

DOCTORS quite approve the quick comfort of Bayer Aspirin. These perfectly harmless tablets ease an aching head without penalty. Their increasing use year after year is proof that they do help and can't harm. Take them for any ache; to avoid the pain peculiar to women: many have found them marvelous at such times. The proven directions with every package of Bayer Aspirin tell how to treat colds, sore throat, neuralgia, neuritis, etc. All druggists.



United States Wise in

Giving Up Old Things

When a seventy-five-year-old Maine blacksmith recently shod a twentyfive-year-old horse in a one-hundredyear-old shop, using a vise and an anvil even older, the happening was chronicled afar in the press. A similar combination of what, to us, were | full confession, though I doubt ancient things would not have caused | whether he will prove a very the flicker of an eyelash in Egypt or China. There are many other places in the world, too, where the peoples are immune to curiosity of the kind displayed. Not that their men or their animals live, or continue active, longer than ours, but they have been less inclined than Americans to seek improvements in equipment, and so have clung closer t old buildings and old tools. Here the search is constant for better design and better materials. The ancient is discarded when the new makes its added merit certain. And that is not the least of the reasons for the start the United States often gets in achievement.-Indianapblis News.



The Prophecy

The late Avery Hopwood, the millionaire playwright who was drowned on the Riviera, was noted, of course, for his epigrams.

At a luncheon in New York one day a lady nodded towards an incredibly pretty girl and said: "Don't you think she's lovely,

Avery?" "So lovely," said the playwright, "that I'm sure she's got a past in

front of her."

Prevention

Said Suburbanite Jones to his neighbor as they hurried to the morning train. "Did you go to the play with your wife after all?"

"Yes," answered he, "rather than have her tell me all about it when she got home."

Something Just as Good

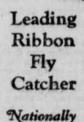
"I want some paregoric," said the customer.

"I'm just out of it," said the druggist, "but I can fix you up a nice sandwich.'

One Point of View

Love is most sincere when it loves according to needs, and not according to merit.

Ask for "TACK - UP" AEROXON Fly Catcher



Advertised



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SIOUX CITY PTG. CO., NO. 34-1929.

THE COPPER HOUSE

A Detective Story

JULIUS REGIS AUTHOR OF "NO 13 TORON!"

He extinguished the lamp, and they could see a glimmer of daylight between the thick surtains, which he now flung open. Waves of bright sunshine streamed into the room, and when the window was opened a refreshing morning breeze blew softly in on their heated faces. They both inhales it with enjoyment, and Wallion said: "Another day! I wonder if Gabriel Ortiz slept last night-not without dreaming, I'll wager. As long as there is a doubt about Tarraschin's memorandum....but who knows, everything may be cleared up in an hour's time!" "Why are you looking out

into the street?" "To see if the house is

watched." "And is it?"

"Fortunately not. We are lucky."

"How odd you look! One might think you were waiting for somebody. What's up?' "I am expecting B.22. He

was to be here at about 7." Leo jumped up. "B.22 coming here?"

"Yes, the poor chap is scared stiff, and is inclined to betray Ortiz to save his own skin. I have promised to help him, as soon as he has made a creditable witness....'

The door-bell rang; Wallion went to answer it, and a man came in hurriedly, holding a newspaper in his hand. It was the young journalist, Robert Lang, and he was so much out of breath that he could not speak for a minute, but handed the paper to his chief with a silent gesture.

"You are out early," remarked Wallion coolly, though he already guessed the truth.

"No," retorted Lang hastily, "say rather, too late! Wallion, they have forestalled us again -B.22 is dead!

"Dead!" echoed Leo and the Problem-hunter together. The latter, to whom Lang had handed the paper, glanced through it, and came to an underlined paragraph, which he read aloud:

"Sudden Death in the Street Last Night.'

" 'About 11 o'clock last night, a middleaged and rather poorly dressed man was found dead upon one of the benches in the Railway park. The man, who was apparently one of the many unknown strangers who are so frequently to be met with in Stockholm at the present time, seems to have died quite suddenly, no doubt in consequence of a heart attack. Nothing was found in his pockets, except a card upon which was written in red ink, "B.22." It is therefore impossible to identify him. He was dressed

followed. Wallion threw down the paper, and asked: "Is the Morning Post the only paper that gives the

....' A brief description

news?" "Yes," replied Lang; "it must have been one of their reporters who came across

him. "Have you verified the re-

port?" "Yes, the dead man is B.22. there's no doubt about that." "No." said Wallion slowly; "no doubt about it. We might have expected it. Poor wretch! the Whirlpool has

sucked him in!" "He makes the third," said Leo, looking much disturbed. "We must give notice to the police now!"

Wallion, who was standing with his head bent, now looked

"The third, if Bernard Jen's is really dead," he said. "But how can the police help us? What's the good of bringing an accusation against one Ga-

PALO ALTO, CAL .-

to governmental posts.

mer students and faculty members of

Leland Stanford, Jr., university have

been called upon by its most widely

known graduate, President Hoover.

Lyman Wilbur, secretary of the in-

terior, who was granted an indefi-

of Stanford to sit in the cabinet.

nite leave of absence as president

Wilbur's two executive assistants

Of first prominence is Dr. Ray

briel Ortiz, whe no one has any idea where to find him? Or to arrest Fayerling or Tassler, against whom we have not a shadow of proof? Or to tell the fantastic history of Terraschin's memorandum which none of us has see .. ? Go to the police if you like-and in a week's time we shall be scoffed at as the most arrant liars and slanderers in Europe, and that is saying a good deal in this year of grace 1917!"

"But-aren't we right?" asked Leo, amazed.

"We haven't the right to be right, as long as we can't prove that we are! And you see, they have robbed us of our proof before we could take advantage of it."

"What shall we do, then?" The Problem-hunter's gray eyes began to sparkle with indomitable energy. He spoke rapidly, but in such a tone that every word was impressed upon their minds.

"Lang, you go straight off to Lawyer Burchardt as soon as his office is open, and inform him on Mr. Grath's behalf that the Copper House is not for sale. You may tell the lawyer, under the seal of secrecy, as much of the truth as is necessary. After that wait for further instructions from

Robert Lang looked at Leo. "Yes," said he quickly; "it's quite correct, I have no intention of selling the Copper House to those people."

"And you, Mr. Grath," continued Wallion, "are presumed to be locked up in your bedroom at the present minute, fast asleep at the Copper House. It's a grand position, at the very center of all that's going on. So, catch the first train out to Karkby, and get back to your room the same way you left it-as long as nobody sees you doing it!"

Leo drew a deep breath. "But supposing anyone saw me in Stockholm last night?" "Nobody would have

dreamed that you would be here, and that fellow outside my door had quite enough to do to look after himself."

"And what about you? what are you going to do?" "I am coming with you to the Copper House!"

> PART II The Twentieth of July

CHAPTER VIII Lona Ivanovna Asks Her First QUESTION

When a house is guarded with such infitie precaution as was the case with the Copper House, it becomes, as Wallion expressed it, "a pleasantly exciting adventure" to enter it by broad daylight, without being seen.

By his advice, they had quitted the train one station beyond Karkby, and gone the rest of the way on foot, through the wood. They crossed the southern boundary as an invading army crosses the border of a hostile country: by forced marches, and with intense caution.

As soon as they reached the top of the hill, they could see at some distance through the trees, the massive roof of copper which was their goal. The sun shone brightly in the still atmosphere; no smoke issued as yet from the chimneys of the great house; the unploughed fields in front of it lay bare and desolate. But, on looking to the left, they caught sight of a man sitting motionless upon a stone at the outskirts of the wood, with his face turned towards the field, and a gun between his knees. It was one of the forest guards.

"We seem to be in luck," murmured Wallion. "Luck!" echoed Leo irrita-

Ernest Sawyer and Northcutt Elv. Hoover Surrounded were graduated from Stanford. Dr. Augustus Taber Murray, pro-By Stanford Alumni fessor of classical literature Stanford, went to Washington to

preach in the president's church. W. F. Durand, emeritus professo: of mechanical engineering at Stanford, is a member of the Boulde: Dam commission. Ellwood P. Cubberley dean of the school of education is a member of the committee 45 appointed to study relations of the federal government to states

in education. Kenneth Mackintosh, former justice of the Washington state subly. "They are watching the path and we shall not be able to go 100 steps without being seen...."

"Just so. It is lucky that they are watching the Copper House so openly. If we had not found that sentry posted there, I should have felt uneasy, for it would certainly mean that your escapade last night had been discovered, and a trap laid. But now they are keeping guard as they always do, and we can go happily on."

Wallion moved forward, but Leo pulled him back by the

"What are you going to do?" he whispered.

"To make a flanking movement," replied the Problemhunter.

They skirted the hill around the sentry, and approached the avenue by slow degrees. Suddenly Wallion halted.

"There's another of them!" he whispered.

They could see another armed man some way beyond them; like the first, he was staring idly at the field, and they heard him yawn loudly, after which he filled and lighted his pipe; the smell of tobacco was wafted up to them. "Look, they are waking up

in the Copper House," whispered Leo. "Smoke was rising from one of the chimneys, and the Prob-

lem-hunter gazed critically at it, remarking: "In 20 minutes' time, they

will knock at your door to tell you that breakfast is ready." "They are bound to find out directly that I am not there," answered Leo quickly; "we can't possibly get in now without being seen.'

"Where there's a will, there's a way! We'll try, at all events."

Wallion spoke with irresistible decision, and Leo dared not protest. They passed, at some distance, a third sentry, and were now close to the avenue, and about half way up it. The huge trees formed a sort of roof above them, and the trunks bordered the path like a fourfold row of dark, massive pillars. Wallion looked all round.

"That's our best way," said he; "come along.

"The avenue?" said Leo. "Yes, where else? Why go in by the back way, when we can arrive in style, sheltered by these great trees? Remember that they keep a look-out on the avenue from the porter's lodge, and anyone seeing us here will take it for granted that we belong to the house. Forward!"

He took Leo by the arm, and began to walk up the avenue. "Step out," he said smiling. "They see us now, but they aren't paying us any atten-

tion." It was difficult to say whether any of the three sentries whom they had just passed, and had now left on. their right, took the slightest notice of the two men in the avenue; at all events, they raised no alarm, though Leo, hardly daring to breathe, expected them to do so at any minute.

Wallion moved softly and swiftly, as though making for some definite point, and Leo followed him as best he could; five minutes later they made a half turn to the left, and saw the Copper House straight in front of them.

"Which is the window of your room?" whispered Wal-

"On the north side, second floor, hidden by the trees. I have climbed up the spout to that window any number of times in my life, without being caught

"I fancy we shall manage it again now," remarked Wallion, but at the same instant he pulled Leo back among the bushes.

Somebody was coming. Steps crunched on the gravel, and a man passed quite close. Presently they crept out of their hiding place, and saw the person, who had gone by without suspecting their proximity, mount the terrace steps, and disappear in the direction of

preme court and a member of the crime survey commission, was graduated from Stanford the same year as President Hoover, 1895.

C. C. Teague of the farm relief board is not a Stanford alumnus but is a member of the Stanford national board.

Vernon L. Kellogg, former profesor of entomology at Stanford, is secretary of the national research ouncil. He held the position before Hoover's election to the presi-

ALL-WHITE COSTUME LEADS -The all-white eos-

the house. They both recognized Rastakov. While they still hesitated to advance any further, they heard his steps again; he had gone the round of the house, and was now standing on the terrace. They dared not raise their heads, for his face was turned their way. They could hear him light a eigaret, and the next few seconds seemed interminable. Then the glass door leading to the hall opened with a crash, and a harsh voice said:

"Maxim Rastakov!" "What is it, Lona Ivanov-

"Allow me to tell you, Rastakov, that if you don't turn out that filthy tramp who is sitting in the kitchen, and the miserable object who stands and yawns in the hall, I shall do it myself."

"Not yet, my good Lona Ivanovna; not until you tell me where I can find Bernard Jenin."

"Haven't you searched the whole house? Do you think 1 have hidden him in one of these drawers? You needn't make faces; you are quite ugly enough as it is

Rastakov laughed. "Lona Ivanovna," said he, "go upstairs and wake the young fellow who fancies that

he owns this house, and see that he comes out here without noticing anything. We can talk about Bernard Jenin af. terwards."

"Don't I tell you that he has gone!"

"Yes, I haven't a doubt of it! He's gone, but the matter doesn't end there! When you can show me how Bernard Jenin disappeared, I will remove those men. But only on one condition; mind that the blue light appears every evening."

There was something ominous in the cold, clear tones of Rastakov's voice, which made Leo's blood run cold. A pause followed. Then the old lady said, as harshly as before, but with rising anger in her voice: "See to the blue light your-

self, Rastakov. Perhaps it may show up your face in its proper setting, and let people see what a scoundrel you are!" .

"They have realized that already, Lona Ivanovna, and that is why they make us of

He laughed again loudly, went down the steps of the terrace, and disappeared down the avenue. The glass door slammed again, and all was

Wallion sprang up, pulling Leo with him.

"Quick, quick," he whis pered; "now we know how the land lies; they are keeping watch indoors, and your ab sence last night has not been discovered. Quick, to your room."

They could see above them the open window of Leo's bed room, and without more ado, Wallion climbed with noiseless agility up the copper spout, and swung himself over the window-sill.

Leo followed him with great er difficulty, for, in his neryous excitement, his heart was beating so rapidly that it made him feel faint and breathless

"Here we are, at last!" said the Problem-hunter, seating himself on a chair, and taking stock of his surroundings; "an uncommonly jolly little room! Give me some idea as quickly as you can, of the geography of the house, so that I may know how to find my way about it."

But this was asking too much. Leo had thrown himself speechless on the bed, and did not answer. Wallion looked at him more closely, and saw that he was shivering as though with cold, and that beads of perspiration stood or his forehead.

(TO B) CONTINUED)

NEW AIR STUDENT BOSS LANSING, MICH. - (AP) - Student fliers in Michigan will have a new boss after August. Control of the 35 aviation schools and 1,000 students in the state will be taken over by the new board of aero nautics. They now are under supervision of the department of public instruction.

tume leads the field for evening at all smart summer resorts, dressmakers' mannequins report, back from the fashion parades which open the season at such places as Vichy, Dinard, Deauville, Le Toquet and Juanles-Pins.

With the white evening dress o chiffon or satin is worn a white coat, usually without fur and of hip length or less. The short wraps recognize the flared and long skirted evening dresses which now are worn to the exclusion of ever hemmed frocks by the majority of smartly gowned women



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For Galled Horses Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh Money back for first bottle if not suited. All dealers.



Hindu Festivals

The outstanding Hindu festivals which have a national appeal are the Durga, the Lakshmi and Kali "pujas" in northeast India and their equivalent, and the "Dewall," in the rest of India. The pujas and Dewali take place in October and are celebrated with pomp for several days. Government trade is all but suspended. Business at the bazaars during the w days preceding the puja is very

Worried

After a recent censor meeting in Chicago, all the picture pruners left with newly sharpened scissors. Asked if censorship was to be lightened or not, one of the party replied:

"We cannot say, at present. We are all looking forward with trepidation to the first talkie of a golf match."

Shells Still Plowed Up

Although the World war ended more than ten years ago, farmers are still plowing up shells in the rural districts of Rheims, France. In many cases the shells have exploded and caused injury or death.

For Verification

"The chief has insulted me. He said I was more stupid than the police allowed. What do you make of that?" "I don't know. I should inquire of the police."

Even the most thirsty criminal isn't anxious to line up before the bar of



"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a wonderful medicine at the Change of Life. I would get blue spells and just walk the floor. I was nervous, could not sleep at night, and was not able to do my work. I know if it had not been for your medicine I would have been in bed most of this time and had a big doctor's bill. If women would only take your medicine they would be better."-Mrs. Anna Weaver, R. F. D. No. 2, Rose Hill, Iowa.