

JOY RIDERS ARE PREY OF BANDIT

Victims, Shunning Publicity, Are Glad to Say "Mum's the Word!"

MAKES ONE MISTAKE

Holds Up Former Police Sergeant Who Was Riding With His Own Wife, and Now His Game is Up.

Oklahoma City.—When James W. Berry, former police sergeant, made a report of an attempt by a lone bandit to hold him up when motoring along a quiet street, he started something that resulted in a revelation. It has since become known that the robber has been operating all summer and has mostly victimized joy riders.

At the Central police station there is a secret list of those who have reported their losses, but it will never be published. The total amounts to more than \$10,000 in money and valuables. In the list are several diamond rings of considerable value.

The lone bandit operated almost entirely on the streets in the western part of the city. Several streets there are paved for a distance of more than two miles, but are sparsely settled. Shade trees grow in the parkway on each side and tall weeds cover the vacant lots.

"I Am an Officer; Get Out!" On these streets the lone bandit operated unmolested. When he saw an automobile coming with a man and woman in it his practiced eye seemed to tell him unerringly whether or not they were joy riders. If they were he walked into the middle of the street and held up his hand. When the car stopped he said to the occupants, if there were only two:

"I am an officer. Get out and come with me."

To be caught by an officer on an occasion of that kind was about the worst thing that could happen. Usually the man and woman obeyed at once. The bandit led them to a dark spot at the side of the street and gave his second command.

"Put up your hands!"

Perhaps it was a relief to some of them to find that they were only in the hands of a stickup man and not in the clutches of a police officer.

Made Victim Find Ring.

When the robber saw four joy riders in a car—two men and two women—he usually held them up in the car. Once he held up a man and woman, and the man slipped a diamond ring from his finger and dropped it in the



Fired Several Shots.

weeds. The robber had seen it on his finger, however.

"What did you do with that ring?" he asked. "Hand it over."

With a six-shooter held at his breast, the man said he had thrown the ring into the weeds. The robber compelled him to get out of the car and search for the ring until it was found.

The only mistake made by the highwayman, so far as is known, was when he attempted to hold up Berry, for Berry was riding with his own wife. The robber came close to the side of the automobile and commanded Berry and his wife to put up their hands.

Instead of doing so, Berry whipped out a revolver and thrust it into the highwayman's face. The bandit leaped backward into the weeds and from that hiding place fired several shots, one of which went through Berry's hat.

How many joy riders he held up may never be known. If he is ever caught and convicted it will be on the evidence of Berry alone, for the others have given notice that they will not appear in court against him. To explain their presence with their companions would be ruinous to their reputations.

Is Called "Meanest Man."

Portland, Ore.—Portland's meanest man, according to the police, is John M. Haberley, manager of a drug store, who was charged with stealing cigars and chewing gum from blind Tom Long's stand.

Daily thefts for over six months have totaled a loss of more than \$100 for the blind man.

Folk We Touch In Passing

By Julia Chandler Marz

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"I Want to Work With You; to Be Your True Companion."

THE GULF

When The Man and The Woman were married she was willing enough to bear her share of the world's work. In fact it was her idea that those who love and marry should pull together in double harness, accomplishing success through combined energy, and when they made the path of life somewhat smoother through their common labor, grow old together.

But The Man's conception of marriage was quite another matter.

"Why," said he to his bride, "what is a man's love for if not to protect the woman he loves! Besides I value your loveliness too much to run the risk of losing it. Hardship and work make one old and ugly early in life. I shall protect your beauty—your wonderful, wonderful beauty."

Whereupon The Woman's laughter rippled like a sweet song in his ears even while she told him that she had rather be a true helpmate to him than a dressed-up doll to adorn his home, and The Man kissed her rapturously, insisting that his was the right to bear the greater share of all the burdens marriage entailed.

During the first few years of their life together The Woman often protested to The Man that he was working too hard, and more often complained that she would prefer fewer servants and less costly frocks to his continued absence from home.

"I want you, dear," she told him tenderly, "I want our marriage to mean something deeper than show. I want to work with you; to be your true companion."

Whereupon The Man took her soft hands within his own and kissed each rose-tinted finger, telling her how proud he was of her beauty, of the admiration in which his friends all held her, and insisted that she had no business in the world of work and usefulness.

"But," protested The Woman, "aside from the fact that I am of no service in your scheme of living, I am lonely. Of what good is my beauty to you when you are never at home to see it."

"That will not be for always," laughed The Man. "I am coming on splendidly. Before many years have gone by I hope to have my business in such shape that it will take little of my time. Then, dear one, we will enjoy life together. In the meantime amuse yourself as you please—only see that you keep your youth."

The Woman obeyed the wish of The Man. She knew the art of keeping her youth and beauty and pursued it with a diligence worthy a better cause.

As the years went by The Man worked like a slave. He was seldom with The Woman, and long since she learned the futility of protests and complaints. His business interests grew bigger and bigger, and absorbed more of his time as they grew. He did not have much leisure in which

to look at The Woman, but when he did it was always with supreme pleasure and satisfaction, and if ever he had stopped in his mad pursuit of financial power to thank the good God for anything it would have been for the success of his work which had enabled him to protect his wife from every hardship—from every ugly thing in life that helps to bring the lines of fret and worry to a woman's face and the stoop of age to her shoulders.

The Woman, from the high pedestal upon which The Man had set her, looked out over the valley in which he worked. She saw him giving of his might to the achievement of wealth. At first she was proud of his success, although it never ceased to hurt her that she had no share in the work which brought it, but when she voiced the hurt to The Man he told her that she was the very foundation of his success, his inspiration, his incentive, and The Woman learned eventually to be silent while she watched The Man grow fagged and old and ugly as the battle he fought took its toll of his strength.

The time came when a gulf stretched between The Man and The Woman that neither the one nor the other could bridge. The Man who had forged all the links of their united life, alone and unassisted, found himself stooped with care before his time, while The Woman, because she had not borne her share of the burden, was younger than her years in both appearance and experience. Finally the space between them became so wide that The Woman made no effort to call across it, and The Man was so absorbed in making dollars that he did not notice what was happening until one day it was borne in upon him that he had become an old man—wrinkled and stooped and unsteady.

Whereupon he turned his face toward The Woman, but all he saw was the great grief of seething waters which stretched between them, and all he heard was her laughter across the distance as younger men told her how wonderful a thing was the youth and beauty which she had managed to keep.

Windmill Signals. The English are a practical people who know the consequences of spying. At Lemnos there are a number of mills, five or six in a group. The owners of these mills are not permitted to run them altogether to their liking. The English admiral requires that they shall have his authorization. A proprietor came one day to ask the admiral permission to run four mills for two hours. The officer responded: "No, you may run two mills four hours." The reason for this has been stated that certain millers had an outside acquaintance with the sea where the wings of their mills would carry signals and reveal to the German submarines prowling about the island the movements of the boats of the allies. —Le Cri de Paris.

KIDNEY TROUBLE NOT RECOGNIZED

An examining physician for one of the prominent Life Insurance Companies, in an interview of the subject, made the astonishing statement that one reason why so many applicants for insurance are rejected is because kidney trouble is so common to the American people, and the large majority of those whose applications are declined do not even suspect that they have the disease.

According to this it would seem that a medicine for the kidneys, possessing real healing and curative properties, would be a blessing to thousands.

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However, if you wish first to test this great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper.—Adv.

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YES, RESINOL CERTAINLY DOES STOP ECZEMA

Are you an eczema sufferer? Do those ugly patches of eruptions start up and itch as though they would drive you frantic? And have you tried treatment after treatment with, at best, only temporary relief? Then you are only going through the experience of thousands of others who at last found that resinol healed their sick skins for good!

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The Man for the Job. "He never complains at his luck. Just takes his misfortunes with a smile and keeps plugging along."

"Fine, he's just the man we're looking for. Let's make him chairman of the entertainment committee and give him the worst of it."—Detroit Free Press.

If you intend to do a mean thing, wait until tomorrow; but if you are going to do good, do it now.

BETTER DIGESTION BETTER HEALTH

THAT'S THE IDEA

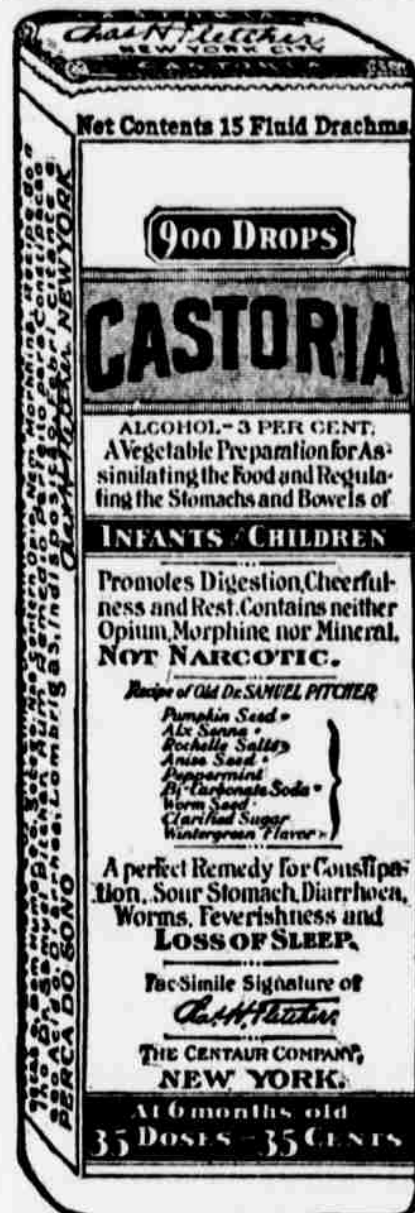
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Fannie—I wouldn't be angry about it, dear. I don't think he'd have done it had it been in the daylight.—Judge

Not Gray Hairs but Tired Eyes make us look older than we are. Keep your eyes young and you will look young. After the Movies always Murmur Your Eyes—Don't tell your age.

Credulous, is he? "Why, you could sell him a mortgage on a castle in the air."—Judge.



W. N. U., LINCOLN, NO. 45-1915.

Worth Looking Into. Nott—That fellow Hawkins is as honest as the day is long. Askitt—But what's his night record?

Queen Elizabeth of Belgium holds a degree of doctor of medicine.

ANURIC! The Newest Discovery in Chemistry

This is a recent discovery of Doctor Pierce, who is head of the Invalid's Hotel and Surgical Institute at Buffalo, N. Y. Experiments at Dr. Pierce's Hospital for several years proved that there is no other eliminator of uric acid that can be compared to it. For those easily recognized symptoms of inflammation—as backache, scalding urine and frequent urination, as well as sediment in the urine, or if uric acid in the blood has caused rheumatism, it is simply wonderful how surely "Anuric" acts. The best of results are always obtained in cases of acute rheumatism in the joints, in gravel and gout, and invariably the pains and stiffness which so frequently and persistently accompany the disease rapidly disappear. Go to your nearest drug store and simply ask for a 50-cent package of

"Anuric" manufactured by Dr. Pierce, or even write Dr. Pierce for a large trial package (10c). If you suspect kidney or bladder trouble, send him a sample of your water and describe symptoms. Dr. Pierce's chemist will examine it, then Dr. Pierce will report to you without fee or charge.

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