

THE 22ND A Thrilling War Story of the North Atlantic

By RANDALL PARRISH

Copyright A. C. McClurg & Co.

BEST METHODS TO PREVENT HOG CHOLERA

"THE BEST SEA STORY IN TEN YEARS"

In quieting that statement made by one of the most widely known book reviewers in the country about "Contraband," we can best introduce this new serial to our readers. Certainly it is a tale for men and women whose arteries carry red blood. It is as full of adventure as an airplane battle over the trenches in northern France. It is romantic as beautiful as a night in midsummer when the moon is round, the mist silvery and the air laden with the odor of honeysuckle. Too, in "Contraband" you will get a plot composed of strong life and characterization, as vivid as human beings can be. Just read on.

The Editor.

CHAPTER I.

A Yacht Party.

So many times bearing upon the strange adventures which have lately befallen me have found publication in the newspapers, oftentimes distorted and untrue, and resulting in letters of inquiry from friends, induce me now to write out the tale while the incidents remain fresh in memory. Indeed, I owe the truth not only to myself but even more to her who so bravely shared with me those days and nights of peril.

The earlier portion of my life was the sea, and when others of my age were grinding away through their courses in college, I was apprenticed to the merchant service in a fleet owned by my father, trading between New York and northern European ports. Loving the work, and, possibly, assisted by the fact that I was my father's son, I rose rapidly, until I seemed as captain of an island, and assigned to command the Vulcan, a freighter of 3,000 tons. At thirty, however, the novelty and fascination of a sea life ceased its attraction, and my father died sufficient property bequeathed me a share from the estate to enable my resigning this command, and retiring permanently from the sea. Circumstances, unnecessary now to relate, caused me to make permanent home in Chicago, where I soon became engrossed in business. My sole recreation in yachting upon the Great Lakes. Such were the rather commonplace surroundings of my life, when, at thirty-seven, adventure suddenly called me out into the unknown.

Nothing could have been more unexpected than the occasion which took me to New York. Carrington—Glen Carrington, the Copper King—had just played his new steam yacht, the Emerald, off commission, and was eager to christen it by a run across the ports of Spain. He wrote urging me to become one of the party. The temptation was irresistible, for, as I knew Mrs. Carrington was a charming hostess, and guests on board would undoubtedly all be men, and probably congenial fellows. A bachelor myself, the long hours at sea had left me anxious to join the society of women, whose presence I avoided whenever possible. Hence, I accepted Carrington's invitation immediately by wire, hastily packing a few things necessary for the trip, and, unaccompanied even by a valet, caught the Twentieth Century for New York. Carrington lived on Long Island, and I talked with him on the phone. There were to be twelve in the party, the names of two, who were former acquaintances, also being mentioned. My brief conference. The yacht was lying at Tompkinsville, provisioned, and ready for the sea. I must be on board by three o'clock the following day, and he gave me quite explicit instructions as to the best mode of reaching the vessel.

An accident to the ferry caused me to miss the local train which I had anticipated taking for the morning, and I was consequently the last of our party to arrive at Tompkinsville. The others were waiting aboard when I hurried across the gang-plank, to receive the cordial welcome of Carrington, who immediately ordered the vessel under way. My guests must have been gathered on the upper deck, enjoying the excitement of departure, for I caught no glimpse of anyone on board, excepting the officers and the crew, as the steward led me to the cabin assigned to my use during the voyage.

Even the brief view I had obtained of the boat impressed me strongly, both by its beauty and seagoing qualities. I was small enough to appreciate all this at a glance. The Emerald was a steam yacht, schooner rigged aloft, of over fifteen hundred tons, constructed for deep-water cruising, well manned and able to combat the storms of any ocean. I opened the door and emerged into the main cabin. It was deserted, except for a waiter, who, after a quick glance at his watch, turned and left. White jackets had covered a long table suspended by stanchions from the deck beams above, and were spreading it with snowy linen in preparation for the six o'clock meal. Never had I seen a more cozy, homelike interior. Forward, an open passage, guarded only by silently swinging doors, led to the steward's pantry, and various storerooms beyond, while beside this opening a broad, heavy curtain lay easily to the upper deck. A small, round table, with a white cloth, stood at the edge of the companionway, and flickered down through a half-drawn skylight above. The cabin was so comfortable, so inviting to the open air. I would meet those with whom I was destined to companion on this voyage across the sea.

No passengers were visible on the deck, yet this mystery was soon explained as I stepped to one side and glanced aft. The cabin projected but not high, yet sufficiently so to break the force of the headwind, and beside was far enough advanced to give ample space at the stern. The hull, having been erected, and beneath its shelter were gathered the vessel's guests. I recognized but three in the

and not well adjusted yet, a tilt of the head went wrong, and has to be repaired."

He turned away, but at that instant my eyes caught the flashing of a beam of light from the south-east.

"What light is that out yonder, Mr. Seeley? We must be well beyond East Point, for I am at sea."

He glanced in the direction indicated. "Those white flashes? That is Old Point Light. Are you acquainted with these waters?"

"Not infinitely, although I retain some memory of the charts. I was a merchant's service on the old Atlantic line."

"A fine line that," he acknowledged heartily. "I made my first voyage, as you know, on the Atlantic. You are Mr. Hollis, I presume, sir. I overheard Mr. Carrington tell Captain Turner you were to be one of the party aboard. Well, tonight, sir, I must make certain the watch is looked after."

He touched his cap courteously, and disappeared beneath the shadow of the bridge, leaving me again alone, undecided whether to return below, or endeavor to walk off my sleeplessness. I scarcely knew what idle curiosity led me to stroll along the narrow deck space around the cabin to the long place at the stern. I stopped suddenly in surprise, staring across at the opposite rail, questioning the evidence of my own eyes. Carrington stood lined in the star gimmer, was plainly revealed the figure of a woman. Some notion of fear, or, perchance, a slight sense of approach, must have arrested her of my presence, for she turned instantly toward me, bending slightly forward, her face visible in the shadow of the bridge.

Why was she here on board the Emerald? A not a shadow of a doubt, she moved or spoke, she fled along the port rail, slipping immediately behind the protection of the cabin. I felt sure she had parted lips had uttered a quick exclamation, and her startled effort to escape was sufficient to urge me to pursue. Who could she be? Why was she here on board the Emerald? Above all, why should she be so eager to escape observation?

I ran forward across the deck, and quickly explored the passage between the cabin and rail. It was clearly visible in the bright starlight, but the swiftly fleeing figure had totally vanished, and I reached the stern without companion, and gazed down through the glass doors. The light below revealed nothing, the cabin remained quiet and dark. Not a shadow of a doubt, she was there, either on the open deck, or below. Yet surely this was no dream, no hallucination, no mere vision of the night. The woman had appeared to me; I had seen her plainly enough; had even heard the echo of her voice. There was then a woman on board—Carrington's guest, and I was a witness to her flight. I had seen her plainly enough; had even heard the echo of her voice. There was then a woman on board—Carrington's guest, and I was a witness to her flight.

There was nothing more to do, then, although I provided about for some time peering into dark corners, and the light of the lanterns overhead. I hesitated, yet determined to put him to the test. I stepped forward, and his face or manner would be revealing, irrespective of his words. "I imagined I saw a woman on the deck last night when I stepped out for breakfast call, by a vigorous rapping on my door."

Carrington was seated alone at the table when I entered the cabin, lingering over his coffee and looking at me. He had heard me, and kept me company, seemingly in a genial mood in spite of the delay. He lit a cigar, and leaned comfort-ably across at me through the blue haze of smoke.

"Quite so, although I only knew two previously."

"Yes—Kendall and McCann. The others are either bankers or brokers. I meet every day or so in my business, you know. You have never done much in stocks?"

"No, sir, I have not."

"My business education was in an entirely different school," I said quizzically, ignoring his lead. "My father spent his life in the stock market."

"I know his feelings on that subject," and Carrington chuckled, as though at a pleasant memory. "I never advocate speculation myself, but have never shown any qualms of conscience against betting on a sure thing. Perhaps we can discuss this later—before our voyage ends."

"This, then, is more of a business than a pleasure trip, sir?"

He laughed, watching the smoke rings rise lazily in the air.

"Well, hardly that, my boy. My hospitality is not to be so strictly limited. However, no doubt, we shall discuss some matters of business importance before our return. By the way, you have some idle money, I hear?"

"Not a large sum at present, although I think it true I control some capital."

Carrington pushed back his chair and arose to his feet.

"The fact is," he said, "in my judgment, we are not far away from a great opportunity in finance, when it will pay you to know that a copper pool is being organized."

"I suspected as much," you have some news?"

"Exceedingly important news. Listen, Hollis, this is strictly confidential. No one must know of this. Only two men on board know the truth. There will be war in Europe—the biggest war ever known in history—within

a month. Do you realize what that will mean, for instance, to copper?"

"I can imagine, sir. But if we are on the verge of such a sudden rise in market value, why do you leave New York for a long voyage?"

Carrington smiled, stroking his gray mustache.

"A natural question, perhaps coming from one not acquainted with my methods," he answered good-humoredly. "Because I prefer to be thought out of it. Everybody on the street is aware that I am at sea. I thus escape being interviewed, impounded for information. I am unimpounded of being where I am manipulating the market. The Emerald is equipped with a powerful wireless outfit, and we have on board the most expert operator so procured in New York. I shall be in direct communication with my office every hour of the day and night. Tomorrow, once safely beyond Point Judith, I shall explain my plan, meanwhile, I shall think it wiser to keep my mouth shut."

He turned toward the ship, but I stopped him, more deeply interested in the matter he had just mentioned.

"Turner was an old seaman, a former naval officer, and a most strict disciplinarian; while Hanch was a tall, close-shaven man, never guilty of the slightest civility to anyone. Neither of these would ever aid and abet a woman under any conceivable circumstances."

Of the second officer, Seeley, I remembered Carrington had mentioned the fact that he had been in the emergency for two years. He was the most likely to listen to the plea of a woman, and to be deceived by her; and besides, as I suddenly recalled it, he was the only one on the bridge that the girl had ventured to look at.

"What is your guess about the girl? Do you suppose she is spy for some foreign government who wants to get to Europe?"

"No, I don't think so. She is more than the regular stowaway class, offer?"

TO BE CONTINUED

NATIONAL HERO OF SERBIA

Soldiers Believe Prince Marko Arose From Sleep of Centuries to Lead Them to Victory.

So far above Monastir is Prillips, and the hills over Prillips Prince Marko slept in his cave for centuries. The story tells of a Serbian hero, who lived in the village squares over night while peace reigned, says Herbert. The old story tells of a Serbian hero, who lived in the village squares over night while peace reigned, says Herbert. The old story tells of a Serbian hero, who lived in the village squares over night while peace reigned, says Herbert.

"No the moss grew over the sword," the Serbian soldier said. "But each day Sharazat nibbled patiently at the moss, and little by little the rock was worn away. At last the sword fell, and the old story tells of a Serbian hero, who lived in the village squares over night while peace reigned, says Herbert. The old story tells of a Serbian hero, who lived in the village squares over night while peace reigned, says Herbert."

"You believe this story?" I asked an old Serb officer.

"The men believe it," said he. "I do not discourage them. They all say that the sword was in the rock, and that day; and they believe that the coming presages certain victory. We shall wait back our homes."

Delimiting the Giraffe. Gibbon's note on the giraffe shows that a mystery the beast was to our eighteenth-century ancestors, says the London Chronicle. Describing the enormous achievements of Emperor Commodus in the amphitheater, he mentions that Commodus killed a camelopardalis, or giraffe, the tallest, the most gentle and the most useful of the large quadrupeds, and adds: "This singular animal is native only of the interior parts of Africa, has never been seen in Europe since the revival of letters, and though M. de Bouffon had written a treatise on the animal, he was never able to delineate a giraffe."

Zep Captures a Ship. A new use of Zeppelins is reported by Dutch fishermen from Ymuiden. They report that while fishing near the Farol bank, they saw a Zeppelin stop the Norwegian bark Rønde. A prize crew put out from the Zeppelin, boarded the ship and took it to Germany.

Unfortunately they do not report how the Zeppelin managed to get low enough to halt the Rønde without being exposed to the fire of the Norwegian gun. Most likely the Rønde, being a Norwegian merchantman, had no threat- ing gun mounted aboard.

More Appropriate. "Your hired man, under the tree, is a most picturesque figure," said the stranger with the flowered necktie. "I should like to paint him; and—" "Sartin!" replied honest Farmer Bendish, who he has no one to paint. But it would do him more good to get his paper him. He is petrified.—Kansas City Star.

Recall. A recently invented shock recoil pad to protect the shoulders of gunners is fastened by a long iron chain, which is posed between a hard rubber base and a soft rubber cushion.

HOG CHOLERA THRIVES UNDER SUCH CONDITIONS.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.) Hog cholera killed enough animals last year to have fed 100,000 soldiers a meat ration for 5 1/2 months. The disease can be prevented to a large extent, as has been demonstrated by county agents working through the United States department of agriculture, state agricultural colleges, and northern and western states.

Hog cholera prevention and control are possible through vaccination, disinfection, and the quarantine of infected herds. The local conditions largely determine the methods of procedure by the agents. They work with groups of farmers, teaching them how to vaccinate their hogs, confine and quarantine their herds, and disinfect their premises. The most effective campaign against the disease is the uniting of the farmers into organizations by the county agents. Frequently these are farm bureaus with committees of local farmers, community organizations, and other groups.

This is pronounced an ideal organization to promote educational work relative to cholera. Cholera control clubs are very effective when first organized and at work, but when cholera disappears from the county the organization tends to disintegrate. On the other hand, the farm bureau is constantly engaged on other lines and is ever ready to handle cholera when it appears.

Land Instruments to Farmers. The work of the county agents is often supplemented by the services of specialists from agricultural colleges and the United States department of agriculture. In a number of states farm bureaus and cholera control clubs have purchased instruments to lend to the farmers and have stored them in order to infect the animals. Available when needed and to lessen the cost of vaccination.

Reports to the department of agriculture show that in 1917, 22,000 hogs killed by cholera for the year ending March 31, 1917. These hogs would have made approximately 285,000 pounds of pork, which would have furnished a meat ration for an army of a million men for 109 days. Reports of the agents also show that in 1917, 22,000 hogs were vaccinated, and in 1918, 140 agents showing a vaccination of 210,337 hogs, it is estimated that there was a saving of \$18,836,282 as compared with the deaths that would have been probable without vaccination. This saving does not include thousands of hogs that have escaped the disease by preventive measures adopted on the recommendations of county agents.

Personal Instruction Given. In many counties the agents instruct the farmers personally how to vaccinate hogs, quarantine herds, and clean up and disinfect their premises. For instance, in Scott county, Missouri, the agent loans the farm bureau's instruments to individual farmers. He vaccinates several hogs for the farmer and then has the farmer vaccinate a number under his direction. The farmer vaccinates the other hogs himself and returns the instruments to the farm bureau office. Serum is sold by the bureau to the farmers at cost. In this county 85 per cent of the 1,377 hogs vaccinated under the direction of the agents were saved. Before county agent work was undertaken there, hog vaccination for cholera was practically unknown.

In several counties, Nebraska, the farm bureau also lends instruments for vaccination to farmers and sells serum at cost. In Allen county, Indiana, through publicity is given the presence of hog cholera in a neighborhood in order to stimulate interest in holding meetings and acting immediately in the community. The county agent gives an illustrated talk on the nature, prevention and eradication of cholera, presenting it as a community problem and perfecting an organization which in every instance has prevented spread from the first outbreak. The special value of such organizations is that the disease is caught in the beginning and eliminated before it has had time to infect all hogs in a herd or spread to neighboring herds. The agent in Kingsbury county, South Dakota, reports that last year 15 different outbreaks occurred, with a loss of 154 head, whereas in 1915 1,080 head were lost from cholera. In this county the community organization plan was followed. In Johnson county, Indiana, where community meetings were held, the result has far exceeded the county agent's expectations, according to his report. Farmers cooperated heartily in preventing the spread of the disease, farms were thoroughly disinfected, hogs were vaccinated early, neighbors in a neighborhood broke in order that they might protect their own herds, and the consequence was that the disease was kept out of the county. In this county this year, and in no instance has the disease gotten beyond control.

COUNTRY BUTTER IS IMPROPERLY WORKED

Most Common Faults Are Dirty Milking and Handling of Milk—Utensils Not Clean.

Country butter often ought to be better than creamery butter. In the opinion of A. S. Neale, dairy specialist, division of extension, Kansas State Agricultural college. The farmer is able to control the production of the cream while the creamery cannot do this. The most common faults in making country butter, says Mr. Neale, are "dirty milking and handling of milk, improper sterilization of separators and other milk utensils, mixing of cream with water, and the use of ripened cream, storing cream in a warm place, allowing the cream to stand too long before ripening, improper ripening, churning at too high a temperature, and inadequate washing and working of the butter after churning."

For saving cream in order to get enough for a churning, store it at a temperature at least as low as that of cold well water. New cream when added should always be cooled, and thoroughly mixed to insure evenness of ripening.

"The cream should be kept cool until Purebred Stock Is Best. Purebred stock, brought to a high standard by specialty breeders who devote their time to one, two or three breeds, is, by all means, the most profitable because it produces more uniform products."

Spray for San Jose Scale. Spray the trees this fall for the San Jose scale if you have seen signs lately.

Cow to Give Milk. A cow that is to give milk must be built that way and fed for that purpose.