gunner had certainly visited India in the course of his wanderings, but there the trail stopped. He had never shown any of the signs which might be supposed to mark the man conscious of being ceaselessly pursued by the outraged servants of an Indian god.

In his rambles along the water-front he had frequently met Indians, but he had betrayed no nervousness. On the contrary, if they happened to get in his way, he had usually kicked them. This was not the attitude of a hunted man.

Oakes was bound to admit that his confidence in the Indian theory was not very robust. He had put it to Mr. Snyder in his report more as an evidence of good faith, as a proof that his busy brain was at work and that he was bringing a laudable nimbleness of imagination to the quest, than because he really believed it.

His impudence against Mrs. Pickett was pure spite. The woman irritated him profoundly, and it soothed him to fancy himself even for a moment watching her like a hawk, and causing her uneasiness by his relentless pursuit.

WAS ABOUT TO SELL HER HOME

Mrs. Forsythe Was Almost A Nervous and Physical Wreck Until Restored by Tanlac.

"Before I took Tanlac not a week passed in the last ten years that I wasn't confined to my bed part of the time," was the statement made by Mrs. E. R. Forsythe of 139 West 46th St., Los Angeles, Cal., to a Tanlac representative, recently.

"I'm a well and happy woman now, and I'm glad I can give you this testimonial for I believe Tanlac is the most wonderful thing in the world. I've gained fourteen pounds and I feel stronger than I have in ten years," continued Mrs. Forsythe.

"I had an acid stomach, not suffered with sour gas at times so bad that I thought I would suffocate. Sick headaches would come on me and I would have such awful fluttering about my heart I would almost faint. My nerves went to pieces, and I became so terribly nervous that even the ring of the door bell would upset me. For the past five years I have not been able to eat hardly anything that would stay on my stomach, and even milk and water at times would upset my stomach, and cause me to have to go to bed. I lived on a strict diet of rice and milk for over a year, and at the same time I tried all kinds of treatments but none gave me a particle of relief, not even temporary, and finally I was in such a bad condition I had to stay in bed most of the time. So my husband and I decided to give up our house and sell it, as I couldn't look after it. By this time I was down to ninety-eight pounds in weight and was almost a complete nervous and physical wreck.

"I hated to give up my home, and on the advice of a friend who had used Tanlac I decided to try it first. With the first bottle I began to improve, and I hadn't finished my second bottle before I was feeling like a different woman, and my troubles of ten years' standing have entirely gone. I never have a sick headache or spell with my stomach. My appetite has come back and I'm gaining in weight and strength every day. Nothing ever disturbs my nerves now for they never better, and I can sleep fine all night long. All my neighbors are rejoicing with me over my recovery, and I feel that it's my duty to give a public statement and tell of the wonderful good Tanlac has done me. No, we didn't sell our house because we found this medicine in time."

Tanlac is sold in Burns by Reed Bros., and in Crane by the Vale Trading Co.—Adv.

THE WORLD'S GREATEST LIQUID.

It was at the meeting of a bar association in Arkansas that some of the colonel's friends thought to confuse him by proposing that he respond to the toast, "Water." Dashing off a bumper of the world's greatest liquid, he spilled this:

"Mr. Toastmaster, ladies and gentlemen, you have asked me to respond to the toast 'Water,' the purest and best of all the things that God has created. I want to say to you that I have seen it glisten in tiny tear-drops on the sleeping lids of infancy; I have seen it trickle down the blushing cheeks of youth, and go in rushing torrents down the wrinkled cheek of age. I have seen it in tiny dew drops on the blades of grass and leaves of trees, flashing like polished diamonds when the morning sun burst in resplendent glory o'er the eastern hills. I have seen it trickle down the mountain sides in tiny rivulets with the music of liquid silver striking on beds of polished diamonds. I have seen it in the rushing rivers rippling over pebbly bottoms, pattering about jutting stones, roaring over precipitous falls in its mad rush to join the mighty Father of Waters, and in the mighty Father of Waters I have seen it go in slow and majestic sweep to join the ocean on whose broad bosom floats the battle-fleets of all nations and the commerce of the world. But, ladies and gentlemen, I want to say to you now that as a beverage it is a damn failure."—Exchange.

Moaning in these sunny days of parched throats is not confined to the ancient habitat of the wild mountaineer. It is apt to be right in your neighbor's aristocratic cellar.

Our office devil asserts that if some people would use a little less paint on their faces and a little more on their fences this old world would not look quite so dilapidated.

This is a good town. Tell it to others.


He was a detective, but he was human.

Certainly Elliott Oakes was not enjoying himself. The man of all others whom he had admired and revered most intensely all his life—Elliott Oakes, to wit—was beginning to show signs of not being so tremendous as he had always pictured him.

He was being tried and found wanting.

He wished Mrs. Pickett would not look at him like that. It hurt his self-esteem.

(To be continued)

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But it is up to you to save cash. The best policy is to deposit a portion of your salary.

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Words of Cheer

In these days of high prices, words of cheer are the ones you want to hear. We have them for you.

During the coming year we will use our utmost endeavor to discharge our deep obligation to our customers by effecting a substantial reduction on the price of every article we sell, where it is humanly possible to do so.

We can not control the prices in the wholesale markets, but we can and will continue to regulate our own profits in such a manner that customers will not only be amply protected, but will be actually favored in every sale we make.

We have no well rounded and glowing effulgence of thanks to hand you in a choice exhibition or rhetoric, but we do offer you our sincere gratitude for your patronage of the past year. It will be our pleasure to serve you even more acceptably in the year to come.



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