

The CONVICT COUNTRY: or FIGHTING for a MILLION

BY CHARLES MORRIS BUTLER.
Author of "The Demerit of Power," "A Financially Healthy World," etc.
Copyright, 1924, by C. Morris Butler.

CHAPTER IV.

An important clue.
For about a year Lang served his apprenticeship under the instruction of Denver. He was particularly suspicious character, and his past was raked up in great shape, not to his credit to be sure. Through the process of appearing "fishy" of money one day and on "his uppers" the next he got the reputation of being "crooked," or at least "sporty," which in some circles are considered synonymous.

Lang one evening was strolling down Clark street rather aimlessly, swaggering as if under the influence of strong drink, when he was approached by a rather familiar dressed by Denver. "Denver" greeted Lang, as if trying to refresh his memory, and his speech was varied now and then by a half-suppressed hicough. "Seems to me I've heard the name afore, see?"

"Well, Lang," continued Regan in a positive tone, "Denver wants to see you."
"S-say, wot're you lookin' fer?"

The man shrugged his shoulders incredulously. "You are acquainted with Denver?" he asked.
Lang now recognized the questioner as Regan, the detective, against whom he had been especially warned by Denver. "Denver" queried Lang, as if trying to refresh his memory, and his speech was varied now and then by a half-suppressed hicough. "Seems to me I've heard the name afore, see?"

"Well, Lang," continued Regan in a positive tone, "Denver wants to see you."
"S-say, wot're you lookin' fer?"



"If your name is Lang, I want to speak to you."
Lang stared up as if angry at Regan's persistence. "Didn't I just tell you my name was Smith?" He stopped walking, and in a derago gesture, he threw off the detective's hat, which had been resting rather familiarly on his arm, staggering backward as he did so as if losing his balance. "Dye want to insult me?" he asked in a good example of drunken and offended dignity.

"You're a good one," exclaimed the detective in evident admiration. "But it won't work, I know you. Regan saw you may as well own up to it. Jim is lying at the point of death and wants to see you."

The mistake would have been costly had Lang acknowledged that he and Denver were on friendly terms, that there was a bond between them. Lang thought deeply, while apparently attempting to straighten himself up from the position his drunken actions had placed him. "If Jim really wanted me, I will see him later. But I must not give myself away to this man under any circumstances—leastwise our secret." He knew that Regan did not know him in his double role of himself and Smith, and also that he had been recognized as a visitor in Denver's office at least, he essayed to work a dodge on him to throw him from the scent. "Let the d—d scoundrel die! What do I care?"

"So you admit you know him? You are Lang, then?"
"I may be Lang, and I may be Smith, but it is George Smith I owe Jim Denver a grudge—and George Smith never forgets a wrong! With all his shrewdness, all his cunning, Denver has never penetrated my disguise. D—d him! I'll be even with him yet, if he don't die too soon!" Then as if recollecting himself, he suddenly asked, "Who are you?"
"My name is Bunn, and I am a detective," the man admitted without hesitation.

"And who is Regan?" asked Lang, puzzling his brain to connect some story of a pleasure nature to tell him in reference to the "great wrong" done himself by Denver.
"Then Denver's side partner."
"What do you want of me? You can bet that Denver don't want to see me!"

"I want to find out why you go to his office," Regan was candid and Lang leered drunkenly. "I'll not tell you. You'll give it away. You and Denver are too thick."

"Let's have a drink," said Louis, looking around and noticing for the first time that their stoppage in the open street and their conversation not being carried on in low tones, had attracted considerable attention.
Regan had realized the same thing. "You are right, we had better move on."

The twins entered the first saloon they came to, which chanced to be the same basement place where Denver had met Lang. They took seats at a convenient table and Louis ordered the drinks. Regan had his back turned toward the door (while Louis faced the stairway) and did not notice the entrance of a third party soon afterwards; but Lang did, and he thought he recognized Denver, though that individual was in disguise. A secret signal given and answered soon proved the true Denver took a seat in an obscure corner of the room, within hearing distance, in Lang's but out of the line of Regan's sight.

"I had noticed that on several occasions you have drawn money from the Madison bank on Jim Denver's check," said Regan, casting a bomb in Louis's camp.
For a moment Louis was staggered; he could see a shade of annoyance pass over Denver's face. Regan evidently knew more than either Lang or Denver had supposed. "Oh, you have, eh?" the young man hurried out, still sparring for time, resolved now to attempt to "pump" Regan in turn.
"What does he pay you for?" asked Regan leering at him through bleary eyes.
"That would be telling—and if you knew my graft it wouldn't be worth a cent to me."
The detective now realized now that he had a pretty shrewd antagonist to

deal with. He noted that Denver was employing others besides himself for a moment even after drinking that which had been ordered.
"You are one of the boys, eh?" queried Regan. "The one who is the man I'm looking for. I have a name on hand that I need assistance in; are you with me?"
"Am I with you? Well, you can bet your sweet existence that I am! But don't you think that we will be overheard here. Hadn't we better get a room where we can have privacy?" And the young man excused himself for a moment to retire to the rear ostensibly to make arrangements for a room, but in reality to meet Denver.

"Is Regan playing me or is he really on the 'job'?" asked Lang.
"No! He is earnest! Work him for all he is worth! This is certainly a masterstroke! We play the game of our lives today to win or lose a few dollars, but this is a real chance as to the existence of the country!"
(To be continued.)

deal with. He noted that Denver was employing others besides himself for a moment even after drinking that which had been ordered.
"You are one of the boys, eh?" queried Regan. "The one who is the man I'm looking for. I have a name on hand that I need assistance in; are you with me?"
"Am I with you? Well, you can bet your sweet existence that I am! But don't you think that we will be overheard here. Hadn't we better get a room where we can have privacy?" And the young man excused himself for a moment to retire to the rear ostensibly to make arrangements for a room, but in reality to meet Denver.

deal with. He noted that Denver was employing others besides himself for a moment even after drinking that which had been ordered.
"You are one of the boys, eh?" queried Regan. "The one who is the man I'm looking for. I have a name on hand that I need assistance in; are you with me?"
"Am I with you? Well, you can bet your sweet existence that I am! But don't you think that we will be overheard here. Hadn't we better get a room where we can have privacy?" And the young man excused himself for a moment to retire to the rear ostensibly to make arrangements for a room, but in reality to meet Denver.

deal with. He noted that Denver was employing others besides himself for a moment even after drinking that which had been ordered.
"You are one of the boys, eh?" queried Regan. "The one who is the man I'm looking for. I have a name on hand that I need assistance in; are you with me?"
"Am I with you? Well, you can bet your sweet existence that I am! But don't you think that we will be overheard here. Hadn't we better get a room where we can have privacy?" And the young man excused himself for a moment to retire to the rear ostensibly to make arrangements for a room, but in reality to meet Denver.

deal with. He noted that Denver was employing others besides himself for a moment even after drinking that which had been ordered.
"You are one of the boys, eh?" queried Regan. "The one who is the man I'm looking for. I have a name on hand that I need assistance in; are you with me?"
"Am I with you? Well, you can bet your sweet existence that I am! But don't you think that we will be overheard here. Hadn't we better get a room where we can have privacy?" And the young man excused himself for a moment to retire to the rear ostensibly to make arrangements for a room, but in reality to meet Denver.

deal with. He noted that Denver was employing others besides himself for a moment even after drinking that which had been ordered.
"You are one of the boys, eh?" queried Regan. "The one who is the man I'm looking for. I have a name on hand that I need assistance in; are you with me?"
"Am I with you? Well, you can bet your sweet existence that I am! But don't you think that we will be overheard here. Hadn't we better get a room where we can have privacy?" And the young man excused himself for a moment to retire to the rear ostensibly to make arrangements for a room, but in reality to meet Denver.

struggle that he managed to keep from going to sleep.

"Why should I be?" asked Lang.
"You admit that Denver is not a friend of yours. Being only a private detective, you can only see me into your private sweatbox, where your enemy would release me."
"Who said anything about my being an enemy of Jim?"
"You just said so! You would rattle him if you could."

"So I would, the d—d police!"
"Ough!" said Louis, to himself. "This police officer talks against his kind—he speaks like a thief! This man is either playing me for a fool to trap me, or he is an honest man. I am glad that Denver is here to hear the declaration." Aloud he said, "Why don't you run him?"
"It'd do it quick enough if I got the chance! But he is too d—d honest to give me an opening."

This admission was a relief to Louis. If Denver was an honest man, then everything was all right so far as their conversation was concerned. He was smarter than I am, yet I have found—
"Louis was dangling the tempting bait of the hungry fish's ears, and when about to give a withdrawal the tempting morsel was withdrawn. "Have found what?" Regan brightened up from his half-drunken lethargy. "Louis has a sample, was it not hot shot? he was himself astonished at the mere thought of it. "Nothing," he said exasperatingly. "But I have come to the conclusion, Regan, that the C. P. R. is a thief's paradise. If you caught him in the act with the swag in his hands!" It was a bold insinuation.

Regan flushed up as if ashamed of the insinuation. "I get it, get it, whether I get the man or not!" That was a sufficient excuse for him.
"You are smarter than I can be!" said Lang highly elated at the cue!
The intoxicated detective smiled with an idiotic smirk. "Yes," he said, "I have nearly enough to leave the business on. One more haul and I am off!"
"Or where?" and Louis bit his tongue to keep from seeming expectant. "Not the C. P.!"
"Yes, but I'm straightening up again. But who are you that gives the sign of the society?"
"Oh, I'm one of the boys," replied Lang. "Here, waiter," he cried to hide his agitation, "Two glasses of beer."

Denver had evidently heard enough. He realized that Louis was the master of Regan in the pumping art, so rather than incense him by getting now by having the treacherous detective discover that he was being overheard by his rival he quietly arose from his seat, going to the rear of the saloon, where he motioned to Lang to follow. Louis continued to converse for a moment even after drinking that which had been ordered.
"You are one of the boys, eh?" queried Regan. "The one who is the man I'm looking for. I have a name on hand that I need assistance in; are you with me?"
"Am I with you? Well, you can bet your sweet existence that I am! But don't you think that we will be overheard here. Hadn't we better get a room where we can have privacy?" And the young man excused himself for a moment to retire to the rear ostensibly to make arrangements for a room, but in reality to meet Denver.

Denver had evidently heard enough. He realized that Louis was the master of Regan in the pumping art, so rather than incense him by getting now by having the treacherous detective discover that he was being overheard by his rival he quietly arose from his seat, going to the rear of the saloon, where he motioned to Lang to follow. Louis continued to converse for a moment even after drinking that which had been ordered.
"You are one of the boys, eh?" queried Regan. "The one who is the man I'm looking for. I have a name on hand that I need assistance in; are you with me?"
"Am I with you? Well, you can bet your sweet existence that I am! But don't you think that we will be overheard here. Hadn't we better get a room where we can have privacy?" And the young man excused himself for a moment to retire to the rear ostensibly to make arrangements for a room, but in reality to meet Denver.

Denver had evidently heard enough. He realized that Louis was the master of Regan in the pumping art, so rather than incense him by getting now by having the treacherous detective discover that he was being overheard by his rival he quietly arose from his seat, going to the rear of the saloon, where he motioned to Lang to follow. Louis continued to converse for a moment even after drinking that which had been ordered.
"You are one of the boys, eh?" queried Regan. "The one who is the man I'm looking for. I have a name on hand that I need assistance in; are you with me?"
"Am I with you? Well, you can bet your sweet existence that I am! But don't you think that we will be overheard here. Hadn't we better get a room where we can have privacy?" And the young man excused himself for a moment to retire to the rear ostensibly to make arrangements for a room, but in reality to meet Denver.

Denver had evidently heard enough. He realized that Louis was the master of Regan in the pumping art, so rather than incense him by getting now by having the treacherous detective discover that he was being overheard by his rival he quietly arose from his seat, going to the rear of the saloon, where he motioned to Lang to follow. Louis continued to converse for a moment even after drinking that which had been ordered.
"You are one of the boys, eh?" queried Regan. "The one who is the man I'm looking for. I have a name on hand that I need assistance in; are you with me?"
"Am I with you? Well, you can bet your sweet existence that I am! But don't you think that we will be overheard here. Hadn't we better get a room where we can have privacy?" And the young man excused himself for a moment to retire to the rear ostensibly to make arrangements for a room, but in reality to meet Denver.

Denver had evidently heard enough. He realized that Louis was the master of Regan in the pumping art, so rather than incense him by getting now by having the treacherous detective discover that he was being overheard by his rival he quietly arose from his seat, going to the rear of the saloon, where he motioned to Lang to follow. Louis continued to converse for a moment even after drinking that which had been ordered.
"You are one of the boys, eh?" queried Regan. "The one who is the man I'm looking for. I have a name on hand that I need assistance in; are you with me?"
"Am I with you? Well, you can bet your sweet existence that I am! But don't you think that we will be overheard here. Hadn't we better get a room where we can have privacy?" And the young man excused himself for a moment to retire to the rear ostensibly to make arrangements for a room, but in reality to meet Denver.

Denver had evidently heard enough. He realized that Louis was the master of Regan in the pumping art, so rather than incense him by getting now by having the treacherous detective discover that he was being overheard by his rival he quietly arose from his seat, going to the rear of the saloon, where he motioned to Lang to follow. Louis continued to converse for a moment even after drinking that which had been ordered.
"You are one of the boys, eh?" queried Regan. "The one who is the man I'm looking for. I have a name on hand that I need assistance in; are you with me?"
"Am I with you? Well, you can bet your sweet existence that I am! But don't you think that we will be overheard here. Hadn't we better get a room where we can have privacy?" And the young man excused himself for a moment to retire to the rear ostensibly to make arrangements for a room, but in reality to meet Denver.

Denver had evidently heard enough. He realized that Louis was the master of Regan in the pumping art, so rather than incense him by getting now by having the treacherous detective discover that he was being overheard by his rival he quietly arose from his seat, going to the rear of the saloon, where he motioned to Lang to follow. Louis continued to converse for a moment even after drinking that which had been ordered.
"You are one of the boys, eh?" queried Regan. "The one who is the man I'm looking for. I have a name on hand that I need assistance in; are you with me?"
"Am I with you? Well, you can bet your sweet existence that I am! But don't you think that we will be overheard here. Hadn't we better get a room where we can have privacy?" And the young man excused himself for a moment to retire to the rear ostensibly to make arrangements for a room, but in reality to meet Denver.

FREE LAND FOR SETTLERS

Western Canada To-Day The Country of Opportunity for Millions

He would have been called a dreamer of the most imaginative class who, thirty-five years ago, when the Northwest country became a possession of Canada, prophesied the present prosperity in the lapse of so short a period of time. Three transcontinental railways have been financed through the ample assurance there is business in the west to warrant the construction, and resources to liquidate the consequent indebtedness.

Manitoba in the eastern portion of the country was created a province a year after the purchase from the Hudson Bay Company in 1870. In 1882, the western country was tapped by the extended main line of the C. P. R. That year 1900 territorial government was established, the remaining outlying country being converted into four territories—Alberta, Assiniboia, Saskatchewan and Athabasca—with a western territory for all at Regina. The few thousand people who had then grown into the half million of to-day.

Let us now note some of the evidences of advancement. The first bushel of wheat was shipped in 1882, in fact the first shipment from Manitoba, merely as a sample, was made in 1877. In 1904 there were under all crops, excepting hay, 1,575,000 acres in the western provinces, producing 2,225,000 bushels of wheat, 1,650,440 bushels of oats, and 2,350,420 bushels of barley, realizing a total of about \$18,500,000 for the farmers.

In Manitoba there were grown in 1904 41,500,000 bushels of wheat and other farm products in proportion. The first mile of railway was built in the country in 1880, and to-day there are over 6,000 miles of road in operation, and further extensions are going ahead as fast as men and money can build them. There are two trunk lines in the country, the C. P. R. and the Canadian Northern, and the Grand Trunk commencing its transcontinental line. In addition to these trunk lines, all systems are extending branches to all sections where there are settlements to patronize them.

The grain elevator development is another assurance of the wonderful expansion of the country, the north of the whole area, or about 95,000,000 acres of the country traversed by railways being now fairly supplied by elevators. In all there are 1,015 of them in the country with a combined capacity of 27,433,000 bushels and erected at a cost of over \$55,000,000. In addition to these, elevators at the head of the lakes have storage capacity of 18,200,000. Fourteen years ago the entire storage capacity of the elevators was 7,628,000 bushels, to-day it is 41,500,000 and increasing yearly from five to ten million bushels.

What the settlement of the country will be in the next ten years may well be imagined from the fact that last year the immigration was over 132,000 souls.

Those who believe the grain-producing area of the country must be limited, but results tell a different story. In the northern Peace River country, 900 miles north of the International boundary, wheat is grown every year 43 to 44 bushels to the acre, and matures in 107 days from sowing. The length of day and therefore the greater amount of summer heat in the 24 hours fully compensate for the disadvantages of latitude. As there are already thirty settlements, with their great mills, large fields of grain, numerous grain elevators and rich, prosperous and pre-eminently contented population.

Jack London, socialist and fictionist, is not fictional when he writes of the "Way of the Cross" (The Millionaire's Mill). He appears to be quite aware that it is not possible to idealize, successfully, for any length of time, two groups of men, who, engaged in a bitter contest, are engaged in this little of disinterestedness, and the struggle so unprecedented in several particulars that they must make the sorry rules of war even as they fight.

The August "Arena" will be an issue of exceptional interest and invaluable to friends of the cause of the oppressed. Among its strong and thoughtful-compelling features we mention the following: The Parola Post of Europe, The Economic Struggle in Colorado, The Fight for the Right to Work, Character, Motive and Influence, and A Vast Educational Scheme.

His Ungrateful Offense.
Women never get over the sense of dislike they feel for a man who once laughs at them.

ing on to its confines to bring it to the front as a field for most extensive and profitable settlement.

The whole country embraces an area of over 385,000,000 acres and depending water and broken land there is plenty of water for growing territory to produce twenty times over the requirements of Great Britain.

As wheat can be grown at \$7.50 per acre with wages to the man doing their own work besides, and as year in and year out the yield and price are twenty bushels at 60 cents, the profit is \$4.50 per acre.

As live stock doubles every three years and grows like wheat while the farmer is sleeping, we expect that this will always be one of the leading features of the agricultural industry of the Pacific coast or warm winds melt the snow in Alberta almost as rapidly as it falls, the herds of live stock live out on the open prairie the entire year, and are in good condition every spring. The native grasses are highly nutritious and retain their qualities the whole winter through.

As \$2,325,516 worth of live stock was marketed in the country in six months of last year an idea may be formed of the proportions it may be able to attain when the country becomes fully settled up.

Dairying is the leading business of the Northwest farmer, and may, like the others be developed while the farmer is sleeping. It is found that on account of the cost of farm help, and to avert the expense of erecting suitable buildings for the purpose, the co-operative system is decidedly the best. Under it the entire management is in the hands of the government under expert operators, though control of sales, etc., rests with the patrons. The farmers simply deliver their milk or cream, usually the latter, at the dairies, receive monthly advances, and balances of proceeds of sales at the close of the year.

The schools are free and non-denominational-national. There is no tax for attendance, the government defrays the greater part of the cost of support of a highly certificated staff of teachers. There are schools in all country districts where there are a dozen pupils to attend them and the tax is rarely more than \$4 a year, there are very few schools in the west.

Fuel is the bugbear of many of the prairie countries in Western Canada. However, there are but few districts without an ample supply of timber, and as coal of the best quality is everywhere present no farmer being more than 200 miles distant from a mine, and the price never more than \$4.50 per ton to him at his door. It is readily seen the fuel problem is already solved.

As shown above the railways are everywhere, tapping the districts where free land is offered to all regardless of religion or nationality. Even in some of the older parts there is yet plenty of free land, Manitoba having 1,600,000 acres of it.

The August "Arena" will be an issue of exceptional interest and invaluable to friends of the cause of the oppressed. Among its strong and thoughtful-compelling features we mention the following: The Parola Post of Europe, The Economic Struggle in Colorado, The Fight for the Right to Work, Character, Motive and Influence, and A Vast Educational Scheme.

AIDS NATURE'S WORK

EFFECT OF ACETYLENE RAYS ON GROWTH OF PLANTS

Grow to Twice Actual Weight of Those Exposed to Sunlight Only—Latest Victory for This New and Successful Illuminant.

The experiments recently made at Cornell University prove that the beautiful rays from the gas acetylene are as effective as sunlight on the growth of plants, and this may soon become a subject for serious consideration by all progressive cultivators of the soil.

The results of the experiments are astonishing, inasmuch as they show consistently the great increase of growth attained by supplementing "The Light of Nature" with "The Light of Acetylene" during the hours in which the plants would otherwise be without light. For instance, a certain number of radish plants subjected to acetylene light during the night, grew to twice the actual weight of the same number of radishes given daylight only. In other words, the plants, and peas had blossomed and partially matured pods with the help of acetylene light, while without the added light they would have been apparent.

Acetylene is already taking its place as an illuminant for towns, in a central plant, for lighting houses, churches, schools and isolated buildings, and it is being used in many other ways, and is being used successfully for many other purposes.

A striking and important feature of acetylene is the ease and small expense with which it can be made available compared with the great advantages derived from its use. The machine in which the gas is generated is easily installed.

THE WHITE RIVER DIVISION.
A New Scenic Line Through a Rich Agricultural and Mineral Country, Offering New Fields for Settlement.

St. Louis, July 14th.—The approaching completion of the White River Division of the Iron Mountain Route, between St. Louis, Mo., and Newport, Ark., marks a new stage in the development of a strangely neglected portion of the Great Southwest.

A thorough inspection of the new line, recently made by representatives of the Passenger Department indicates that through trains will be running within thirty days. Mr. H. C. Townsend, general manager of the Passenger Agent, who has long been a firm believer in the possibilities of the White River country, in speaking of the new road, said: "The new line in itself makes a link in the western railroad systems that might appear at first glance. It opens up a direct route between the Northwest and the Southwest, and what this means to the people of both sections will be understood by all railroad men and students of industrial and agricultural conditions. It will mean new and better markets for each, and consequently, a greater share of general prosperity."

"Investors, tourists and home seekers have long had their eye on this section, and the way is open for travel, the drawing power of the section is becoming daily more apparent. The lead and zinc fields in particular, and the fine agricultural countries west of the Mississippi is opened up and heavy immigration justifies the enterprise of the promoters. The new line will be a great boon to the people, so well known that a number of club houses on the James River are now completed, and are taxed to their capacity during the month of June. We have over forty fishing parties from Carthage, who desired to make the five day boat from Galena to Branson, and are returning in thirty minutes."

"Several thousand tourists have already made the trip from each end of the completed line, and all indications point to a tourist travel unprecedented or any line in this part of the country."
"A one night's run over the Missouri from St. Louis, or Kansas City, enables the visitor to take the early morning train at Carthage for a complete run over the line; or with a one night's run from St. Louis or Memphis over the Iron Mountain Route to Newport, Mo., and make the day light run over the White River line."

"It is fair to say that a panorama of unexcelled beauty—river scenery, verdant clay prairie; stone precipitous and quaint little towns, settled in the valleys—awaits the newcomer to the beautiful White River region."
The romantic features of the new line are many, but the one to attract the most general attention, but, as stated, the agricultural (fruit raising in particular) and mineral possibilities of this new region are remarkable.

"The road itself is one of the modern wonders of engineering; built to fit the country, it has a maximum grade of one percent, and a grade in curvature admitting of speed, safety and comfort."

Footped Tackled Wrong Man.
Ralph H. Evans of Potomac, Pa., a couple of years ago was a crack football player. At a late hour the other evening he was going home, when a footlocker attempted to hold him up. Evans "tackled" the fellow in old college style and in about a minute the highwayman was lying in a senseless heap. Then the athlete called an officer and the marauder now awaits trial.

Silence covers a lot of ignorance.