A ragtime philosopher says that men are inclined to blow out their brains because they haven't any.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets first put up pears ago. They regulate and invigorate tomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated tiny granules. Adv.

In taking revenge, a man is but even with his enemy; but in passing it over, he is superior.-Philosophy

A Modern Miracle. Flusband (phoning)-How about the cook dear?

Wife She's still here.

New Conundrum.

Here is a conundrum which your greaterandfathers asked each other when they were little boys:

How many legs has a dog if you call his tail a leg?' "Five!" shouted the little great-

granddad of Mr. A. Wrong," corrected the diminutive greatgranddad of Mr. B. "Because calling bis tail a leg doesn't make it a

I am reminded of this venerable lated. brain twister of youth by the following lines in the Clayton anti-business

The District of Columbia shall be emed a state within the meaning of

So I shall modernize that ancient and she did so when the opportunity query by propounding the following: How many states in the United States ff you call the District of Columbia a state?"—Girard, in Philadelphia Lodger.

Lodger.

Saked to tell the effect in case dermany is defeated, Professor Richard said:
"But why such prognostications? Why try to picture the impossible? German's defeat is impossible. In

Emportant to Mothers
Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it

Bears the Cart Hitchire.

In Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Speaking of humorists brings us to the fact that no man living can look guite so solemn when producing huas Irvin S. Cobb, the well known dian of the Saturday Evening Post. When Cobb was on the staff of one of the big New York newspapers he did various news assignments, ne of them mighty serious and others that gave him a chance for comdy. It was a standing joke about be office that anybody could look at Cobb as he bent over his typewriter and tell which kind of yarn he was writing. If his face was all wrinkled up with solemnity like a bloodhound's. with a sad look about the eyes such as one rarely sees except in an undertaker's hostler, Cobb was preparing something that would make hosts of people laugh.

"Cottage accommodation." in the hardly be understood in the United States. Professors Greenough and alttredge of Harvard, in their book on the ways of English words, points out that "cottage," in the strict sense of a laborer's dwelling, has never been adopted into popular American use, because America has never really had the thing. The word over there has always had literary and sentimental the strict sense of a laborer's dwelling, has never been adopted into popular American use, because America has never really had the thing. The word over there has always had literary and sentimental the armament race must go on—must the armament race must go on—must go on at a pace many times its past fations, and finally has come to e used for the most magnificent suiner residences. This has gone much ther than the use of the word in dand to mean a villa. In America a "cottager" definitely signifies a rson who is above staying at a arding house or hotel, and has his on summer home.—London Chroni-

St. Petersburg.

The city of St. Petersburg (recently ed Petrograd by the czar) was aded by Peter the Great in the er 1793. He called it the "window through which he could look out upon

FOUND OUT. A Trained Nurse Discovered Its Effect.

No one is in better position to know

the value of food and drink than a

Speaking of coffee, a nurse in Pa., rites: "I used to drink strong cofmyself, and suffered greatly from thes and indigestion.

While on a visit to my brothers I had a good chance to try Postum, for they drank it altogether in place of simply to please generals and diplo-After using Postum two weeks found I was much benefited and hally my headaches disappeared and the indigestion.

Katurally I have since used Postum mg my patients, and have noticed marked benefit where coffee has en left off and Postum used.

Tobserve a curious fact about must be made on a basis that will guarantee a continuation of peace. See the flow of milk in cases there coffee is inclined to dry it many wants all obstacles to her own peaceful development removed. Postum when used by mothers. It

and where tea causes nervousness. I find trouble in getting servants make Postum properly. But when is prepared according to directions m package and served hot with m, it is certainly a delicious bev-

Name given by Postum Co., Battle ek, Mich. Read "The Road to oliville," in pkgs.

Postum comes in two forms: Regular Postum—must be .well slied. 15c and 20c packages.

a teaspoonful dissolves quickly in a up of hot water and, with cream and war, made a delicious beverage incantle. 30c and 50c tins.

Eastant Postum-is a soluble powder.

The cost per cup of both kinds is thout the same. There's a Reason" for Postum.

-seld by Grocers.

GERMANY CANNOT LEARNED LECTURER

If Peace Could Have Endure Two Years More There Would Have Been No Terrible Struggle In Europe.

New Yor. Special: "If peace had asted until 1916 such a war as is now aevastating Europe could not have happened," declared Prof. Ernest Richard, lecturer on history on German civilization, at Columbia university. "There would have come to pass such an understanding between German's properties." an understanding between Germany and England and, by virtue of Eng-land's and by virtue of England's instence, France, that these powers would have been united on a peace basis which could not have been vio-

"But that would have meant failure for many of the plans and ambitions of Russia and Russia saw her chance to precipitate war with Germany be-fore the civilized nations of Europe were so banded together that her am-bitions would have been thwarted. It was Russia's policy to precipitate war

Asked to tell the effect in case Ger-

England, France, Russia, Belgium there are carpers and critics. There are such citizens in all those countries -men of high station-who are not in accord with the governmental policy. But not in Germany. I leave consideration of armed strength alone for the instant. If the highest ethical ideas and the value of mankind raised to his highest capacity morally, ethi-cally and intellectually is considered, Germany cannot lost—no, not pos sibly.

Kaiser Won't Surrender.

"The idea that Germany could be "The idea that Germany could be defeated vanished from me when first I received news of the ethical strength of Germany. There is not a man, woman or child—and now all class ines are abolished—in the fatherland who believes that there is the slight-art weeklylity, that Germany strengthills. sst possibility that Germany can lose. And Germany cannot lose. Germany will never surrender a foot of land nor an army. Every German might be killed and yet Germany will not be defeated.

not be defeated.
"The German nation was and is for peace. And when I speak of the German nation I speak of the German people. But the war is upon us—forced upon us. I never thought it possible that such a solidarity in a people could exist. Those people see that their all is at stake. It does not mean for them that the administration may be defeated and that Germany shall be defeated and that Germany shall then proceed with nothing more pain-

ful than a blackened eye.
"But what is the use. I cannot describe the German heart. War came. Cottages.

Cottage accommodation," in the mass in which Mr. Runchiman's bill als with it, is a phase that would relieve be understood in the United ates. Professors Greenough and "If such things are the German heart. War came. There was no hesitating; no questioning of the right or wrong; no quibble about ethics. The German people accepted a challenge to mortal combat. They will die—die gladly—but never will they be defeated. With such a spirit it is impossible to lose.

go on at a pace many times its past speed—becaus: then England must prepare for war with Russia.

Accuses Allies of Lying. "Consider the official news which has come out of the European capitals. England, France and Russia have lied consistently. But I defy anyone to prove that Germany has sent forth un-true reports. It has come to a struggle

between the powers of mendacity and the powers of truth.

"Germany is not engaged in a war of conquest. Germany wants to be re-funded for her expenditures in this unwelcome war and her demands may not be small.

"I believe they will demand certain colonies for coaling stations. They will demand free trade and settlement for anybody and everybody. They will lemand freedom for all oppressed peo-ple—Poland, Finland and Ireland for

'In official utterances on the other side we hear that Germany is to be annihilated; crushed; torn asunder and brought to her knees. They say this war will not end until the kaiser is humbled and so shorn that he cannot again menace the peace of the world.

Germany's Idea of Peace. "But from Germany you hear no such threats against any of her enemies. Germany has started to fight and will continue to fight until sufficient guaranteee of her own safety and of her right to pursue her own fate is sured her. When peace comes it will be a peace of and for the people and not

"But Germany's plans would mean nothing if they did not carry with them the demand for the diminution of armaments. The moval of this excessive expense fense has chafed Germany for 44 years. But Germany knew that sooner or later she would have to fight for existence. "The great difficulty seems to be to

peaceful development removed. "Peaceful overtures from persons in America cannot be entertained by Germany when the persons offering the olive branch are speaking of the kaiser as 'an ambitious autocrat' and 'a bully.' There are those doing just these things officials of peace societies. Peace not apparent now. Germany must go on. There is no retreating.

A Dutiful Child.

willie was struggling through the story in his reading lesson.

"No, said the captain," he read, "'it was not a sloop. It was a larger vessel. By the rig I judged her to be a-a-a-'"

— The word was new to him.

"Barque," supplied the teacher. From the St. Louis Post-Dispatch

Barque. "Barque," supplied the teacher, Still Willie hesitated. repeated the teacher, this

Willie looked as though he had not heard aright. Then, with an apprehensive glance around the class, he "Bow-wow!"

BE DEFEATED SAYS the Boule Cabinet

BURTON E. STEVENSON Copyright, 1913, by Burton E. Stevenson.

Well, the poison that existed in

Florence five centuries ago, exists here today. There's the proof of it," and Godfrey pointed to the body. Hughes drew a deep breath of wonder and horror.

He stared about the room,

always known him—a kidly, witty, Christian gentleman. I could see his pleasant eyes looking at me in friend-

down by a mysterious assassin, armed with a poisoned weapon

A woman! Always my mind came back to that. A woman! Poison was a woman's weapon. But who was she?

How had she escaped? Where had she

concealed herself? How was she able to strike so surely? Above all, why

should she have chosen Philip Vantine, of all men, for her victim—Philip Vantine, who had never injured any woman—and then I paused. For I realized that I knew pathing of Van

realized that I knew nothing of Van-tine, except what he had chosen to

tell me. Parks would know. And then I shrank from the thought Must we probe that secret? Must we compel a

man to betray his master?

My face was burning. No, we could not do that—that would be abominable • • The door opened and

able • • • The door opened and Godfrey came in. This time, he was not alone. Simmonds and Goldberger

that they were as shaken and non-plussed as I. There was a third man

not alone. Simmonds and Goldberg followed him, and their faces show

with them whom I did not know:

soon deep in a low-toned convers tion, whose subject I could guess.

could also guess what Simmonds and Godfrey were talking about in the far-ther corner; but I could not guess

why Goldberger, instead of getting to work, should be walking up and down, pulling impatiently at his moustache and glancing at his watch now and

the door opened again to admit a short, heavy set man, with florid face, stub-bly black moustache, and little, close-

Goldberger, and then looked inquir-

ingly at me.
"This is Mr. Lester, Commissioner

that the chief of the detective bureau had come up from headquarters to take personal charge of the case. "Mr. Lester is Mr. Vantine's attorney," the coroner added, in explanation. "Glad to know you. Mr. Lester is did to know you.

Glad to know you, Mr. Lester," said

"And now, I guess, we're ready to begin," went on the coroner. "Not quite," said Grady, grimly. "We will excuse all reporters, first," and he looked across at Godfrey, his face

I felt my own face flushing, and start-ed to protest, but Godfrey slienced me with a little gesture.

with a little gesture.

"It's all right, Lester," he said, "Mr. Grady is quite within his rights, I'll withdraw—until he sends for me."

"You'll have a long wait, then!" retorted Grady, with a sarcastic laugh,

"The longer I wait, the worse it will be for you, Mr. Grady," said Godfrey quietly opened the door and closed it

quietly, opened the door and closed it behind him.

ing himself with an effort, he turned to the coroner. "All right, Goldberger," he said, and

sat down to watch the proceedings.

A very few minutes sufficed for

in crimson amazement.

Grady stared after him for a moment

Grady, shortly,

darkening.

set eyes, preternaturally bright. glanced about the room, nodded

some one, but not until 20 m later did I suspect who it was.

as

(CHAPTER IV .- Continued.)

"I'll show you, sir" he said, and ran ap the steps, along the hall, to the door of the ant room where we had found the Frenchman's body. "In there sir!" he sobbed. "In there!" and clung to the wall as I opened the door and stepped inside.

The room was ablaze with light, and for an instant my ever were so dear.

for an instant my eyes were so daz-zled that I could distinguish nothing. Dimly I saw Godfrey spring forward and drop to his knees.

Then my eyes cleared, and I saw, on the very spot where d'Aurelle had died, another body—or was it the same

another body—or was it the same, brought back that the tragedy of the afternoon might, in some mysterious way, be reenacted?

I remember bending over and peering into the face—
It was the face of Philip Vantine.

A minute must have passed as I stood there dazed and shaken. I was conscious, in a way, that Godfrey was examining him. Then I heard his voice, "He's dead," he said.

Then there was an instant's silence. "Lester, look here!" cried Godfrey's olce, sharp, insistent. "For God's ake, look here!"

sake, look here!"
Godfrey was kneeling there holding something toward me.
"Look here!" he cried again.
It was the dead man's hand he was holding; the right hand; a swollen and discolored hand. And on the back of it, just above the knuckles, were two tiny wounds, from which a few drops of blood trickled.
And as I started at this ghastly sight And as I started at this ghastly sight, scarce able to believe my eyes, I heard a choking voice behind me, saying over

and over again: "I was that woman done it! It was that woman done it! Damn her! It was that woman done it!"

CHAPTER V.

GRADY TAKES A HAND.

I have no very clear remembrance of what happened after that. The shock was so great that I had just strength enough to totter to a chair and drop into it, and sit there staring vaguely at that dark splotch on the carpet. I told myself that I was the victim of a dreadful nightmare; that all this was the rsult of over-wrought nerves and that I should wake presently. No doubt I had been working too hard. I needed a vacation—well, I would take it.**

And all the time I knew that it was not a nightmare, but grim reality; that Philip Vantine was dead—killed by a woman. Who had told me that? And then I bear I have the bear I bear I bear I would be the bear I bea woman. Who had told me that? And then I remembered the sobbing

Two or three persons came into the room—Parks and the other servants, I suppose; I heard Godfrey's voice giving orders; and finally someone held a class glass to my lips and command-ed me to drink. I did so mechan-ically; coughed spluttered, was con-scious of a grateful warmth, and drank eagerly again. And then I saw Godfrey standing over me. "Feel better?" he asked.

I nodded.

"I don't wonder it knocked you out,"
he went on. "I'm feeling shaky myself.
I had them call Vantine's physician—

but he can't do anything."

"He's dead, then?" I murmured, my
eyes on that dark and crumpled object
which had been Philip Vantine.

"Yes—just like the other."

Then I remembered, and I caught
his arm and drew him down to me.

his arm and drew him down to me.
"Godfrey," I whispered, "whose voice
was it—or did I dream it—something
about a woman?"
"You didn't dream it—it was Rogers

-he's almost hysterical. We'll get the story, as soon as he quiets down." Someone called him from the door, and he turned away, leaving men star-ing blankly at nothing. So there had been a woman in Vantine's life! Perhaps that was why he had never mar-ried. What ugly skeleton was to be dragged from its closet?

But if a woman killed Vantine, the same woman also killed d'Aurelle. Where was her hiding place? From what ambush did she strike?

glanced about the room, as a tremor of horror seized me. I arose, shaking, from the chair and groped my way toward the door. Godfrey heard me toward the door. Godfrey heard me coming, swung around, and, with one glance at my face, came to me and caught me by the arms.

"What is it, Lester?" he asked.

"I can't stand it here," I gasped. "It's too herrible!"

too horrible!'
"Don't think about it.

but I soon found out that it was Frey-linghuisen, the coroner's physician. They all looked at the body, and Freylinghuisen knelt beside it and ex-amined the injured hand; then he sat Come out here and have another drink."

He led me to the hall, and a second glass of brandy gave me back some-thing of my self-control. I was ashamed of my weakness, but when I glanced at down by Dr. Hughes, and they were soon deep in a low-toned conversa-Godfrey, I saw how white his face was "Better take a drink yourself," I said. I heard the decanter rattle on the

"I don't know when I have been so shaken," he said, setting the glass down empty. "It was so gruesome—so down empty. It was so gruesome—so unexpected—and then Rogers carrying on like a madman. Ah, here's the doc-tor," he added, as the front door opened and Parks showed a man in. I knew Dr. Hughes, of course, re-turned his nod, and followed him and Godfrey into the ante-room but I had not yet sufficiently recovered to do more than sit and stare at him as he knelt beside the body and assured him-self that life had fled. Then I heard

Hughes listened with incredulous face. "But it's absurd, you know!" he pro-ested, when Godfrey had finished. Things like this don't happen here in New York. In Florence, perhaps, in the middle ages; but not here in the Twen-

tieth century "I can scarcely believe my own senses," Godfrey agreed. "But I saw the Frenchman lying here this afternoon; and now here's Vantine."
"On the same spot?"
"As nearly as I can tell."
"And killed in the same way?"
"Killed in precisely the same way."

"Killed in precisely the same way." Hughes turned back to the body again, and looked long and earnestly at the injured hand. "What sore of instrument made this wound, would you say, Mr. Godfrey?" he questioned, at last. "A sharp instrument, with two

"A sharp instrument, with two prongs. My theory is that the prongs are hollow, like a hypodermic needle, and leave a drop or two of poison at the bottom of the wound. You seen, a vein has been cut."
"Yes." Hughes assented. "It would

scarcely be possible to pierce the hand here without striking a vein. One of the prongs would be sure to do it." the reason there are two of

But you are, of course, aware that

Hughes and Freylinghuisen and I to tell all we knew of this tragedy and of the one which had preceded it. Grady seemed already acquainted with the details of d'Aurelle's death, for he details of d'Aurelle's death, for he listened without interrupting, only nodding from time to time.

"You've got a list of servants here, of course, Simmonds." he said, when we had finished the story.

"Yes, sir," and Simmonds handed it to him.

to him.

"H-m," said Grady, as he glanced it over. "Five of 'em. Know anything about 'em?"

"They've all been with Mr. Vantine a long time, sir," replied Simmonds. "So far as I've been able to judge, they're all right."
"Which one of 'em found Vantine's

no polson exists which would act so quickly?" Hughes inquired.

Godfrey looked at him strangely.

"You yourself mentioned Florence a moment ago," he said. "You meant, I suppose, that such a poison did, at one time, exist there?"

Thing of the sort, perhaps, "clearly and concisely. He told first of the events of the afternoon, and then passed on to the evening.

"Parks, I think, who called me."

"Better have him in," said Grady, and doubled up the list and slipped it in his pocket.

Parks came in looking decidedly shaky; but answered Grady's questions clearly and concisely. He told first of the events of the afternoon, and then passed on to the evening.

passed on to the evening.
"Mr. Vantine had dinner at home, sir," he said. "It was served, I think, at sir, he said. "It was served, I think, at 7 o'clock. He must have finished a little after 7:30. I didn't see him, for I was straightening things around up in his room and putting his clothes away. But he told Rogers."

"Never mind what he told Rogers."

broke in Grady. "Just tell us what you

"But what sort of a devilish instrument is it?" he cried, his nerves giving way for an instant, his voice mounting shrilly. "Above all, who wields it?" know."
"Very well, sir." said Parks, submis-"Very well, sir," said Parks, submissively. "I had a lot of work to do—we just got back from Europe yesterday, you know—and I kept on putting things in their places and straightening around, and it must have been 8:30 when I heard Rogers yelling for me. I thought the bouse years of I though half expecting to see some mighty and remorseless arm polsed, ready to strike. Then he shook himready to strike. Then self together.

"I beg pardon," he said, mopping the sweat from his face; "but I'm not used to this sort of thing; and I'm frightened—yes, I really believe I'm frightened," and he laughed, a little untend," and he laughed, a little untend," laugh. when I heard Rogers yelling for me. I thought the house was on fire, and I came down in a hurry. Rogers was standing out there in the hall, looking like he'd seen a ghost. He kind of gasped and pointed to this room, and I looked in and saw Mr. Vantine laying there."

His voice choked on the words, but he managed to go on, after a moment.

ened," and he laughed, a little unsteady laugh.
"So am I," said Godfrey; "so is Lester; so is everybody. You needn't be ashamed of it."
"What frightens me," went on Hughes, evidently studying his own symptoms. "Is the mystery of it—there is something supernatural about it—something I can't understand How it—something I can't understand How "Then I telephoned for Mr. Lester,"
he added, "and that's all I know."
"Very well," said Mr. Grady. "That's
all for the present. Send Rogers in."
Rogers' face, as he entered the room,
gave me a kind of shock, for it was that there is something supernatural about it—something I can't understand. How does it happen that each of the victims is struck on the right hand? Why not on the left hand? Why the hand at all?"

Godfrey answered with a despairing shrug. He realed rather than walked into "That is what we've got to find out," he said.

"We shall have to call in the police," suggested Hughes. "Maybe they can solve it."

Godfrey smiled, a little skeptical Godfrey smiled, a little skeptical man," Grady continued, "you'll have to brace up. What's the matter with you, anyhow? Didn't you ever see a dead smiles, quickly suppressed.

"At least, they will have to be given the chance," he agreed. "Shall I attend to it?"

"Yes" total Humber "and the skeptical brace up. Yes anyhow? I man before "It ain't

"It ain't that." gasped Rogers. "It ain't that—though I never saw a mur-

"Yes," said Hughes; "and you would better do it right away. The sooner they get here the better."
"Yery well," assented Godfrey, and left the room.
Hughes sat down heavily on the couch near the window and represent the wi "What?" demanded Grady sharply. "Didn't you see that fellow this after-That was different," Rogers moaned

couch near the window, and mopped his face again, with shaking hand. Death he was accustomed to—but death met decently in bed and resulting from some understood cause. Death in this horrible and mysterious form shock him; he could not result. "I didn't know him. Besides, I thought he'd killed himself. We all thought so."
"And you don't think Vantine did?"
"I know he didn't," and Rogers' voice rose to a shrill scream. "It was that woman done it! Damn her! She done it! I knowed she was up to some crooked work when I let her in!" form shook him; he could not understand it, and his failure to understand appalled him. He was a physician; it was his business to understand; and yet here was death in a form as mysterious to him as to the veriest layman. It compelled him to pause and taken

CHAPTER VI.

THE WOMAN IN THE CASE.

terious to him as to the veriest layman. It compelled him to pause and take stock of himself—always a disconcerting process to the best of us!

That was a trying half hour. Hughes sat on the couch breathing heavily, staring at the floor, perhaps passing his own ignorance in review, perhaps wondering if he had always been right in prescribing this or that. As for me, I was thinking of my dead friend. I remembered Philip Vantine as I had always known him—a kidly, witty It was coming now; the secret, however sordid, however ugly, was to be unveiled. I saw Grady's face set in hard lines; I could hear the stir of interest with which the others leaned forward . . . Grady took a flask from his pocket

and opened it.

"Take a drink of this," he said, and placed it in Rogers' hand.

I could hear the mouth of the flask clattering against his teeth, as he put it eagerly to his mouth and took three or four long swallows. ship as they had looked a few hours before; I could hear his voice, could feel the clasp of his hand. That such a man should be killed like this, struck

"Thank you, sir," he said, more steadily, and handed the flask back to its owner. A little color crept into his face; but I fancied there was a new look in his eyes—for, as the horror faded, fear took its place.

Grady screwed the cap on the flask with great deliberation, and returned it to his pocket. And all the time Rogers was watching him furtively, wiping his mouth mechanically with a trembling hand.

"Now. Rogers," Grady began, "I want you to take your time and tell us in detail everything that happened here tonight. You say a woman did it.
Well, we want to hear all about that woman. Now go ahead; and remember there's no hurry."
"Well, sir," began Rogers slowly, as though carefully considering his words,

"Mr. Vantine came out from dinner about half past seven—maybe a little later than that—and told me to light all the lights in here and in the next room You see there are gas and elect both, sir, and I lighted them all. had gone into the music room on the other side of the hali, so I went over there and told him the lights were all lit. He was looking at a new picture he'd bought, but he left it right away

(Continued next week.)

From Collier's

Goldberger, instead of getting to i, should be walking up and down, ng impatiently at his moustache glancing at his watch now and He seemed to be waiting for one, but not until 20 minutes did I suspect who it was. Then loor opened again to admit a short, y set man, with florid face, stublack moustache, and little, closelyes, preternaturally bright. He ded about the room, nodded to berger, and then looked inquirate me.

his is Mr. Lester, Commissioner y," said Goldberger, and I realized the chief of the detective bureau come up from headquarters ke personal charge of the case. Lester is Mr. Vantine's attorney, or oner added, in explanation.

We shall observe President Wilson's neutrality order rigidly. And yet suppose Germany should win? Suppose Germany should win? Suppose Germany should win? Suppose Germany and swept the British navy from the sea? Suppose all this had happened and we in the United States had a day or two to think it over? What would we do? Our own notion is that if we were guided by ordinary prudence we would instantly recognize the necessity of making our navy not less than seven times as strong as it had happened and we in the United States had a day or two to think it over? What would we do? Our own notion is that if we were guided by ordinary prudence we would instantly recognize the necessity of making our navy not less than seven times as strong as it had happened and we in the United States had a day or two to think it over? What would we do? Our own notion is that if we were guided by ordinary prudence we would instantly recognize the necessity of making our navy not less than seven times as strong as it had a safety of the detective bureau of the had would have to step against our will linto the shoes that France has stood in now to the shoes that France has stood in now the shoes had a day or two to think it over? What would we do? shall observe President Wilson's

> Tax "Doctors" Disagree. From the Sibley (Ia.) Tribune

Osceola county taxpayers should brace themselves for another boost in taxes. The raise is not made on account of the war in Europe, as most of the other items in the increased cost of low living are acunted for. Our supervisors claim is counted for. Our supervisors claim it is rendered necessary by state laws and administration.

Governor Clarke and the executive coun-

cil insist that the boards of supervisors are responsible for the high taxes that prevail in Iowa. prevail in Iowa.

The doctors disagree, The tamay believe the state officials county officials as he pleases.

But he must pay the taxes.

Simply Terrible.

"A terrible poison has been discovered lately. What's that?"

"Aeroplane poison."
"Is it deadly?" "Well, it only takes one drop to kill

\$48,000 FOR HEIRESS TO ENJOY HERSELF

Indulgent Auntie Thinks Girls Should Have Fun While Young.

Denver.—Miss Patsy Campion, whose father, A. J. Campion, made millions in Colorado mining camps, has just cashed a check for \$48,000, given to her by her aunt, Mrs. Anna K. Sigel, one

by her aunt, Mrs. Anna K. Sigel, one of the richest women of the west, who believes in what she calls "the democracy of spending" for young American girls, and is testing her theory in the case of her niece.

"I know Patsy will come into a large fortune when her parents die," says Mrs. Sigel, "but I gave her this money to spend in having a good time. I think it is a protection to young girls to be it is a protection to young girls to be able to satisfy their own ideals as to dress and amusement while they are dress and amusement while they are young, and not to be dependent on their parents' aid. Democracy of spending not only improves a girl's power of judgment, but makes her better qualified to know values in all things and will make her a better housewife. "Besides, in the case of rich girls, I believe in them having a good time while they are young, rather than to wait years and years for their parents' estates to come to them, when they are too old for fun."

Miss Campion some day will be very rich, but her mother is very conservative in her ideals, and has steadfast-ly refused to permit her to wear ex-

ly refused to permit her to wear ex-treme styles or to indulge in many of the pleasures that other rich girls have. Now, however, she has the means to buy as many fancy gowns as she likes.

A Change In Farming.

Farmers are finding that they must Farmers are finding that they must go in for diversified farming, must increase the yield of the crops they have, combine field crops with live stock, grow the stock best suited to conditions, learn to fertilize their soil and to market their crops intelligently. Such are the conclusions of national and state investigations. In an article in the Technical World, F. G. Moorhead gives figures of the department of agriculture that show \$11.15 as the average cost of producing an acre of of agriculture that show \$11.15 as the average cost of producing an acre of wheat, while the average amount is 14.1 bushels to the acre. At 80 cents a bushel this is a profit of 13 cents an acre. Corn costs \$12.27 an acre, and in the last 10 years has averaged a profit of 26 cents an acre. Oats in 10 years has averaged a loss of 25 cents an acre, the cost being \$10.66 an acre. Labor is figured as the largest cost item. But there are rent and interest. If it were not that the farmer is being paid for his own labor and gets his own interest where he is an owner, his returns would be so small as to discourage him from continuing. All this courage him from continuing. All this has been learned from bookkeeping. The result is a change, Mr. Moorhead says, that is like a revolution. It includes increasing the yield of the grain crops planting discretified.

raising live stock. Extreme specializing has not been profitable. The farmer is becoming a manufacturer by which he converts his "roughage" and waste into beef, mutton and pork.

Small farms in New York show that 90 per cent of profits comes from live stock. The country over, 75 per cent is set down as the average. An average steer in Wisconsin with beef at 5 cents a pound produces a profit of \$6.94 an acre. Minnesota and North Dakota experiments show \$8.90 worth of milk product from cows, which, counting out the cost of pasturage, leaves \$2.20 to the product from cows, which, counting out the cost of pasturage, leaves \$2.20 to the acre. A table, based on official state and national experiments and returns, shows the comparative acre profit of the grain farmer and the live stock farmer: Wheat, 13 cents; corn, 26 cents; dairy cattle. \$2.20; beef cattle, \$5.94; swine, \$20; oats, a loss of 25 cents an acre.

crops, planting diversified crops in-stead of wheat, corn and oats, and raising live stock. Extreme specializ-

But there is also the loss of soil depletion. Experiments at the Missouri agricultural college show that a ton of timothy removes as much from the soil timothy removes as much from the soil as do 12 tons of butter. The former sells for \$10; the latter for from \$5,000 to \$9,000. A ton of pork removes \$5.70 of fertility from an acre. But it sells for \$111.40; while a ton of butter, which sells for \$470, removes only 77 cents worth of fertility, so that a butter farmer will require 238 years to remove as much as a grain farmer removes as much as a grain farmer removes. as much as a grain farmer removes every year. The Iowa college showed that unused cornstalks wasted \$12.90 an acre a year. The remedy for the latter is the silo, of which 15,000 were manu-factured last year. It preserves the entire plant and stops the waste per cent of the feeding value of the plant. The conclusion is that there plant. The conclusion is that there should be an increase in the grain product to the acre and the use of live stock for saving the waste and increas-

She Had Done It.

ing the yield.

It was young Mrs. Robinson's first linner party and she was suffering all the usual terrors of the inexperienced

sion splendidly, and, so far as the din-ner itself was concerned, Mrs. Robinner itself was conc son was delighted. The second of th

However, the cook rose to the occa-

This so got on Mrs. Robinson's nerves that at last she exclaimed:
"Jane, your mouth is wide open."
Jane withdrew her gaze from the

ceiling and said, looking down with a 'I know it is ma'am; I opened it

Her Idea of Economy. Gen. W. L. Alexander was discussing the European war. "This war," he said, will affect even us. We must economize to weather it. And our economy must be general, too. "We mustn't be like Gayboy, whom a

friend asked over a bottle of cham-pagne on a roof garden:
"'Well, apropos of the war, old man, did you give your wife that lecture on

'Yes, I did,' Gayboy answered, 'and she went right out and bought me a safety razor."

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