

above through a dark street, do you see to it that he's put where he'll not interfere again in Don Felipe's affairs. No damn gringo—beggin' yer pardon, Miss—can interfere in the wurrk av the intelligence bureau at a time like this, in addition to insultin' our honored chief, w't'out the necessity av bein' measured for a coffin. 'Si, mi general,' says another lad, an' 'To be sure, mi general,' says a third; an' 'w'it' that the general, had cess to him, wint back to the palace an' the other two walked on up the calle an' away from the slinty-box."

"Did you come out and follow them?" Webster demanded briskly.

"Falth, I did. Wan av them is Francisco Arredondo, a young cavalry lieutenant, an' the other wan is Captain Jose Benavides, him that do be the best pistol-shot an' swordsman in the spiggoty army."

"What kind of looking man is this Benavides, my friend?"

"A tall, thin young man, w'it' a dude's moustache an' a diamond ring on his right hand. He do be whiter nor most. Have a care would ye meet him around the city an' let him pick a fight w'it' ye. An' have a care, sor, would ye go out av a night."

"Thank you, Don Juan. You're the soul of kindness. What else do you know?"

"Well, Don Juan replied with a naive grin, 'I did know somethin' else, but shure, Mister Geary advised me to forget it. I was w'it' him in the launch last night."

Webster stepped out of the veranda and laid a friendly hand on Don Juan Cafetero's shoulder. "Don Juan," he said gently, "I'm going back to the United States very soon. Would you like to come with me?"

Don Juan's watery eyes grew a shade mistier, if possible. He shook his head. "Whin I'm drunk here, sor," he replied, "no wan pays any attention to me, but in America they'd give me ten days in the hoosegew wanst a week. Thank you, sor, but I'll stay here till the finish."

He knew the strength of the Demon and had long since ceased to fight even a hand-gone action. Webster put a hand under the sturdy chin and tilted Don Juan's head sharply. "Hold up your head," he commanded.

"You're the first of your breed I ever saw who would admit he was whipped. Here's five dollars for you—five dollars gold. Take it and return with the piece intact to-morrow morning, Don Juan Cafetero."

Don Juan Cafetero's wondering glance met Webster's directly, wavered, sought the ground, but at a jerk on his chin came back and stayed. Thus for at least ten seconds they gazed at each other; then Webster spoke. "Thank you," he said.

"My name is John J. Cafferty," the lost one quavered.

"Round one for Cafferty," Webster laughed. "Good-bye now, until nine to-morrow. I'll expect you here, John, without fail." And he took the derelict's hand and wrung it heartily.

"Well," Webster remarked humorously to Dolores as he held out his cup for more tea, "if I'm not the original Tumble Tom, I hope I may never see the back of my neck."

"Do you attach any importance to Don Juan's story?" she asked anxiously.

"Yes, but not so much as Don Juan does. I greatly fear I have managed to snarl myself up in a Sobrantean political intrigue, when I haven't the slightest interest either way. However, that's only one more reason why I should finish my work here and get back to Denver."

"But how did all this happen, Mr. Webster?"

"Like shooting fish in a dry lake, Miss Ruey," Webster replied, and related to her in detail the story of his adventure with the Sobrantean assassins in Jackson square and his subsequent meeting with Andrew Bowers aboard La Estrellita.

Dolores laughed long and heartily as Webster finished his humorous recital. "Billy told me God only made one Jack Webster and then destroyed the mold; I believe Billy is right. But do tell me what became of this extraordinary and unbidden guest."

"The night the steamer arrived in port, Billy and Don Juan came out in a launch to say 'Hello,' so I seized upon the opportunity to tell Andrew to jump overboard and swim to the launch. Gave him a little note to Billy—carried it in his mouth—instructing Billy to do the right thing by him—and Billy did it. I don't know what Andrew is up to and I don't care. Where I was raised we let every man roll his own hoop. All I hope is that they don't shoot Andrew. If they do, I fear I'll weep. He's certainly a skookum ind. Do you know, Miss Ruey, I love anybody that can impose on me—make a monkey out of me, in fact—and make me like it!"

"That's so comforting," she remarked dryly.

Webster looked at her sharply, suspiciously; her words were susceptible of a dual interpretation. Her next sentence, however, dissipated this impression. "Because it confirms what I told you this afternoon when I read your palm," she added.

"You didn't know how truly you spoke when you referred to the dark man that had crossed my path. He's uncomfortably real—drat him!"

"Then you are really concerned?"

"Not at all, but I purpose sleeping with one eye open. I shan't permit myself to feel concerned until they send more than two men after me—say eight or ten."

His indifference appalled her; she leaned forward impulsively and laid a hand on his forearm. "But you must heed Don Juan's warning," she declared seriously. "You must not go out alone at night."

He grinned boyishly. "Of course not, Miss Ruey. You're going to ride out with me this evening."

"I'm not. I'll not subject you to risk."

"Very well; then I shall drive out alone."

"You're a despot, Mr. Webster—a regular despot."

"Likewise a free agent."

"I'll go with you."

"I thought so. For what hour shall I order the carriage?"

"Seven-thirty. After all, they'll not dare to murder you on the Malecon."

"I agree with you. It will have to be done very quietly, if at all. You've been mighty nice to me this afternoon, soress; I shall be grateful right up to the moment of dissolution."

"Speak softly but carry a big stick," she warned him.

"A big gun," he corrected her. "—two of them, in fact."

"Sensible man! I'm not going to worry about you, Mr. Webster." She nodded her permission for him to retire, and as he walked down the veranda and into the hotel, her glance followed him with pardonable feminine curiosity, marking the breadth of his shoulders, the quick, springy stride, the alert, erect poise of his head on the powerful neck.

"A doer of deeds are you, John Stuart Webster," she almost whispered. "As Kipling would say: 'Wallah! But you are a man!'"

A stealthy footstep sounded below the veranda; she turned and beheld Don Juan Cafetero, his hat in his left hand, in his right a gold-piece which he held toward her.

"Take it, allman," he wheezed in his hoarse, drunkard's whisper. "Keep it fr me till to-morrow, for sorra wan av me can I trust to do that same—'n' he the same taken I can't face that big man w't'out it."

"Why not, Don Juan?"

He hung his red head. "I danna, Miss," he replied miserably. "Maybe 'tis on account av him—the eye av him—the way av him—divil such a man did I ever meet—God bless him! Shure, Mister Geary do be the fine ind, but he—"

"Mr. Geary never put a big forefinger under your chin and bade you hold up your head, is that it?"

"'Tis not what he did, Miss, but the way he did it. All the fiends av hell 'll be at me this night to spend wan ne give me—and I—I'm afraid—"

He broke off, mumbling and chattering like a man in the grip of a great terror. In his agony of body and spirit, Dolores could have wept for Don Juan Cafetero, for in that supreme moment the derelict's soul was bare, revealing something pure and sweet and human, for all his degradation. How did Jack Webster know? wondered Dolores. And why did he so confidently give an order to this human hotsam and expect it to be obeyed? And why did Don Juan Cafetero come whining to her for strength to help him obey it?

"That wouldn't be playing the game," she told him. "I can't help you deceive him. You are the first of your breed—"

"Don't say it," he cried. "Didn't he tell me wanst?"

"Then make the fight, Don—Mr. Cafferty." She lowered her voice. "I am depending on you to stay sober and guard him. He needs a faithful friend so badly now that Mr. Geary is away." She patted the grumpy hand and left him staring at the ground. Presently he sighed, quivered horribly and slumped out of the patio on to the living line. And when he reported to Jack Webster at nine o'clock next morning, he was sober, slinking horribly and on the verge of delirium tremens, but tightly clasped in his right hand he held that five-dollar piece. Dolores, who had made it her business to be present at the interview, heard John Stuart Webster say heartily:

"The finest thing about a terrible fight, friend Cafferty, is that if it is a worth-while battle, the spoils of victory are exceedingly sweet. You are now about to enjoy one fourth of the said spoils—a large jolt of aguardiente! You must have it to steady your nerves. Go to the nearest cantina and buy one drink; then come back with the change. By that time I shall have breakfasted and you and I will then go shopping. At noon you shall have another drink; at four o'clock another; and just before retiring you shall have the fourth and last for this day. Remember, Cafferty: one jolt—no more—and then back here with the exact change."

As Don Juan scurried for salvation, Webster turned to Dolores. "He'll fall me now, but that will not be his fault but mine. I've set him too great a task in his present condition. Nevertheless, to use a colloquial expression, I have the Cafferty goat—and I'm going to keep it."

Webster went immediately to his room, called for pen and paper, and proceeded at once to do that which he had never done before—to wit, prepare his last will and testament. In a few brief paragraphs he made a holographic will and split his bank-roll equally between the two human beings he cared for most—Billy Geary and Dolores Ruey. "Billy's a gambler like me," he ruminated; "so I'll play safe. The girl is a conservative, and after Billy's wad is gone, he'd be boiled in oil before he'd prejudice her."

Having made his will, Webster made a copy of it. The copy he placed in an envelope marked: "For Jack. Not to be opened until after my death." This envelope he then enclosed in a larger one and mailed to Billy at Calle de Concordia No. 19.

Having made his few simple preparations for death, Mr. Webster next narrowed in his trunk, brought forth his big army-type automatic pistol

and secured it in a holster under his arm, for he deemed it unwise and provocative of curiosity to appear in immaculate ducks that bulged at the right hip. Next he filled two spare clips with cartridges and slipped them into his pocket, thus completing his few simple preparations for life.

He glanced out the window at the sun. There would still be an hour of daylight; so he descended to the lobby, called a carriage and took a short drive.

Returning to the hotel he dismissed the carriage, climbed the three short steps to the entrance and was passing through the revolving portal, when from his rear some one gave the door a violent shove, with the result that the trustful partition behind him collided with his back with sufficient force to throw him against the partition in front. Instantly the door ceased to pivot, with Webster locked neatly in the triangular space between the two sections of the revolving door and the jamb.

He turned and beheld in the section behind him an officer of the Sobrantean army. This individual, observing he was under Webster's scrutiny, scowled and peremptorily motioned to Webster to proceed—which the latter did, with such violence that the door, continuing to revolve, caught up with the Sobrantean and subjected him to the same indignity to which he had subjected Webster.

Once free of the door, Webster waited just inside the lobby for the Sobrantean to conclude his precipitate entrance. When he did, Webster looked him over with mild curiosity and bowed with great condescension. "Did any gentleman ever tell the senior that he is an ill-mannered monkey?" he queried coolly in excellent Spanish. "If not, I desire to give the senior that information, and to tell him that his size alone prevents me from giving him a nice little spanking."

"Pig," the rude one answered hotly. His olive features pulsed with anger, his trembled with emotion and seemed undecided what to do—seeing which Webster grinned at him tamely. That decided him. No Latin-American, with the exaggerated ego of his race, can bear even a suspicion of ridicule. The officer walked fiercely toward Webster and swung his arm toward the latter's face in an effort to land a slap that was "meant."

Webster merely threw back his head and avoided the blow; his long left arm shot out and beat down the Sobrantean's guard; then Webster's right hand closed around the officer's collar. "Come to me thou insolent little one," he crooned, and jerked his assailant toward him, gathered him up in his arms, carried him, kicking

and screaming with futile rage, out into the patio and soused him in the fountain.

"Now, then, spittin', that will cool your hot head, I trust," he admonished his unhappy victim, and returned to the hotel. At the desk he paused.

"Who was that person I just bathed?" he inquired of the excited clerk.

"Ah, senior, you shall not long be kept in ignorance," that functionary informed him. "That is the terrible Captain Benavides—"

"Do you know, I had a notion it was he?" Webster replied ruminatively. "Well, I suppose I'm in for a duel now," he added to himself as he climbed the stairs to his room. "I think that will be most interesting."

John Stuart Webster changed into dry clothing and descended to the dining-room. Miss Ruey was already seated at her table and motioned him to the seat opposite her, and as he sat down with a contented little sigh, she gazed at him with a newer and more alert interest.

"I hear you've been having adventures again," she challenged. "The news is all over the hotel. I heard it from the head waiter."

"Coffee and pistols for two at daylight," he answered cheerily. "By the way, I have made my will, just to be on the safe side. Will you be good enough to take charge of it until after the funeral? You can turn it over to Billy then."

She fell readily into the bantering spirit with which he treated this serious subject. Indeed, it was quite impossible to do otherwise, for John Stuart Webster's personality radiated such a feeling of security, of absolute,

unbounded confidence in the future, and disdain for whatever of good fortune or ill the future might entail that Dolores found it impossible not to assimilate his mood.

At seven-thirty, after a delightful dinner, the memory of which Mr. Webster was certain would linger under his foretop long after every other memory had departed, he escorted her to the open carriage he had ordered, and for two hours they cruised the Malecon with the elite of Buenaventura, listening to the music of the band, and, during the brief intermissions, to the sound of the waves lapping the beach at the foot of the broad driveway.

"This," said John Stuart Webster, as he said goodnight to Dolores in the lobby, "is the end of a perfect day."

It wasn't, for at that precise moment a servant handed him a card, and indicated a young man seated in an adjacent lounging-chair, at the same time volunteering the information that the visitor had been awaiting Senior Webster's return for the past hour.

Webster glanced at the card and strode over to the young man. "I am Mr. Webster, sir," he announced civilly in Spanish. "And you are Lieutenant Arredondo?"

The visitor rose, bowed low and indicated he was that gentleman. "I have called, Mr. Webster," he stated in most excellent English, "in the interest of my friend and comrade, Captain Benavides."

"Ah, yes! The fresh little rooster I ducked in the fountain this evening. Well, what does the little squirt want now? Another ducking?"

Arredondo flushed angrily but remembered the dignity of his mission and controlled his temper. "Captain Benavides has asked me to express to you the hope that you, being doubtless a man of honor—"

"Stop right there, Lieutenant. There is no doubt about it. I am a man of honor, and unless you are anxious to be ducked in the fountain, you will be more careful in your choice of words. Now then: You are about to say that, being a man of honor—"

"You would accord my friend the satisfaction which one gentleman never fails to accord another."

"That lets me out, amico," Webster laughed. "Benavides isn't a gentleman. He's a cutthroat, a murdering little black-and-tan-hound. Do I understand he wants me to fight a duel with him?"

Lieutenant Arredondo could not trust himself to speak, and so he bowed profoundly.

"Very well, then, Lieutenant," Webster agreed. "I'll fight him."

"Tomorrow morning at five o'clock." "Five minutes from now if you say so."

"Captain Benavides will be grateful for your willing spirit, at least," the second replied bitterly. "You realize, of course, Mr. Webster, that as the challenged party, the choice of weapons rests with you."

"Certainly. I wouldn't have risked a duel if the choice lay with the other fellow. With your permission, my dear sir, we'll fight with Mauser rifles at a thousand yards, for the reason that I never knew a Grenser that could hit the broad side of a brewery at any range over two hundred and fifty yards." Webster chuckled feebly.

Lieutenant Arredondo bit his lips in anger and vexation. "I cannot agree to such an extraordinary duel," he complained. "It is the custom in Sobrante for gentlemen to fight with rapiers."

"Oh, dry up, you sneaking murderer," Webster exploded. "There isn't going to be any duel except on my terms—so you might as well take a straight tip from headquarters and stick to plain assassination. You and Benavides have been sent out by your superior to kill me—you got your orders this very afternoon at the entrance to the government palace—and I'm just not going to be killed. Bent it, boy, while the going is good." He pointed toward the hotel door. "Out, you blackguard!" he roared. "Vaya!"

Lieutenant Arredondo rose and with dignified mien started for the door. Webster followed, and as his visitor reached the portal, a tremendous kick well placed, lifted him down to the sidewalk. Shrieking curses, he fled into the night; and John Stuart Webster, with a satisfied feeling that something accomplished had earned a night's repose, retired to his room in his mauve silk pajamas, and slept the sleep of a healthy, conscience-free man.

At about the same hour Neddy Jerome, playing solitaire in the Englishmen's club in Denver, was the recipient of a cablegram which read:

"If W. enables accepting reply rejecting account job filled otherwise beans spilled. Implicit obedience spells victory."

"Henrietta."

Neddy Jerome wiped his spectacles, adjusted them on his nose and read this amazing message once more. "Jumped-up Jehosophat!" he murmured. "If she hasn't followed that madcap Webster clear to Buenaventura! If she isn't out in earnest to earn her fee, I'm an orange-utang! By thunder, that's a smart woman. All right! I'll be implicitly obedient."

Two hours later Neddy Jerome received another cablegram. It was from John Stuart Webster and read as follows:

"Hold job ninety days at latest may be back before. If satisfactory, end."

Again Mr. Jerome had recourse to the most powerful expetive at his command. "Henrietta knew he was going to cable and beat the not some time to it," he soliloquized. He was surprised and gratified at the same time, for he had not expected as much as five minutes; then he indited this reply to his victim:

"Time, tide and good jobs wait for no man. Sorry. Job already filled by better man."

When John Stuart Webster received that cablegram the following morning he cursed bitterly—not because he had lost the best job that had ever been offered him, but because he had lost through playing a good hand poorly. He hated himself for his idiosyncy.

Continued in next issue.



GENUINE  
"BULL"  
DURHAM  
tobacco makes 50  
good cigarettes for  
10c

Sydney Greenbie writes in the World's Work:

China needs assistance. Railroads are the world's salvation and China's sorrow. But for the lack of railroads, China would today be the most powerful nation on earth—financially and politically. And the fact that her railroads are short while those of other countries are long makes her a prey to those tentacles of trade against which she is helpless. China has today only about 6,500 miles of railroad; she needs 100,000. She who built the rambling walls has still only foot-paths. She needs 100,000 miles of highway. Her canals, which a thousand years ago kept the country open to trade and partially free from famine have fallen into disrepair. She needs telegraphs, telephones, wireless. If only the money she borrowed went into such enterprises China would repay the world a thousand fold.

The KITCHEN CABINET  
(© 1921, Western Newspaper Union)

"Ye who would know love's highest reach of bliss The still white peaks of peace—remember this: Before a soul can face that steady light It must have plumbed pain's nethermost abyss."

SEASONABLE GOOD THINGS.

At any season of the year frozen dishes are agreeable and something a little different is always welcomed.

Ice Cream With Toasted Marshmallows and Chocolate Sauce.—Crush one junket tablet and dissolve in one tablespoonful of cold water. Have ready the can of the freezer, with the dasher in place; put in one quart of rich milk, one cupful of double cream, one cupful of sugar, one tablespoonful of vanilla, mix and let stand over water until just lukewarm and the mixture jellies; then cool and freeze. Serve in glasses with a hot chocolate sauce and a toasted marshmallow above.

Frozen Fruit Salad.—Cut six slices of canned pineapple in small, wedge-shaped pieces; add the same quantity of canned peaches, pears or quinces, with the liquid from the fruit to fill a quart mold; spread a paper over the mold, press down the cover and pack in equal measures of ice and salt. Let stand two hours. The mixture should not be frozen too stiff. Serve cut in slices on nests of lettuce, with salad dressing. A mayonnaise is especially good with this salad.

American Pair de Foie Gras Sandwiches.—Pour boiling water over half a dozen chicken, turkey or duck livers, and let simmer in salted water until tender. When cold, add three hard-cooked egg yolks and press the whole through a sieve; add half a teaspoonful of onion juice, a teaspoonful of fine chopped parsley, five drops of tabasco sauce, a tablespoonful of Worcestershire sauce, one tablespoonful of olive oil or melted butter, and lemon juice. Mix well and spread on buttered bread.

Cider Cake.—Take three cupfuls of flour, two cupfuls of sugar, one cupful of butter, three eggs, one-fourth of a teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of soda, one cupful of elder, one teaspoonful of cinnamon and allspice mixed. Mix and bake in a moderate oven and when cold cover with a brown sugar frosting.

Men with good-sized mares, who are having a hard time disposing of young horses will find it more profitable to raise mules than to raise colts. Medium-priced jacks can now be purchased with a reasonable certainty of breeding.

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# LIVE STOCK

## COLLEGE EDUCATION FOR BOY

Kentucky Lad Saves Enough From Sale of Litter of Fine Pigs to Pay for Schooling.

Here is the story of how a litter of pigs produced an agricultural college education, a system of farm water-works and general improvement on a backwoods farm that had only primitive advantages.

The education went to Jeff Anderson, a Kentucky boy of Pulaski county.



Pigs Aimset Ready to Root for Themselves.

Jeff belonged to a boys' club which had been organized by the county agent. He was encouraged to raise a litter of fine pigs under the club system by which the boys applied approved methods and kept account of the results. The pigs sold for a fancy price. Jeff, who had made sure progress, saved some money from his labor and in 1918 entered the Kentucky State College of Agriculture for its short course.

He had been used to seeing his mother and other women carry water 150 yards up a hill for washing and cooking. At the agricultural college he realized the convenience and benefit to be gained by running water conducted to a tap in the kitchen. When he returned home he persuaded his father to let him put in a water system. A stand pipe 60 feet high was built with a 500-gallon tank on top, which gave sufficient pressure to force water to the dwelling 400 feet away. He rigged up a gasoline engine and pump at the spring under the hill. He had learned a little about plumbing, so he did all the pipe fitting in the house. One month's work at odd times, coupled with a little of the knowledge he had gained at the State College of Agriculture put the water right into the kitchen. Jeff has gone back to complete his college education; and they're still raising better pigs at the Anderson farm.

## RANGE STOCK IS IMPROVED

All kinds of Sires, Bulls Especially, Are Receiving Close Scrutiny by Breeders.

In the Western range states all kinds of sires—bulls especially—are receiving scrutiny by live stock owners. There is increasing evidence that good purebred males have wide influence on the quality of young stock and on the returns from stock-raising operations.

One day recently the United States Department of Agriculture enrolled in the "Better Sires—Better Stock" movement several ranchmen, each of whom had more than 1,000 head of live stock. One flock of sheep contained 250 purebred ewes and 3,450 crossbred ewes, the sires being all purebred. A cattle raiser who enlisted in the campaign the same day notified the department: "I have disposed of two grade Hereford bulls recently, having decided to run nothing but purebred sires." This remark is typical of the progress of the movement in Montana.

## TO RESTORE MORGAN STRAIN

Efforts of Department of Agriculture Shown in Recent 300-Mile Test for Horses.

Efforts of the United States Department of Agriculture to restore the Morgan strain of horses, which had become nearly extinct, showed their effect in the recent 300-mile test for army horses. Out of 27 entries, only ten finished, and of these the sixth and seventh were Morgan horses, one of them raised on the department's stock farm in Massachusetts. The horses were required to travel 60 miles a day for five days, carrying the regulation cavalry load of 245 pounds.

## PROFITABLE TO RAISE MULES

Plan Suggested to Farmers Who Experience Difficulty in Selling Young Horses.

Men with good-sized mares, who are having a hard time disposing of young horses will find it more profitable to raise mules than to raise colts. Medium-priced jacks can now be purchased with a reasonable certainty of breeding.



Soused Him in the Fountain.