

The Water Bearer

By J. ALLAN DUNN

Author of "A MAN TO HIS MATE"
"RIMROCK TRAIL"

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THE PICNIC

SYNOPSIS—Idly fishing Hermans 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 hounds, 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 Hermans valley. He 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 so and Cox arranges a meeting between Caleb and Hineley, the water company's chief engineer. Baxter tells Caleb he is in difficulties with a girl, Mary Morgan, Cox's stenographer, who insists he must marry her. With Hineley, Caleb looks over the water company's source of supply, the Crystal springs, in Hermans valley. Caleb meets a man, Evans, who boasts of his ability, through "divining rods," to locate water without boring.

CHAPTER VI—Continued

"But it ain't no good," he said, suddenly disconsolate. "Cause why? What's the good of water less you can use it? The sile here ain't thick enough to put dirt in yore fingernails. It wouldn't grow a radish. An' the wells wouldn't be artesian. They'd have to have windmills to work 'em. And, as I said, they ain't no sile. Seems like a plumb bit of foolhardiness to put water where it ain't no manner o' use, don't it?"

"Have another cigar," said Caleb. "Where do you suppose all the water comes from?"

The Welshman looked at him pityingly. "You fish that stream an' you'll see. This is Caliente sink. The stream runs into it like dishwater goes down the drain. Wish you luck, mister. An' think for the smokes. Some day, if you come this way, an' I'm feelin' better, I'll give you a demonstration. I'll be glad to see you any time. Kinder lonesome here in this oven, but it's bakin' me back to health."

Caleb went on upstream in a maze. It seemed, though his Yankee mind affected to scoff at the suggestion while it considered it, as if he had come into close touch with mystery. He fingered the emblem on his seal and smiled. Had the sign of the zodiac, Aquarius, really charged him with destiny, leading him along the trail to be the Water-Bearer to the frontier city of the sands?

Half a mile up the canyon from where the gravel road branched off, an arroyo entered from the east through a bench that was thick-furred with underbrush of desert species. Only a trickle of water was in the almost dry watercourse, barely lasting to mingle with Hermans creek.

The place was wild enough, and silent. A grass-grown road chose either bank at random, fording the creek at frequent intervals. He found stones to keep his feet dry as he crossed.

Up the road he began to come across evidences of an abandoned rancheria. There was little left but the roots and a scattering of tentative tendrils, scantily leaved. He passed a corral, no longer tenable, a lean-to shed without a roof, a leaking flume, a tumbledown wall of stone, and then he became aware that he was walking through what had been once a certain, a stately garden, still with a garden dignity.

The garden had attracted him unconsciously and he had left the half-obliterated road. He did not go back to it but wandered on to the house that rose above the egress guard. Caleb's footsteps rang hollowly as he passed over the flags and glanced in through where a door had failed as a wardrobe. He was beginning to people the place with such ghosts as he imagined should represent the former occupants when he heard the high, clear sound of laughter at the very instant that his nostrils conveyed to his nerves of smell, thence to palate and to stomach—so that his mouth watered and his appetite proclaimed itself with no uncertainty—the smell of broiling meat.

His hope of something from a ranch larder, a glass of milk, a piece of cake or pie, if nothing more substantial, had died with sight of the deserted house. The tracks he had been trailing must lead too far for him to follow uncertainly. And now he had blundered on to a picnic—a California picnic—which means a barbecue.

Caleb's stomach yearned, rose in revolt against his manners and so far won that he ventured to the outer door of the arch and peered through. The laughter had ended but he could hear the chatter of young voices, men and women, hidden somewhere down by the stream that had wheeled to flow in front of the old house and squawked through the interstices of a

tail, thick mantle of wild-grape, flung over the arms of the trees.

In front, between house and stream, there was a smoking pit studded by an iron grid on which two swarthy men were turning joints of meat from which came the smell that had loosened all the spigots of Caleb's gastric economy. One of them looked up. Caleb had no time to disappear. No wish, once the mutual recognition had been made. The cook, el cocinero, was Luis Padilla.

The swinging screen of grapevine parted and two people came through. Betty Clinton in her riding togs and an upstanding young man in riding breeches, puttees and a shirt of silken tan, with a tan-colored stock about his neck. A tall, good-looking chap with a clipped yellow mustache and brown eyes, good teeth displayed in a hearty laugh, generally genial and eminently well pleased with things in general.

The girl was laughing, too, laughing so heartily in silvery carillons that she stopped from sheer lack of breath and then, regaining somewhat of gravity and lung power, called to Luis: "What is it, Luis?"

"Senorita, eet eez el Senor Warner."

"Discovered, upstage, center, peering through the postern," said Caleb as he came out in response to the girl's instant and cordial greeting.

"You are just in time. Did you come on foot? How did you know we were here? Mr. Warner, Mr. Thurston."

The two shook hands while Warner explained the accidental happening of his arrival. Betty Clinton was giving some directions to Padilla and his assistant.

"Come on," she said, "and meet the rest. Dad's here. This is my annual

picnic and barbecue. Birthday festivity, you know."

She took possession of him. The man named Thurston lagged behind as they broke through the vines and looked down upon a level bank of turf, fringed with ferns, just above the level of the creek. Two girls and an older woman were aiding and directing the laying of a table by two men. Clinton herself sat apart, back to the bole of a tree, smoking. He rose as Caleb came into view and the rest looked up.

"I'll make the introduction general," said Betty Clinton. "You can all make it personal later. This is Mr. Caleb Warner. I think I've mentioned him to all of you. And these are—Carmen Wilson"—she indicated a girl with black eyes, in a white dress, wearing a scarlet beret so vivid that its outline was fuzzy with radiance; "Mrs. Henry Vedder, Henry Vedder and George Brompton. The meat is barbecued. The enchiladas are at the height of their excellence. Be seated. Dad, you at the other end. Mr. Warner, next to me, at my right. All right, Padilla, bring on the carne. I hope you brought an appetite with you, Mr. Warner. Carmen, pass the enchiladas. Frijoles, if you like them better. They are our substitute for Boston beans, you know. And the salsa, Mr. Brompton."

The meal was all animation. Good vlands, good nature and a general bubbling over of high spirits.

They were less than half way when Betty Clinton suddenly missed her camera. "I have been intending to take a photograph of that view for two years," she exclaimed. "The light is wonderful. Wendell, you'll get it for me, won't you? We'll wait here. It's in the backboard under the seat."

Thurston went swinging off on his errand and the three sat down to be comfortable until his return. The change of scene seemed to have put Betty Clinton in more serious mood.

"Have you found your opening yet?" she asked Caleb.

It looks as if Carmen Wilson intends to capture Caleb. Does Betty care?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Decries All Fear of Athletic Heart

College students need no longer fear that four years of hard football or track work will leave them with a shaky "athletic heart" in middle age. Experiments by Dr. Burgess Gordon of the Boston Peter Bent Brigham hospital on men and animals revealed that the heart, instead of enlarging after strenuous exercise, actually shrinks. Furthermore, no enlargement of the heart resulted after prolonged athletic training.

Doctor Gordon made his observations on Boston marathon runners, and rabbits with normal and abnormal hearts. The rabbits were exercised to exhaustion, and X-ray pictures taken immediately afterward revealed a shrinkage which took time to

disappear. The strained hearts of marathon runners also got smaller, Doctor Gordon said, and did not return to normal for several hours.

"Athletes were studied to note any permanent enlargement of the heart which could be blamed on the exercise, but it was found that the most prolonged vigorous efforts did not produce the much dreaded hypertrophy of the heart."

Once Pilgrims' Resort
Compostela in Spain was one of the principal pilgrim resorts of the world in the Middle Ages. It has been noted from the Ninth century for its possessions of the relics of St. James the Greater.

Remarks, together with little summaries supplied him by Betty Clinton, soon put Caleb in possession of surface information concerning the members of the party.

Thurston had been a bank clerk, losing his position in the merger of banking interests. But he had possessed sound commercial facilities and, backed to some extent by his uncle, he had started raising growing in the Fresno valley. Now he owned hundreds of acres and was rated almost a millionaire, soon to pass that mark.

Henry Vedder was editor of the Pioneer, a weekly published in Golden, of recognized literary merit. His wife had a leaning toward modern esthetics, extending to her gown and her mode of hairdressing. She apparently saw nothing except through the medium of her husband and she hung on his every word in the attitude of one who eagerly waits the opportunity to enquire the performance of a favorite dramatist.

George Brompton was an artist who specialized in mural work. He was the most diffident of all the company, with an especial shyness toward Carmen Wilson, which that vivacious personage did not appear to regard as the kind of tribute to her charms that she preferred.

Thurston and Betty Clinton had ridden down Hermans canyon to the picnic on horseback. The rest had come in a buckboard, by the longer road, a wagon preceeding with the materials for the barbecue. Luis Padilla had come mounted. The vehicles and the horses were stowed in the old barns. The whole party was returning to El Nido in the early evening, where Maria was now preparing a fitting dinner for the fiesta of her young son's birthday.

"You are to come, too," she insisted to Caleb. "And stay over tomorrow. I am not to be denied anything today and I make that an order. You need not feel that you are crowding or were not included in the original invitation. There is lots of room."

"You have made it an order," said Caleb. "That settles it."

Here again was a different side to the girl, he thought, as he listened to her lighthearted talk, admiring her quick wit. He caught himself watching her closely whenever she laughed. The inside of her mouth was as pink as a kitten's and she laughed without reserve, so that one caught a gleam of even rows of teeth that needed no dentist, backed by the rosy glow of health.

Caleb enjoyed himself thoroughly, the food, the company, the talk and the shady spot beside the stream.

After the meal, Betty Clinton proposed an excursion. Vedder claimed to have had an inspiration for a poem and said that he was going to try to put it on paper in the old garden. His wife was no more to be detached from him than a limpet from a rock. Clinton himself made the excuse that he was not feeling especially energetic.

"Then Mr. Brompton must stay to keep you company," announced Carmen. "You and Mr. Clinton can discuss that pioneer panel. Mr. Brompton," she went on to Caleb, while Brompton smilingly acquiesced in the arrangement, though the smile was as wan and lacking in warmth as a winter sun, "is working on a set of panels for Judge Hemingway's new house. They are to represent California, past, present and future. And Mr. Clinton is brim full of pioneer lore, aren't you, Mr. Clinton?"

It was obvious that Carmen Wilson intended to make the trip to the look-out a foursome. Clinton smothered a smile. Brompton seemed to be used to this sort of thing and the four started.

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POULTRY

CULLING YOUNG CHICKEN FLOCK

In purchasing baby chicks it is well to order a good many more than you have any intention of carrying through the whole season. During summer, chicks grow rapidly and at little cost, and there is a ready sale for them at the weight of two to two and a half pounds.

When the cockerels reach a weight of two pounds it is ordinarily considered that it is time to sell them. Any additional weight which they put on costs more. Furthermore, the market for them declines after early summer so that the longer you keep them the less they are worth per pound.

After the flock of chicks is a few weeks old you can tell if there are three or four of them not worth keeping. Look them over and if there are a few "crowbeaks" which very evidently can never amount to anything, get them out of the way. By remaining in the flock half sick and half well they may infect a large number of others and do a great deal of harm.

Make it a practice to look over the flock every few days until you are acquainted with the chicks and can tell which ones are growing best, so that you can decide which ones you want to save for next winter's laying flock. Early in the summer, at least by the time the flock averages two pounds, separate the cockerels and the pullets, and then either send the cockerels to market or can them.

Then go through the pullet flock and divide them into two lots. Those that are distinctly inferior ought to go along with the cockerels, and those that are fine and growing and show quality can then receive the best of attention and feed so that they will grow every hour of the day toward full maturity, and be ready to lay plenty of eggs by the time snow flies.

Poor Economy to Cease Feeding Mash in Summer

"It is poor economy to quit feeding mash to the hens in summer," says Prof. G. W. Carrick of Purdue university. "Such a practice is likely to throw the whole flock into a molt and cause egg production to stop."

Many people have a notion that hens can pick up enough bugs and worms from the range during the summer to supply their needs. Records from farm poultry flocks have shown, however, that the range cannot be depended upon to supply sufficient feed for a satisfactory egg production.

One of the principle necessities for high egg production is protein in the ration. This can be supplied satisfactorily by feeding a suitable mash. The grain supplies some protein but it is not of suitable quality or sufficient quantity to give a high summer egg yield. When animal feeds such as meat scraps, tankage and milk are included with the mash, minerals as well as proteins are provided. These minerals are essential for egg production and are not supplied adequately in grains and grain products.

Determine Exactly How Many Eggs Each Hen Lays

A good trap nest provides the one accurate method of determining exactly how many eggs a hen has laid in one year. There is no short cut or easy way to figure from part of a year's trap-nest record what the total for the year will be, nor to cull carefully enough to estimate what it has been or will be.

The highest type of breeding for egg production may be secured only by trap-nesting every breeder throughout every day of her first laying year, and every day throughout the breeding season, as long as she is kept. In addition, both male and female birds must be selected which have the ability to transmit high production to their offspring.

The best poultry breeders are searching for the pullet that lays not only during the spring, but is also an early maturer and heavy winter layer, as well as a persistent summer layer. These characteristics coupled with intensity of production are found only in the best hens.

Lice and Worms

For a dip to rid a flock of lice, use one ounce of sodium fluoride to each gallon of water and mix the solution in a large washtub or barrel. Use one pound for about three hundred fowls. Hold the hens by the legs and wings to prevent struggling. Put them in the solution, last first, to force the water underneath the feathers. Repeat this three or four times, and in very heavy-feathered hens it may be necessary to use the fingers to work the solution into the feathers.

Height of Roosts

The heavier breeds should have their roosts near the floor, and all on a level so there will be no crowding for highest places. Where heavy fowls have to fly down from high perches they are likely to contract humble-foot from bruises. Everything should be kept clean and fresh, and with good ventilation, free from draughts. Keep a lookout for watery eyes and running nostrils, a sneeze or cough. Little things taken in time will usually prevent ailments.

DAIRY FACTS

FAULTY FEEDING LESSENS PROFITS

Faulty feeding is one of the chief causes of unprofitable dairying, says Dr. W. B. Nevens, assistant chief in dairy cattle feeding at the college of agriculture, University of Illinois, in "Feeding the Dairy Herd," a revised handbook which is now being distributed by the college to interested farmers and dairymen.

At the same time proper feeding alone does not guarantee the greatest milk production, he points out. Care and management and breeding and selection that will build up the capacity of the herd also must get attention.

"It has been demonstrated, for instance, that poorly kept cows will give 50 per cent more milk with improved feeding and care, but after the level has been raised in this way, little more can be done except through a program of good breeding. Using sires of the best blood lines and replacing the poorest cows in the herd with heifers from the best cows usually will bring continued improvement in production year after year."

Doctor Nevens explains that a cow may use feed for five different purposes: Growth, maintenance, milk production, increase in weight and production of offspring. It is evident, then, that when cows are fed for milk production, these various functions must be considered with regard to the future development of the cow as well as to her immediate needs, he points out.

Liberal feeding, when intelligently done, usually pays more in the long run than scanty feeding. Although other things besides feeding has a bearing on the milk production of a herd, there is no doubt but that many dairy herds which make little or no profit could be put on a paying basis simply by giving more attention to this one factor—more generous feeding, he says.

He then points out that feeds are divided into two classes: concentrates and roughages. Concentrates—the farm grains and mill by-products—are heavy and contain little fiber or woody material. Roughages, such as hay, straw, silage, grass and roots, are bulky and contain lots of fiber, and in some cases water. Roughages with lots of water, such as fresh green grass, roots and silage, are known as succulent feeds.

Substances found in feeds are grouped into six classes: Protein, carbohydrates, fats, mineral matter or ash, vitamins and water. "Every dairyman should know these classes, should know what part they play in the nourishment of the animal and what common feeds will best supply them in the most economical and desirable form," Doctor Nevens says.

Young, tender pasture grass is more highly digestible than matured grass. From 65 to 80 per cent of the dry matter of farm grains and their best by-products are digestible, while only 50 to 75 per cent of the dry matter of the better kinds of roughage is digestible. Some of the poorer roughages, such as cereal straws and the hulls of various seeds, which contain lots of crude fiber, are low in digestibility and have little place in the ration of the dairy cow in milk.

Succulence, physiological effect, bulk, balance and cost are discussed as some of the other characteristics of spring grass which the dairyman should try to duplicate in rations used for barn feeding.

Under most conditions a dairy herd can be fed more economically on feeds that are raised on the farm where they are used than it can on purchased feeds, Doctor Nevens says in the handbook. It must be remembered, however, that cereal grains and nonlegume roughages are low in protein, he cautions.

Dried Beet Pulp Often Used in Testing Cows

Dried beet pulp is a bulky, carbonaceous concentrate that has a slightly laxative effect on dairy cows, and is used quite often by dairymen when they are feeding cows on test. It is not worth quite as much as corn or barley in feeding value in the ordinary ration, and as it usually sells for more than corn it rarely pays to buy it as a substitute for corn merely as a source of nutrients. However, where a maximum yield is desired regardless of cost, such as cows on official test, it can be used to make the concentrate more bulky, and as such will be worth more than corn. Where a succulent feed such as silage is not available it makes a very satisfactory substitute, though usually more expensive. Where much is used it is better to moisten it before feeding.

Cow's Producing Value

A cow's value as a producer depends upon her inherited ability to secrete milk, and her environment, or the feed and care. If a cow has not inherited the ability to produce milk, abundant feeding will not actuate her milk glands to secrete milk. On the other hand, a good dairy cow without feed and care is like a first class boiler without fuel. It is important to obtain a good dairy cow, but it is just as important to feed and care for the cow properly.

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"What's the matter?" a pretty girl at a desk near the door said to him. "Anything wrong?"

"What's that round your neck?" said the young man.

"The girl put her hand up to her gold chain.

"That," she said, "is a necklet. Why?"

"Well," said the young man, "everything's so high in this club, I thought it might be an anklet."—Detroit Free Press.

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