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PICTURE RECORDS OF WAR

They Will Be Valuable as Object Lessons in Training the Future Schools.

A large proportion of the pictures made in the European war are not intended for public exhibition, says St. Nicholas. A rigid censorship is exercised over all photographic work by the governments, exactly as in the case of the mails and printed matter. The films may be developed in the field or in nearby cities, but they are not permitted to leave the country until they have been passed upon. A board of censors sits in a darkened room at headquarters and scans every detail of the movies as they flash past. Should some secret, valuable in any way to the army, be revealed, it is erased or the film is destroyed.

The presence of the moving picture men in such numbers at the front does not mean that the governments are going into the show business. The photographs thus secured, at enormous expense, become matters of official record and are, of course, invaluable. In no previous war has such complete photographic reproduction been possible, and the government officials have been quick to take advantage of the opportunity. It is estimated that upward of 10,000 films have been prepared by the army movie men in Germany alone. They are intended mainly for educational work in the military training schools.

As illustration for textbooks and lectures, the war movies will have a unique value in the classroom. A lesson in strategy, for instance, may be illustrated by a movie picture showing the advance or retreat of troops in an actual engagement. Every phase of military instruction may thus be illustrated. The motion picture showing the construction of bridges will help to train still more efficient engineers in the future than in the past. A careful study of their value will make the great expense and risk involved in securing these interesting war pictures seem trifling.

Arithmetically Speaking.

Tommy (to Jack, on leave)—What about the lingo? Suppose you want an egg over there, what do you say? Jack—Ye just say, "Oof."
Tommy—But suppose you want two? Jack—Ye say "Twa oofs," and the silly auld fule wife gies ye three, and ye just gie her back one. Man, it's an awful easy language.—Punch.

Wrong Time O' Year.

"That fellow seems excited about something."
"Yes. He was born in Kansas and this is the first time he has ever seen the ocean."
"Umph! He must be a stupid cuss to wait until the bathing season is nearly over before coming to take a look at it."



"Another Article Against Coffee"

In spite of broad publicity, many people do not realize the harm the 2½ grains of caffeine in the average cup of coffee does to many users, until they try a 10 days' change to

POSTUM

Postum satisfies the desire for a hot table drink, and its users generally sleep better, feel better, smile oftener and enjoy life more.

"There's a Reason"

THE LIGHT STAR RANGER

A ROMANCE OF THE BORDER

BY ZANE GREY

Author of "The Light of Western Stars," "Riders of the Purple Sage," etc.

HARPER & BROTHERS PUBLISHERS

NEW YORK AND LONDON

MCMXV

CHAPTER XXII.—(Continued.)

Like a swift shadow and as noiseless as the dark wall of rock. Every nerve was a strung wire. For a little while his mind was cluttered and clogged with whirling thoughts, from which, like a flashing scroll, unrolled the long, baffling order of action. The game was now on. The two-shot, ace of spades lone wolf! You an' I—we've heard 1,000 times of him—talked about him often. An' here he is in front of you! Poggin, you were buckin' Fletcher's new pard, Buck Duane, and he was a four flush for me. But I know him. An' I know why he drifted in here. To flash a gun on Cheseldine—on you—on me! Bah! Don't tell me he wanted to join the gang. You know a gunman, for you're one yourself. Don't you always want to meet a real man, not a four flush? It's the madness of the gunman, an' I know it. Well, Duane faced you—called you! An' when I sprung his name, what ought you have done? What would the boss—anybody—have thought of Poggin if you throw your gun, swift, who've lived to see you? Now; you froze. An' why? Because here's a man with the kind of nerve you'd love to have. Because he's great meetin' us here alone. Because you know he's a wonder with a gun an' you know you're a wonder with a gun every damned man here had to take his front, each to himself. If we all drew we'd kill him. Sure! But who's goin' to lead? Who was goin' to be first? Who was goin' to make him draw? Not you, Poggin! You leave that for a lesser man—in who've lived to see you a coward. It comes once to every gunman. You've met your match in Buck Duane. An', by God, I'm glad! Here's once I show you up!

He knew outlaws. He knew what qualities held them. He knew what to exaggerate. There was not an outlaw in sight. The dusty horses had covered distance that night long. As Duane dismounted he heard loud, angry voices inside the tavern. He removed coat and vest, hung them over the pommel. He packed two guns, one belted high on the left hip, the other swinging low on the right side. He neither looked nor listened, but blindly pushed the door and stepped inside.

The big room was full of men, and every face pivoted toward him. Knell's pale face flashed into Duane's swift sight; then Boldt's, then Blossom Kane's, then Panhandle Smith's, then the others, then the others were familiar, and last that of Poggin. Though Duane had never seen Poggin or heard him described, he knew him. For he saw a face that was a record of great and evil deeds.

There was absolute silence. The outlaws were huddled back of a long table upon which were papers, stacks of silver coin, a bundle of bills, and a huge gold mounted gun.

"Are you gents lookin' for me?" asked Duane. He gave his voice all the ringing force and power of which he was capable. And it flew back, free of anything, with the outlaws all before him.

Knell stood quivering, but his face might have been a mask. The other outlaws looked from him to Duane. Jim Fletcher flung up his hands.

"My Gawd, Doc, what you bust in here fer?" he said, plainly, and slowly stepped forward. His action was that of a man true to himself. He meant he had been sponsor for Duane and now he would stand by him.

"Hold on, Dodge, an' you-all, everybody," said Fletcher. "Let me talk, seein' I'm in wrong here."

"Buck Duane was quickly and easily found. Duane threw on the saddle and pack, cinched them tight, and resumed his descent. The worst was now to come. Bare downward steps in rock, sliding, weathered slopes, narrow black gullies, 1,000 openings in a maze of broken stone—these Duane had to descend in, fast time, and the faintest of a horse's snort cracked the loose fragments, sent them rattling, sliding on the scaly slopes, plunged down the steep, followed like a faithful dog at Duane's heels.

"I'm in't pressin' my company none. But when I wanted bad—" Fletcher stopped him with a raised hand. Then he turned to Poggin with a rude dignity.

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then his face broke its cold immobility in an extraordinary expression of devilish glee. He had hounded the great Poggin into something that gave him vicious, monstrous joy.

"Back there, back there," he broke out, hotly. "The Nueces gunman! That two-shot, ace of spades lone wolf! You an' I—we've heard 1,000 times of him—talked about him often. An' here he is in front of you! Poggin, you were buckin' Fletcher's new pard, Buck Duane, and he was a four flush for me. But I know him. An' I know why he drifted in here. To flash a gun on Cheseldine—on you—on me! Bah! Don't tell me he wanted to join the gang. You know a gunman, for you're one yourself. Don't you always want to meet a real man, not a four flush? It's the madness of the gunman, an' I know it. Well, Duane faced you—called you! An' when I sprung his name, what ought you have done? What would the boss—anybody—have thought of Poggin if you throw your gun, swift, who've lived to see you? Now; you froze. An' why? Because here's a man with the kind of nerve you'd love to have. Because he's great meetin' us here alone. Because you know he's a wonder with a gun an' you know you're a wonder with a gun every damned man here had to take his front, each to himself. If we all drew we'd kill him. Sure! But who's goin' to lead? Who was goin' to be first? Who was goin' to make him draw? Not you, Poggin! You leave that for a lesser man—in who've lived to see you a coward. It comes once to every gunman. You've met your match in Buck Duane. An', by God, I'm glad! Here's once I show you up!"

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Longstreth and Lawson were quarreling again. How Duane's lucky star guided him! He had no plan of action, but his brain was equal to 100 lightning swift evolutions. He meant to take any risk rather than kill Longstreth. Both of the men were out on the porch. Duane wormed his way to the edge of the shrubbery and crouched low to watch for his opportunity.

Longstreth looked haggard and thin. He was in his shirt sleeves, and he had come out with a gun in his hand. This he laid on a table near the wall. He wore no belt.

Lawson was red, bloated, thick lipped, all fiery and sweaty from drink, though sober on the moment, and he had the expression of a desperate man in his last stand. It was his last stand, though he was ignorant of that.

"What's your news? You needn't be afraid of my feelings," said Lawson.

"I've confessed to an interest in this ranger," replied Longstreth.

Duane thought Lawson would choke. He was thick necked, and the general rush of blood made him cast the color of his shirt. Duane awaited his chance, patient, cold, all his feelings shut in a vise.

"But why should your daughter meet this ranger?" demanded Lawson, harshly.

"She's in love with him and he's in love with her."

STAMPS CARRY GERMS, IS SCIENCE EDICT

From the New York Times.
Two Philadelphia scientists, Dr. Robert A. Kelly and Philip D. McMaster, have been carrying on an investigation in the McManus Laboratory of Pathology at the University of Pennsylvania to determine whether or not postage stamps are germ carriers.

The answer to the query is "Yes." They learned that out of 50 stamps tested in several ways 43 yielded bacteria. On the other hand, with the possible exception of two cases, none of the germs isolated could cause disease.

This does not mean, however, that care should not be exercised in handling stamps, for it is just as easy for them to be kept clean with disease germs as with those that are harmless, the experimenters say. Here is a part of their report:

"The purpose of this study was to determine the normal bacterial flora of postage stamps; that is, of the idea of the nature and character of bacteria found on stamps, with especial emphasis in the search for tubercle bacilli, bacillus tetani, the colon group and diphtherial forms.

"The literature on this subject is surprisingly meager and but little record is made of the bacteria of stamps. The subject is usually approached from the viewpoint of the spread of infection by the postal service as a whole, the infection by letters and the fumigation of letters, and but little record is made of infection by stamps or of the bacteria of stamps.

"In order to determine this, 50 stamps were bought in various stores in Philadelphia, including the central office, branch stores, almost all the large department stores and some of the small general stores. Some of the stamps were on postal sheets and a few (three) from stamp books. The character of the place was noted, its general cleanliness, the clerk and his appearance, and whether the stamps were placed on the counter with the change, or not. In most cases they were presented with the glue side up, showing that the precepts of public hygiene have had that much effect.

"The majority of the stamps showed one or more organisms, but in no single instance were they found to be pathogenic in type.

"This does not exclude the fact that under favorable conditions certain pathogenic types which would resist drying to a certain extent, might be carried on a postage stamp. On the other hand the work proves the stamp to be a carrier of organisms, and these could be readily transferred from one individual to another. This would only be of importance where the organism was pathogenic.

"We have in mind a drug store where one of the members of the druggist's family had advanced tuberculosis. His sputum contained many bacilli. He had a hacking cough and was the habit of protecting his mouth with his hand while coughing. During busy times he often serves customers by handing frequently dispensed stamps to children, who would immediately moisten them with their mouths and paste them to letters. A single exposure in this case might prove negative, but the constant exposure in some cases would undoubtedly result in infection.

These conclusions were reached by the investigators:

Moisteners Advised.

"A study of 50 stamps obtained from as many different sources, clean, dirty and indifferent, showed bacteria in every instance except two.

West Virginia's Experience.

From the Richmond Virginian.
Now that Virginia is soon to pass forever from under the name of the licensed saloon, it may be well to know how business fared in our neighboring state of West Virginia when John Barley-corn was forced to vacate.

"We recently had an experience on Washington state and of the city of Seattle, as set forth by one of the staunchest foes of prohibition, the editor of the Seattle Times. He stated that he had not only had none of the dire prophecies of evil come to pass, but that he was now sure that no such dire results as he once predicted would ever follow the prohibition of the liquor traffic.

In West Virginia, during the campaign to vote the state dry, much the same argument was advanced as became familiar to our people in Virginia in 1914. Business would be ruined, business houses would stand idle, large capital investments would be absolutely wiped out, and not only would hundreds of men directly employed in the liquor business be deprived of the means of livelihood, but thousands would be indirectly affected.