DAKOTA COUNTY HERALD; DAKOTA CITY, NEBRASKA.



SYNOPSIS. -8-

The chief characters are Ethel Wil-loughby, Henry Streetman and Capt Larry Redmond. The minor characters are Sir George Wassiaff of the British admiralty and Charles Brown, a New York newspaper correspondent. Ethel, a resident or Sir George's household, secretly married to Streetman, a German spy, though she did not know him as such. Captain Redmond, her old lover, returns to England after long absence. From him she learns the truth about Stretman; furthermore, that he has betrayed her simply to learn naval se-crets. The European war breaks out. Ethel prepares to accompany Streetman to Brussels as a German spy in order to get revenge and serve England. The chief characters are Ethel Wil-

In this instailment is given a remarkable picture of Belgian village life-its peacefulness and hopefulness-just before the German host swept the little nation in 1914. You will enjoy Charlie Brown's meeting with the innkeeper, and sympathize with old Henri in his pathetic effort to reassure his frightened daughter of her safety. You will thrill at the meeting of spice.

A......

Capt. Larry Redmond, a British spy, discusses plans with a French spy in a Belgian village inn.

CHAPTER XI-Continued.

Larry swiftly cautioned him to be careful

"Pardon! A slip of the tongue!" his ally apologized.

"You have arranged matters as I planned with your General Jacques?" Larry asked.

"Yes! Last night we have strung a wire from the fort to this inn. Even now the end of it is dangling in that -chimney." He nodded toward the huge fireplace across the room. "I have outside a telephone. . . . I wait only the opportunity to connect the instrument."

"Now sit over there!" Larry commanded, waving the man to a chair at one of the tables. The fellow obeyed him without question. And after a quick survey of the place to make sure that there were no eavesdroppers, Captain Redmond joined him.

"Good!" he said. "Now, the Germans will be here tonight," he confided, as he seated himself upon the table and leaned toward his fellow-spy. "So soon?"

"They march fast," Larry said. safety of your fort depends on which it might escape that calamity. And

her," Larry cautioned him.

"Everything, m'sleu!" the little man promised. "Shall you return here later?" he asked, as Larry started to cort. leave him.

"I do not know if my regiment will stop here, or if it will go on; so I must rely on you and the woman," may tell from her accent," the girl re-Captalu Redmond warned him. "Re- marked. It was patent that her wommember-it is imperative your general an's curiosity had been aroused by know if the attack be direct or by a fanking movement."

announced. And then he exclaimed | . . . Wipe off the table yonder!" he quickly, in French, "Vous avez ralson!"

His change to his own language, no take her mind off such idle thoughts. less than the inflection of warning in his voice, brought Captain Redmond nearby book and proceeded to polish around sharply; and he saw that they were no longer alone. It was the inn- ants had lately sat. And while she keeper, Henri Christophe, who had was thus engaged their too frugal come back to serve his leisurely pat- French guest folded up his paper, rose,

gentlemen! Something to "Ah, drink?" Christophe asked them, rubbing his hands in anticipation of the feel of good coin in them.

"No, thank you! My friend is leaving now," the Frenchman said.

"But I will be back soon," Larry promised. And with that Henri Christophe had to be content.

Again the indefatigable newspaper reader returned to his favorite pastime, while Henri Christophe regarded him with a mild pensiveness. The felthe past two days; but he had been altogether too abstemious to sult the proprictor's notions of what was due him from a guest. And then all at once old Henri's face turned happy once more, at the sight of a quaint little creature who tripped into the room and called to him:

"Ah, father! You are home again! What news of the war?"

"Nothing, ma petite!" he Nothing! Do not be alarmed." "But all say the Germans are com-

ing through Belgium," she told him plaintively.

Her remark seemed to exasperate him. What with poor business, and the worry of the last few days-for Henri Christophe dià not entirely share the complacency of his more placid patrons regarding rumors that were in the air-what with those things to

trouble him his patience had become finespun. The good God knew that he "Here the road forks. One turns to did not desire war to sweep over his the left, the other to the right. The fatherland. He hoped passionately that

"Explain everything carefully to | ing here in Courvolsier?" little Jeanne asked her father. It was not quite the usual thing for a foreign-or any other -lady to stay in an inn without an es-

> "That I do not know-nor do I care, ma petite," Heuri Christophe said. tion.

"She is not French as she says, One their feminine guest.

"But she pays, my little one-and "Yes, yes! . . . Now I shall get she minds her own business," her fa-the telephone," the Galilic gentleman ther responded. "Let us do likewise. directed Jeanne, as if he would give her something to think of that would

> Little Jeanne took the cloth from a the table top at which the two peasand left them.

CHAPTER XII.

Lost-A Warl

A stranger-unmistakably American -pedaled a decrepit blcycle up to the very threshold of the Lion d'Or before he threw a leg wearly over the rear wheel and stood there, leaning heavily upon the handle bars and saddle. It was Charlie Brown, though his best friend might not have recognized him without some difficulty. He was both low had loafed much in his inn during dirty and disheveled, and hot and tired as well. Dust lay thick upon his shoes. And now he gazed mournfully into the inn, somewhat as a thirstparched wanderer in a desert might have looked upon an oasis, with its promise of shade and cooling water. Henri Christophe did not see him at

first, for his broad back was toward the street. But he sprang up quickly as Mr. Brown called to him in very that?" bad French-

"Musseer le proprietor!"

It was like music in the innkeeper's ears.

"A customer, and an American!" he exclaimed under his breath. "Oul, monsieur!" he responded delightedly. "I am very tired," Charlie explained -though he scarcely needed to dilate upon that obvious fact. "I desire a chamber with-a bed, immediately."

"Oul, monsieur-I have a very good room, on the mezzanine floor-excellent for monsieur! . . . Ten francs a day!"

"Ten?" said Charlle. "Cheap enough! Go to it

"I want to go to my room now."

Charlie informed his host. "I'm dead

to the world." Unconsciously he had

lapsed into his own vernacular. And

then he realized that a Belgian inn-

keeper in a country town could by no

manner or means comprehend him.

accent, it was true. But to Charlle

Brown's ears the words were as grate-

ful as the sound of a rippling brook

"You do? Why didn't you say so?"

"Pardon me, sir!" the politic inn-

keeper begged him. "But so many

Americans like to exhibit their knowl-

pearance that seemed to stamp him as

a Yankee, no matter where he went.

The voice, the manner. . . . Oh! I

thing." Christophe groped, "an air-

claimed, nodding his head sagely. "But

vou do me an injustice. I do not flat-

All at once the American remem-

"Well, then, have you seen anything

"Neither have I!" Charlle volun-

teered. "And I've been looking for it

"Oh, there will be no war here,"

Christophe assured him. "It is always

like this-just our peaceful little vil-

lage! We harvest our crops; we brew

some beer; we make a little wine-

and see," he added parenthetically.

Charlie Brown did not like to break

rudely in upon the good man's placid

were coming-as he believed-he con-

There will be no war here."

bered that he was a newspaper man.

of a war around here?" he asked.

"Oh! I could tell at once. .

American until I am asked."

one can never mistake it."

aren't you?" he said.

ter. I speak the truth."

"No, sir!"

for a week."

Mr. Brown grinned at him.

Henri Christophe smiled.

gronned.

he demanded.

should be prepared for it as well as might be.

"But they say the Germans are com ing through Belgium," he ventured. Henri Christophe picked up the checkerboard that the two peasants had used to amuse themselves, and placed it upon the counter. "Ah, no, m'sieu! And even should

they, our people are good people. They will not touch us," he said as optimistically as he could. "Well-I hope not," Charlie agreed."

"But at least I'd like to see some of the beggars. It's d----d irritating to look for a war and not be able to find it." He rose stiffly from his chalr and strolled to the cigar counter. "Got anything to smoke?" he asked, leaning over the glass case. The innkeeper fumbled inside the showcase and laid his wares out for his guest's inspec-

"Gosh, Peter!" Mr. Brown exclaimed in delight. "And a real eigar counter,



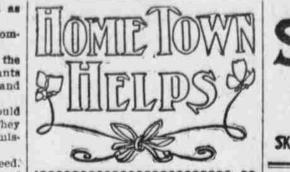
"Great Scott! You!" He Cried. too! Where on earth did you get

"Oh, I was in New York," the ether told him proudly. "I educated my daughter there. I was a waiter at the Beaux Arts."

Charlie Brown stuck his hand out. The Beaux Arts was one of his special weaknesses.

"Greetings!" he exclaimed. "And you rought this with you?" He looked alost lovingly upon that familiar contrivance of oak, glass and nickel.

"I had wished to introduce here little of the American-what you call it?-enterprise. And this year I had hoped to purchase a book to registration in, and little boxes behind for the



BAD HOUSING CAUSES MISERY

New York Tenement Expert Describes Evil Conditions-Living in Small Place Best After All.

The three great scourges of mankind, disease, poverty and crime, are largely due to bad housing, according to John J. Murphy, New York's tenement house commissioner, whose official task it is to study and remedy as far as possible improper housing conditions in New York city. Mr. Murphy, who is the only tenement house commissioner in the United States, recently had published an article on housing conditions, based on his investigations in large centers of population, in which he said:

"There can be no question that the three great scourges of mankind, discase, poverty and crime, are in a large measure due to bad housing, in its broadest sense. Intemperance in many of its most repugnant forms may be traced to the fact that so many citizens are obliged to live in homes in which they can take neither pride nor comfort and which make the saloon seem desirable by contrast.

"Bad housing is especially detrimental in its consequences to the childred reared under its influence. In many cases the evil influences of environment can never be eradicated. The need for the erection of institutions for the blind and hospitals for the child victims of tuberculosis, spinal meningitis and other diseases of like character is greatly intensified by bad home conditions. The employee living in a house inadequately lighted and ventilated is unable to perform his task with proper energy and intelligence. Women compelled to live in such houses develop tendencies to irritability, which frequently lead to family disruption.

"Bad housing tends to increase the tax burdens of a community by requiring larger expenditures for remedial service, which might otherwise be eliminated. The lack of proper cleanliness and decency in the exterior and interior of houses tends to reduce the selfrespect of the occupants. Note how eagerly the family which has even slightly improved its financial standing seeks buildings with more attractive exteriors and better decorated rooms. It will also be found that as families descend in the social scale one of the pangs most keenly felt is the necessity for the occupancy of quarters in buildings whose general appearance indicates that they are occued by the miserably poor

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Harbinger of Autumn. "You are as merry as a cricket this

morning." "Yes," replied the cheerful subur banite. "When I issued forth from

my dwelling I saw something on a vacant lot that convinced me this terrible summer is about ended." "What did you see?"

"A billboard carrying an advertisement of fall overcoats."

A GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

Mr. F. C. Case of Welcome Lake, Pa., writes: "I suffered with Backache and Kidney Trouble. My head 4 ached, my sleep was broken and unrefreshing. I felt



heavy and sleepy after meals, was always nervous and tired, had a bitter taste in my mouth, was dizzy. fioating had specks before my eyes, was always

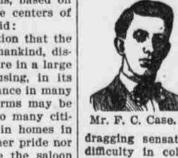
thirsty, had a dragging sensation across my loins, difficulty in collecting my thoughts and was troubled with shortness of breath. Dodds Kidney Pills have cured me of these complaints. You are at liberty to publish this letter for the benefit of any sufferer who doubts the merit of Dodds Kidney Pills."

Dodds Kidney Pills, 50c. per box at your dealer or Dodds Medicine Co., Buffalo, N. Y. Dodds Dyspepsia Tablets for Indigestion have been proved. 50c. per box.-Adv.

Work for Unemployed Men.

In Town Planning, James F. Mc-Crudden tells how a number of unemployed men were put to work last winter cleaning out private alleys, vacant lots and mosquito-breeding places in fashion similar to that used in Chicago during the recent period of industrial depression. The aim was to fix payment on such a basis that a man would continue in the work only as long as he was unable to find other employment.

In every large community insanitary conditions exist on a considerable amount of property belonging to the city itself which is unimproved and upon land the owners of which are inaccessible or the title of which is in dispute. Thousands of cubic yards of refuse and filth were gathered and collected from vacant lots throughout the city. In many cases the lots, after being cleaned, were turned into neighborhood recreation centers, tennis courts and other places of amusement.



road they take." "I know," the other assented. "And



"The Germans Will Be Here Tonight."

on their arrival a woman will send us word by our telephone."

Larry had not learned that. "A woman'?" he exclaimed. "Who is she?"

"I do not know, m'sieu."

"Is she here now?" Larry persisted. A suspicion bad suddenly swept across his mind, filling him half with hope nalf with foar, that the unknown woman might be Ethel Willoughby.

The Frenchman shook his head. "No, m'sieu, I walt her return," he

explained. 'She was not, perhaps, a Madame de

Lorde-" Larry mused. "I was not told her name, m'sieu. am to find her by code."

"I thought possibly it might be a the table onto his feet. "Still, no mat- lady lodger!" ter?" he added, as the French spy looked at him a bit too inquiringly. "You can depend on this woman?" he inquired.

The fellow shrugged his shoulders. trusts her." be replied, as if that fact the lookout. absolved him of responsibility.

dreading it as he did, he took occasion, whenever the possibility was mentioned, to denounce the contingency self into a chair and cast a paper paras being beyond reason. Somehow, he cel-his sole baggage-upon the table

derived comfort simply from asserting his disbelief in such a thing. collars its contents were negligible. "All say it!" he repeated after her

with an irritation which was strange In him. "So always it is with you women-you exaggerate every rumor," he cried. "I tell you-your father-we are a neutral country. All the big nations they have promised us that our land is safe from invasion. It is nearly a hundred years since they gave us their word and always they have kept H."

"But still I am frightened," his daughter reaffirmed. She was, in truth, a timid little thing-just the sort to be thrown into a twitter of excitement over a mouse-or a war. It mattered upon a hot summer's day. not what one might tell her to calm her. She would still be alarmed. And now Jeanne looked up at her father with such fear in her great dark eyes that he forgot his anger in his attempt to soothe her.

"But why?" he asked her more "They did not come through zently. our country in 1870 in the Franco-Prussian war. Why should they now The Germans make much money from us and we from them. They are our to know just what it was about his apfriends. . . . No, ma petite, thanks to God we need fear nothing." "I hope, father, you may be right," she said, albeit somewhat doubtful

still. "You shall see! You shall see!" he reassured her. He made his way to the cigar counter and busied himself settlog things to rights there. "What worrles me far more than the Germans, my little one," he went on, what worries me is that we have so few Americans automobiling this sum-

mer. Always in August there are many: and they pay well." "Perhaps it is the Germans who

keep them away," she ventured unhappliy. "Will you cease?" he cried angrily.

"Always you talk of the Germans. Soon you will have me nervous like you," he complained, as if he were not already that.

"I am sorry, mon pere," she said in filial repentance.

"There, there!" he exclaimed, as if Madame de Lorde," Larry told him, ashamed that he had chided her. "I "Until two days ago we were work- did not mean to be cross. Come! Foring together in Brussels. Then I had get your fears and pray to your saints to leave. . . . I thought she might | that business will be better. To think good wine. Monsieur shall sample it have come this way." He slipped off that in August we have only that one

At his remark the French spy glanced up quickly from his newspaper. He had not known that there was

a lady staying in the house. And he wondered whether she might not prove dream. But at the same time he saw "She serves General Jacques. He to be the person for whom he was on no reason for dissembling. If trouble

"And what do you suppose she is do- sidered it as well that the innkeeper

letters and the keys," Christophe add And while little Jeanne went to preed. "But business has not been good." pare the room for him, he threw him-He sighed.

"You're a good sort, old man!" Charlie told him. "I hope if they do come, in front of him. Beyond a few fresh they'll leave you alone.'

"I hope so, m'sieu," the innkceper answered. And he breathed a silent prayer that the Germans would not come that way.

At that moment a lady in white entered from the street and started led to the chambers above.

"Oh, how the devil do you say 'I want "Bonjour, madame!" Christophe to go to my room' in French?" he said politely. It was his mysterious odger. And since she paid well, "But I speak English, sir," the innthere was every reason why he should keeper interposed. He had a decided be affable to her.

"Bonjour?" the young woman answered. She did not recognize her fellow guest until he approached with outstretched hand.

"Great Scott! .You!" he cried, scarca believing his own eyes.

Ethel Willoughby-for it was shecould not do otherwise than pause, She stared at Charlie Brown.

edge of French that I have found it "How do you do, Mr. Brown?" she wisest never to speak English to an said. Her manner was nervous, constrained. But Charlie Brown did not "Say-how did you know I was au notice that in his surprise. He took American?" Charlie asked him with her hand with undisguised delight. sudden suspicion. He would have liked

"Imagine meeting you here!" he said with great good-humor. "I suppose I ought to say, "This is a small world after all."" Henri Christophe had witnessed

their unexpected meeting with all the cannot explain. . . . It is a some- interest of a curious-minded resident of a small village. 't pleased him, moreover, that his newly found friend from New York already knew his feminine "Right there with that French 'gaff,' lodger.

*"Ab, m'sleu knows Madame de Lorde! That is good, good," he mur-"Ah, m'sleu, I understand," he exmured, as he beamed upon them both. Charlie Brown looked first at Henri Christophe-then back at Ethel again. And an expression of bewilderment spread over his face.

"Madame de Lorde?" he said to her questioningly.

"Yes, yes!" she answered impatiently. And he perceived then that she was decidedly ill at ease. But all that escaped the pleased innkeeper. "And now I myself will prepare dinner," Christophe announced. "Perhaps

you and madame will dine together." he told Mr. Brown. "Why, yes, sure-if madame will,"

Charlie agree i promptly. So far as he was concerned, nothing could please him more.

"We go to church on Sunday, we live and die in the quiet sunshine. . .

Do you believe that Brown will discover for himself the truth about Madame de Lorde, and do you think he will Join his friends in their spying work? in to the new road without hesitation (TO HE CONTINUED.)

WATCH THE PAINTER AT WORK

Foor Economy in Using Shoddy Material and Cheap Labor Where Looks of Home Are Concerned.

In no branch of the building game is poor material and workmanship so ally small machine, which they call the common as in exterior painting, says a writer in Popular Mechanics Magaacross the room toward a door that zine. The architects' specifications for painting generally set forth that the painting contractor must provide all the materials of every description, including ladders, scaffolding, ropes, brushes, etc., for the proper performance of the work in a substantial and workmanlike manner; all the materials to be of the best of their respective kinds, and all woodwork to be thoroughly cleaned before being painted; all nail holes, joints, cracks and defects in materials to be filled with putty ; all jointed work to be sanded smooth before applying the second coat.

The specifications then itemize what work is to be done, and how, as follows: All outside woodwork to be given a certain number of coats of good white lead and linseed oil paint, mixed to correspond with the color selected by the owner on outside blinds or shutters, exterior of sash, window screens, door screens, outside doors, tin and galvanized ironwork, ironwork, roofs and cement work.

The homebuilder should know whether his specifications are rightly drawn and whether they are being followed by the painting contractor.

Undoubtedly the best way of knowing if the work is being rightly done, is to know how to do it.

Wordless Traffic Signs.

Unlettered road signs are being used to regulate motor-cer traffic on the driveways of a Fargo, N. D., park. Although they do not give a motorist a single word of instruction or warning, they have served their purposes officiently. At best, road signs detract more or less from the appearance of a parkway or boulevard, especially when they are literally signboards. While those used in Fargo are only a small improvement in this respect, they hold a good suggestion. One of these signs was recently creeted to direct traffic into a new artery branching from an old and much-traveled one. It consists of a white post, at the top of which are two arms, the right one pointing in the direction to be pursued, while the other hangs down. Although this means a reversal of the accustomed direction of travel. from the beginning motorists turned

-Popular Mechanics Magszine.

Tabloid Aeroplanes.

The British reason, quite logically, that the smaller the aeroplane and the faster it can fly the less danger of its being hit by shots fired from earth. So the British airmen favor an unusu-"tabloid." A very light frame is fitted with an 80-horse power motor, which will drive the frail machine through the air at the rate of 100 miles an hour. The engine is covered with armor. The aviator seeking to drop a bomb on the enemy approaches his target at a height of 5,000 feet. When straight above it he turns the nose of his machine straight down and drops at terrific speed. When within 500 feet of the target he drops his bombs as quickly as possible and then shoots skyward at a tremendous pace. -American Boy.



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