*Had Your Iron Today?*

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# The Cow Puncher

BY ROBERT J. C. STEAD.

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CHAPTER III.—(Cont'd.)

"You have the boy," ventured the doctor.

"No," he answered, almost fiercely. "That would be different. I could stand it then. But I haven't got him, and I can't get him. He despises me because—because I take too much at times." He paused as though wondering whether to proceed with this unwonted confidence, but the ache in his heart insisted on its right to human sympathy. "No, it ain't that," he continued. "He despises me because he thinks I wasn't fair to his mother. He can't understand. He doesn't know yet that there's things—pulls and tugs of life, that lead a man as helpless as a steer chokin' in his lasso. I was like that. I wanted to be good to her, to be close to her. Then I took to booze, as natural as a steer under the brandin' iron roars to drown his hurt. But the boy don't understand." The old man got up and stood at the western window, watching the gold of approaching sunset gather on the mountains. . . . "He despises me." Then, after a long silence: "No matter. I despise myself."

The doctor approached and placed a hand on his shoulder. But Elden was himself again. The curtains of his life, which he had drawn apart for a moment, he whipped together again rudely, almost viciously, and covered his confusion by plunging into a tale of how he had led a breed suspected of cattle-rustling on a little canter of ten miles with a rope about his neck and the other end tied to the saddle. "He ran well," said the old man, chuckling still at the reminiscence. "And it was lucky he did. It was a strong rope."

The morning after Dave had brought in the borrowed saddle Irene appeared in a sort of bloomer suit, somewhat wonderfully contrived from the spare skirt to which allusion has been made, and announced a willingness to risk life and limb on any horse that Dave might select for that purpose. He provided her with a dependable mount, and their first journey, taken somewhat gingerly along the principal trail, was accomplished without incident. It was the forerunner of many others, plunging deeper and deeper into the fastnesses of the foothills, and even into the passes of the very mountains themselves. These long rides through the almost untracked wilderness, frequently along paths on which the element of danger was by no means a mere fancy, and into regions where the girl's sense of distance and direction were totally confused, afforded her many sidelights on the remarkable nature of her escort. His patience was infinite, and, although there were no silk trappings to his courtesy, it was a very genuine and manly deference he paid her. She was quite sure that he would at any moment give his life if needed to defend her from injury—and accept the transaction as a matter of course. His physical endurance was inexhaustible, and his knowledge of prairie and foothill seemed to her almost uncanny. When she had been utterly lost for hours he would suddenly swing their horses' heads about and guide them home with the accuracy of the wild goose on its flights to the nesting-grounds. He read every sign of footprint, leaf, water, and sky with unfailing insight. He had no knowledge of books, and she had at first thought him ignorant, but as the days went by she had found in him a mine of wisdom which shamed her ready-made education.

After such a day they one day dismounted in a grassy opening among the trees that bordered a mountain canyon. The waters of ages had chiselled a sharp passage through the rock, and the blue stream now swirled in its rapid course a hundred feet below. Fragments of rock, loosened by the sun and wind and frost of centuries, had fallen from time to time, leaving sheltered nooks and shelves in the walls of the canyon. In one of these crevices they found a flat stone that gave comfortable seating, and here they rested while the horses browsed their afternoon meal on the grass above. Little irregular bits of stone had broken off the parent rock, and for a while they amused themselves with tossing these into the water. But both were conscious of a gradually increasing tension in the atmosphere. For days the boy had been moody. It was evident he was harboring something that was calling through his nature for expression, and Irene knew that this afternoon he would talk of more than trees and rocks and footprints of the wild things of the forest.

"Your father is gettin' along well," he said at length.

"Yes," she answered. "He has had a good holiday, even with his broken leg. He is looking ever so much better."

"You will be goin' away before long," he continued.

"Yes," she answered, soberly, and waited.

"Things about here ain't goin' to be the same after you're gone," he went on. He was avoiding her eyes and industriously throwing bits of crumbled rock into the canyon. He wore no coat, and the neck of his shirt was open, for the day was warm. Had he caught her sidelong glances even his slow, self-deprecating mind must have read their admiration. But he kept his eyes fixed on the green water.

"You see," he said, "before you came it was different. I didn't know what I was missin', an' so it didn't matter. Not but what I was dog-sick of it at times, but still I thought I was livin'—thought this was life, and, of course, now I know it ain't. At least, it won't be after you're gone."

"That's strange," she said, not in direct answer to his remark, but as a soliloquy on it as she turned it over in her mind. "This life, now, seems empty to you. All my old life seems empty to me. This seems to me the real life, out here in the foothills, with the trees, and the mountains, and—and our horses, you know."

She might have ended the sentence in a way that would have come much closer to him, and been much truer, but conventionality had been bred into her for generations, and she did not find it possible yet freely to speak the truth. Indeed, as she thought of her position here it seemed to her she had become shamelessly unconventional. She thought of her mother, careful, correct—"Always be correct, my dear"—and wondered what she would say could she see her only child on these wild, unchaperoned rides and in these strange confidences where she was a girl and Dave was a boy, and all the artificialities with which Society aims to protect itself had been stripped away. There was a dash of adventure which added to the relish of the situation.

"It's such a wonderful life," she continued. "One gets so strong and happy in it."

"You'd soon get sick of it," he said. "We don't see nothin'. We don't learn nothin'. Reenie, I'm eighteen, an' I bet you could read an' write better'n me when you was six."

"Did you never go to school?" she asked, in genuine surprise. She knew his speech was ungrammatical, but thought that due to careless training rather than to no training at all.

"Where'd I go to school?" he demanded, bitterly. "There ain't a school within forty miles. Guess I wouldn't have went if I could," he added as an afterthought, wishing to be quite honest in the matter. "School didn't seem to cut no figure—until jus' lately."

"But you have learned—some?" she continued.

"Some. When I was a little kid my father used to work with me at times. He learned me to read a little, an' to write my name, an' a little more. But things didn't go right between him an' mother, an' he got to drinkin' more an' more, an' just makin' hell of it. We used to have a mighty fine herd of steers here, but it's all shot to pieces. We don't put up hardly no hay, an' in a bad winter they die like rabbits. When we sell a bunch the old man'll stay in town for a month or more, blowin' the coin and leavin' the debts go. But I've been fixin' him this year or two. I sneak a couple of steers away now an' then, an' with the money I keep our grocery bills paid up, an' have a little to rattle in my jeans. My credit's good at any store in town," and Irene thrilled to the note of pride in his voice as he said this. The boy had real quality in him. "But I'm sick of it all," he continued. "Sick of it, an' I wanna get out."

"You think you are not educated," she answered, trying to meet his outburst as tactfully as possible. "Perhaps you are not, the way we think of it in the city. But I guess there's a good many things you can't learn out of books, and I guess you could show the city boys a good many things they don't know, and never will know."

For the first time he looked her straight in the face. His dark eyes met her grey ones and demanded truth. "Irene," he said, "do you mean that?"

"Sure I do," she answered. "College courses, and all that kind of thing; they're good stuff, all right, but they make some awful nice boys—real live boys, you know—into some awful dead ones. Either they get the highbrow, and become bores, or the swelled head, and become cads. Not all, you know, but lots of them. And then when they get out they have to start learning the real things of life—things that you have been learning here for ever so long. My father says about the best education is to learn to live within your income, pay your debts, and give the other fellow a chance to do the same. They don't all learn that in college. So when they get out they have to go and work for somebody who has learned it, like you have. Then there's the things you do, just like you were born to it, that they couldn't do to save their lives. Why, I've seen you smash six bottles at a stretch, you going full gallop, and whooping and shooting so we could hardly tell which was which. And ride—you could make more money riding for city people to look at than most of those learned fellows, with letters after their names like the tail of a kite, will ever see. But I wouldn't like you to make it that way. There's more useful things to do."

He was comforted by this speech, but he referred to his accomplishments modestly. "Ridin' an' shootin' ain't nothin'," he said.

"I'm not so sure," she answered. "Father says the day is coming when our country will want men who can shoot and ride more than it will want lawyers or professors."

"Well, when it does, it can call on me," he said, and there was the pride in his voice which comes to a boy who feels that in some way he can take a man's place in the world. "Them is two things I sure can do."

Years later she was to think of her remark and his answer, consecrated then in clean red blood.

They talked of many things that afternoon, and when at last the lengthening shadows warned them it was time to be on the way they rode long distances in silence. Both felt a sense which neither ventured to express, that they had travelled very close in the world of their hopes and sorrows and desires. Perhaps, as they rode along the foothill trail, they were still journeying together down the long, strange trails of the future; dim, visionary, exquisite trails; rough, hard, cruel trails hidden in the merciful mirage of their young hopefulness.

(To be continued.)

## Politeness Overworked.

The native of India is perhaps the most polite fellow in the world, especially if he has the good fortune to bear an official title. But, as Lord Frederic Hamilton in his book "Here There and Everywhere" shows in this account of a railway journey, his politeness can be overtasked.

We were journeying, he says, from Calcutta to Cooch Behar and were obliged to wait for a long while that morning at a big station between the two places. We were extremely anxious to catch another train at a junction on the narrow-gauge railway and were afraid that the long wait would cause us to miss it. A jovial, burly Englishman occupied the second sleeping berth in my compartment. As we lay there, waiting for the train to start, he, who was connected with the East Bengal State Railway, jumped out of bed and went down to the platform in Anglo-Indian fashion, clad merely in pyjamas and slippers. Approaching the immensely pompous native station master, he upbraided him in no measured terms for the long halt. Through the window I could hear him make his protest:

"This delay is perfectly scandalous, station master. I shall certainly report it in Calcutta."

"Would you care, sir, to enter ofecial complain' in book kept for that purpose?"

"By George, I will!"

The station master conducted him through long passages to his office at the back of the building, where the Englishman entered a strongly worded complaint in the book. "And now," he said, "may I ask when you mean to start this infernal train?"

"Oh, the terain, sir, has already deeparted these five minutes," replied the bland native.

Fortunately, there was a freight train immediately following the mail, and some four hours afterwards our big friend alighted from a brake van. He was in a furious temper. He had had nothing whatever to eat and, though it was ten o'clock in the morning, was still in pyjamas and slippers. The branch train had waited for us, for no one seemed in any particular hurry; so all was well.

## A Flower Lesson.

To love a flower and leave it growing is a lesson we take long to learn.

But when learned, we have taught ourselves the wholesome art of self-restraint, and learned to respect the rights of others.

We want to admire the beauties that grow by the wayside, but as we do so, we must think of the other fellow, climbing the uphill way, and leave them for him to admire.

Recently, a gardener planted a plot of Black-eyed Susans by the roadside in order that passers-by might enjoy their beauty.

One morning he saw a lady stop before the patch and, with greedy hands, make efforts to secure the lot. When asked to leave just a few, she exclaimed: "Why, I thought they were growing wild!"

And so, without thinking, she, regardless of all others, would have appropriated them all.

At the present day it is no unusual thing for some collectors of rare plants to clear a whole district, utterly regardless of the many who would be content with even one specimen.

## Identification of Woods.

The Forest Product Laboratories of Canada, under the Forestry Branch of the Department of the Interior, are frequently requested by manufacturers and others to identify samples of Canadian and foreign woods. Identification is made possible by an expert knowledge of the microscopic structure of woods and special methods of preparing the material for examination.

The laboratories are equipped to examine any samples submitted and will do so without charge. Such samples should be accompanied by a statement as to the country of origin. In the case of North American woods the district of origin should be stated if possible. Inquiries and samples may be addressed to the Superintendent, Forest Products Laboratories of Canada, 700 University Street, Montreal.

Living for yourself alone, working for yourself alone, you will be foredoomed either to oblivion or to infamy. —Mr. H. Addington Bruce.


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## Tremendous Trifles.

Our physical existence and well-being depend on a series of tremendous trifles.

Without the incredibly small specks of dust suspended in the air, we would be deprived of the beauties of diffused light and the blue of the sky. Worse still, there would be no rain, for water-vapour condenses round these tiny specks, to form the drops that eventually fall as rain.

Without the electric spark—enduring about the thousandth part of a second—high speed gasoline engines would be impossible.

But perhaps the most unheeded, everyday trifle is the film of oil existing between the moving parts of every piece of machinery in the world. No thicker than a cigarette-paper, this film of oil alone prevents a machine from becoming an immovable mass of metal. Without that greasy coat between the revolving shaft and its bearing, or between a sliding rod and the guide over which it travels, an engine would be seriously damaged, perhaps wrecked, in a few minutes.

Although so thin, this layer of oil is, nevertheless, tremendously strong, and clings to the metal surfaces in an extraordinary manner. There may be a weight of two hundred tons on the shaft, yet a film of oil one-thousandth of an inch thick will support it, and even with this enormous weight, the oil will not be wiped off when the shaft revolves.

The maintenance of this sleeve of oil is one of the most important duties of those in charge of machinery, and all kinds of ingenious devices are used to keep up a regular supply of oil.

A simple and clever automatic lubricator is used for oiling the shafting in all large works, in which there may be thousands of bearings. It works on exactly the same principle as a stylographic pen—that is, it only supplies oil when the shaft is running, just as the pen only supplies ink when you are writing with it.

In the high-speed turbines now used on board ship the failure of the oil supply for thirty seconds might wreck the machine.

When the enormous amount of machinery in the world is taken into account, and when it is realised that every moving portion of the machinery is floating on films of oil, it seems that this matter of lubrication is really a tremendous trifle.

### That's Easy.

Miss Jones (seriously): "Do you know who is the laziest person in this room?"

Percy (innocently): "I dunno."

Miss Jones: "You ought to. Who is it, when everybody else is industrously studying, sits and watches the rest or looks out of the window?"

Percy (brightening): "Why, you Miss Jones.

## The Mediums.

I wandered o'er the hills to-day,
Far from the city's smoke and din,
Far from the walls that shut me in,
I yearned to know. I longed to see.
I hoped that He would speak to me.
But only one small bird sang sweet,
And grasses whispered at my feet.

Was there a God above my head?
And might I then his face behold?
But just a sky of blue and gold
Was all I saw—and wondrous sight
Of fearless birds in circling flight.
The blossoms of a cherry tree
Came sweetly drifting down on me

As I lay stretched upon the earth,
I closed my eyes that I might hear
The sound of footsteps drawing near.
The gentle breeze that kissed my cheek
Seemed trying, oh, so hard to speak.
The trees were whispering overhead.
I wonder what it was they said?

But now that I am back again
I somehow seem to know that I
Saw more than just the earth and sky.
I feel as if my soul had heard,
Although there came no uttered word
But I no longer doubting go,
Because I know. Because I know.
—Maud Morrison Huey.

### All That Mattered.

A woman who was staying at our house accidentally stepped on my nephew's toe and said to him, "Pardon me, Bobby."

"Oh, that's all right. I didn't shine my shoes to-day," he answered.


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## Woman's Interests

### A Touring Party.

A correspondent wishes suggestions for entertaining in a large and unfurnished room.

You might have a Make-believe Touring Party, sending out the following invitations:

"A touring party we've planned;
you're invited.
If you wear touring clothes we'll all
be delighted.
For Friday at eight of the clock you
are bid,
So bring kodak pictures to show what
you did."

Arrange the room to look as much like a garage as possible, without the grease. The boys in charge should wear overalls. Hang up appropriate signs, old licenses, advertisements of gasoline, tires and other automobile accessories. Play any games desired, and call upon those who have brought photographs to describe the experiences which these pictures illustrate. Give a prize (a toy automobile) to the one who tells the most impossible yarn. You could also play the old-fashioned game of stage-coach, using the parts of an automobile instead of those of the stage-coach.

Refreshments should be served from a "lunch-counter" which can be fixed up in one corner of the "garage." The menu should be written out on order-blanks, one item on a blank. Entire sets of orders should be given to the girls, and their partners are expected to take the orders, one at a time, to the "lunch-counter" where they will receive two portions of the article called for. The couple must finish this "course" before going for anything else. As the things called for do not always resemble their names, some couples may find it necessary to eat their ice-cream before the sandwiches, others may get only a paper napkin on their first trip. Here is a suggested menu and the things they stand for:

Hen in the road—chicken sandwiches. Cranks and lubricant oil—cucumber sandwiches with olive-oil dressing. Nuts to bolt—salted peanuts. Snow a la skid—vanilla ice cream. Spare tires—doughnuts. Scorching juice—coffee, sugar and cream. Ball bearings—olives. Puncture proofs—hard candies. Chamois—paper napkins.

To match partners the cards for the men should have some mishap written upon them, such as "empty radiator," "ignition trouble," "broken spring," and so on. The girls' cards show the remedies for the various troubles. Thus, the first man would find his partner in the girl whose slip bore the words, "water free"; the second would hunt for "spark plugs," and the next would find "a new spring." A great many things can happen to an automobile and there is no danger of running out of troubles and their remedies.

## Coats Wood With Metal

A newly invented process has made it practicable to plate wood with a coating of metal, a thing hitherto deemed impossible. By this means a plating of zinc or lead may be applied to the hull of a ship to protect her against shipworms, or to telegraph poles or wooden structures of any kind which need defense against weather or insects.

The metal, in powdered form, is applied at so low a temperature that it can be safely used for coating even so inflammable a substance as celluloid. It may be employed for plating the wooden parts and cloth fabric of airplanes. Packing boxes can be strengthened and made water-tight by a metal spray along the edges.

High structures that are exposed to weather, such as bridges, are with difficulty protected against rust, and to keep them well painted is troublesome and expensive. On this account many bridges nowadays are built of re-enforced concrete. If structural ironwork were plated with zinc by the spraying process it would need no painting for a long time.

Like many other inventions, this one was a lucky accident. A Swiss named Schoof, watching his children firing a Flobert rifle noticed that the bullets crushed on the wall produced a strongly adhering lead coating. This observation led him to make some experiments with small shot, with, discharged at the wall at close range, formed thereupon a tenacious plating in spots.

The contrivance finally developed out of this idea has a valved receptacle for powdered metal (lead or zinc), which is forced out by heated gas passed through a pipe. The gas, under pressure, drives out the powder through a nozzle, in the form of a spray, with such violence that it fills the smallest pores of the surface struck and covers the latter with a dense adherent plating.

The surface to be plated is first cleaned with a sand-blast. So rapidly can the spraying be done that large surfaces are covered in a short time. The process, therefore, is readily and inexpensively available for use on structural ironwork of buildings or bridges. Parts of machinery that are hard to get at may by this means be protected against rust; and it is expected to prove serviceable for plating the interior of vessels utilized in the chemical industries.

With the help of stencils, the process can be used to produce metal patterns on surfaces. It may be employed to advantage in the making of castings and printing blocks. From one negative block can be produced by the spraying method in one hour thirty finished blocks equal to electrotypes.

One of the great nations of the earth is determination; it wins most battles


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## Tracing Heirs to "Lost Money"

There is treasure in London awaiting the taking. Millions of pounds of "lost money" is hidden away in the Government treasury, and so far as is known nobody owns it. Every three years the Chancery Division of the High Court of Justice in London issues a long list of the various funds in court to which there are no known claimants.

These funds have come into the court in different ways, some of them in large amounts, some in small, and in every case the money is the legal property of some person, but the identity of the owner is unknown. These amounts, collectively, are known as "the dormant funds." The money has been accumulating for 200 years.

"The dormant funds" have been the basis for the springing up in London of a strange profession whose members earn a living by tracing down unsuspecting heirs and offering to prove to them that they are owners of fortunes. It is no easy profession. A tremendous amount of work must be done in searching for an heir. The first procedure of the men is to discover which particular fund is of a large enough amount to make investigation worth while, and to get this information a girl is employed in the Court Records office digging out all possible details.

Frequently it is the case that a year or two years is spent on a successful search for an heir. The search occasionally leads to America or the British colonies on the trail of an heir who perhaps left England 100 years ago.

The authority on which the "dormant funds" are held is in an act of Parliament of 1723.

If a person thinks he or she is the legal heir to a part of the funds it is still very difficult to get it. Frequently old ladies write in and inclose some such proof as a copy of a letter written by a father or a grandfather, asserting that his heirs could get £50,000 by writing to the court. This is too little proof.

After all, the best way to get money out of the "dormant fund," if it is due, is to put the matter into the hands of the professional treasure hunters. They know that fuller proofs are required.

Now and then attempts by fraud are employed, but such efforts are rarely successful.

## KING ALEXANDE MAR

A despatch from Belgra Slavia, says:—King Alex Jugo-Slavia and Princess Roumania were married on amid pomp and enthusiasm Belgrade has not seen since lishment of the new king untoward incident marred sion. Every step of the w from the Cathedral was endless ovations.

Artillery salutes at ten the morning announced that many had begun, and at its as the royal party left the the Queen of Roumania through her tears, was see towards her favorite dau caress her—a little human t

## BRITISH TROOPS TAKE ULSTER

### Republicans Vacate Brief Skirmish at B Point.

A despatch from Belfe says:—British troops were here on Thursday supporte itzers firing 4.5 high explo The fighting lasted for near at the end of which the vill undisputed possession of the force. This consisted of de of the South Staffordshire Lincolns, who advanced fro by road, skirting Lough E northwest, while the Ma with the Hampshires in field company of the Royal and two howitzers, followed which runs along the south Altogether about 300 office were engaged in the oper

The following official r issued in Enniskillen on night:

"Orders were received t whether forces from the were still in occupation of leek district. Orders were Free State territory was ordered unless fire was the troops while in Ulster Means of water transport ranged, as 150 yards of the toring Belleek from the in Free State territory. Th were divided into two col on each side of Lough Erne cars were sent on ahead of umns to reconnoitre. These on from Free State terri they were still in Ulster The infantry then advanc North. Artillery shelled the North, from which fire brought to bear on the no umn, and Cliffe, which was quarters of the forces occu leek. The fire was very ac the enemy retired.

"At 2 p.m. the columns en leek. Our casualties were o the Lincoln Regiment, who ly wounded. Those of the known, as no wounded covered."

## BOLSHEVISTS ROB MONARCHS'

### Continue Work of R Out Church Treasu Confiscation.

A despatch from Paris Russian Bolsheviki, leaving unturned in their work o out Church treasures for c have violated the tombs of and Czarinas in St. Pete Paul's Cathedral, Petrogra Journal, quoting private ad a reliable source.

The tomb of the Czarina ovna, which is made of silv moved bodily, and the coffi erine the Great was broke a necklace and rings of g were taken. The Bolshevi clared to have even pried t Peter the Great's coffin, the body marvellously pre abashed, and dared not st jewels.

The despatch adds that m sacking of the tombs spre among the Russian peop extremely indignant at th tions.

### Research Develops N for Canadian Woo

Many people when pass where automobile storage are sold must have noticed dow one or two batteries show the interior construc sections show the edges o plates used in the battery a the plates very thin corruga of wood. These sheets are separators and while perha ing relatively unimportant h been the subject of extensiv

Wood for battery separa possess special chemical an properties and until very re wooden separators used were made almost exclusive ported woods. The Fore Laboratories of the Forest Department of the Intern undertook research to deter ther any Canadian wood w for separator work, and a found a most excellent mat yellow cypress of British This wood was found to p requisite properties to a hi and is now in regular comm for the manufacture of sep

### Testing It.

"Well, Pat," said Bridge kind of a bird have you bro in the cage?"

"It's a raven," replied Pat

"A raven? And why did home a bird like that?"

"Well, I read in a paper day that a raven has been live for three hundred years believe it so I am going to