

The WATER BEARER

By J. ALLAN DUNN

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"RIMROCK TRAIL"
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WNU Service

CHAPTER X—Continued

His name was called. Cox's secretary had come after him.

"Your proposition, as we understand it," said Cox, "is that you should be paid one hundred thousand dollars for your project—after it has been approved by our engineers and declared practical—and that you are given due acknowledgment of yourself as originator of the project, with a position as consulting engineer during the completion of the work?"

Caleb nodded.
"That is it."

"It's a lot of money," said Marlin, apparently addressing the smoke of his cigar.

"It's a lot of water," replied Caleb good-humoredly.

"You'll turn over your invention to the company?" This was Marlin again.

"You mean the pipe junction? I'll give the company free use of it. I am applying for patents. I shall hold those. I will allow the Crystal Springs corporation free use of it anywhere on the Pacific coast."

Marlin grunted.

"We'll agree to your terms, Warner," said Cox. "The engineer's salary will be ten thousand dollars per annum. We'll make contract with you for five years at that sum, if you wish?"

Caleb shook his head.

"For the duration of this work," he said. "I appreciate the honor but I should prefer to be foot-loose after that. Will you put the rest of your agreement in writing?"

A pair of steely eyes bored into him. They belonged to Morse of the Lumber Interests.

"We are going to make it a motion, young man. That should satisfy you."

"If I can have a copy of the minutes," Cox laughed.

"Are you a lawyer as well as a civil engineer, Warner? You shall have a copy of the minutes—certified—if you wish. You Yankees!" he ended humorously.

Marlin walked over toward Caleb who had moved to the door. He slipped Warner's elbow familiarly.

"We're glad you came out here, Mr. Warner. You're the kind of man we want. We'll make a Westerner out of you in no time. Don't let the climate get you. It sometimes affects our second generations. Good-by."

Caleb went out warm in his feeling toward these men. He had won. He was the Water-Bearer, on no small scale.

He left the elevator elated, his head up, turning to the entrance, when he felt a touch on his arm. It was the stenographer, Mary Morgan.

"Mr. Warner," she said hurriedly. "I want to see you alone. It is important. And it is your business, not mine. Though I am connected with it. Will you meet me at Haight's at a quarter after five, that will be as soon as I shall have time to get there after work this afternoon. In one of the upstairs compartments. The captain will tell you which one."

He looked at her uncertainly. Haight's was the fashionable restaurant. There was nothing disreputable about the place. Still the compartments—in the afternoon especially—were generally reserved for couples that had reason for seclusion, that were accepted as intimate and not always conventional.

"You will be sorry if you don't come," she said. "It is the best place."

Her eyes challenged his seriously. They held a portent that communicated itself.

"All right, I'll be there," he said. And half regretted the determination before he reached the street.

He turned up Grant avenue towards his office. A landaulet braked at the curb. The door opened and Betty Clinton stepped out directly in front of him. Caleb took off his hat. His pulses had jumped. Then they stopped for an instant. She had cut him, deliberately, cruelly, looking at him as if he had been a stranger who had halted to let her, his superior, pass.

CHAPTER XI

At Haight's

Once again with Caleb's question of Betty Clinton became paramount. He had come out of the offices of the Water company a deserving conqueror, pardonably elated, a bright road stretching ahead of him. Now the vistas of his life were drab. Inspiration, the desire for success, seemed to have flowed out of him like water out of a drain. The reason was plain enough, the fact one that he could not overcome no matter how hard he tried. Betty Clinton had gone out of his life and, without her, life hardly seemed worth bothering about.

She had given him less attention than she would have bestowed upon a street beggar. There at least some charity would have shown in her gaze. But for Caleb her eyes had held nothing—as if he had never existed.

Something had happened within the last forty odd hours. It was inconceivable that the affair at the Vedders was responsible for the deliberate slight she had put upon him. She had heard something, a slander, that had turned her utterly against him.

And that meant Baxter. No one else. The pointer of circumstance infallibly swung toward him. He might still imagine that Caleb could have loaned him the money, had deliberately deserted him at the time when he

most needed help. In revenge he had carried a tale to Betty Clinton. But what sort of tale was it that she had listened to upon so short acquaintance? She was not the type to listen readily, to pass a hasty judgment.

He paced up and down his little office, the sweets of victory turned bitter, trying to bring logic to bear upon the situation, without avail. At five o'clock he started for the cafe to meet the stenographer, holding a vague idea that she might be able to throw some light upon the matter.

He entered the foyer of the restaurant, filled with people coming from the matinee, and mounted the stairs to meet the deferential captain of the waiters. Caleb gave him his card.

"A lady should be waiting for me," he said.

The man glanced at the card and returned it, receiving in exchange a crinkly bill that was deftly palmed and vanished. Then he led the way, cat-footed, down a soft-carpeted corridor, stopping before a certain pair of drawn curtains and touching a bell in the partition frame.

"It is monsieur," he announced, withdrawing and glided down the passage. Caleb entered the alcove.

It had an arched opening that looked out over the main floor of the cafe. The opening was partially blocked with artificial orange trees, the fruit represented by small electric bulbs. By the side of the opening, unseen from below, angled in the corner behind the curtains, sat the stenographer. The glow from the mock oranges gave the oval of her face a weird quality.

It robbed her of all benefit from rouge and powder and turned her features to a tragic mask of weariness and strain. She was only a shadow of the blooming picture that had once held the "place of present honors" on Baxter's bureau.

"You will have to order something," said the girl. Her voice was toneless. She had made no motion since he entered.

"I am dealing with you, Mr. Warner. I've made carbons of the minutes of the meetings. I want your word that you'll give me the money before I give away my information. I'll go further," she went on as she saw hesitancy in Caleb's eyes. "You have other interests than just with the Crystal Springs crowd. This affects those as well."

"What do you mean?" She lowered her voice. "You are interested in Miss Clinton."

Caleb hardened. But the girl was staring at him and he felt that somehow he had betrayed himself, for she gave a little satisfied smile.

"We'll leave her out of it," he said. She shook her head.

"We can't. I'm another woman. Not a man. I'm not saying anything detrimental to her. But this touches her as well as you. Now will you give me your promise and listen?"

Caleb reflected rapidly. He could manage the fifteen hundred. It was a big sum. Even with his attained hundred thousand, with his promised salary, it still seemed large. He could not undo in a moment the instincts due to heredity and training. But the girl had struck the right note. He felt that she held the key to Betty Clinton's conduct towards him. And, as he realized that, the money lost all value.

"All right," he said. "I promise."

"You propose to dam Hermanos valley. That is a main point in your plan. To hold back the storm waters. It shows on the model and in your specifications. Well, you can't get Hermanos valley."

"Why not? Public utility can command condemnation proceedings."

"It can't supersede a previous contract to sell."

Caleb stared. The girl was no ordinary employee. She was clever enough to have a good grasp of the affair. He saw immediately that, in her semi-confidential position of assistant to Cox's secretary, she had had access to details. She had seen the model. And she had been the one to supply the parties she spoke of with their information. Baxter was in it, of course.

"What is this contract? Who holds it?"

"It is a year's option of sale. Baxter holds it."

For a moment Caleb saw red but he controlled himself under the girl's watchful eyes.

"I'll tell you how he got it. He has been looking for an acreage to suit certain clients who want to locate near here. You told him about Hermanos. He thinks he was clever to get it out of you. Though I don't think you two had quarreled then. But you did. And he wanted to get even. He met Miss Clinton and her father. He learned that Mr. Clinton had been thinking of selling, but with reservations, holding back the home ranch and the place where all the Clintons were buried. That gave him his idea. Oh, he's smart enough. At first I think he just wanted to tie up the valley to spite you and ruin your plans by selling it to his clients. But this opened something more. A chance to put you in absolutely wrong with the Clintons, with Betty Clinton. He knows you are in love with her. And so is he!"

to your interest to listen to me. I want money enough to leave Golden, to go East for a while. You can imagine why. It'll take fifteen hundred dollars. My information should be worth many times that."

"Knowing I am a friend of Baxter's, why do you apply to me for the money? Isn't he the one to supply it for that purpose? Doesn't he intend to?"

"I don't know whether he does or not. You know all about his mother and the stock deal? He's broke. Even if he puts over his land deal he'll need it all to square his debts—of honor."

Her voice was acid with satire. "Suppose we leave him out of this for a bit," she said almost fiercely. "What is it?"

She eyed him narrowly, lighting another cigarette. With the curious cadmium tint of the mock orange globes on her face, the spark of the cigarette as she inhaled it, the glitter in her eyes, her attitude, she appeared fated, overworldly, cynical, rapacious.

"If I should tell you that there are parties who plan to block your plans with the Water company, if I should tell you who they are, what knowledge they possess, how they expect to use it, will you give me the money?"

"It depends upon whether the information is valuable enough. Whether their plans are really dangerous to my interests—and to those of the company."

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DAIRY

GUARD COW FROM ATTACKS OF FLY

Although the effect of flies on dairy cattle is commonly overestimated, dairymen are finding that there are times when the pests are sufficiently numerous to warrant the use of repellents, states E. J. Perry, New Jersey extension dairy specialist.

Where flies and mosquitoes are numerous, spraying with some good fly mixture makes the cows more comfortable and helps somewhat to prevent a drop in milk production. Many good repellents are on the market, but some are better than others, says Mr. Perry.

The experience of dairymen has been that to secure satisfactory results spraying must be done twice daily. They spray after milking in the morning and again one hour before the night milking. All pails and cans are left outside the barn while the spraying is going on and kept out as long as possible. In this way, tainting of the milk is avoided. The milk is strained inside the barn. Commercial mixtures are coming more and more into use, but for those who wish to make their own fly repellents the following are suggested by the dairy specialist:

No. 1.
Powdered resin 4 pounds
Laundry soap 4 pounds
Fish oil 2 quarts
Oil of tar 2 quarts
Kerosene 2 quarts
Boil the powdered resin, laundry soap and fish oil in one gallon of water. After boiling for a few minutes add two gallons of water and the kerosene and oil of tar. Boil this mixture for 15 minutes. Shake well and apply as needed.

No. 2.
Kerosene 2 gallons
Pine tar 1 quart
Crude carbolic acid 8 ounces
Fish oil 2 quarts
Lime seed oil 2 gallons
Mix thoroughly and apply as usual.

Garget Caused by Gern in the Udder of Animal

Garget, an affection of the mammary glands of the cow, and of some other animals, is caused by a germ that gets into the udder through the teat duct. It was formerly thought that there were two forms of this trouble, one being caused by mechanical injury, but investigators are now inclined to believe that every case is caused by bacteria. It is thought that with a heavy-producing cow or one that has just freshened the milk accumulates in the udder and forms a good medium for bacteria to multiply should they get into the udder. They set up an inflammation and the result is called garget. These harmful bacteria are not always present, but when they do gain entrance to the udder there is trouble, if conditions are favorable for their development.

Dairy Cows Will Reduce Living Costs on Farms

Every farmer realizes that the difference between what he gets for his dairy products and what the consumer pays for these products is much larger than it used to be. Economists agree that this large difference must continue as long as freight rates and wages remain as high as they are now. But the farmer is a consumer also, and the best way for him to beat the game is to produce more of his own food on the farm. Milk and cream occupy first rank because they take the place of the most expensive foods the farmer has to buy—meat and fats—and also because they are such healthful foods. There is nothing like milk and cream to make the children grow, keep the whole family healthy and cut down the doctor's bills.

Dairy Facts

Milk utensils should be sterilized. This not only kills bacteria and makes utensils sweet and wholesome, but they also dry quickly, which prevents rusting.

Cows, however well bred or selected, which are unduly thin or out of condition do not make profitable returns from rations. It pays to keep cows in thrifty condition at all seasons of the year.

The amount of salt required daily by the dairy cow varies according to the milk production and feed consumption. Allow the herd to have free access to salt or give them a certain amount regularly with their feed.

The man who can have—and has them—green pastures throughout the winter months does not need a silo for his cows.

Ten milk cows will need about 30 tons of silage next winter. Ten milk cows and their young offspring will need about 50 tons.

The cow which is allowed to shrink in milk flow will never come back to normal. Keep up the flow of milk through the dry-pasture period with green corn and sorghum.

POULTRY

FOR BIG PROFITS WATCH IN SUMMER

The summer and fall seasons are the ones in which the producer of market eggs must be most particular about the quality of his product if he expects to receive the top market price. "At that time of the year," says the poultry department of the state experiment station at New Brunswick, "the spread in price between the two top grades of eggs may be as high as 12 to 15 cents per dozen as compared with a spread of 2 or 3 cents in the spring, which indicates that the producer's net profit at the end of the year may depend to a very large extent upon the quality of his summer and fall eggs."

There are several factors entering into the cause of this wide spread in price at the seasons mentioned, but probably the most important is the fact that the interior quality deteriorates very rapidly, and the eggs reach the market very loose and watery. To overcome this trouble, the producer should collect his eggs two or three times daily and keep them in a cool place previous to shipment.

A cave or cellar makes a very good place to hold eggs, but care must be taken to see that the place is clean and sweet, as eggs are very prone to absorb any foul or musty odors. Shipments should be made as soon as possible after the eggs are laid, and never should be less frequent than twice a week.

The eggs should not be excessively handled, since this aggravates the condition, causing the egg to become extremely loose. The aim should be to handle the eggs as a perishable product, which in reality they are. Speed and care in handling are the two prime requisites where the producer is being paid on a quality basis.

Faulty Rations Cause of Heavy Mortality

Faulty rations cause vast numbers of chicks to die every year. A pullet once stunted with improper or spoiled feed will never get back to successfully compete with those who were healthy from the start.

The feed the chicks get from the beginning should be directed toward the eggs the pullets are expected to lay when they mature, says an Ohio specialist.

The all-mash method of feeding chicks that has been perfected by the Ohio, Indiana and Wisconsin agricultural experiment stations makes it possible to feed the flock with more exactness. It also takes less time to care for them. It does not differ greatly from the scratch grain and mash method of feeding. The grain that is ordinarily fed whole or cracked is ground and mixed with the mash.

Charcoal Is Beneficial to All Growing Chicks

It has become common practice for the majority of chick mashers to contain some charcoal. Experiments show that it is beneficial as a preventive of trouble. It does not have any particular food value. Charcoal is a black odorless and practically tasteless product and does not go into solution in water. Its value lies in its ability to absorb gases of indigestion or dyspepsia. Some people claim that it will even absorb toxins or other poisonous substances, that are sometimes generated in the intestine. It aids in warding off and curing diarrhea and other troubles caused by indigestion.

Poultry Notes

Heavy hens bring 8 to 10 cents a pound more than the light breeds on the market.

Watch the young poultry for signs of lice. It is amazing how suddenly an entire brood can become infested.

Because a coal-burning brooder stove keeps a colony house very dry, there is a tendency for some poultrymen to neglect sanitation until the conditions are very bad.

Usually chicks should be three weeks old before giving them freedom to mash all day.

Let the sun in the brooder house, having it shine directly on the chicks without going through ordinary window glass.

More incubator chicks die from bowel trouble due to chilling than perhaps any other cause. Chicks with hen mothers are seldom affected, and thrive in severe weather, if they can run to their mother when cool.

Turkeys do better on free range than in confinement as it is their nature to roam.

Hens need plenty of water. During periods of heavy production they consume more water than during the winter. Eggs contain 70 per cent of water.

Three very fundamental things necessary for you to furnish your chicks to make chick raising highly successful are proper feeding, necessary warmth, and healthful sanitation.

LIVE STOCK

COST OF MAKING PORK VARIABLE

Variations from one farm to another in the cost of producing pork are far wider than the market fluctuations in the prices which farmers get for their pork when they send the fattened hogs to market. It is shown by figures gathered from Illinois farms during the past three years by the farm management of the college of agriculture, University of Illinois.

It was found, for instance, that on some 40 farms in the same general community, the 1925 costs of producing pork ranged from \$6.02 on one farm to \$16.97 a hundred pounds on another farm. Naturally, such differences as these make most of the difference between profit and loss in the hog enterprise, it is pointed out by R. H. Wilcox, of the department.

"Of course some farms may have an unusually bad year now and then, but the four farms having the lowest cost of production in 1925 kept their costs down to \$6.85 a hundred, while the four farms having the highest costs produced their pork at \$10.62 a hundred."

"It was found that one of the important reasons for differences in costs was in the number of pigs weaned by each sow. Low cost farms weaned 7.4 pigs to the litter, while the farms having the high costs weaned only 5.2 pigs on the average. This means that the farms having high costs carried along and fed for several months some sows that did not produce any pigs, and other sows that weaned only a few."

"All the blame, however, cannot be placed upon the sow, for it was found that the methods of handling and feeding her during gestation and the sanitary conditions under which she farrowed and suckled her pigs greatly influenced the size of her litter. Care at the time of farrowing was also found to show itself in the number of pigs saved."

"Death losses after farrowing pulled down the size of the litter and was one of the important factors in making costs of production high. On these Illinois farms 28 per cent of the pigs were lost before weaning. Yet when one knows that this loss of 28 per cent is about 5 per cent below the average in the corn belt, the influence of sanitation and care of young pigs upon costs is at once apparent. Individual farms practicing careful sanitary measures saved more than 90 per cent of their pigs. The four farms in the low cost group in 1925 with costs of \$6.85 a hundred saved 10 per cent more pigs than the four farms having a cost of \$10.62."

Trim Lambs Bring Top Price at All Markets

According to statistics gathered from stockyards companies and packers, it is a fact that farmers are paid approximately a dollar more for each docked and castrated lamb they put on the market than they receive for their untrimmed lambs. R. S. Matheson, lamb buyer for a packing company, recently stated that ewe and wether lambs at 14 cents are better bought than mixed lots of equal quality at 13 cents.

The job of docking and castrating is a simple one, and it is easily mastered with a small amount of practice. Farm boys quickly acquire the knack of doing the job in clean-cut fashion, if they are given proper instruction.

The fact that such a large proportion of all lambs received at central markets each year consists of untrimmed lambs is due purely to neglect. If five minutes' work on a lamb will add a dollar to its market value, time spent in this work will be paid for at a very high rate. Docking and castrating the lambs should be an annual job on all farms where sheep are raised, and one which is always done with painstaking care.

Live Stock Notes

Not all balanced rations will yield equal profits.

Sheep can use profitably a lot of waste feed around the farm.

Cholera killed one and a half million hogs in the United States during the past year.

The farmer who buys live-stock herds before growing feeds for them is putting the cart before the horse.

As a sloop for young pigs, what about this feed: Equal parts ground corn, ground oats, wheat bran and wheat middlings?

More pigs raised by each sow, fewer runts, cheaper gains and quicker market weights, and less infestation by round worms, are some of the main benefits derived last year by farmers who practiced sanitary swine production.

Corn by itself is about the most unsatisfactory feed known for fattening and growing hogs. When used in conjunction with concentrates high in protein and mineral matter, or in connection with green pastures, corn is about the best feed obtainable.



It Was the Stenographer, Mary Morgan.

tered. He touched a bell and a sleek waiter almost instantly tapped and appeared.

"A sandwich," said the girl languidly. "Chicken sandwich, Emile—Some tea—strong—in a cup. Klorox cigarettes, straw tips."

"Just tea for me," said Caleb. "Yes sir. In a cup, sir?"

"Of course."

It was plain that the girl had been in the balcony alcoves at Haight's before. The fact was more evident when the tea—"strong, in a cup," arrived. It was Scotch whisky. After she had sipped it down a little sparkle came to her eyes. She took a cigarette, tapped its end and lit it.

"If you don't mind I'll smoke before we talk," she said and inhaled avidly. It seemed to restore her animation somewhat. She folded her long-fingered hands on the cloth and looked directly at Caleb.

"Ted Baxter is a great friend of yours, I suppose?"

There was a sneering quality to her voice that made it harsh. The sparkle in her eyes had changed to a steady glitter.

"We have been friends for a great many years," Caleb answered.

She gave a low, short laugh. Evidently she knew about the quarrel.

"I have come here to sell you something," she said. "As I told you, it is

to your interest to listen to me. I want money enough to leave Golden, to go East for