THE DEBATE.

Synopsis.-With his grandfather, small Ramsey Milholland is watch-ing the "Decoration Day Parade" in the home town. The old gentle-man, a veteran of the Civil war, endeavors to impress the youngster with the significance of the great conflict, and many years afterward the boy was to remember his words with startling vividness. In the schoolroom, a few years afterward, Ramsey is not distin-guished for remarkable ability, though his pronounced dislikes are arithmetic, "Recitations" and Ger-man. In sharp contrast to Ramsey's backwardness is the precocity of little Dora Youim, a young lady whom in his bitterness he denominates "Teacher's Pet." In high school, where he and Dora are classmates, Ramsey continues to feel that the girl delights to manifest her superiority, and the vindictiveness he generates becomes alarming, culminating in the resolution that some day he will "show" her. At a class picnic Ramsey is captured bag and baggage by Milla Rust, the class beauty, and endures the agonies of his first love. Ramsey's parents object to Milla and wish he'd taken up with Dora Yocum. Ramsey kisses Milla. Then Milla suddenly leaves town She marries. Ramsey enters the state university and there is Dora Yocum again.

CHAPTER VII.-Continued.

Concluding his reading, which was oral, the volatile Mitchell made use of his voice in a manner of heathenish boisterousness, and presently reclined upon a lounge to laugh the better. His stricken comrade, meanwhile, recovered so far as to pace the floor. "I'm goin' to pack up and light out for home!" he declared over and over. And even oftener he read and reread the card to make sure of the actuality of that fatal coincidence, "D. Yo-

cum, '18." "If I could do it," he vociferated, "If I could stand up there and debate one o' their darn ole debates in the first place-if I had the gall to even try it, why, my gosh! you don't suppose I'm goin' to get up there and argue with that girl, do you? That's a hot way to get an education: stand up there and argue with a girl before a couple o' hundred people! My gosh !"

"You got to!" his prostrate companion cackled, weakly. "You can't get out of it. You're a goner, ole Buddy!" "I'll be sick, I'll be sick as a dog! I'll be sick as the sickest dog that ever-"

"No use, ole man. The frat seniors'll be on the job. They'll know whether you're sick or not, and they'll have you there, right on the spot to the minute!"

The prediction was accurate. The too fatherly "frat seniors" did all that Fred said they would, and more. For the honor of the "frat," they coached the desperate Ramsey in the technic of Lumen debate, told him many more things to say than could be said in six minutes, and produced him, despairing, ghastly and bedewed, in the large hall of the Lumen society at eight o'clock on Friday evening.

Four other "twelve-minute debates" preceded his and the sound of these, in Ramsey's ears, was the sound of Gabriel practising on his horn in the early morning of Judgment day. The members of the society sat, three rows deep, along the walls of the room, leaving a clear oblong of green carpet in the center, where were two small desks, twenty feet apart, the rostrums of the debaters. Upon a platform at the head of the room sat dreadful seniors, the officers of the society, and, upon benches near the platform, the debaters of the evening were aligned. One of the fraternal seniors sat with sweltering Ramsey; and the latter, as his time relentlessly came nearer, made a last miserable squirm.

"Look here, Brother Colburn, I got to get out o' here."

"No, you don't, young fellow." "Yes, I do!" Ramsey whispered, passionately. "Honest, I do. Honest, Brother Colburn, I got to get a drink of water. I got to!"

"No. You can't." "Honest, Colburn, I got-

"Hush!"

Ramsey cast his dilating eyes along the rows of faces. Most of them were but as blurs, swimming, yet he was aware (he thought) of a formidable and horrible impassive scrutiny of himself, a glare seeming to pierce through him to the back of the belt round his waist, so that he began to have fearful doubts about that belt, about every fastening and adjustment of his garments, about the expression of his countenance, and many other things jumbling together in his consciousness. Over and over he whispered gaspingly to himself the opening words of the sentence with which a senior had advised him to begin his argument. And as the moment of su- times called the Dutch in this country,

preme agony drew close, this whisperng became continuous: "In making my first apearance before this honor'ble membership I feel constrained to say in making my first appearance before this honor'ble membership I feel constrained to say in making my first appearance before this honor'ble mein

. . . It had come. The chairman announced the subject of the fourth freshman twelve-minute debate; and Dora Yocum, hitherto unperceived by Ramsey, rose and went forward to one of the small desks in the open space, where she stood composedly, a slim, pretty figure in white. Members in Ramsey's neighborhood were aware of a brief and hushed commotion, and a flerce whisper, "You can't! You get up there!" And the blanched Ramsey came forth and placed himself at the other desk. He stood before the silent popu-

lace of that morgue, and it seemed to him that his features had forgotten that he was supposed to be their owner and in control of them; he felt that they were slipping all over his face, regardless of his wishes. His head, as a whole, was subject to an agitation not before known by him; it desired to move rustily in eccentric ways of its own devising; his legs alternately limbered and straightened under no direction but their own; and his hands clutched each other fiercely behind his back; he was not one cohesive person, evidently, but an assembled collection of parts which had relapsed each into its own individuality. In spite of them, he somehow contrived the semblance of a bow toward the chairman and the semblance of another toward Dora, of whom he was but hazily conscious, Then he opened his mouth and, not knowing how he had started his voice going, heard it as if from a distance.

"In making my first appearance before this honor'ble membership I feel restrained to say-" He stopped short, and thenceforward shook visi-



He Came to the Longest of All His Pauses Here, and the Awful Gravity of the Audience Almost Suffocated

bly. After a long pause, he managed to repeat his opening, stopped again, swallowed many times, produced a handkerchief and wiped his face, an act of necessity-then had an inspira-

"The subject assigned to me," he said, "is resolved that Germany is mor'ly and legally justified in Belgians-Belgiums! This subject was assigned to me to be the subject of this debate." He interrupted himself to gasp piteously, found breathing difficult, but faitered on again: "This subject is the subject. It is the subject that was assigned to me on a postal card." Then, for a moment or so, he had a miraculous spurt of confidence, and continued, rather rapidly: "I feel constrained to say that the country of Belgian-Belgium, I meanthis country has been constrained by the-invaded I mean-invaded by the Imperial German Impire and my subfect in this debate is whether it ought to or not, my being the infernative, affirmative I mean-that I got to prove that Germany is mor'ly and legally justified. I wish to state that-"

He paused again, lengthily, then struggled on. "I have been requested to state that the German Imp-Empire -that it certainly isn't right for those Dutch-Germans, I mean-they haven't got any more business in Belgium than I have myself, but I-I feel constrained to say that I had to accept whatever side of this debate I got on the postal card, and so I am constrained to take the side of the Dutch. I mean the Germans. The Dutch are sometimes called-I mean the Germans are some-

but they aren't Dutch, though some times called Dutch in this country. Well, and so-so, well, the war began last August or about then, anyway, and the German army invaded the Belgian army. After they got there, the invasion began, First, they came around there and then they commenced invading. Well, what I feel constrained-"

He came to the longest of all his pauses here, and the awful gravity of the audience almost suffocated him. "Well," he concluded, "it don't look right to me."

"Four minutes!" the chairman announced, for Ramsey's pauses had worn away a great deal more of this terrible interval than had his eloquence. "Opening statement for the negative: Miss D. Yocum. Four min-

As Dora began to speak, Ramsey experienced a little relief, but only a little-about the same amount of relief as that felt by a bridegroom when it is the bride's turn to "respond," not really relief at all, but merely the slight relaxation of a continuing strain. The audience now looked at Ramsey no more than people look at a bridegroom, but he falled to perceive any substantial mitigation of his frightful conspicuousness. He had not the remotest idea of what he had said in setting forth his case for Germany, and he knew that it was his duty to listen closely to Dora, in order to be able to refute her argument when his two-minute closing speech fell due: but he was conscious of little more than his own condition. His legs had now gone wild beyond all devilry, and he had to keep shifting his weight from one to the other in order even to hope that their frenzy might escape gen eral attention.

He realized that Dora was speaking rapidly and confidently, and that somewhere in his ill-assembled parts lurked a familiar bit of him that objected to her even more than usual; but she had used half of her time, at least, before he was able to gather any coherent meaning from what she was saying. Even then he caught only a fragment, here and there, and for the rest-so far as Ramsey was concerned-she might as well have been reciting the Swedish alphabet.

In spite of the rather startling feebleness of her opponent's statement, Dora went at her task as earnestly as if it were to confute some monster of casuistry. "Thus, having demonstrated that all war is wrong," she said, approaching her conclusion, "it is scarcely necessary to point out that what ever the actual circumstances of the invasion, and whatever the status of the case in international law, or by reason of treaty, or the German oath to respect the neutrality of Belgium, which of course was grossly and dishonorably violated—all this, I say, la dies and gentlemen of the Lumen society, all this is beside the point of war is wrong, the case may be simpliwrong. Quod erat demonstrandum, Germany invaded Belgium. Invasion is war. Germany, therefore, did moral wrong. Upon the legal side, as I began by pointing out, Germany confessed in the reichstag the violation of law. Therefore, Germany was justified in the invasion neither morally nor legally; but was both morally and legally wrong and evil. Ladies and gentlemen of the Lumen society, I await the refutation of my opponent!"

Her opponent appeared to be having enough trouble with his legs, without taking any added cares upon himself in the way of refutations. But the marvelous Dora had calculated the length of her statement with such nicety that the chairman announced "Four minutes," almost upon the instant of her final syllable; and all faces turned once more to the upholder of the affirmative. "Refutation and conclusion by the affirmative," said the chairman, "Mr. R. Milholland. Two minutes."

Therewith, Ramsey coughed as long as he could cough, and when he felt that no more should be done in this way, he wiped his face again an act of necessity-and quaveringly began:

"Gentlemen and ladies, or ladies and gentlemen, in making the refutation of my opponent, I feel that-I feel that hardly anything more ought to be said."

He paused, looked helplessly at his uncontrollable legs, and resumed: "I am supposed to make the reputa-the refutation of my opponent, and I feel that I ought to say quite a deal more, In the first place, I feel that the invasion has taken place. I am supposed -anyhow I got a postal card that I am supposed to be here tonight. Well, in talking over this matter with a couple of seniors, they told me I was supposed to claim this invasion was mor'ly and legally all right. Well-" Here, by some chance, the recollection of a word of Dora's flickered into his chaotic mind, and he had a brighter moment. "My opponent said she proved all war is wrong-or something like that, anyhow. She sald she proved it was wrong to fight, no matter what Well, if she wasn't a girl, anybody that wanted to get her to fight could prob'ly do it." He did not add that he would be the person to make the experiment (if Dora weren't a girl), nor did the thought enter his mind until an hour or so later. "Well," he added, "I suppose there is little more to be

It becomes understood that Ramsey is a woman-hater.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

It keeps some men so busy being important that they haven't any time left to accomplish things.





Heaping Screened Guano for Transfer to Maintang.

(Prepared by the National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.)

Peru, already of considerable agricultural importance and destined to become much more so, is fortunate in having one of the most valuable sources of natural fertilizer in the world-its famous "bird islands" on which thousands of tens of guano are deposited in a sort of annual crop. These deposits, rich in precious nitrogen, have been laid down on the islands for thousands of years, and until recently there seemed a well-nigh inexhaustible mine of the material. But the tremendous world demand which arose near the middle of the past century brought in its train wasteful methods, and all the accumulated deposits have been stripped away. The annual accumulations are still available, however, and are worth many hundreds of thousands of dollars.

l'eru's peculiar geographical conditions make possible the preservation of her valuable guano "crop." A few showers might wash away the valuable fertilizer, but thanks to its mountain masses, its very cold off-shore waters and its prevailing winds, the

region of the Bird islands is rainless. Guano, it will be understood, is primarily the deposit of fish-eating birds, into which may be mixed and incorporated-in greater or less proportion -a variety of other substances, such as the eggs and bodies of birds and the deposits and the bodies of searendering it unprofitable to extract.

Peruvian Guano Is Best. "Peruvian guano" is practically synonymous with nitrogenous guano and has long been recognized as the best nitrogenous fertilizer-that is, as a fertilizer of generally high nitrogen value in which the nitrogen compounds are found in a condition most readily assimilable by our plants.

Nitrogen is a primary necessity to the farmer. Whatever be the importance of adding to the soil potash and other mineral components of our food and our clothing, there never exists a doubt as to the fundamental importance of nitrogen. Consequently a peculiar interest attaches to birds of the Peruvian Islands, which have long served to aid the world's agriculture and which, given due protection, may continue indefinitely to contribute materially to the support of humanity.

The peculiar climatic conditions previously mentioned offer merely the proper environmental conditions for the preservation of the product. The primary requisite for abundant bird life is the existence of a plentiful food supply, and this is found in the schools of small fish, called anchobetas, that swarm in the Peruvian current. There shoals of fish, acres in extent, are often pursued in the water by bonito and other large fish, while beset from

the air by thousands of birds. Billions of pounds of fish must be consumed each year by the birds, besides the incalculable quantity devoured by other fishes; but the fecundity of the anchobetas is such that their numbers are still maintained. At times great acres of the sea are made red by myriads of small, brightly colored shrimp-like crustacea; and these, too, play a part of importance as food for the fishes and

Islands Crowded With Guanays. Not all of the birds are of equal

importance from the commercial point of view. Indeed, three species virtually support the guano industry at the present time-the white-breast cormorant (guanay), the big gray pelican and the white-head gannet.

Guanays occur on the Peruvian coast from near the northern to the extreme southern boundary, but their preeminent home is the double group of Islands opposite Pisco, in the South, the Chinchas and the Ballestas.

The largest guanay flocks are found on the Chinchn islands. Upon the south island of the Chinchas, a small and generally triangular body of land between 20 and 30 acres in area, there is a rookery which for size and compactness can scarcely be rivaled in

any part of the world. The nesting ground occupies about two-thirds of the surface of the island, embracing the crown and the gentle slopes of the hill that surmount its low bluff walls. The nests are the utilization of the deposits.

very uniformly spaced, averaging nearly three to the square yard, and not a yard of ground within the outside limits of the rookery is unoccupied. In form and arrangement the nests appear as heavy rolled-rim basins stuck into the hillside.

The guanay well deserves its common name. Its gregarious habit, its choice of the level places or more gentle slopes for nesting grounds, and its custom of remaining on the islands a great part of the time all combine to cause the formation of enormous deposits of guano, from which there is little natural waste. In the region where this bird is most abundant, about the Chinchas and Ballestas Islands, the climate conditions are most favorable to the preservation of the nitrates. It is doubtful if the guano of the Chinchas and Ballestas islands is ever wet from atmospheric moisture. A pair of guanays, with their offspring, produce nearly \$1.50 worth of guano per year.

How the Work is Done.

The guano workers are practically all Peruvians of the ancient stock, and many of them come down from the mountains to engage in this work. Often there are few in the camp who can speak Spanish and the foreman can communicate with the employees only by signs or through an interpre-

The extraction of guano is a very morals. Since, as I have shown, all lions. It may be found mixed with simple process. Where the material gravel and sand in very small pro- is comparatively recent, the only imfied as follows: All war is morally portion or sometimes to an extent plements required are the pick and the shovel, a screen and a few sacks. The surface cake is first broken up and thrown into small heaps. Where several contractors have a concession from the government covering the same island, there is much rivalry in getting the best guano mounded, for this is the only recognized method of establishing a claim to a particular field.

The guano is subsequently pitched through slanting wire screens to remove the gravel, and then sacked for embarkation by lanchas, which are strongly constructed lighters in the form of rowboats, adapted for use in the heavy swell liable to prevail about the islands.

A very common method of conveying the guano to the lighter is by means of the andarivel, an aerial trolley consisting of two stout wire cables suspended between a frame at the top of the island and some convenient rock somewhat removed from the shore.

The boat is rowed beneath the lower part of the cable to receive the guano, lowered by pulleys and windlass. Both ends of the line being attached to traveling pulleys, the sacks of guano, descending by gravity, draw the empty sacks back. No power is applied to the windlass except to prevent the too-rapid descent of the guano. When the lancha is loaded it is rowed out to the vessel, where the sacks are hoisted into the hold.

A much more extensive equipment is found on the larger islands of the north. An American company, contracting for the Peruvian exporters, has laid lines of track for conveying the guano by tram-cars, and the screening is done from trestles over a lowerlevel track.

By far the greatest portion of the guano that has been exported consisted of the ancient deposits, called "mineral" guano, which in places covered the islands to great depths. This has been simply stripped away until scarcely any of the old guano remains except some of the lowest grades that scarcely justify exporta-

It is within the bounds of possibility that additional deposits, buried beneath the surface, may yet be located. Unless this be the case, the industry is permanently reduced to the annual deposits, which scarcely exceed the demands of Peruvian agriculture in its present condition, without providing for the great future developments in land cultivation in that country that must follow sooner or later with the adoption of more elaborate systems of irrigation.

Though the important birds have been greatly reduced in numbers, it is reasonable to expect a substantial increase under natural conditions, if interference with the breeding be reduced to the minimum consistent with

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