

# The Protector of Finance

Tales of Resilius Marvel, Guardian of Bank Treasure

By WELDON J. COBB

## THE DEAD YEAR'S HARVEST

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There was a quick call at the telephone, and Resilius Marvel seized the receiver as though he had been expecting a message. I knew by the expression of his eyes that the first word imparted over the wire met his anticipations. Then I heard him ask in rapid succession: "Letters—numbers—series?" He glanced rapidly on his shirt cuff as the replies came. "Verify," were his final words: "E-296,791, Series of 1906." Very well, and hung up the receiver and arose to his feet. "Come with me," he added simply, and I knew that the great head of the United Bankers' Protective association was started on another "case."

"E 1906," I observed with a sudden shock of memory as we reached the street—"if that applies to a one hundred dollar treasury note—"

"It does," vouchsafed Marvel tersely.

"Then you probably have the man," "If instructions have been followed, yes," replied my friend.

"Who is it?"

"The Central National."

"That makes ten."

"You keep good tabs," complimented Marvel—"exactly ten. What an optimist this original shover of the queer must be!"

Briefly, within a week ten counterfeit \$100 notes had been passed upon the city banks. On a certain Monday morning a spruce, sprightly young man of about twenty-five had come into our institution and had presented himself at the paying teller's window with five \$100 treasury notes. He asked to have them changed into bills of smaller denominations and was readily accommodated. The teller had noted they were comparatively new, that their serial numbers were consecutive. An expert glance satisfied him, however, that they were all right. They were placed with other hundreds to make up a package of twenty, or \$1,000, and nothing more was thought of it.

Four mornings later Resilius Marvel came into the bank with No. 296, 695 of the same series. Across its face was stamped the word "Counterfeit" in broad red letters taking in the full front surface of the note.

"Have you any of those?" he inquired, placing the bill before me.

"I will find out," I replied, and then rather wonderingly scanned the note. It would have passed muster with me, and I counted myself something of a specialist in my line.

It took half an hour to go the rounds of the cages. It is almost second nature for a teller to remember any bill he has handled, especially those of large denomination. The man who had changed the treasury notes for a stranger soon had the five in question in evidence.

Two more of the \$100 notes turned up twenty-four hours later at another institution. Then two other banks each contributed like bills. In each case a smiling, easy-mannered young fellow had passed the notes. Marvel had named progress to me as it culminated. Now a tenth note had turned up. I accompanied him to the Central National.

The floor officer was waiting for Marvel, and knew him. There was a flutter of importance and excitement in his manner at being concerned in a professional transaction with the great head of the United Bankers' Protective association. He took us to the paying teller, saying nothing, but looking the part of an humble instrument of justice who had co-operated in "capturing a crook." The teller, looking wise and keen and in a suppressed way exultant, beckoned to us, and we went beyond the railing and around into an anteroom, where he joined us.

"There is one of the hundred you flagged for us, Mr. Marvel," he said, and handed a \$100 bill to my friend.

Resilius Marvel nodded, gave the bill a close scrutiny, and returned it to the teller with the words: "Cancel it and preserve it for evidence. Where is the man?"

The teller slipped the note into his coat pocket and took out a key. "This way," he directed, and we followed him down a narrow corridor. As he started to open a steel-studded door Marvel halted him.

"One moment," he said—"tell me the circumstances of the matter."

"Why, your warning had prepared us all, of course," explained the bank man. "When the fellow with his note presented it, I pretended to be called by my assistant in the next cage. I quietly pressed the call button, signaling what I wanted to the chief clerk's desk. He and the floor officer came up quietly. The man at the window looked amazed and indignant as the officer seized his arm. He demanded to know what his arrest meant. When I told him that the bill was counterfeit, it seemed to me as if all of a sudden some frightful suggestion drove his face colorless. He nearly fell to the floor. Now? Yes, Mr. Marvel," said the speaker unlocked the door. He started back as he opened it, and stared blankly at a man standing in the center of the place before a high desk with a table top.

"Too bad!" spoke Marvel quickly, as he crowded past our guide and his eye swept the room in his rapid, comprehensive way.

I did not make out what Marvel had taken in with that practised eye of his at a glance, until I had got nearly up to the desk, which I found was one used to sealing money envelopes. A strong gas jet was going. Near it were the steel dies, wax sticks and cord used in securing packages. The prisoner had evidently been busy during his brief period of forced retirement. A pair of small

scissors and a safety razor lay on the table. Also, under the gas jet was quite a heap of fresh, warm cinders. The eyebrows of the captive were jagged and irregular, and his upper lip was rough and scraped.

"He has tried to disguise himself!" shouted the bank teller, instantly.

"To disguise himself, you mean," interpolated Marvel. "He has done more than that. He has been busy removing all identification marks—papers, clothing tags—hello! what's this?"

From behind the man there suddenly sprang out a small lively dog. He was of the fox terrier breed, and barked at us lustily.

"Oh, the animal was with him when he came into the bank," explained the teller. "Followed him in here. Belongs to him, I suppose."

"I see," nodded my friend, thoughtfully. "Now, then, my man!"

He fixed his eye sharply on the prisoner. The latter did not flinch under the cynosure. He must have been a handsome appearing young man before he had jabbed those scissors into his eyebrows. He was very pale, but there was nothing of the cringing or alarmed culprit about him.

"I see it is useless to ask you your name," observed Marvel. "We will make a search, but I fancy you have forestalled what you were shrewd enough to suspect awaited you."

My friend was right. The man had cut off even the laundry marks on his linen, had removed every letter and card from his pocket-book, and had burned them on the marble top of the sealing table.

"You won't tell your name, of course," said Marvel. "Will you talk at all?"

"I will make only one statement," came the cool, composed reply.

"I shall be glad to receive it," replied Marvel.

"I did not know half hour ago since that I was passing counterfeit money."

"You know it now?"

"Yes," came the response, accompanied with a tremor of the finely chiseled lips. "I had ten \$100 bills, and I have passed them all."

"Where did you get them?"

"I will answer that question and rest my case there," was the singular reply. "After that it is up to you to do what you choose; and after that I shall absolutely refuse to say one word—I found them."

That was all—all at the start, all at the finish. Argument, menace, cajolery, sympathy—these went for nothing. Marvel studied the prisoner silently. Then he whispered to the teller. The latter retired, to reappear with the floor officer. Marvel gave this man some low-toned instructions. The officer placed a come-along upon the wrist of the prisoner.

"You can leave the dog," spoke Marvel suddenly.

The prisoner turned and his lips parted. He was evidently about to put in a plea for the continued companionship of the little animal, whom he seemed to regard with fondness. With something of a sigh, he repressed utterance, however, pulled his hat down over his eyes and stolidly accompanied the officer from the place.

"Get me a piece of stout cord," Marvel directed the teller, and in another few minutes we were on our way to the offices of the United Bankers' Protective association. The little animal whined and worried, but trotted along, guided by Marvel. The latter turned the dog loose in an empty room and sat down in his own favorite chair in his private office.

"There is some thinking to do," he observed, "but I should like to have you back here about an hour before dusk."

I was curious enough and interested enough to greet the invitation as a favor, and said so.

"And by the way, my friend," he called after me as I reached the door, "that young man we have secured told the truth—he did not know the \$100 bills were counterfeit until the teller at the Central National told him so."

I wondered how Resilius Marvel had found this out, but I knew he was right. He usually treasured up his deductions and discoveries until a case was ended. When he anticipated an announcement, I had found in the past, it was only when he was very sure of his ground.

When I reached his office again it was well on towards evening. Marvel was ready with the little fox terrier under his arm. With the animal, he led the way to an auto, and we proceeded back to the Central National. The city center streets were comparatively deserted, as the business crowds had gone homewards some time since. Marvel carried the dog to the barred front of the bank, set the little animal on the pavement and returned to the machine.

"Just follow that dog," he ordered to the chauffeur, and fixed his eye closely upon the object of his interest.

The fox terrier crowded through the barred gate protecting the entrance to the bank, ran up to the great bronze doors and lifted its head and howled. Then it sniffed around in a circle, came out to the pavement, threw its nose up in the air in several directions and trotted down the street on a bee line.

There could be no doubt that the clever animal knew the way home, for it proved never at fault, never hesitated, and buckled down sturdily as if knowing it had a long jaunt ahead. This proved true. It made only square turns at corners, and gradually left the business center for the better residence portion of the city.

"Keep close," directed Marvel to the chauffeur as the animal reached a broad boulevard and increased its

pace. "Follow," he ordered additionally, as the dog suddenly diverged from its course and turned down a broad alley. Then, as our forerunner reached an iron fence inclosing a garden and crowded through between two pickets, Marvel spoke one quick, imperative word: "Stop!" leaped out of the machine and ran up to the fence.

I could see beyond him. The dog had burst into a joyful bark, and almost instantly a stout woman, evidently a servant, crossed my range of vision. She caressed and talked to the leaping animal and walked to the fence, as if expecting that the animal's arrival prefaced that of its expected master. She came directly up to Marvel, the fence between them. He spoke to her and she answered him, took a look down the alley, and turning, went back towards a pretentious appearing mansion facing the avenue.

"Drive to the next street and wait for us," Marvel said to the chauffeur, and beckoned me to join him.

"We will get around to the front of the house," he remarked, as we completed the length of the lane, and turned to carry out this plan. "That is the home of the dog. I asked the woman you saw if the dog belonged there."

"And she said yes?"

"With the addendum that its owner was the nephew of her master, and she wondered why he did not come home with the animal, as he usually did."

It was no task to locate the front of the lot where the dog had run to cover. It was an imposing stone structure. We halted in front of it, and my friend read aloud the name engraven on the broad old-style silver plate on one of the ornamental front doors:

Then Resilius Marvel looked at me, and my eyes meeting his expressive glance, full of wonder, reflected somewhat a manifest surprise, if not a positive shock in his own.

There was not a better name at the banks than that of Arnold Buckingham. Resilius Marvel knew it from hearsay, and I from practical knowledge of a financial responsibility rated way up in the millions. There could not help but be a direct challenge in my face. My companion simply shrugged his shoulders.

"Come," he said, his course of procedure boldly formulated in his mind within the space of a minute, and he led the way up the steps, rang the front door bell and stepped inside the vestibule.

I wondered what strange freak of fate had led us to this lordly mansion, to the presence of a man retired from active business with a royal fortune, his honored record a synonym for high business integrity, his name good for the entire reserve of our bank. I wondered, too, how my

friend, skilled and all powerful as he was, would proceed in a case where the sure criminal trail led straight from the portals of a common prison to this abode of luxury and wealth.

A servant answered a question put by Marvel, and ushered him into a majestic reception room, took his card, and we both arose as a man aged, austere, dignified, came into the apartment with an easy, old-fashioned sense of courtesy that charmed me. He had Marvel's card in his hand, and I fancied the name it bore had aroused him into curiosity or interest as to the personality it represented. Marvel weighed his man in the scales of a mature judgment, and went to the heart of his subject forthwith.

"I have come on an important and serious mission in behalf of the government, Mr. Buckingham," he announced.

"Of the government?"

"Very slowly, as though difficult of utterance, Mr. Buckingham pronounced that last word. I thought he quivered. I was sure his natural ruddy color lessened.

"You have a relative, a nephew, I understand," resumed Marvel; and then followed a rapid description of the young man who had passed the \$100 counterfeits—plus his dandied mustache—building up a portrait that I saw at once was recognizable by our host.

"You are describing my nephew, Alan Dean," said Mr. Buckingham, steeled cold, because he was controlling himself. "What of him, sir?"

"Just this, Mr. Buckingham. He is in my hands after passing ten counterfeit \$100 treasury notes on the city banks."

The old man, his hands grasping the arms of the chair, tried to hold himself together. He directed one look at Marvel—reproachful, pleading, a lost look. His were the eyes of a man who saw a stranger enter his presence and bring a stately fabric into the midst of sudden devastation and ruin.

"Where—where is my nephew?" his lips framed, rather than uttered. "How came he to find the notes—?"

It was an admission, and I noted Marvel's lips settle grimly—a point scored, a start made.

"If you had the notes in this house," he ventured audaciously, "what of the plates from which they were printed?"

"You know all! Then it is—ruin!" broke in a despairing cry from the old man's lips.

"Quick, call someone!" directed Marvel, as Buckingham fell to one side. A spasm convulsed his frame and he lay rigid and speechless. My friend had lifted him to an easier position, while I hastened to the hall and advised the servant there of his master's condition.

We waited until after a physician had been called. He shook his head seriously while they placed the millionaire on a couch. Then he went to work on him. His attitude became more reassuring as the patient recovered consciousness and looked about him in a bewildered way. Then as his eye fell on Marvel the old fright or fear, terror or apprehension, or whatever it was, came back into his face.

"Take," he urged, "a blank signed check. Fill in for any amount, only save—save my family from shame."

"And the plates?" gently but firmly persisted Marvel, waving back the proffered check.

"Come—come—" the tortured tones grew more feeble, "when I—I send for you."

We saw that he was going into another sinking spell. Marvel hastily summoned the physician, and we passed down the hall and out of the house. Silently my friend led the way to the machine awaiting us at the corner of the next street, reached his office, dismissed the chauffeur and nodded a casual adieu to myself.

I could not resist an impulse of intense curiosity and impatience to drop in upon him on my way to the bank the next morning. I found him with a newspaper folded across his knee and his eyes regarding it with a vexed expression.

"Did you see it?" he inquired.

I guessed what, and told him so, and ran hurriedly over an item announcing that a new \$100 treasury note counterfeit—the particulars concerning which, even to the approximate serial numbers, were given—had appeared on the market.

"Some one has nabbed," scolded my friend. "It may make a complication."

I did not see how, just then. I knew better—later. Marvel had not-

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I am a lawyer. Shall I briefly state the case?"

There was no reply, at least none audible to us. The speaker continued:

"Some years ago, your son Percival Buckingham, chief engraver for the government, was taken ill and removed to a sanitarium while you were absent in Europe. Too close application to delicate expert work had blighted his mind. He escaped from the sanitarium, and three men I will not name, but once known as the most finished shovers of the queer in the world, got hold of him. They saw their opportunity and improved it. They were shrewd, capable men and made no blunders. What they did you will now learn for the first time.

"Those men secured the upper floor of a lonely, secluded house. They fitted it up as nearly as possible like one of the work rooms in the treasury department. They took your deluded son there, and made him believe that he was producing new 1906 series \$100 plates for the government. For nearly a year that was his home. His mind did not refuse to act mechanically along the line eye and skill had directed for so many years. In brief, he made two plates, so perfect that they were almost duplicates of the original government plates. Twelve impressions were made, and two of these were tested by being placed in circulation. Today they are somewhere in existence, their validity never doubted. Within that week it must have been, while unguarded and alone, your son had a flash of his old mentality. At all events, when his three captors returned they found him gone, and with him the two treasury plates and the ten printed \$100 bills.

"Now for your end of the story, as I understand it: Your son appeared at this home, suddenly, unexpectedly. He must have brought the plates and the notes. You believed him a counterfeiter, for before he could explain to you, his insane mood returned. You at once removed him to a private asylum. Later you sent him with a relative, Alan Dean, to Paris. He regained his reason. Today he occupies a studio in the French capital, patronized by devotees of high art. Happily married, all that year of mental darkness forgotten, restored to his right mind, he is a wonderful producer of art etchings, a man of fame, and marvelously prosperous. You have been content to keep him out of the country. You never sought to enlighten him as to that last year in his life."

"I know all this—why go over it?" came in muffled tones of suffering from the millionaire.

"So that the matter may be clearly understood between us," was the prompt response. "Within a week after your son's escape from the counterfeiter, one of their number came to see you. He caused you to believe that your son had deliberately left the government service to go into a scheme to secure millions by using his professional skill as a counterfeiter. You told him a lie. You led him to believe that your son had destroyed the ten treasury notes and the two plates. The man, however, threatened to find the son you had hidden away, to denounce him to the police as a dangerous counterfeiter. To silence this man, you paid \$50,000, and that ended the matter for the time being."

"I know not how," continued the lawyer, "but my client, when today he saw the announcement in the newspapers that certain counterfeit \$100 treasury notes of a certain series were in circulation, at once was forced to an irresistible conclusion. Those notes came from this house—they could come from nowhere else. Your nephew, only recently arrived from Paris, where your son is living, is missing from your home since yesterday. A man answering his description passed the notes. Putting this and that together, my client reasons that you have also the plates. He must have them."

Again a groan from the lips of the tortured man.

We heard a tottering step cross the floor. Marvel was at my side as the draperies were agitated. He reached me in a swift glide and drew me beside him to a curtained alcove in the library as Arnold Buckingham entered and turned on a light.

The old man's lips were trembling and he was whispering hoarsely to himself. His eyes were those of a man on the verge of losing his senses. He produced a key, opened a strong-box safe, and from some inner recess drew out two oblong pieces of metal. In a flash Marvel was at his side.

"On your life, not a word!" he abused the shrinking, well-nigh stricken millionaire. "I will deal with the millionaires who seek to blackmail you."

I pressed to the side of Buckingham and supported him, or he would have fallen. I saw Marvel hold the plates toward the light. He drew a magnifying glass from his pocket and looked them over.

What was the significance of the quick, momentary smile that crossed his lips, I knew not then. Before I could even conjecture a cause, he had parted the draperies, and I heard the lawyer's metallic voice exclaim:

"Resilius Marvel!"

"You know me," was the stern reply. "And I you, Israel Craft, disbarred attorney, fence, go-between and agent of the hunted and lost. You do well to strain the limit of justice to the danger point."

"I am within the law," cracked from the man, servile lips.

"Admitted. What I wish to know is—have you the affidavits you boasted of to Mr. Arnold Buckingham a minute since?"

"I have."

"Will you add a statement of your knowledge of this unfortunate business?"

"For the plates—yes."

Marvel led the man into the library. He pointed to an open desk, and said simply:

"Write."

It was at the end of ten minutes that I saw Resilius Marvel receive into his hands four documents. He scrutinized them closely. Then he said:

"There are the plates. Now your men and my men are quits."

I was amazed—more than that, perturbed. I saw Marvel accompanying the lawyer to the door. Then,

returning, he drew Buckingham aside. He conversed with him in low tones. At the end of ten minutes I saw hope and courage come into the face of the old man. It was the relief and gratitude of a person drawn from the edge of a fearsome precipice.

"The nephew who passed those notes, and who recently came from the son in Paris," explained Marvel as we left the mansion, "was told by Percy Buckingham that he might have what he found in his old home room. He stumbled across those counterfeit notes. The son is in happy ignorance of that blighted year in his life. The father need bear no further anxiety. He will reimburse the banks gladly, the affair must be hushed up, and the man who gets the plates—"

He paused in an impressive way. Then Resilius Marvel laughed—a low, strange laugh of intense satisfaction.

"But they have them! I do not understand," I floundered.

"They have them, yes," assented Marvel, "and so much, worth less trumpery they are."

"I do not yet comprehend you."

"They bear a sure record, that in his lucid awakening the night of his escape, Percy Buckingham placed upon them," said Marvel. "They are as useless as old metal."

"You mean—?"

"When these knaves come to print their issue, they will find that, finely but plainly engraved across front and back plate, is one warning word."

"You mean—?"

"Counterfeit!"

**MAKING USE OF PUFFBALLS**

May Be Cooked in Many Ways If One Is Sure the Right Kind Is in Hand.

Puffballs are the safest of all fungi for the beginner, none of them being poisonous; and they are at the same time excellent and easy to obtain, writes William A. Murrill, assistant director of the New York Botanical Garden, in the American Museum Journal. Being tender, they cook quickly and are easily digested. They should as a rule be cut open before cooking to see that they are not too old and that they are really puffballs. If they are white and firm like cream cheese inside, showing no yellow or brownish discoloration, they are of the right age to use. If the interior shows no special structures, but is smooth and homogeneous, then one may be sure he has a puffball. The "egg" of the deadly amanita contains the young cap and stem inside, which are readily seen when the "egg" is cut; and the "egg" of the stinkhorn shows the stem and a green mass inside surrounded by a layer of jelly-like substance.

Puffballs may be cooked alone in various ways or used in stews and omelets and for stuffing roast fowls. When used in omelets they should be steamed first. All kinds except the very small one should first be peeled and cut into slices or cubes, after which they may be fried quickly in butter or dipped in beaten egg and fried like omelet or cooked in any of the ways recommended for the ordinary mushroom. The smaller kinds are much inferior in flavor to the larger ones and need a few specimens of some good mushroom to make them attractive.

**An Educational Garden.**

The educational garden of Dr. J. B. Hurry, a horticulturist of Reading, England, is a novelty as a private enterprise. Useful plants of various kinds are grouped in several special plots. Among plants employed in medicine are eucalyptus, belladonna, acornite, stramonium, gentian, liquorice, podophyllin, asafetida, valerian, henbane, castor oil, cinchona, and opium poppy; foods include such plants as maize, millet, sugar, rice, bananas, arrowroot, ginger, pepper, chlorey, olive, and carumom; plants supplying clothing and textile materials embrace flax, hemp, cotton, jute, ramie, and nettle; and there are such plants yielding dyes as wood, indigo, madder, dyers weed, turmeric, annatto, and alkanet. Conservatories display tea, coffee, soy beans, monkey-nuts, guava, chick pea, cinnamon, and camphor. In the garden is also a museum, and in this numerous industrial products are shown, with labels referring to the plants from which they are derived. On certain days the public, including the older school children, is given free admission to the garden.

**Preface to Politics.**

We have almost no spiritual weapons against classicism; universities, churches, newspapers are by-products of a commercial success; we have no tradition of intellectual revolt. The American college student has the gravity and mental habits of a Supreme court judge; his "wild outs" are rarely spiritual; the critical, analytical habit of mind is distrusted. We say that "knocking" is a sign of the "sore-head," and we sublimate criticism by saying that "every knock is a boost." America does not play with ideas; generous speculation is regarded as insincere, and shunned as if it might endanger the optimism which underlies success. All this becomes such an insulation against new ideas that when the Yankee goes abroad he takes his environment with him.—Walter Lippmann.

**Meaning of "Purim."**

The word "purim," the name of the great annual festival of the Jews, means "lots." This feast commemorates the preservation of the Jews in Persia from the massacre with which they were threatened by Haman (Esther 9). They gave the name purim or "lots" to commemorate the festival because he had thrown lots to ascertain what day would be auspicious for the massacre.

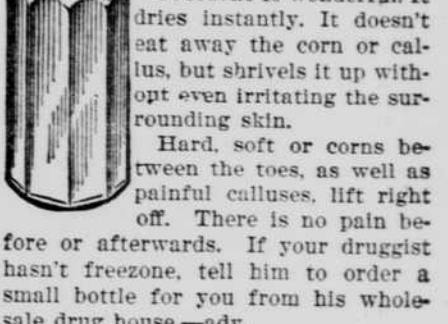
**Woman May Be Auctioneer.**

Although there is no record that a woman has ever been an auctioneer, it is on record that in May, 1912, the then mayor of New York, Mr. Gaynor, answered an inquiry addressed to him by a woman by saying that there was nothing in the law to prevent a woman from becoming an auctioneer. Strange enough, it was a milliner who made the inquiry.

**WOMEN! IT IS MAGIC!**

**LIFT OUT ANY CORN**

Apply a few drops then lift corns or calluses off with fingers—no pain.



Just think! You can lift off any corn or callus without pain or soreness. A Cincinnati man discovered this ether compound and named it Freezone. Any druggist will sell a tiny bottle of Freezone, like here shown, for very little cost. You apply a few drops directly upon a tender corn or callus. Instantly the soreness disappears, then shortly you will find the corn or callus so loose that you can lift it right off. Freezone is wonderful. It dries instantly. It doesn't eat away the corn or callus, but shrivels it up without even irritating the surrounding skin. Hard, soft or corns between the toes, as well as painful calluses, lift right off. There is no pain before or afterwards. If your druggist hasn't Freezone, tell him to order a small bottle for you from his wholesale drug house.—adv.

**SHARKS TO SERVE MANKIND**

Veteran Fisherman Believes That, Properly Handled, the Meat of the Fish Is Edible.

Russell J. Coles of Danville, Va., who taught Colonel Roosevelt how to harpoon devilfish, announced that he has discovered a method of preventing world-wide starvation by tests he has carried out with regard to certain species of the dark shark and ray family. Mr. Coles has just come back from Morehead City, N. C., where he caught a number of fish, and despite the popular belief that the eating of them would bring death in a terrible form, he decided to take the risk and he sampled several of them. He has sent a complete record of his findings to Herbert Hoover in the hope that the food administrator will incline an ear and start the fashion of shark eating. Mr. Coles believes that the sides of the larger fish may be tanned and converted into marketable leather.

After trying several methods the Danville man gives the following recipe for cooking shark steak:

Salt heavily for 30 minutes, soak out in three waters, parboil a few minutes, change water, parboil again, cook heavily seasoned and serve hot. The amount of seasoning must be used according to the odor of the meat.

**Already Done.**

"That chorus will soon catch up the national airs."

"From what the director has been saying to them, I should judge they had already caught Hail Columbia."

The vindictive chap never has as much fun as the fellow who can smile and forget it.

**Won't You Try to Stop Needless Telephone Calls**

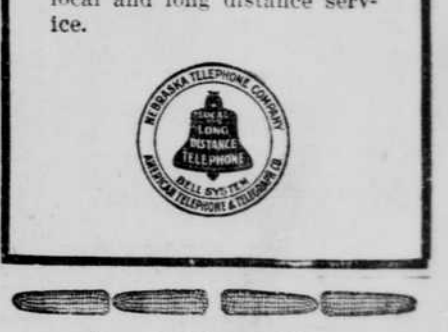
—the Lines Are Very Busy and Equipment is Scarce

The constantly increasing scarcity of men and materials is causing great difficulty in getting and installing telephone equipment for the most urgent needs.

Long distance telephone facilities are loaded to their utmost capacity, and local service in some localities is suffering on account of the conditions over which the telephone companies have no control.

As the war goes on, the government's requirements for trained telephone men and for service and equipment are increasing. The present business activity is also likely to be extended as the war continues.

You can help the telephone companies "do their bit" for the government by asking for no additional equipment unless absolutely essential to the conduct of your business and by putting every possible restraint on the unnecessary and extravagant use of the local and long distance service.



**Just Try Iken Korn Crackers**

and you will say: "Here's good eating from first to last bite."

Iken Korn Crackers *taste good*, because they are baked just right of a wholesome blend of corn flour and wheat flour.

Rich in food values, too. A pound of Iken Korn Crackers contains an average of 40 large crackers, yielding 1860 calories. Corn bread yields only 1175 calories to the pound.

Ask your grocer for an 8 lb. box of Iken Korn Crackers for \$1.25. You'll get full money's worth in both quantity and quality.

Good eating from first to last bite.

**PATENTS** Watson E. Coleman, Wash. D.C. Books Free. High-class references. Low rates.