

LIVE STOCK FAILURE OF SWINE TO MATE

DENVER BUSINESS DIRECTORY AUTOMOBILE TIRES HOME OF THE COLE SHOES REPAIRED

It May Be Caused by Improper Functioning of System Brought About by Improper Feed.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.) Failure in the ability or desire of swine to reproduce may be caused by any of several conditions, say specialists of the United States Department of Agriculture.

There are also cases of sterility or impotence for which definite causes are difficult to find. Failure to breed quite frequently occurs in boars and sows which have been fitted and kept in high condition for show purposes.

The first step in overcoming the trouble is to find a positive cause, when possible, by making a thorough examination.

When, from such examination, it appears that proper treatment will prove successful, remedies should be administered promptly.

When there is no apparent cause for failure of swine to mate, experts of the United States Department of Agriculture frequently have observed a lazy or sluggish temperament.

These hogs generally are of the type known as "hot-bloods." They are fat and show an unwillingness to exercise.

When the lack of sexual vigor is seen in only an occasional animal it

SHOES REPAIRED with all the latest styles and repairs.

KODAKS and KODAK FINISHING. Best Photo Materials Company.

Pre-war Prices on Coffee. Best 1 lb. for 15c, 2 lb. for 28c.

BEAUTY PARLORS. Hair Goods by mail. Millicent Hart Co.

THE NEW YORK BLEATING CO. For best quality, standard, covered and un-

BUY YOUR GROCERIES AT WHOLESALE PRICES. Stockpinner's Wholesale Supply Co.

Present Membership Large Enough. Washington.—Six members of the House Census Committee.

Optium Shipments Decline. Washington.—More opium is going into China as the use of opium falls off.

Senator Norris Collapses. Washington.—Senator Norris, Republican, Nebraska, suffered a partial collapse in the Senate.

Killing Pigeons in Wisconsin. Madison, Wis.—Riflemen posted in the Wisconsin capitol building began killing hundreds of pigeons.

Big Warehouse Blazes. Chicago.—Fire thought to have been due to spontaneous combustion caused a loss estimated at \$1,500,000 to the building and contents of the Crook Terminal Warehouse.

Anti-Soviet Plot Uncovered. New York.—The entire espionage system was directly involved in a conspiracy to overthrow the government.

Elevators Sign With Growers. Fargo, N. D.—Eighty-nine farmers' elevators and local associations have been signed by the United States Grain Growers, Inc.

To Make Parks Sanitary. Washington.—A concerted effort is being made by the United States Public Health Service and the National Park Service.

Mexico Crops Poor. Mexico City.—A gloomy crop report for virtually the entire republic was issued by the Department of Agriculture.

Roughage for Cattle. Sweet corn with the ears picked off makes a good roughage for cattle.

Satisfactory Hog Oiler. Keep hogs free from lice by using crude oil. A post wrapped with a burlap sack and saturated with oil makes a satisfactory hog oiler.

Watch Sows Carefully. Watch your brood sows carefully. They will pay you for it.

Love in a Cottage is usually planning for the time when it can build a \$40,000 house.

There is a question which occurs to me, Count, before I make up my mind on the matter. Are you disposed to be a little more communicative about yourself?

"A very fair question, gentlemen, and yet one which I regret I am unable to answer. I would not insult your intelligence by giving you the fictitious address of a fictitious Count.

"Now you two gentlemen must admit that your plans have miscarried somewhat. It was no part of your original programme that a British army should occupy Cologne.

"The war was the act of a fool," snarled Herr Steinemann. "In a few years more of peace, we should have beaten those swine."

"And now—they have beaten you." The Count smiled slightly. "Let us admit that the war was the act of a fool, if you like, but as men of business we can only deal with the result."

Enter Bull-Dog Drummond and Phyllis Benton. (TO BE CONTINUED.) GRACE DARLING REAL HEROINE

BULL-DOG DRUMMOND By CYRIL McNEILE "SAPPER" Copyright by Geo. H. Doran Co.

"PEACE INCREDIBLY TEDIOUS"

Demobilized officer, finding peace incredibly tedious, would welcome diversion. Legitimate, if possible; but crime, if of a comparatively humorous description, no objection. Excitement essential.

My dear Box X10.—I don't know whether your advertisement was a joke; I suppose it must have been. But I read it this morning, and it's just possible, X10, just possible, you mean it.

So advertise Capt. Hugh Drummond, D. S. O., late of His Majesty's Royal Lancers. So answers Phyllis Benton. And so begins a truly stirring story.

PROLOGUE

In the month of December, 1918, and on the very day that a British cavalry division marched into Cologne, with flags flying and bands playing as the conquerors of a beaten nation.

"Have we ever had staying in the hotel a man called le Comte de Guy?" He leaned back in his chair and looked at her through his pince-nez.

The secretary thought for a moment and then shook her head. "Not as far as I can remember," she said.

"Do we know anything about him? Has he ever fed here, or taken a private room?"

"Not that I know of." The manager handed her the letter, and waited in silence until she had read it.

"It seems on the face of it a peculiar request from an unknown man," he remarked as she laid it down. "A dinner of four covers; no expense to be spared. Wines specified and to be in hotel to be obtained. A private room at half-past seven sharp. Guests to ask for room X."

The secretary nodded in agreement. "It can hardly be a hoax," she remarked after a short silence.

"No." The manager tapped his teeth with his pen thoughtfully. "But if by any chance it was, it would prove an expensive one for us. I wish I could think who this Comte de Guy is."

He took off his pince-nez and laid them on the desk in front of him. "Send the maitre d'hotel to me at once."

Whatever may have been the manager's misgivings, they were certainly not shared by the head waiter as he left the office after receiving his instructions.

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manager bowed deferentially and rubbed his hands together. "Everything is ready, and three guests have arrived."

"Good. I will go to the room at once." As he followed his guide his eyes swept round the lounge. Save for two or three elderly women of doubtful nationality, and a man in the American Red Cross, the place was deserted; and as he passed through the swing doors he turned to the head waiter.

"Business good?" he asked. "No—business decidedly was not good. The water was voluble. Business had never been so poor in the memory of man. . . . But it was to be hoped that the dinner would be to Monsieur le Comte's liking."

Also the wines. "If everything is to my satisfaction you will not regret it," said the count tersely. "But remember one thing. After the coffee has been brought in, I do not wish to be disturbed under any circumstances whatever." The head waiter paused as he came to a door, and the count repeated the last few words. "Under no circumstances whatever."

"Mais certainement, Monsieur le Comte. . . . I personally will see to it." As he spoke he flung open the door and the count entered. It cannot be said that the atmosphere of the room was congenial. The three occupants were regarding one another in hostile silence, and as the count entered they, with one accord, transferred their suspicious glances to him.

For a moment he stood motionless, while he looked at each one in turn. Then he stepped forward. "Good evening, gentlemen"—he still spoke in French—"I am honored at your presence." He turned to the head waiter. "Let dinner be served in five minutes exactly."

With a bow the man left the room, and the door closed. "During that five minutes, gentlemen, I propose to introduce myself to you, and you to one another. The business which I wish to discuss will wait, with your permission, till after the coffee, when we shall be undisturbed."

In silence the three guests waited until he unwound the thick white muffler; then, with undisguised curiosity, they studied their host. In appearance he was striking. He had a short dark

that he was in the presence of a great man. It was enough; great men do not send food invitations to dinner to men of international repute. It mattered not what form his greatness took—there was money in greatness, big money. And money was their life.

The count advanced first to the American. "Mr. Hocking, I believe," he remarked in English, holding out his hand. "I am glad you managed to come."

The American shook the proffered hand, while the two Germans looked at him with sudden interest. As the man at the head of the great American cotton trust, worth more in millions than he could count, he was entitled to their respect. . . .

"That's me, Count," returned the millionaire in his nasal twang. "I am interested to know to what I am indebted for this invitation."

"All in good time, Mr. Hocking," smiled the host. "I have hopes that the dinner will fill in that time satisfactorily."

He turned to the taller of the two Germans, who without his coat seemed more like a codfish than ever. "Herr Steinemann, is it not?" This time he spoke in German.

The man whose interest in German coal was hardly less well known than Hocking's in cotton, bowed stiffly. "And Herr Von Gratz?" The Count turned to the last member of the party and shook hands. Though less well known than either of the other two in the realms of international finance, Von Gratz's name in the steel trade of Central Europe was one to conjure with.

"Well, gentlemen," said the Count, "before we sit down to dinner, I may perhaps be permitted to say a few words of introduction. The nations of the world have recently been engaged in a performance of unrivaled stupidity. As far as one can tell that performance is now over. The last thing I wish to do is to discuss the war—except in so far as it concerns our meeting here tonight. Mr. Hocking is an American, you two gentlemen are Germans. I—the Count smiled slightly—"have no nationality. Or rather, shall I say, I have every nationality. Completely cosmopolitan. . . . Gentlemen, the war was waged by idiots, and when idiots get busy on a large scale, it is time for clever men to step in. . . . That is the raison d'être for this little dinner. . . . I claim that we four men are sufficiently international to be able to disregard any stupid and petty feelings about this country and that country, and to regard the world outlook at the present moment from one point of view and one point of view only—our own."

The gaunt American gave a hoarse chuckle. "It will be my object after dinner," continued the Count, "to try and prove to you that we have a common point of view. Until then—shall we merely concentrate on a plous hope that the Hotel Nationale will not poison us with their food?"

The next moment the head waiter opened the door, and the four men sat down to dine. It must be admitted that the average hostess, desirous of making a dinner a success, would have been filled with secret dismay at the general atmosphere in the room. The American, in accumulating his millions, had also accumulated a digestion of such an exotic and tender character that dry fusk and vichy water were the limit of his capacity.

Herr Steinemann was of the common order of German, to whom food is sacred. He ate and drank enormously and evidently considered that nothing further was required of him.

Von Gratz did his best to keep his end up, but as he was apparently in a chronic condition of fear that the gaunt American would assault him with violence, he cannot be said to have contributed much to the gaiety of the meal.

And so to the host must be given the credit that the dinner was a success. Without appearing to monopolize the conversation he talked ceaselessly and brilliantly. But to even the most brilliant of conversationalists the strain of talking to a hypochondriacal American and two Germans—one greedy and the other frightened—is considerable; and the Count heaved an inward sigh of relief when the coffee had been handed round and the door closed behind the waiter. From now on the topic was the topic of money—the common bond of business. I said and yet, as he carefully cut the end of his cigar, and realized that the eyes of the other three were fixed on him expectantly, he knew that the hardest part of the evening was in front of him. Big financiers, in common with all other people, are fonder of having money put into their pockets than of taking it out. And that was the very thing the Count proposed they should do—in large quantities. . . .

"Gentlemen," he remarked, when his cigar was going to his satisfaction, "we are all men of business. I said and yet, as he carefully cut the end of his cigar, and realized that the eyes of the other three were fixed on him expectantly, he knew that the hardest part of the evening was in front of him. Big financiers, in common with all other people, are fonder of having money put into their pockets than of taking it out. And that was the very thing the Count proposed they should do—in large quantities. . . .

"Go right ahead," drawled Mr. Hocking. "I do not wish to touch on the war—or its result; but though the Central Powers have been beaten by America and France and England, I think I can speak for you two gentlemen"—he bowed to the two Germans—"when I say that it is neither France nor Amer-

ica with whom they desire another round. England is Germany's main enemy; she always has been, she always will be. I have reason to believe, Mr. Hocking, that you personally do not love the English?"

"I guess I don't see what my private feelings have to do with it. But if it's of any interest to the company you are correct in your belief."

"Good." The Count nodded his head as if satisfied. "I take it then that you would not be averse to seeing England down and out."

"Wal," remarked the American, "you can assume anything you feel like. Let's go to the show-down."

Once again the Count nodded his head; then he turned to the two Germans. "Now you two gentlemen must admit that your plans have miscarried somewhat. It was no part of your original programme that a British army should occupy Cologne. . . .

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sufficiently patriotic to resent the presence of that army at Cologne, I have no doubt. And you, Mr. Hocking, have no love on personal grounds for the English. . . . But I am not proposing to appeal to financiers of your reputation on such grounds as those to support my scheme. . . . It is enough that your personal predilections run with and not against what I am about to put before you—the defeat of England. . . . a defeat more utter and complete than if she had lost the war. . . .

His voice sank a little, and instinctively his three listeners drew closer. "Don't think I am proposing this through motives of revenge merely. We are business men, and revenge is only worth our while if it pays. This will pay. There is a force in England which, if it can be harnessed and led properly, will result in millions coming to you. . . . It is present now in every nation—fettered, inarticulate, unco-ordinated. . . . It is partly the result of the war—the war that the idiots have waged. . . . Harness that force, gentlemen, co-ordinate it, and use it for your own ends. . . . That is my proposal. Not only will you humble that cursed country to the dirt, but you will taste of power such as few men have tasted before. . . . The Count stood up, his eyes blazing. "And I—I will do it for you."

He resumed his seat, and his left hand, slipping off the table, beat a tattoo on his knee. "This is our opportunity—the opportunity of clever men. I have not got the money necessary; you have." He leaned forward in his chair, and glanced at the intent faces of his audience. Then he began to speak. . . . Ten minutes later he pushed back his chair. "There is my proposal, gentlemen, in a nutshell. Unforeseen developments will doubtless occur; I have spent my life overcoming the unexpected. What is your answer?"

He rose and stood with his back to them by the fire, and for several minutes no one spoke. Each man was busy with his own thoughts, and showed it in his own particular way. Comte de Guy stared unconcernedly at the fire, as if indifferent to the result of their thoughts. In his attitude at that moment he gave a true expression to his attitude on life. Accustomed to play with great stakes, he had just dealt the cards for the most gigantic gamble of his life. . . . What matter to the three men, who were looking at the hands he had given them, that only a master criminal could have conceived such a game? The only question which occupied their minds was whether he could carry it through. And on that point they had only their judgment of his personality to rely on.

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"M'sieur le Comte de Guy"



"I Will Return in Ten Minutes. By That Time You Will Have Decided One Way or the Other."



Pigs on Oat and Pea Forage.