FREDERICK PALMER

me."

dare such candor to a superior. See-

"Thank you, Bouchard. You've been

Bouchard's hand, which was tey cold.

"My duty-my duty, in the hope that

we shall kill two Browns for every

Gray who has fallen- that we shall

yet see them starved and besieged

replied Bouchard. He saluted with a

dismal, urgent formality and staiked

out of the room with the tread of the

The strange impression that this

farewell left with Bellini still lingered

when, a few moments later, Wester-

ling summoned him. Not alone the

diffidence of a new member of the

for the stir in his temples, as he wait-

ed till some papers were signed be-

fore he had Westerling's attention.

"Poor Bouchard! You can see for

Bellini. "I should have realized ear-

lier that it was a case for the doctor

and not for reprimand. Mad! Poor

"I hope so, sir," replied Bellini.

terling. "You are my choice!"

"I've no doubt you have," said Wes-

CHAPTER XVIII.

A Change of Plan.

had no time for strolling in the gar-

den. His only exercise was a few

periods of pacing on the veranda, Tur-

cas, as tirelessly industrious as ever,

developed an increasingly quiet insist-

ence to leave the responsibility of de-

cisions about everything of importance

to a chief who was becoming increas-

of his new skepticism, when, turning

her watching the sunset over the crest

She was standing quite still, a slim,

which gilded her figure and quarter

profile. Did she expect him? he won-

changed commonplaces of greeting.

cial family. We have lost Bouchard-

"Is that so? I can't say that my

mother and I shall be sorry," she re-

would have made us prisoners of war.

"There has been a leak of informa-

"There has! And he was intelli-

"Who do you think he accused?

She noted the peculiarity of the

"Oh!' Her eyes opened wide in

"Yes," said Westerling, "that-that

"I have been told that when people

wonder-only wonder, at first. Then.

was going mad, you mean?"

would explain it!"

turning to Westerling, her curiosity

of the range.

Westerling.

amusement.

victory.

That day and the next Westerling

note and shook his head sadly.

I hope you have, colonel."

ghost of Hamlet's father.

and crying for mercy in their capital,"

a wave of sympathy.

concluded. "It is my belief that Miss

SYNOPSIS.

At their home on the frontier between the Browns and Grays Marta Galland and her mether, entertaining Colonel Westerling of the Grays, see Captain Lanstron of the Browns injured by a fall in his aeroplane. Ten years later. Westerling, nominal vice but real chief of staff, re-enforces South La Tir and meditates on war. Marta tells him of her teaching children the follies of war and martial patriotism, and begs him to prevent war while he is chief of staff. Lanstron calls on Marta at her home. She tells Lanstron that she believes Feller, the gardener, to be a gay Lanstron confesses it is true and shows her a telephone which Feller has concealed in a secret passange under the tower for use to benefit the Browns in war emergencies. Lanstron declares his love for Marta. Westerling and the Gray premier plan to use a trivial international affair to foment warlike patriotism and strike before declaring war. Partow. Brown chief of staff, reveals his plans to Lanstron, made vice-chief. The Gray army crosses the border line and attacks. The Browns check them. Artillery, infantry, aeroplanes and dirigibles engage. Marta has her first glimpse of war in its modern, cold, scientific, murderous brutality. The Browns fall back to the Galland house. Marta sees a night attack. The Grays attack in force. Feller leaves his secret telephone and goes back to his guns. Hand to hand fighting. The Browns fall back again, Marta asks Lanstron over the phone to appeal to Partow to stop the fighting. Vandalism in the Galland house, Westerling and his staff occupy the Galland house and he begins to woo Marta, who apparently throws her fortunes with the Grays and offers valuable information. She calls up Lanstron on the secret telephone and plans to give Westerling information that will trap the Gray army. the Grays and offers valuable information. She calls up Lanstron on the secret telephone and plans to give Westerling information that will trap the Gray army. Westerling forms his plan of attack upon what he learns from her. The Grays take Bordir. Through Maria Westerling is led to concentrate his attack on the main line at Engadir. A leak of information is suspected. Bouchard is relieved as chief intelligence officer.

CHAPTER-XVII-Continued.

All on the subject for the present! When it was taken up again his successor would be in charge. He, the indefatigable, the over-intense, with medleval partisan fervor, who loathed in secret machines like Turcas, was the first man of the staff to go for incompetency.

"And Engadir is the key-point," Westerling was saying. "Yes," agreed Turcas.

"So we concentrate to break through there," Westerling continued, "while we engage the whole line fiercely enough to make the enemy uncertain where the crucial attack is to be

"But, general, if there is any place that is naturally strong, that-" Turcas began,

"The one place where they are confident that we won't attack!" Westerling interrupted. He resented the staff's professional respect for Turcas. After a silence and a survey of the faces around, he added with sententious effect: "And I was right about

To this argument there could be no answer. The one stroke of generalship by the Graye, who, otherwise, had succeeded alone through repeated hypothesis that had gained Bordir in a single assault.

"Engadir it is then!" said Turcas with the loyalty of the subordinate



My Own Defense and for Your Ald."

who makes a superior's conviction his own, the better to carry it out. Hazily, Bouchard had heard the talk, while he was looking at Westerling

"He had that reputation," said Wesand seeing him, not at the head of the terling. "What do you think led to council table, but in the arbor in eager his departure?" he continued. "I confess I cannot guess!" said I shall find out! I shall find out! Marta, with a look at the sunset glow as if she resented the loss of a min-

was drumming in his temples when the council rose; and, without a word or a backward glance, he was the first ute of it. to leave the room,

When Bouchard returned to his desk he guessed the contents of the note awaiting him, but he took a long time to read its stereotyped expressions in transferring him to perfunctory duty apparently aroused as a matter of courwell to the rear of the army. Then he tesy to his own interest in the suballed himself together and, leaden- ject. carted, settled down to arrange routhe rest of the staff was immersed in laugh. the activity of the preparations for the attack on Engadir. He knew that he laugh discriminatingly. could not sleep if he lay down. So he spent the night at work. In the mornig his successor, a young man whom as comprehension took the place of he himself had chosen and trained, wonder, they grew sympathetic. "That gained, no matter what the cost!" mel Bellini, appeared, and the explains!" she exclaimed. "His hatefallen man received the rising man ful glances were those of delusion. He with forced official courtesy.

"In my own defense and for your d," he said, "I show you a copy of what I have just written to General

A brief note it was, in farewell, be-inning with conventional thanks for bappens to have excited their dislike," Vesterling's confidence in the past. ished for being right," it

not know what else to say. His pride | shelter of the arbor. was recovering its natural confidence picions as ridiculous enough to con- to steady herself. Failed! vict him of a brain as disordered as Bouchard's.

been skating on very thin ice and sponse to his mood. that she must go on skating till she broke through. There was an exhilaration about it that she could not resist: the exhibaration of risk and the control of her faculties, prompted by a purpose hypnotically compelling. Both were ellent, she watching the sky, he in anticipation and suspense. The rose went violet and the shadows Gailand sends news to the enemy and over the range deepened.

that she draws it from you without "The guns and the troops wait. your consciousness of the fact. I tell With darkness the music begins!" he you honestly. Do what you will with said slowly, with a start of stern It took more courage than any act

"The music-the music! He calls of his life for the loyal Bouchard to it music!" ran through Marta's mind mockingly, but she did not open her ing the patchy, yellow, bloodless face drawn in stiff lines and the abysmal

"They wait, ready, every detail arstare of the deep-set eyes in their ranged," he continued proudly. bony recesses, Bellini was swept with The sky merged into the shadows of the landscape that spread and thickened into blackness. Out of the drawn very fine!" said Bellini as he grasped curtains of night broke an ugly flash and farther up the slope spread the

explosive circle of light of a bursting "The signal!" he exclaimed. Right and left the blasts spread left, on the instant, the Browns sent their blasts in reply. Countless tongues of flame seemed to burst from counta torment of crashes. In the intervening space between the ugly, savage gusts from the Gray gun mouths, which sent their shells from the midst of exploding Brown shells, swept the staff going into the presence accounted beams of the Brown search-lights,

"Splendid! splendid!" exclaim Then Westerling picked up Bouchard's Westerling, in a sweep of emotion the sight that had been born of hi command. "Five thousand guns on yourself," and he handed the note to our side alone! The world has never seen the equal of this!"

their rays lost like sunlight in the vor-

tex of an open furnace door.

Marta looked away from the range to his face, very distinct in the garish Bouchard! He hadn't the ability or illumination. It was the face of a the resiliency of mind for his task, as maestro of war seeing all his rehearsals and all his labors come true in symphonic gratification to the eye and ear; the face of a man of trained mind, the product of civilization, with floor of a parliament in a crisis.

"Soon, now!" said Westerling, and looked at his watch.

Shortly, in the direction of Engadir. to the rear of the steady flashes broke forth line after line of flashes as the long-range batteries, which so far had been silent, joined their might- an abrupt, struggling pull. ier voices to the chorus, making a continuous leaping burst of explosions over the Brown positions, which were the real object of the attack.

ingly arbitrary. The attack on Enga-"The moment I've lived for!" exdir being the jewel of Westerling's claimed Westerling. "Our infantry is own planning, he was disinclined to starting up the apron of Engadir! We risk success by delegating authority. held back the fire of the heavy guns which also meant sharing the glory of concentrated for the purpose of sup- should hold a man worth while." porting the men with an outburst. missed as a matter of pathology, would not accept dismissal privately. In We're tearing their redoubts to pieces! the light of the lantern bobbing and him between reports of the progress live under it! They're in the crater through the tunnel. Usually the time mass attacks, had been Westerling's of preparations and directions as to of a volcano! When our infantry is for taking the receiver down till dispositions. At dusk of the second on the edge of the wreckage the guns Lanny replied was only a half minday, when all the guns and troops had their places for the final movement un- into the house that Partow built. der cover of darkness and he rose He'll find that numbers count; that the connections been broken? To from his deak, the thing that had the power of modern gunfire will open edged its way into a crowded mind the way for infantry in masses to take took possession of the premises that and hold vital tactical positions! And strategy and tactics had vacated. It -no-no, their fire in reply is not as passed under the same analysis as his strong as I expected."

work. His overweening pride, so sen-"Because they are letting you in! sitive to the suspicion of a conviction It will be strong enough in due seathat he had been fooled, put his rela- son!" thought Marta in the uncontroltions with Marta in logical review. He lable triumph of antagonism. Five had fallen in love in the midst of war. against three was in his tone and in A cool and intense impatience posevery line of his features. sessed him to study her in the light

"It's hard for a soldier to leave a sight like this, but the real news will the path of the first terrace, he saw be awaiting me at my desk," he concluded, adding, as he turned away: "It's fireworks worth seeing, and if you remain here I will return to tell soft shadow between him and the light, you the results.'

Turning her back to the range for the moment, she saw the twinkle of dered. Was she posing at that in the lights of the town and the threads stant for his benefit? When she of light of the wagon-trains and the turned, her face in the shadow, the sweep of the lights of the railroad glow of the sunset seemed to remain trains on the plain; while in the forein her eyes, otherwise without expres- ground every window of the house was sion, yet able to detect something un- ablaze, like some factory on a busy usual under externals as they ex- night shift. She could hear the click of the telegraph instruments already "Well, there's a change in our offi- reporting the details of the action as sheerfully as Brobdingnagian crickets transferred to another post!" said in their peaceful surroundings. Then out of the shadows Westerling reap-Marta noted that, though he gave peared.

the news a casual turn, his scrutiny "The apron of Engadir is ours!" he called. "Thanks to you!" he added with pointed emphasis. Back in the house he had received congratula marked. "He was always glaring at tions with a nod, as if success were us as if he wished us out of sight. a matter of course. Before her, ex-Indeed, if he had his way, I think he ultation unbent stiffness, and he was hoarsely triumphant and eager. "It's Wasn't he a woman-hater?" she con- plain sailing now," he went on. cluded, half in irritation, half in break in the main line! We have only to drive home the wedge, and then-and then!" he concluded. She felt him close, his breath on

her cheek. "Peace!" she hastened to say, draw

ing back instinctively. And then! The Irony of the words in the light of her knowledge was pointed by a terrific renewal of the tion to the Browns!" he announced. thunders and the flashes far up on the range, and she could not resist regence officer, wasn't he?" she asked, joicing in her heart.

"That's the Browns!" exclaimed

Westerling in surprise. The volume of fire increased. With the rest of the frontier in darkness. the Engadir section was an isolated tine details for his departure, while Why, you," he added, with a peculiar blaze. In its light she saw his features, without alarm but hardening in dogged Intensity.

> lost! They have been rushing up reserves and are making a counterattack. We must hold what we have His last sentence was spoken over

They've awakened to what they have

his shoulder as he started for the house Without changing her position.

hardly turning her head, she watched until the firing began to lessen rapgo mad they always ascribe every in- idly. Then she heard his step. She jury done to them to the person who rose to face him, summoning back the spirit of the actress.

"This is better yet! I came to tell you that the counter-attack failed!" he | ma that are unexplored and unknown.

here," Westerling assented. He did said as he saw her appear from the the apron of Engadir. The defenses behind it are very strong."

whom the gods would destroy-

Partow's head, which was bent in

'We're Tearing Their Redoubts to

Pieces!"

ts last flutter, and Lanstron was alone

n the silent room with the dead and

"The order that I knew he was about

to speak, Marta, I gave for him," Lan-

stron concluded. "It seemed to me

"And you're acting chief of staff,

The colonel of the 128th and Captain

Fracasse were eating their biscuits to-

gether and making occasional remarks

"Well, Westerling is a field-mar-

"Yes, he's got something out of it!"

colonel, more aloud to himself than

tinet though he was, he spoke in grum-

kind of spirit is there in doing the

work of navvies? Spirit! No sol-

diers ever fought better-in invasion,

at least. Look at our losses! Spirit!

we can climb Niagara Falls! He-"

"I shall continue to obey orders and

do my duty, sir!" replied Fracasse.

"And they will, too, or I'll know the

There was a silence, but at length

"I suppose Westerling knows what

"Still we must go on! We must

"Yes, the offensive always wins in

"And once we have the range-yes,

once we've won one vital position-the

men will recover their enthusiasm and

"Right! We were forgetting history.

We were forgetting the volatility of

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

rather than holding a conversation,

shal," said the colonel.

to Fracasse, after a while.

an inspiration-his last inspiration-

to make the counter-attack a feint."

Lanny? You against Westerling?"

ils responsibility.

"Yes."

that way?"

reason why.'

he is doing!'

human nature."

TOOK HOYT AT HIS WORD NATIONAL SONG OF CHINA

the colonel exploded:

the end. We must go on!"

be crying: 'On to the capital!'"

"No, not fatal," Lanstron agreed. She wondered if she were going to in the infallibility of his judgment of fall. But the post of the trellis was "But it's very important." "And Westerling will think it fatal. human beings. He was seeing his sus- within reach. She caught hold of it Yes, I understand his character. Yes-

"The killing-it must have been terrible!" her mind at last made her ex-Marta was thinking that she had claim to cover her tardiness of re-

"You thought of that-as you should hm-m-m. Westerling will be conas I do!" he said.

He took her hands in his, pulsing attacks will gain our main line. Inwarm with the flowing red of his stead of using engineering approaches, strength. She let them remain life he will throw his battalions, masses lessly, as if she had not the will to upon masses, against our works until take them away, the instinct of her his strength is spent. It would be part again dominant. To him this was baiting the bull. A risk-a risk-but, another victory, and it was discovery my boy, I am going tothe discovery of melting weakness in her for the first time, which magni- thought, dropped with a ferk. A confied his sense of masculine power. He | vulsion shook him and he fell forward tightened his grip slightly and she onto the map, his brave old heart in shuddered.

"You are tired!" he said, and it hurt her that he should be so considerate. "The killing-to end that! It's all want!" she breathed miserably.

"And the end is near!" he said. 'Yes, now, thanks to you!" Thanks to her! And she must listen

and submit to his touch! "Then engineers and material were ready to go in." he continued. "Before morning, as I had planned, we shall be so well fortified in the position that nothing can budge us. This success so strengthens my power with the staff and the premier that I need along the Gray lines and right and not wait on Fabian tactics. I am supreme. I shall make the most of the demoralization of this blow to the enemy. I shall not wait on slow apless craters, and the range to rock in proaches in the hope of saving life. Tomorrow I shall attack and keep on attacking till all the main line is ours."

> "Now you are playing your real part, the conqueror!" she thought gladly. "Your kind of peace is the ruin of another people; the peace of a helpless enemy. That is better"-better for her conscience. Unwittingly, she allowed her hands to remain in his. In the paralysis of despair she was unconscious that she had hands. She felt that she could endure anything to retrieve the error into which she had been the means of leading the Browns. And the killing-it would not stop, she knew. No, the Browns would not yield until they were decimated.

"We have the numbers to spare. Numbers shall press home-home to terms in their capital!" Westerling's voice grew husky as he proceeded, harsh as orders to soldiers who hesithe elation of a party leader on the tated in face of fire. "After that-after that"-the tone changed from harshness to desire, which was still the desire of possession-"the fruits of peace, a triumph that I want you to share!" He was drawing her toward him with an impulse of the force of this desire, when she broke free with

"Not that! Not that! Your work is not yet done!" she cried. He made a move as if to persist then he fell back with a gesture of understanding.

"Right! Hold me to it!" he exclaimed resolutely. "Hold me to the bargain! So a woman worth while

"Yes!" she managed to say, and Three hundred heavy guns pouring in turned to go in a sudden impetus of their shells on a space of two acres! energy. Half running, half stumbling, They can't see to fire! They can't trembling weirdly, she hastened cease. Our infantry crowd in-crowd ute. Now she waited what seemed many minutes without response. Had make sure that her impatience was not tricking her she began to count off the seconds. Then she heard Lanstron's voice, broken and hoarse: "Marta, Marta, he is dead! Partow

> is dead!" Recovering himself, Lanstron told the story of Partow's going, which was in keeping with his life and his prayers. As the doctor put it, the light of his mind, turned on full volt-

age to the last, went out without a flicker. Through the day he had attended to the dispositions for receiving the Grays' attack, enlivening routine as usual with flashes of humor and reflection ranging beyond the details in hand. An hour or so before dark he had reached across the table and laid his big, soft palm on the back of Lanstron's hand. He was thinking aloud, a habit of his in Lanstron's company, when an idea requiring gesta-

tion came to him. "My boy, it is not fatal if we lose

Invited Guests of Theatrical Man, in Stage Parlance, Were There "for a Run."

It was the habit of Charles H. Hoyt, the dramatist, to invite almost everyfew weeks with him at his summer home in New Hampshire.

"Come up and stay a couple of weeks with me," he would say, when "Glad to have you. I need company

up there." One night Hoyt, Ben Dasher, W. H. Currie, Frank McKee and several other house guests of Hoyt's were sitting on the veranda of Hoyt's summer house waiting for dinner. The train hoary civilization, thy emperors have had just arrived and they saw an old sacrificed themselves in ceding the farmer and his wife coming up the rule to the people.

path. "Who are they?" asked Hoyt. "I never saw them before." "The dickens you didn't," replied Currie. "That is that old yap and his

and invited to visit you." "Oh, well," said Hoyt, "maybe they are just coming in to dinner. They

will take the night train back." Then he looked again and saw the hired man behind the farmer and his wife and wheeling a big trunk on a wheelbarrow. "No, by George!" shouted Hoyt,

"they are here for a run!" And they stayed a month.

There are still large areas in Pana-

Country Has Awakened to the Need of Melody Calculated to Inspire Patriotism.

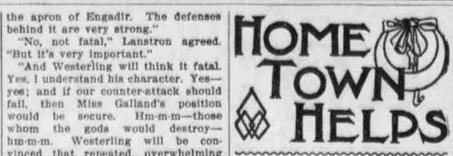
After the rejection of eight national anthems composed in China since body he met to come up and spend a the revolution, that of the Chinese minister to Belgium, Wang Yan Pao, which, together with the song of the minister of agriculture, commerce and trade, Chang Tsien, belongs to the he had talked for a few moments latest compositions, is likely to be accepted by the Chinese government. Following is a translation of the first three stanzas:

> "China, the sublime mountains and luxuriant plains attest thy greatness. Country of wonders through thy "The people have the supreme pow-

er. So has taught Confucius and Mengtse. And already in the hoary times of Yao and Suen it had thus been announced to the people. The wife you talked to over at Springfield | people is composed of five tribes. The unity of the five tribes is past dispute. Then China is invincible. "Develop the wealth of the country.

improve agriculture, and make the people happy. Education and culture are the achievements of centuries. All citizens are equal; for Confucius and Mengtse have taught social equal-

The Hopeful Angler. "Going out for a little sport, ch?" "Yes," answered the man with a rod and line. "I hope to be able to abuse the confidence of a few fish."



STREETS OF MANY LEVELS

Time May Come When Multiple Roadways Will Be Matter of Necessity.

Fifty years ago the notion of a 20story building would have seemed extravagant. Now it is commonplace. We have with us some prophets who talk about the city of the future as a place of many stories. We have now but one level of streets. They foretell many levels, the Portland Oregonian states. Perhaps there will be a plane of streets for every floor in the big buildings. The streets will be laid on concrete arches and lighted by electricity. Keeping them clean will not be much of a task because no horses will be permitted upon them, nothing but gasoline trucks. The horse, amfable and useful creature that he is, must be blamed as the great defiler of the streets. When he has taken his final farewell of the world, dirt and files will vanish too.

The need of some such modification in municipal architecture has become apparent. In a few years it will be pressing. Few single streets are wide enough to accommodate the population of the big buildings which border them in the busy quarters of our citles. There is always congestion, turmoil and delay when the cave dwellers pour out in a body. In case of a great fire there would be terrible panic and destruction of life. Besides all that, there is great loss of time in continually going from the top to the bottom of high buildings. The elevator service is usually exemplary, but It cannot work miracles.

With streets connecting all the tenth stories of the same city with one another the dwellers at that altitude would constitute an independent community. There would be another set of streets at the fifteenth story and still others higher up and lower down. Business would naturally tend to segregate its departments on different levels and an endless saving of time and toil would ensue.

SAVE THE COST OF SPRAYING

Martins and Bluebirds Should Have Houses Provided for Them Near the Orchard.

The American Bird House Journal says that farmers and orchardists can avoid the cost of spraying fruit trees by providing the purple martins with a residence in or near the orchard and encouraging these intelligent birds to keep down the insect pests. The paper produces evidence to show that "The men seem to be losing spiritthe martins protected a certain orere's not doubt of it!" exclaimed the crops of fruit were raised without any spraying at all. It may be too much "No wonder!" replied Fracasse. Marto assume that the birds will take care of all tree pests; the San Jose bling loyalty to his soldiers. "What scale, for instance, must be beyond the reach of any bird. But there is no doubt about the activity and the value of martins and bluebirds in fighting insect pests, nor any doubt at all Westerling drives us in. He thinks of the readiness of these birds to occupy and take advantage of the nice "Stop! You are talking like an anlittle houses provided for them, proarchist!" snapped the colonel. "How vided the English sparrows are kept can the men have spirit when you feel at their distance.

Best Not to Copy Too Closely. "After the general change of the political situation in the middle ages that took away the city-planning activitles from the princes, and either annihilated them or put them in the hands of the citizens, those citizens in very many cases turned out to be very ordinary, short-sighted, and uneducated bourgeois." Therefore, continues Dr. Werner Hegemann, German expert, it behooves city planners of today not to take too seriously the work of city planners of yesterday. Beauty is all very well, but there are other things to be considered.

A Wide Range.

A young woman with an aspiration to shine in the chorus applied to Andreas Dippel, who has managed opera singers all his life, for a position in his company. "To sing in a chorus of No more days of gloom and distress mine," said Mr. Dippel, "you must if you will take a Cascaret now and have a good voice." one," replied the girl. Mr. Dippel led forget the children-their little inher to the plane and asked her to dem- sides need a cleansing, too. Adv. 🛋 onstrate her vocal powers. Sitting at the instrument and then swinging around, she smiled sweetly and asked: "Shall I sing 'The Chairs in the Parlor All Miss You,' or something light?"

American Surgeons In the War. The satisfactory work done at American hospitals in two German cities has induced the German government to ask for more American surgeons of whose skill their German fellow surgeons "speak in terms of the highest appreciation." That is praise from a high source, and it is matched by the recognition given the work of American surgeons in French hos-

Refugees Prove Relatives. Belgian refugees, a boy and girl, were adopted by a man and his wife of Abercynon, Wales. The children now prove to be those of the wife's dead sister, who went to Belgium as a governess some years ago. A locket which was found on the little girl led to the discovery.

He Remembered One. At a medical college a class was being examined in anatomy, and one student was asked: "What muscles have their origin in the popliteal space?" "Well," said the bright student, "there's that one with the durned long name, and I don't remember the other

The Difference. "Why doesn't Maud marry Harry! He is just dying for her." "But what Maud is after is

A POTATO KING

"If I were a farmer boy, or a boy without capital, and wanted an early compe-tency, I'd start right out growing Pota-toes," said Henry Schroeder, the Potato king of the Red River Valley, whose story in the John A. Salzer Seed Co.'s Catalogue reads stranger than a romance.

That advice of Mr. Schroeder's, the self-made Potato king, comes from a warm heart, a level head, an active hand, and above all, a successful Potato grower!



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there is more money in five acres of Potatoes year in and year out than in anything you can grow on your farm, and the growery, etc., is easy. It's regular Fourth of

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SEEMED A PROPER QUESTION

When You Consider It, How Was Old Dad Bing to Know as to Stranger's Chances?

"Eh-yah!" philosophically observed old Dad Bing, the veteran Oklahoma cattle baron. "You kain't never tell about some people. Last time I was yur in Kay See, I went up on top of the Scarritt building to sorter view the landscape o'er, as it were, and about the first thing I seen was a feller over near the east edge, wrinkling his face, tearing his hair and otherwise acting in a sort of general way.

"Going to jump, Podner?" says I. "'Yes!' he yelled. 'Jump and end it.

all! Ar-r-r-r!" "I judged so, says I, but if it's a fair question, which way do you expect

to go?" Well, sir, he acted like he was provoked about something, and snarled around like a scalded dog for a spell, and then went down the way we'd both chard to such an extent that great | come up. How'n'ell did I know what kind of a life he'd been leading?"-Kansas City Star.

"CASCARETS" FOR LIVER, BOWELS

For sick headache, bad breath, Sour Stomach and constipation.

Get a 10-cent box now. No odds how bad your liver, stomach or bowels; how much your head aches, how miserable and uncomfortable you are from constipation, indigestion, billousness and sluggish bowels -you always get the desired results with Cascarets.

Don't let your stomach, liver and bowels make you miserable. Take Cascarets to-night; put an end to the headache, biliousness, dizziness, nervousness, sick, sour, gassy stomach, backache and all other distress; cleanse your inside organs of all the bile, gases and constipated matter which is producing the misery.

A 10-cent box means health, happiness and a clear head for months. "Oh, but I have then. All stores sell Cascarets. Don't

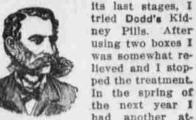
> Unfair Advantage. "Why does Professor Dubbins lec-

ture so often on the ancient Egyptians?" "I can't imagine, unless it's because he wants to talk about somebody who

THE PROFESSOR'S STATEMENT.

can't talk back."

Prof. Aug. F. W. Schmitz, Thomas, Okla., writes: "I was troubled with Backache for about twenty-five years. When told I had Bright's Disease in its last stages, I



In the spring of the next year I had another at-Prof. Schmitz. tack. I went for Dodd's Kidney Pills and they relieved me again. I used three boxes. That is now three years ago and my Back-

ache has not returned in its severity. and by using another two boxes a little later on, the pain left altogether and I have had no trouble since. You may use my statement. I recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills when and wherever I can." Dodd's Kidney Fills, 50c. per box at your dealer or Dodd's Medicine Co., Buffalo, N. Y .-- Adv.

ented for holding an incandeacent amp on top of a dry battery. Tobacco growing is being tested in

A bracket and clip have been pat-

southern California.