

WARNING TO ALL CONCERNED

Simple and Comprehensive Sign Put Up by Small Boy with a Grievance.

The Langworths lived in a corner house so easily accessible from the street that they were constantly annoyed by persons ringing to ask where other possible inhabitants of that block were to be found. Finally, goaded to desperation by these interruptions, the family boy attempted to put a stop to the nuisance.

"I guess," said he, complacently, "there won't be any more folks asking if the Browns, the Biddles or the Hansons live in this house. I've fixed 'em."

"What have you done?" queried Mrs. Langworth.

"Hung out a sign."

"And what did you print on it, lad?"

"Just five words," replied Harold, proudly: "Nobody lives here but us," Lippincott's.

EASE.



Druther Sitdown—Dat's a mighty short stab yer smokin'. Dusty. Dusty Dodge—Yep! I knows it; dat's de way I allers like 'em; you don't hev ter pull de smoke so far!

Laundry work at home would be much more satisfactory if the right Starch were used. In order to get the desired stiffness, it is usually necessary to use so much starch that the beauty and fineness of the fabric is hidden behind a paste of varying thickness, which not only destroys the appearance, but also affects the wearing quality of the goods. This trouble can be entirely overcome by using Defiance Starch, as it can be applied much more thinly because of its greater strength than other makes.

A Little Slip.

Rev. Mr. Spicer had for three days enjoyed the telephone which had been his last gift from an admiring parishioner. He had been using it immediately before going to church.

When the time came for him to announce the first hymn, he rose, and with his usual impressive manner, read the words. Then in a crisp, firm tone, he said: "Let us all unite in hymn six double or sing three."—Youth's Companion.

Starch, like everything else, is being constantly improved, the patent Starches put on the market 25 years ago are very different and inferior to those of the present day. In the latest discovery—Defiance Starch—all injurious chemicals are omitted, while the addition of another ingredient, invented by us, gives to the Starch a strength and smoothness never approached by other brands.

Vases in Autos.

Vases of flowers have for some time been an adjunct of the closed automobile. Now some smart broads have a vase of flowers beside each door. The hanging vases of Japanese porcelain are the favorites, though the metal cases into which a vase slips are also used.

And Saves Time.

"He lets his wife do just as she pleases." "Nothing startling about that." "No; but he does it without an argument."

Omaha Directory

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STACK COVERS SEND FOR CATALOGUE, No. 23. **OMAHA TENT & AWNING CO., OMAHA, NEBR.**



SYNOPSIS.

"Vanishing Fleet," a story of "what might have happened," opens in Washington with the United States and Japan, when the British ambassador, Sir Thomas Barclay, and the Japanese ambassador, Baron Kurusu, are introduced as guests. Japan declares war and takes the Philippines. The British starts for England. Norma Roberts leaves Washington for the Florida coast. A fleet of airplanes is captured by the Japanese. All ports are closed. Tokyo learns of the news. A fleet of airplanes is captured by the Japanese. All ports are closed. Tokyo learns of the news. A fleet of airplanes is captured by the Japanese. All ports are closed. Tokyo learns of the news.

CHAPTER XVII.—Continued. And what a difference there was between this fleet and those to which the men aboard were accustomed! On those battleships of the seas were magnificent forces of men trained to fight, which were numbered by thousands; but here each crew consisted of a bare half-dozen. In the hulls of those vessels of the sea strove a small army, watching over and driving huge engines, and supplying them with steam; here were only one man and an assistant standing before levers, switches and buttons, which did their work instantaneously and with no noise. In those destroyers of the waters throbbed mighty engines considered the modern triumph of speed; here was a craft that by a finger's pressure could almost run abreast the sun. Those ships bristled with mighty guns; here were no frowning muzzles or unwieldy turrets. Science was bringing an end to brute force, and the last battle against barbarism was at hand.

For the first time since its birth the great plant was silent and idle and the men who had created it and by its means built this new fleet of the air were at rest. They had done all they could, and now gathered silently round the radioplanes, which stood in orderly array with portlike doors yawning wide to receive their crews. "Fighting" Bevin stood by his flag-craft, the Norma, and looked at the force under his command. Captains who had handled hundreds of men and driven their great floating crafts of steel, and engineers who had learned new callings waited attentively for his last instructions.

The battle-scarred veteran addressed them in a voice that needed no high pitch to be audible to all his hearers. "Gentlemen," he said, "I have nothing more to say to you. You are going out to fight what will probably be the last great battle in history. You are active participants in the final chapter of international war. The time is approaching when our profession will be useless, and I for one shall gladly turn to ways of peace."

Norma, who had left the bedside of the sleeping inventor, joined the officers, and Bevin stopped and saluted her. "With us," he continued, "is a girl who has laid all her talents on the altar of country, and is now prepared to jeopardize her life for victory. We can do no less. It may be that some of us will not return—the hazards of war can never be foreseen. You have been put in a strange position, and are even robbed of your homes; but that, too, has been for the country's good. To my personal knowledge you have all passed your lives in trying to do what was right, and have given the best that was in you to the flag. You will do no less now."

In the glare of the arc lights he took one last look at his comrades in arms, and then, as if once more at sea, loudly ordered: "Board ship, all!" He uncovered and stood aside in an attitude of the greatest respect while Norma passed and entered the flagship bearing her name. With steady precision the other officers saluted, took possession of their radioplanes, and as the doors clanged shut behind them a mighty cheer burst from those outside. Before it had subsided the dynamo in the strange collection were humming and droning with unleashed energy, and the unshuttered ports stared out into the gloom like eyes of fire suddenly opened from sleep.

From the Norma there shot up into the sky swiftly alternating streaks of red, white and blue, the night signal asking if all was ready. From the other monsters came flashing answers of acquiescence. There was an instant's pause. The flagship gave a slight upward shock and lifted slowly into the air. Immediately behind it

stately upward sweep followed another radioplane, and in quick succession, like gigantic birds of the night, they took flight in a great swinging circle until they reached a common altitude. The cheer below had died away, and all was still.

Then, as if answering the call of a baton swung by a god, the palpitant air was riven by a mighty chorus from beneath. Mounting upward there penetrated to them, quivering with terrific fervor, the cry of invincibility voiced in the majestic words of that deathless song of battle:

Nine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord; He is tramping out the vintage where his grapes of wrath are stored; He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible swift sword;

His truth is marching on. Out to the west, over sleeping cities and homes, across mountain and plain, chasing the long set sun, they went to meet the fleet of an enemy which was steadily sailing to its doom. The sword of a nation's vengeance was cleaving the night skies in its delivery of an overwhelming blow.

CHAPTER XVIII. The Battle.

It was in the long gray dawn of the summer morning, and the wide reaching ocean, slate colored in the early light, seemed asleep in its quietude save where it was disturbed by moving fancied security, knowing that not



He Gazed in the Direction Indicated by the Sailor.

on Pacific waters were there enemies capable of staying its progress, and insolently careen in superb strength, went the Japanese fleet. The huge flagship, the Ito, forced her way in advance, the apex of a great and formidable triangle, whose sides were formed by other battle ships of scarcely less tonnage, graceful cruisers, and swift-moving destroyers, while bringing up the rear were the colliers in whose hulls were carried fuel for the great armada.

Here was the Kashima, which could drive her 17,000 tons of steel through the water at 19 knots speed; the Katori, but little smaller and almost as fast; the Asahi, the Mikasa, the Asama, the Tokiwa, and others which were dear to the heart and pride of Nippon—a gallant navy, carefully planned, well constructed, and of invincible size and strength. No squadron that breathed the waves might cause it to hesitate.

In the stillness of the morning there came a sudden, sharp exclamation from the man on the lookout, an excited call to the bridge, and the quick step of an officer in answer to the summons. Almost instantly he was followed by another, who brought with him a pair of powerful binoculars, through which he gazed in the direction indicated by the sailor. There in the immeasurable void of the upper air, so high above that it floated in the broader light, soared a covey of gigantic objects unperceived in the lore of flight. Onward it came until almost above, when it stopped and majestically hovered over them, and

whether or no he should read in her eyes a sign of regret or weakness, and turned from her with a glow of admiration. "Who is going to handle her?" he queried, glancing at the hood. "I am," she replied, as quietly as if answering a query of no moment. He held out his hand and shook hers warmly.

From away in the outer distance, where the angle was not too sharp to prevent its elevation, came the sullen report of a gun, and a shell flew past at such close range that its screaming came to them through the thickness of their plate and the open upper ports, rousing its challenge and defiance above the droning hum of the dynamos. The girl glanced apprehensively upward, but the admiral continued his calm inspection of the Japanese fleet.

Again from a vessel closer at hand came a series of sharp reports. The radioplane felt a shivering impact, and careened slightly in answer to its force. The admiral was hurled against her metal side, and one of the engineers seized a rail to prevent being thrown headlong against the machinery. "They're trying four-inch shells on us! are they?" shouted Bevin. "Well, we'll put an end to that right now!" He sprang to the signal box, and Norma, reading his intention, hurried to her post in the hood. He ordered the other craft to increase speed and traverse circles till he should notify them which war vessels of the fleet beneath were to be their individual prey. Now the small shells were fairly rending the air around them. The sharp clang of metal against metal and quick explosion told that hits were being made, and through the ports the radioplanes which suffered could be seen to rock convulsively when struck. The air seemed whirling with death as he clamored for admission to its prey. Shot and shell swept through space; but higher and higher soared the radioplanes, while the old war dog studied the formation of the fleet below.

A sudden evolution brought one of "My God! Seventeen is hit! Seventeen is hit!" screamed the lookout, and the admiral and Norma stared through a side port.

In long, weird, dizzy circles, like a wounded man striving to recover his balance, a radioplane was dropping slowly down toward the waters, ineffectually fighting to regain its balance. The four-inch shells had done no damage; but the far outlying cruiser had made an accidental hit with a heavy gun. Zigzagging here and there in erratic swoops the radioplane continued to plunge. From the waters below came the sounds of exultant cheering. The enemy were gaining heart. They had found what they believed to be a chance for hope and an invulnerable spot in the American armor. Norma started back to her levers; but the admiral called excitedly: "Look, look! Good boy, Nineteen! Good boy!"

Again she looked through the port, and was transfixed with the daring attempt of another radioplane. Nineteen, with its big white letters blazing in the light, had taken a swift downward shoot. "It's Jenkins! It's Jenkins!" Norma called in excitement, knowing that the little scientist was manning the hood of that craft.

Then before she could say more, Nineteen's object was made plain. The great radioplane shot to a lower altitude than that of its crippled fellow, dove here and there like a bat, caught a simultaneous speed, and rounding upward in a deft swoop poised itself firmly beneath the lower plate of Seventeen. For an instant the two, locked together and overweighted, slid slowly downward through the air, and then Nineteen seemed to gather itself, came to a stop, hesitated for a moment, and began a steady upward movement.

As if divining its purpose, two other radioplanes swooped down toward the stricken monster till their sides touched, and then, like a group of warriors carrying a wounded comrade from the field, assisted the ascent into the upper void. Focusing their fire on the group, the Japanese made it a target, and the scream of shot and shell broke into a pandemonium until the air around was churned as by a demon's wrath.

Up—up they went till they were mere specks against the dome of the heavens, where they were beyond range and in the profound silence of solitude. The others of the fleet, led by the Norma, hastened to soar toward them; but before they could get within speaking distance the wireless brought to all radioplanes this message: "Seventeen was struck by a ten-inch shell directly below her dynamos. The jar caused a temporary break which cut off the current for a short time. This is nearly repaired. No damage of consequence has been done, and she will report for duty within two minutes."

Bevin and Norma looked at each other with a great relief. "Thank God for that!" the admiral said, and it was echoed by his subordinate. They turned again to the port, and as they did so they saw the specks above disintegrate, and in a few moments Seventeen, repaired, and again capable, was in line of battle. The cheering below ceased; but from the doomed battle ships and cruisers a continuous hail of ineffectual shots was fired, while the admiral of the aerial fleet, his plans formed, was calmly sending orders. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Antwerp Ivory Market First. The ivory market at Antwerp, organized but a decade ago, has become the largest one in the world—larger than the two other great markets—those of London and Liverpool.

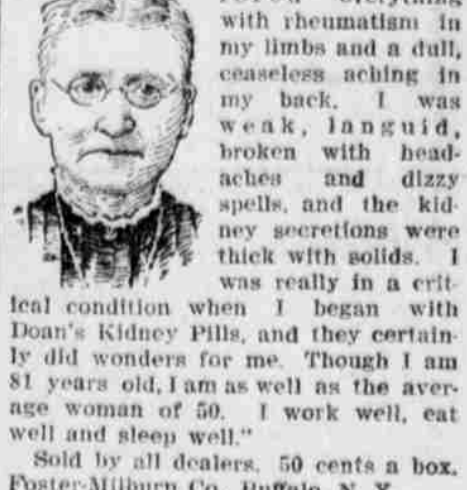
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No Need to Suffer Every Day from Backache.

COMFORTING.

Doctor—Most—er—fortunate you consulted me. I'm just the very man to—er—cure—you.

Patient—Ah, that's lucky! You are quite familiar with my complaint, then?



Doctor—Familiar? My dear sir, I've had it myself—er—this 20 years!

PAINT EVERY YEAR.

No One Wants to Do It, But Some Paint Will Wear No Longer.

When you have a job of painting done you don't expect to have it done over again very soon. But to make a lasting job, several things must be taken into consideration—the proper time to paint—the condition of the surface—the kind of materials to use, etc. All these matters are fully covered in the specifications which can be had free by writing National Lead Company, 1902 Trinity Building, New York, and asking for Houseowner's Painting Outfit No. 49. The outfit also includes a book of color schemes for both interior and exterior painting, and a simple instrument for detecting adulteration in the paint materials. The outfit will solve many painting problems for every houseowner. Meantime while buying paint see that every white lead keg bears the famous Dutch Boy Painter trademark, which is an absolute guarantee of purity and quality. If your paint dealer cannot supply you National Lead Company will see that some one else will.

By Elimination.

"All the latest popular novels," sang out the train boy. Then, holding out a copy of the "The Guest of Queensway" to a prosperous-looking passenger, he urged: "Buy Booth Tarkington's latest work, sir?" The man looked annoyed. "No! I am Booth Tarkington himself." "Then buy a copy of 'Three Weeks,'" persisted the boy. "You ain't Elmer Glyn, too, are you?"—Everybody's Magazine.

The Small Brother Again. It was the first warm night of springtime, and they sat out in the park under the stars. Suddenly there was the sound of a snapping twig in the tree near them. "Dear me, George," she whispered. "What kind of a tree is that?" George looked up and discovered a pair of juvenile eyes peering through the branches. "Hm!" he muttered, sheepishly. "Looks to me like a rubber tree."

Eyes Are Relieved By Murine when irritated by Chalk Dust and Eye Strain. A recent Census of New York City reveals the fact that in that city alone 17,328 School Children needed Eye Care. Why not try Murine Eye Remedy for Red, Weak, Watery, Itchy, Sore, Irritated, Pink Eye and Eye Strain? Murine Doesn't Smart; Soothes Eye Pain. Murine Compounded by Experienced Physicians; Contains no Injurious or Prohibited Drugs. Try Murine for Your Eye Trouble. You Will Like Murine. Try It in Baby's Eyes for Sealy Eyelids. Druggists Sell Murine at 5c. The Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago, Will Send You Interesting Eye Books Free.

Too Wise. "Will you take a chance on kissing a pretty girl?" asked the young lady with the raffish tickets at the church fair. The crusty and confirmed bachelor held up his hands in horror. "What, me?" he gasped. "No, indeed, I don't take any such chances as those. Chap took a chance like that one time and six months later he married the young lady."

A Cure For Colds and Grip. There is inconvenience, suffering and danger in a cold, and the wonder is that people will take so few precautions against colds. One or two Lane's Pleasant Tablets (be sure of the name) taken when the first stuffy feeling appears, will stop the progress of a cold and save a great deal of unnecessary suffering. Druggists and dealers generally sell these tablets, price 25 cents. If you cannot get them send to Orator F. Woodward, Le Roy, N. Y. Sample free.

The Sorrow of It. Scribbles—Jingleton's latest poem is certainly rhythmic and beautiful. Critic—Yes; it's too bad it doesn't mean anything.

Kill the Flies Now before they multiply. A DAISY FLY KILLER kills thousands. Lasts the season. Ask your dealer, or send 25c to H. Somers, 149 De Kalb Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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