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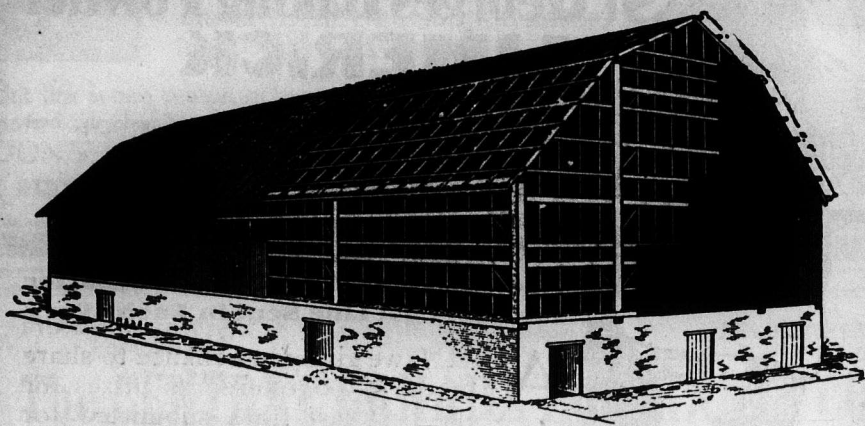
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This cut shows an up-to-date Barn Construction, 40 feet x 70 feet, and the method of covering with Corrugated Sheets. The frame work is light, as the corrugated sheets, when nailed in place, make the building very rigid. This drawing is made from actual plans, and the barn has been built many times with splendid results.

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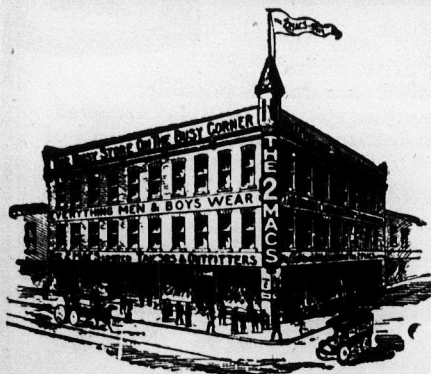
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size 32 x 46 showing Alberta, Saskatchewan, and Manitoba on one side, the Dominion, Ontario, Quebec and Maritime Provinces on reverse side; printed in 5 colors; price \$2.50. Address, The Stovel Co. Winnipeg.

## The Test

By Carlota Dorcas Davis

### A STRONG STORY OF NEWSPAPER LIFE



HO covers the blybeth story?" Marsten asked, as he possessed himself of one of Higgin's cigarettes. Higgin nodded over toward the city editor's desk without looking up from his typewriter. "Terese Havens," he answered laconically, as he beat a furious tattoo on the machine. "Old Johnnie's talking to her now."

Marsten looked at the girl through half-closed eyes, while he whistled softly between his teeth in a manner particularly irritating to the supersensitive Higgin.

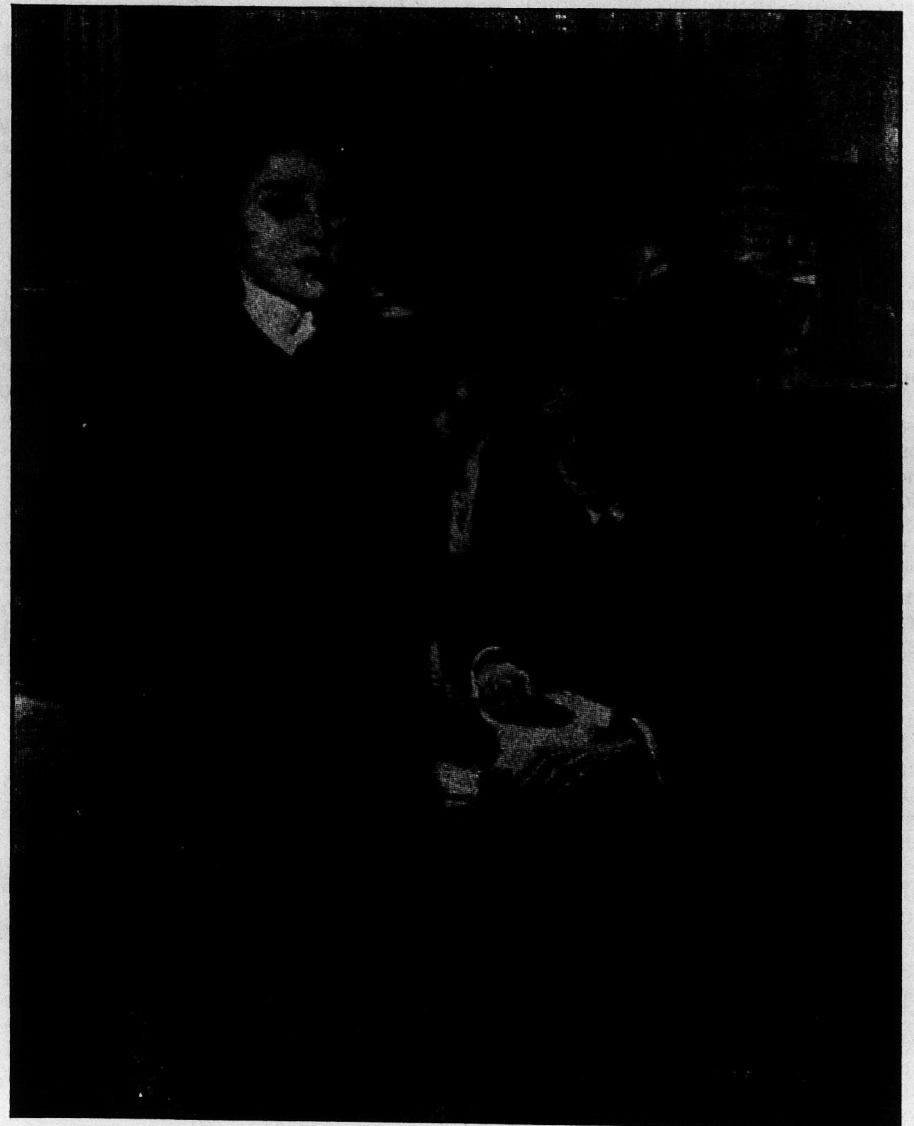
"Seems to me," he paused in his whistling, "that she's getting most of the best stories."

"Why not?" snapped Higgin. "She's clever enough." Higgin disliked the new man from the Windy City as much as he liked Terese Havens, whose work

"You're a cad—a damned cad!" he stuttered. "Miss Havens is—"

"Oh, cool down, man," Marsten soothed, seating himself on a convenient desk. "Who said Miss Havens. Aren't you yourself wronging her by taking it for granted that I refer to her? I don't doubt in the least that she is as straight about her work as any man in the office. The fact that I've seen her with Traylor of the *Sphere*, almost everywhere I've been, doesn't mean that I include her in my generalization—necessarily."

Higgin stifled his reply until Terese Havens, passing him with a friendly nod, had closed the door behind her. She never missed this friendly little greeting, though she did not even guess what it meant to him. To her the little man with his cruelly distorted back and deep-set, somber eyes, was a pathetically appealing figure; beyond that she did not even consider him. Both men watched her in silence, Marsten speculatively, Higgin with his heart in his eyes, until she had disappeared. Then



"Both men watched her in silence . . . Higgin with his heart in his eyes, until she had disappeared."

he had watched and whose successes he had gloried in as though they were his own, since the day, two years before, when she had first come into the city room. There was a scrapbook in a bureau drawer in Higgin's dismal little room which might have worn on its bare cover the inscription "Terese Havens—Her Book."

"I don't believe in trusting women with important stories," persisted Marsten.

"You don't," sneered the smaller man.

"No, I don't," reiterated the other. "Women are all right in their way, and no doubt safe enough when their feelings aren't involved, but when I see a girl more than a dozen times with a man on a rival paper, with whom she's evidently up to her ears in love, why, I say go slow about giving her important stories."

Higgin scrambled awkwardly out of his chair.

Higgin returned to his typewriting.

"I wish you would go to the devil," he said.

Traylor's cough warned Terese of his presence even before she had rounded the corner.

"Isn't it any better?" she asked, anxiously, as she came up to him. "You shouldn't have waited in this windy place for me. Why did you do it?"

"I didn't want to miss you," answered the man simply; and a soft glow came into the eyes of the girl.

"That's dear of you," she said, frankly, laying her hand on his arm for an instant. "But I don't want you to do it again. Hereafter I'll meet you in the library. This place was all right in summer before you had this awful cough, but it won't do now. You must get a heavier overcoat, too. I can't have you running any risks."

This play of authority pleased Traylor, but he made a pretense of treating her commands lightly.