

The Water Bearer

By J. ALLAN DUNN

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"RIMROCK TRAIL"

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CRYSTAL SPRINGS

Synopsis.—Idly fishing Hermanson creek, in California, Caleb Warner, civil engineer, and a New Englander, is witness of the end of a coyote pulled down by two wolfhounds, urged on by a girl rider. Admiring the bounds, he introduces himself, and learns her name is Clinton. With western hospitality she invites him to the ranch to meet her father. At the Clinton home Warner learns his new friend's name is Betty. He is welcomed by her father, Southern Civil War veteran and owner of Hermanson valley. Warner tells them something of his ambitions and his feeling that he is destined to be a "water-bearer." In the town of Golden Warner shares an apartment with his old Columbia college chum, Ted Baxter, carefree and somewhat dissipated youth, only child of his widowed mother, who controls the family fortune. At a club luncheon Baxter introduces Caleb to Wilbur Cox, leading business man and president of the water company which supplies the needs of Golden. He gives Cox an inkling of his ambitions, and Cox, impressed, invites him to dinner that night. During dinner Cox asks Caleb to call at his office next day. He does not and Cox arranges a meeting between Caleb and Hinkley, the water company's chief engineer.

CHAPTER IV—Continued

"Present that at the gate to the watchman," he said. "He will get you in touch with Hinkley. The car is yours for the day."

He waved aside all thanks but he left Caleb pondering why he, with no other medium than Baxter's introduction and the fact that he had been in the same war with Jack Cox, and was a civil engineer with a professed leaning toward water development, should be tendered so many courtesies by this man of affairs. Western hospitality could not suffice for this. He surmised that Cox might be in special need of engineers but such a premise was only barely probable. He found Cox surveying him with shrewd eyes in which a glint of something, that might be either kindness or humor, shone.

"Anything you'd like to ask me?" he queried. "I shan't sign anything until I come back after lunch, Harry," he said, in dismissal of the secretary. Caleb took the question as a clever method of examination. His inquiries would be apt to show his caliber in short order.

"I gathered, from what your son told me," he said, "and from what I heard of the talk at the table last night, that Golden faced, or was about to face, a water shortage that you considered prejudicial to the progress of the city. Is that so?"

Cox nodded, took a box of cigars from his desk drawer, handed it to Caleb, chose one himself, passed the matches and smoked for a few puffs before he answered.

"There is no mystery about it. It is an unpleasant fact. You are going to see the works tomorrow. I need not tell you that water is the life-blood of a city. It runs in its mains, in its flushing system, as it does through the arteries and veins of a body. Overbuild, without water, and you have atrophy, as you cannot expect the blood that is sufficient for a child to sustain the body of a full-grown man. We know today exactly how many gallons per capita we must figure on for a modern city with domestic, civic and manufacturing supply. The number of gallons in our reservoirs, divided by that ratio, marks the present limits of Golden's population, of its progress. And that limit is almost reached.

"We cannot get more watershed. To dig more wells—there are many artesian wells in the city—would only diminish present flows. Distillation is not practical. Already the lower peninsula is badly off for water. We need a Moses to strike the rocks of us. Perhaps he may come out of the East," he ended, the glint in his eyes plainly a twinkle now. "Anyway, Mr. Warner, there is the situation. There is a fortune for the man who can find a solution for the present shortage. We have some schemes in view but the cost prohibits them. The water supply must be pure as well as plentiful. Filtration alone is a serious problem.

"As to yourself? I should be only too glad to say we could use you in such development of Golden's water but none is forward. Would you care to connect yourself with a power company? One is now on paper—blue prints and stock, with the latter almost subscribed. It will take you up in the mountains. The berth will be open within a few weeks. I can arrange it for you."

"You know nothing of my qualifications," said Caleb. Cox smiled. "I'll take a chance on my own judgment," he said dryly. "You won't last long if you are incompetent. And you don't appear that. The place is at Beaver Lake, in Stanislaus county. You'll be roughing it for accommodations, of course. But it'll be good practice in western methods. I fancy you'll find them different from western. Different type of labor, for one thing."

Caleb did not immediately fill the pause. He had made up his mind to study the Golden proposition. It did not seem possible that he should discover something that Cox and his experts had overlooked on their own ground but that nebulous thought was still persistent.

"Thank you, I shall be glad to consider it," he said finally. "Do you wish immediate acceptance?"

"Make up your mind before the first of the month."

There were sixteen days between then and the first of the next month. Time enough, Caleb thought, to do something with his theory, prove or discard it.

They walked up together to the Altruists. Caleb thought that Baxter might be there. Instead, there was a message to call up the apartment house.

"Want to see you, Cal," said Baxter. "If you haven't anything on that's important come for a spin with me. I know a little roadhouse over the San Mateo line where we can get some good chow."

As they motored Baxter commented on Cox's attitude.

"You don't owe me anything," he said. "Get that out of your head, for it is exactly what Cox meant to put into it. About the Beaver Lake job, Cox is one of those divided interests that have come together. Each side owned rights they wouldn't sell. I got to know about it over a real estate deal of my own—that didn't come off. Can't you see that it will be to Cox's advantage to have a man up there of his own choosing, on whose reports he can absolutely rely? That's why he's been nice to you—nothing much out of the way, at that. It's what you'd call using the personal element, I suppose."

Caleb was convinced that Baxter had something on his mind concerning his own affairs but he did not refer to them until the excellent lunch was finished.

"I'm in a mess, Cal," he said when the waiter was tipped and dismissed. "Anything I can do, Ted?"

"I don't know. I want to talk it over. It's a girl."

The statement was almost unnecessary to Caleb but he said nothing.

"The peach is turning out to be a citron. She's nice enough and a good sport and I believe she's fond of me. She says she is," he went on moodily. "And I've got to take her word for it. She wants me to marry her. And I can't. I won't. Whether it's the square thing to do or not. It wouldn't be the square thing. We'd be fighting in a month. We're miles apart in most things. You know, Cal."

"So she says. I can't disprove it. I'm not saying she lies. I might buy her off. I haven't got the money. She won't listen to reason—about the kid."

"It seems to me that's up to her. How long have you known her, Ted?"

"Little over two months. Her picture's on my bureau. In one of the silver frames. Just put it there. Oh, h—l!" He threw away his unsmoked cigar.

"What do you want me to do? See her? I—"

"No, that wouldn't do any good. But we had a bit of a row. I suppose I didn't take the news gracefully. She swears I don't love her. Perhaps she doesn't altogether believe that—but she might. It's the truth, when you come right down to brass tacks. I suppose I'm a mucker but I honestly believe I'd be a worse one if I married her."

"Well?"

"She talked about going away—till it was over with. She's a crackerjack of a stenographer. She can earn her own living anywhere when she's not handicapped. I think I could fix things so she would go, if I could raise the money to look out for her while she goes through with the thing. She's set to do that," he added gloomily. "Tried to reason with her but it was no go."

"It would take a couple of thousand dollars," he went on, talking more rapidly. "I've got a deal on. I've got some parties who want to buy land for a little colony. A bona-fide proposition and I'm handling it direct. I should make at least twenty thousand out of the deal. It's ripe. Got to come off pretty soon. But I'm stumped as usual. You know that. What the mater sends just sees me through. I may have to raise some for an option. Could you let me have

the two thousand, Cal? I don't know where else to go and I don't want to go shouting this thing about all over the shop."

"I've got just eleven hundred dollars in the bank here," said Caleb slowly. "If I take up Cox's proposition I'll need more than two hundred of that to carry me over till the first pay check. I have a house back East I can sell. The deal might take a week or so. They take their time there to pass deeds. But . . ."

Baxter groaned, his head in his hands.

"It's got to be two thousand, I'm afraid. You see if she goes away she'd be sore at me. I'd have to make her sore and she'd want the whole thing. And I won't have you selling your house. It wouldn't do any good. She'll change her mind inside of two weeks. It isn't so d—d imminent. She won't have to quit her job for a bit. At a pinch I'll make the mater come through. For the honor of the family!"

He laughed sarcastically.

"If she can chip off a hunk of the principal for herself once in a while she can do it for me—once. The money was meant for me eventually. And, if it's put right up to her, she'll handle the girl, too, rather than hinder her own matrimonial prospects, as a scandal would. Now let's take a run down to the duck club. I'm secretary and I've got to give the shack the overlook before the season opens."

Within the hour, tramping through the marshes to the shooting shack, he seemed to have forgotten his dilemma completely but one sentence, an epitome of Baxter's character, clung to Caleb. "Oh, I can stall along." He remembered, too, the hint of sullen stubbornness that had shadowed the girl's pouting lips.

CHAPTER V

Crystal Springs

Hinkley, head engineer of the Crystal Springs company, met the car at the outer gate of the property. He was a short, stout, but active man, with gold-rimmed spectacles over shrewd blue eyes about which spread a network of fine lines that spoke of humor and long habit of puckering under sun-glare. He reminded Caleb somehow of an apple, firm and glowing and sound.

They rolled swiftly on through a strange region and a beautiful one. Sometimes they skirted a hillside where chaparral, manzanita and kindred shrubs grew in a shoulder-high tangle that seemed too thick for anything less agile than a squirrel to explore. Beneath them flourished great ferns. Through them Caleb caught glimpses of lakes lying far below, bits of blue far deeper than the sky they mirrored and intensified.

They turned abruptly to their right where the road ran beside a purling stream and boughs knitted overhead. The descent was gradual and the car slid along noiselessly.

"Here's the brick dam, a bit primitive but a godsend to Golden in the old days," said Hinkley.

It was a beautiful sheet of water above the dam, set in the silence of a wooded canyon but they did not spend much time with it. Hinkley pointed directly across the water to a V-shaped gap in the opposing slopes.

"There's the big dam," he said. "I want you to notice the laterals, the earth dams that divide the lake into three. See anything funny about 'em?"

Caleb gazed earnestly. On each side of these dams was set a gatehouse. Their tops were roads with the sides fenced. And these roads were serpentine.

"Any reason for not building them straight from shore to shore?" he asked. Hinkley emitted a satisfied sigh.

"Ah! They were built straight. The quake shifted 'em, twisted 'em, wrenched 'em, bent 'em—but it didn't break 'em. They're sound as ever."

Caleb looked his appreciation and bewilderment. Hinkley wrinkled his eyes.

"Clay cores, my boy. Clay cores. Elastic. Like so much rubber. They bend but never break."

"Did you anticipate an earthquake?" asked Caleb.

With Baxter in a "mess" and Cox and Hinkley apparently friendly, the plot thickens. What next?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Calculation of Size of Statue of Apollo

The famous problem concerning the size of the colossal statue of Apollo on the island of Delos, which has worried so many savants, has finally been solved.

We are familiar with the Delos Apollo only in miniature, as represented on the Attic tetradrachm, an ancient Greek coin, where the god is shown holding the three Graces in his right hand.

At a recent meeting of the academy of Inscriptions Theodore Reinach announced that he had calculated, with the aid of history as well as mathematics, the size of Apollo and the three Graces. This artistic colossus at Delos was the masterpiece, in gilded wood, of the sculptors Tectaeus and Angellon who flourished between 550 and 530 B. C.

The three Graces, which were not

grouped, but separated and erect, bore, respectively, the lyre, the double flute and the pipes of Pan. They stood in the palm of Apollo's right hand. In his left hand he carried a bow. The colossus and its three statues were destroyed by fire.

With the assistance of a Delian inscription which mentioned the weight of the gold crowns designed for the god and the Graces, M. Reinach estimated the relative heights of the figures as eight meters for the Apollo and one meter eighty centimeters for each of the Graces.—From Le Figaro Hebdomadaire, Paris. Translated for the Kansas City Star.

Sometimes

Consider the pin—its head keeps it from going too far.—Johns Hopkins Black and Blue Jay.

POULTRY DAIRY FACTS

HIGH MORTALITY LOWERS PROFITS

High mortality and low egg production go hand in hand in the farm poultry flock and if the death rate of hens is high the results from the flock will be only mediocre, regardless of how well the hens are bred and fed, says H. H. Alp, poultry extension specialist of the college of agriculture, University of Illinois.

"Records which 234 farm flock owners kept in co-operation with the college show a mortality rate of 12 per cent annually. If this rate is figured for the entire state there would be an approximate loss of 3,000,000 birds annually.

"A 12 per cent mortality on first thought may not seem very high, but it must be remembered that along with a mortality as high as this there goes a general low production throughout the flock. It is not so much the loss of a bird dying that counts as the loss caused by low production through sickness.

"While the causes for mortality may vary to a certain extent, the chief and main causes will be the lack of sanitation and personal attention. Very little credit for the mortality being no higher than 12 per cent can be given to improved conditions in and around poultry houses. Conditions probably have not improved a great deal with regard to sanitation. Diseases have increased and have given more trouble every year. The chief factor in protecting the flock is one of preventive measures.

"High mortality is spread fairly well over the whole year. The spring months quite often show an increased death rate due to increased production, especially so where the birds are forced for production. There is a certain mortality that might be termed normal mortality. This is where death results from causes beyond the control of the operator and is not due to a disease and should cause no worry. The bulk of the mortality, though, can be influenced by the personal ability of the operator. The determining factor with mortality is health and vigor and health and vigor come only from good stock, sanitation and feeding.

"All that is necessary to say as a warning to poultrymen in regard to high mortality is to remember that vigor can be defined as a hen's ability to live and thrive under ordinary conditions and it is essential to have this factor exhibited in selecting layers and breeders.

"Poultry drugs and medicines should not be trusted to keep the flock free from mortality. Prevention and sanitation should be practiced instead and an abundance of common sense used in handling the flock."

Ventilators Should Be

Regulated in Incubator

In hatching eggs in incubators it is frequently difficult to provide enough fresh air or give proper ventilation to the incubator and at the same time to keep the eggs from losing too much moisture.

The poultry department at the New York State College of Agriculture at Ithaca, N. Y., says the ventilators should be kept closed during the first ten days of incubation, because the chick inside the egg requires very little oxygen. After the tenth day the chick needs more oxygen and the amount increases gradually until the need is largest during the last three days.

After the tenth day of incubation the ventilators may be opened more and more until they are wide open at the eighteenth day. The moisture pans should not be allowed to get dry at any time.

Eggs should lose about 15 per cent of their original weight, and not more during the three weeks of incubation if they lose more moisture than this it is impossible to replace it. Sprinkling the eggs with warm water several times daily during the last three days is often recommended, but while this can do no harm, it can do little good.

Narragansett Turkeys

The Narragansett turkeys are almost the same weight as the Bourbon Red turkey or about six pounds lighter than the Bronze. They are similar to the Bronze in habits. They are good rangers and dress out nicely. In color they are somewhat lighter than the Bronze. They are not as popular a breed as the Bronze, White Holland or Bourbon Red, and as a result it will be more difficult to get new stock of this breed than of any of the other breeds mentioned.

Charcoal for Turkeys

Powdered charcoal in the feed is an aid to digestion. Indigestion in turkeys is caused by irregular feeding as often as by wrong feeding. The turkey is a creature of habit; it likes the meals that are given to come at regular intervals. In the wild state it feeds often and little, working up its appetite by its own activities. If it gets the habit of irregular feeding, it is restless and either "goes past its feed," as an Irish friend used to say, or overeats.

BETTER STOCK FOR DAIRY DEMANDED

The increasing demand for better dairy cattle has placed a large premium on animals having proved productive capacity and known ancestry. Consequently, breeders are getting over twice as much for stock that has been tested under the advanced registry of production as for those that have not.

A study of 51 Holstein-Friesian cattle sales held throughout the United States during 1926 shows that the average price for advanced registry females with yearly records was \$444. This was \$273 more than the average price of animals without advanced registry records and out of untested dams.

In 38 auction sales of pure-bred Guernsey the contrast was equally striking. Cows having both advanced registry records and advanced registry dams averaged \$523; those with registered dams but no official records on themselves averaged \$330, and those without tested dams, but with official advanced registry records, \$251.

Commenting on this, W. R. Robbers, superintendent of the advanced registry testing for the state of New Jersey, says: "The results of these large auction sales in various states give an accurate measure of the monetary value of knowing and being able to prove to prospective buyers the ancestry and milk producing ability of an animal. The buyers at the auctions throughout the country were ready to pay a premium of \$273 on Holsteins with official records showing their own and their dams' milking capacity. With Guernseys similar records were worth \$271."

One High-Producing Cow

Good as Seven Poor Ones

One cow that produces 400 pounds of butter fat in a year will net the owner as much profit as seven cows that produce 250 pounds of butter fat, according to records kept by five Paulding county dairymen during 1926, and summarized by Ivan McKellip, dairy specialist of Ohio State university.

"These records show that a cow that produces less than 200 pounds of butter fat in a year is not paying expenses, while a cow that produces 400 pounds is netting the owner nearly \$100 above all costs including labor.

"These figures show," stated Mr. McKellip, "that a herd of ten cows that averages 400 pounds of butter fat in a year, will pay for their feed, pay all other miscellaneous expenses, pay a wage for the labor expended on them, and still slip nearly \$1,000 into the pocket of the owner, while a herd of ten cows producing an average of 150 pounds of butter fat in a year will require the payment by the owner of over \$400 for the privilege of keeping them."

Pure Water One Element

That Insures Best Milk

Much sport has been had about the dairyman adding water to milk, but nevertheless it is a fact that good dairymen do add water to their milk during the manufacturing process—not afterwards at the pump.

Pure water is one of the elements that insure pure milk. Milk is fully 87 per cent water. A large cow drinking heavily daily because she produces heavily will take as much as 100 pounds, or nearly 10 gallons of water in a day.

Closely stabled cows should have water at least twice a day and it is always simpler and better to supply the water in drinking cups at the stanchions. The matter of temperature of the water is important. It is bad practice to oblige cattle to consume icy cold water. The water should be at least 20 degrees above freezing point in order to avoid too sudden shocks to the animal's system.

Dairy Cows Will Thrive

if Fed Cottonseed Meal

While most experiments indicate that linseed oil meal is slightly superior to cottonseed meal for beef cattle it seems that there is little difference for dairy cows. In fact, an Indiana experiment indicates that choice cottonseed meal has a slight advantage over linseed oil meal for milk cows.

Do not feed more than two pounds per cow daily. In the South they have fed as much as four pounds without injurious results. Large quantities of cottonseed meal in the ration, however, predispose to udder trouble. It is much safer to feed large quantities of cottonseed meal when there is sludge in the ration than when there is no succulence.

Birth Weight of Calves

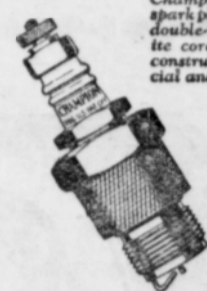
There is considerable difference in the birth weight of calves of different breeds. This factor is of importance when calves are raised for veal but veal calves are a side line and not the most important function of dairy cows. According to Eekles, the following weights of calves represent about an average for the breed: Jersey, 55 pounds; Guernsey, 71 pounds; Ayrshire, 72 pounds; Holstein, 96 pounds; Brown Swiss, 100 pounds, and Dairy Shorthorn, 73 pounds.



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Princess Now Surgeon

Princess Mary, only daughter of King George and wife of Viscount Lascelles, is now a "surgeon." She was admitted recently to the Royal College of Surgeons as an honorary fellow. She was the first woman ever to receive an honorary diploma. The princess, after the ceremony, donned a cap and gown and took a seat among the other fellows.

Most Powerful Antiseptic

Dr. George B. Balziss, professor of chemotherapy of the University of Pennsylvania, is the discoverer of "metaphen," a compound of mercury. The new formula is the strongest antiseptic known to chemists, and it is believed that its ability to kill bacteria may result in the prolongation of lives by twenty-five years or more.

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