

BOVRIL

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The PURPLE MASK

by Grace Curran
Novelized from the Motion Picture Play of the Same Name by the Universal Film Mfg. Co.

FOURTEENTH EPISODE—(Cont'd.)

Her men kept the officers engaged until Pat was safely away, and then they, likewise, jolted over their opponents and ran away. The officials shook themselves, brushed the dust from their clothes and started again to investigate the House of Mystery.

Pat had fled to a room on the ground floor of the house and called several of her men into hasty council. She told them that the government was seeking her arrest, and warned them that they must be alert in their own defense and her protection.

While the conference was under way, the Apaches were surprised by the secret service men who suddenly appeared at the open window and covered the occupants of the room with their revolvers.

"Hold up your hands," was the stern command that gave notice to the Apaches that they were arrested.

"We'll come in and get you, and drop the first person that makes a move."

While two of the officers covered the Apaches with their revolvers, the other climbed in through the window, and then opened the door to admit more secret service agents who had been waiting in the hall.

There was nearly an even number of Apaches and officers crowded into the room when Pat unexpectedly got into action. Hurling two large vases at the heads of the secret service men, the momentary distraction gave opportunity for the Apaches to engage in hand-to-hand scuffles with the officers nearest to each man. And in the excitement Pat cleared the sill of the open window and disappeared.

The alarm had secretly sounded through the House of Mystery and in a few moments there were reinforcements at hand to stand off the attacks of the officers, and eventually turn the battle against the intruders.

In the meanwhile, Pat was set free to go her way without interference. She had purposely vaulted through the window to test the further cleverness of the secret service men and in her desire to continue the excitement she was not disappointed. Two men had remained outside on watch, and when Pat appeared they took up the chase as she dashed away from the window.

While it would have been easy for Pat to find shelter in one of the many secret passages that opened to the House of Mystery, the girl in her eagerness for adventure, decided to give the secret service men a touch of excitement. She ran to the lower end of the grounds, where a wooden struc-

ture served as a garage and sleeping quarters for some of her men, and climbed to the roof.

She ran along the weatherboard above the eaves, crossed the top of the roof and scrambled into the upper branches of a tree, that promised an easy means of escape to the grounds. When she made for the roof, one of her pursuers followed her, while the other man ran around to the other side of the building.

Closely watching Pat's movements, the officer discovered her intention to escape by climbing down the tree and was waiting for her when she slid to the ground. Taking no chances with his slippery antagonist, the officer clamped one of his handcuffs around Pat's wrist and, when his fellow officer joined him, the two men led Pat to a side street where an automobile was waiting for their arrival.

At that moment a group of Pat's men arrived to contest possession of their leader. To make their capture secure, the secret service men clamped the loose-hanging handcuff to the framework of the automobile, and then plunged into a fight with the Apaches.

Pat encouraged her men by her shouts and advice. Securely fastened to the automobile she could do nothing more in the way of helping decide the battle.

The struggle was fierce, and this time the secret service men won out, for the Apaches were outnumbered by the officers and could not prevent their victory. One by one the officers flung off their antagonists, and then scrambled for the running-board of their motor.

The chauffeur had his engine running, and when all the officers had either tumbled into the machine or were hanging onto the running-board, the auto started and dashed away with Pat securely a prisoner in the clutches of her adversaries.

FIFTEENTH EPISODE

The Rescue

As Patricia Montez was hurried through the streets of the great city on her way to the federal prison, she realized that her venturesome hazard in an attempt to do a public service, had led her into most unenviable position. Whatever her defense might be, when the time should come for her to face the authorities, her unprecedented conduct would be hard to account for.

Now, with one hand manacled to the tonneau of the automobile in which she was being taken, captive, to answer for her participation in the air-raid on New York, she realized that her Apaches, active hosts in her interest and under her command, might not be able to extricate her from her predicament. But the girl was too sure-hearted and self-possessed to become panic stricken.

As she glanced nervously around her, while her captors sped toward their goal, Pat discovered an automobile closely following the one in which she was a prisoner. When she was taken into the federal building and brought before the examining officer, two of her Apaches among the crowd of curious people who thronged the room.

"We must hold you for definite word from Washington," said the examining officer when he had done questioning Pat and the secret service men who had brought her before him.

"Take her to the north wing and

A COURSE IN HOUSEHOLD SCIENCE COMPLETE IN TWENTY-FIVE LESSONS.

Lesson XVII. Children's Food (Continued).

The child between the ages of six and fourteen years needs plenty of nourishing food. The body at this time forms new teeth and makes additional demands for bone and muscle structure.

Well-cooked cereals, plenty of milk, home-made bread, well-cooked green vegetables and soups, together with fruit, should form the largest part of the child's diet.

When children reach this age they often-times form a dislike for certain foods. Do not seek to convince the child of the goodness or the necessity of eating the food in question; rather try new ways of serving it.

Fried foods should not appear in the child's menu. Large quantities of fat retard digestion. Meat or its equivalent should be served at least once a day, preferably at the noon meal. The average child will demand sweetmeats; therefore it would be well for the mother to have the children help her in making these delectable goodies. Have old-fashioned gingerbread, oatmeal and crumb cookies once in a while.

Do not get into the habit of giving the children a few pennies to buy cheap candies of unknown make and origin.

The boy or girl more than fourteen years of age will require entirely different food. The boy, owing to strenuous exercise, wants plenty of the coarser foods. He will care little or nothing for soups, salads or dainty desserts. He craves meats, potatoes and the plainer and more substantial desserts. It will take care and forethought to arrange the menu of this period of childhood.

The boy will enjoy, for breakfast, hot cakes, cereals, eggs, and other homemade dishes. For lunch

confine her in the federal corridor. It will not be necessary to put her under lock and key until we get more definite instructions from Washington," continued the officer.

When Pat was led from the room she glanced over her shoulder and caught a look of reassurance from her men, who had closely followed the proceedings. She felt that she was not helpless, by any means, and that the prison corridor held no terrors for her when she was placed in the long, high-ceilinged apartment, under lock and key.

The corridor had four cells on the side nearest the main structure. The other side of the corridor was marked by the outer wall of the building. High above the girl's head three windows, stoutly barred, opened onto the street that led across the end of the jail.

Only one of the cells opening onto the corridor was occupied. When Pat asked her guard to identify his other prisoner, the keeper replied:

"You're trying to make me think you don't know that he's one of the air-raiders," a knowing smile accompanying his remark.

"Sure as you live, I don't know him," said Pat. "But if you have no objections, I'll walk over and get acquainted with him."

"There can be no harm in that," answered the guard. And Pat proceeded to make herself agreeable to her fellow prisoner.

After she had overcome his suspicions, the man behind the bars was free with his information. He disclosed that he was one of the anarchists who had been captured when the airship descended. His companions had escaped.

While Pat and the anarchist were talking, a visitor was admitted to the corridor. The newcomer was there to talk with the anarchist, and the two men were allowed to converse undisturbed, through Pat's adroitness in keeping the guard interested in herself.

When the visitor had gone, Pat returned to the cell door, where the anarchist was waiting to give her a surprising bit of confidence. The prisoner said:

"My pal tells me that the cops have located our headquarters in West Farms, and are expected to raid early in the morning. But if they try to take the gang with a rush, they'll get an unexpected salute. We've got the old Frenchman's shack all wired up for an explosion. We are apt to get some news before daylight to-morrow."

Pat continued her sympathetic interest in her new acquaintance, and by dint of careful handling, induced him to give her the exact location of the old Frenchman's shack. The girl's brain was at work, even though she was in durance vile, with no immediate hope of escape or release.

Had she known that even while she was entering upon her first night in jail, Phil Kelly was hurrying toward Washington, determined to obtain for her absolute freedom from even a suspicion of wrong-doing, she would have felt relieved.

"I wonder what my detective will think when he learns I am locked up," Pat was saying to herself. Her thoughts were interrupted by the entrance of the warden, who had come in response to the guard's summons.

"My relief is half an hour late," said the guard, "and I'm not liking the idea of staying here over time."

After considering the matter for a moment the warden decided.

"You can go," he said to the guard, "and I'll look in once in a while until the relief comes." So saying, the two officials departed, locking the door behind them.

"That woman is safe enough," said the warden, as they walked away.

Pat was left alone in the cell-corridor, with only the anarchist to keep her company.

There was a hurried meeting of the Apaches in the House of Mystery



Reducing Expenses

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BEST METHODS OF BURNING BRUSH

GOOD ADVICE BY AN EXPERT IN FORESTRY.

When To Start and the Different Devices Employed in Various Localities.

An excellent time for burning brush is after the first snow of winter, says Henry S. Graves, Forester. This is usually a light fall, and the snow does not penetrate the compact piles of brush sufficiently to prevent burning. There is no danger of the fire running on the ground, and the branches of the standing trees are so damp as to prevent injury by the rising flames. If the brush is burned before winter, it should be only during damp weather when the ground is so wet that fire will not run easily.

When large areas of piled brush are to be burned the work should be organized with care. It should never be undertaken when there is a strong wind, and the best time is in calm weather. If there is any wind, the burning should begin with the piles on the lee side. Several piles may be fired at one time, but they should be some distance apart, with one or more unburnt piles between them. When the first fires have been burned down to coals, the intermediate piles may be ignited. This alternating method of burning the piles prevents the injury to trees and young growth between the piles that might result from the collective volume of heat of adjacent fires. Just as the brush on level ground is burned against the wind, so, on a hillside, the piles near the top are burned first, and the work progresses down the slope.

Controlling the Fires.

Whenever large areas of piled brush are to be burned, a sufficient force of men, equipped with fire fighting implements, should always be present to insure that the fire will not get beyond control. In some instances, when brush is piled in the winter during logging and left for later burning, the piles become very wet from the snow and rain and do not dry out till late spring or summer, a time when burning on a large scale is dangerous. If the brush of winter lumbering can not be burned as the logging proceeds, the piles must ordinarily remain unburned till the first snow of the following winter, or till especially wet weather comes in late summer or fall.

The devices used in different localities for starting fires in piled brush are many. Some loggers use a torch of burning wood, as resinous pine; others carry live coals from one pile to another; others use a long-handled torch; others, again, pour a little oil on the brush and start it with a match. The most satisfactory seems to be an ordinary tubular torch with wicking and a ferrule into which a rake handle can be inserted. A good substitute, though a crude one, for the last is a piece of bagging or burlap wound around an iron rod or stick of wood and occasionally saturated with oil.

Cost of Burning.

The cost of burning piled brush in the coniferous forests may vary from one to thirty cents per thousand, according to the manner in which the brush is piled, the condition of the brush, the size of the crew needed to prevent the running of fire, etc. Commonly, it ranges from five to fifteen cents per thousand feet. Where the cost has been higher than this, it has been attributed either to poor work in piling or to inefficient management in the work of burning. The average cost of both piling and burning should range in coniferous forests between ten and fifty cents, and as the lumbermen become more experienced in performing the work the cost will be correspondingly reduced.

In some coniferous forests careful records were kept of the area actually burned over. Where the stand acre ran from 10,000 to 50,000 feet per acre, the aggregate area burned over by the brush fires was found to be approximately seven per cent. of the total area cut over in the logging operations. Where the brush is burned as the logging proceeds, the percentage of the area burned over is less.

EAST VALUES B.C. WOOD.

British Columbia Official Report Says Sales Are Increasing.

1916 witnessed a remarkable increase in consumption of B.C. lumber in eastern Canada, the quantity sold in the east in 1916 being almost double that of previous years—a most satisfactory showing in a competitive market such as this where native and imported woods are readily available.

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