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SUGAR LONG GROWN IN JAVA

Production Has Been Pushed Rapidly and There is Room for Further Development.

The cultivation of sugar cane is an old industry in Java. The production has increased rapidly and the end is not yet. Between 1850 and 1890 Java produced less than 100,000 tons a year. Sugar tonnage increased rapidly and steadily, until in 1904 the million-ton output was reached, and it is thought that the two-million-ton mark will be passed within two or three years. A writer in the Americas, issued by the National City bank of New York, says that while the cultivation of sugar is a very old industry in Java, it has passed through many vicissitudes. Fifty years ago, he says, the sugar was raised almost entirely by native farmers, who paid a part of their crop to the government as rent. The rise of beet sugar growing in Europe made it necessary in order to compete to introduce a more efficient system. Today the cultivation is done by the manufacturers themselves. They lease the land from the natives, who in many cases are the owners, or from the native communities. Many small properties are thus united under the management of a manufacturer during the period of one planting—that is, about three years. After each planting the land is turned back to the native proprietors for growing rice or corn until its fertility for sugar production is restored.

Smoking in Church.

Smoking in church is a Dutch custom, London Tit-Bits states. Dutchmen are such inveterate smokers that rarely is one of them seen without a pipe. He finds himself unable to deprive himself of the indulgence even for the short period of a church's service. A similar practice exists in several churches in South America.

The practice is said to have been prevalent in Great Britain at the beginning of the seventeenth century. At one time smoking was carried to such an excess in Seville cathedral that the chapter applied to the pope for power to repress the abuse.

In Wales smoking in church was indulged in as late as 1850. In one church the communion table stood in the habit of putting their hats upon it, and when the service began they lighted their pipes and smoked, without any thoughts of irreverence in the act.

Dr. J. H. Jovett, New York, will return to clerical work in England.



Women

whose sensitive nerves often yield to coffee's harmful stimulation, appreciate the change resulting from a ten days trial of **INSTANT POSTUM** INSTEAD OF COFFEE.

Such a delicious drink makes the change easy and better nerves make it a permanent one.

There's a Reason

The DESTROYER

By BURTON E. STEVENSON

CHAPTER XXXII.—(Continued.)

Fronting on the Zurichstrasse, some half mile from the arsenal at Strasbourg, stands a great tobacco manufactory, covering two blocks and employing 1,000 people. These men and women and children live for the most part in the crooked little streets of the neighborhood, for the hours of work are long, and to walk back and forth from a distance not to be thought of. When a family has managed to scrape together a little capital, more often than not the head of it opens a tiny shop, while the younger members keep on working at the factory until the business has established itself. Then the family takes a step upward in social grade.

In a little room back of such a shop in the Hennenstrasse, on the morning of a day late in October, three men sat down to breakfast. It was a silent meal, for each of the three was preoccupied. They were roughly dressed in the blouses and coarse trousers of laborers, and their faces were covered with a week's stubble of beard. One was white haired, old and seemingly very feeble; but the other two were in the prime of life. At last the meal was finished, and the two younger men pushed back their chairs and looked at each other; then they looked at their companion, who, with vacant eyes, was staring at the opposite wall so intently that the other two involuntarily glanced around at it.

"It is time for you to go, lieutenant," said one of the men, in a low voice. "Tell me again what you have to do, so that I may be sure there is no mistake."

"What I have to do is this, general," said the other: "from here, I go to the house we know of, taking a circuitous route, loitering on the way, and making certain that I am not followed. If I find myself followed, I will pass this shop, dropping my handkerchief in front of it and then turning back to pick it up. If I am not followed, I enter the other house, mount to the roof and make sure that everything is in order. At 10 minutes to 12, I hoist into place the two arms to which our wires are secured, stretching them tight by means of the winch which we have provided, and then I at once start the clockwork. I then descend, make my way to the tram station, and take a third class ticket to Colmar, where I will await you at Valentin's cabaret. If you do not arrive by sundown, I am to go on to Paris to make my report."

"That is right. You have your passport?"

"Yes."

"Let me see your watch."

They compared watches and found that they both showed 20 minutes past 10.

"Adieu, then," said the elder man; "and let there be no failure."

"Trust me, general," and the lieutenant saluted and went out through the shop.

"And now, Mr. Vard," said Marbeau, in a low tone, "the hour has come."

The old man nodded, and together they left the room. Marbeau stopped to secure the door, then followed Vard up to the first landing, where there was another heavy door, which the Frenchman also bolted; so with the next landing and the next. He smiled grimly as he thought of M. Delesse's warning to leave open a road of escape. He had, indeed, provided such a road, but he carried it in his pocket.

At last they stood in a tiny room under the ridge of the roof. It was lighted by a single dormer, and, looking out through this, one could see over the house tops, half a mile away, the grim wall of the arsenal. Before the dormer stood a table, to which was bolted a metal framework, supporting the box, with its sides of glass half covered with tin foil. It was mounted on a pivot, and from it two heavy wires ran to a key such as telegraphers use, and then down to a series of powerful batteries standing on the floor.

"You are sure it is all right?" asked Marbeau, almost in a whisper.

For answer, Vard closed a switch, opened the key and then depressed it slowly. There was a crackle of electricity, and a low humming like that of a giant top.

"No, no!" gasped Marbeau, and snatched the switch open.

The inventor smiled.

"There is no danger," he said, "until the other current is turned on."

Marbeau's face was livid and beaded with perspiration. He wiped it with a shaking hand.

"Nevertheless you startled me," he said. "The sound the machine makes has a frightful menace in it!" Then he looked at his watch. "It is now 11."

Vard nodded, and bent again above his apparatus, touching it here and there with the touch of a lover—tightening a wire, examining a contact, testing the vibrator.

His usual pale face was flaming with excitement, and his eyes shone with a strange fire.

Marbeau glanced at him uneasily, then stared out at the grey wall of the arsenal. Upon its summit a sentry walked to and fro with the precision of a machine. High above him flapped the imperial flag of Germany, displaying its eagles and complacent motto. Marbeau, like every Frenchman, considered that flag an insult, for the lower arm of its cross bore the date "1870," and he stared out at it now, dreaming of the future, dreaming of the day when France should tear it down.

Vard touched him on the arm.

"I should like to see the plan of the fort again," he said.

Marbeau opened his shirt, and from a little oilskin bag produced a square of tracing paper. He unfolded it and handed it to the inventor.

"This is the side toward us," he said. "There are the magazines, the main one being here in the center."

With a nod of understanding, Vard carried the drawing to the window and compared it carefully with the stretch of wall, swinging his pivoted machine from side to side to be sure that its range was ample. Then he refolded the map and returned it to Marbeau.

"It must be almost the hour," he said.

With a start, Marbeau pulled out his watch. It showed 15 minutes to 12. Then, watch in hand, he stood gazing out at the bastion. Four minutes passed, five, six, seven.

Suddenly from the fort came the deep boom of an alarm gun. A minute later, a file of men appeared upon the summit of the bastion; a gate, away to the right, swung open and an armed battalion marched out at the double quick.

"The signal!" gasped Marbeau. "It is the signal! Their wireless men have picked it up!"

Again the alarm gun boomed suddenly, and they could hear the faint, shrill calling of a bugle. Then came the distant thunder of the answering guns from the forts about the town; from the streets rose excited voices, the clatter of running feet.

One minute—two—three—

"Now!" said Marbeau, snapped shut his watch and thrust it into his pocket.

Vard, his face twitching, closed the switch and touched the key. Again came the sharp crackle of flame, the deep hum of the vibrator. Marbeau, the marrow frozen in his bones but with the sweat pouring from his face, stared out—and then, close beside him, came a white burst of flame—the horrible odor of burning flesh—

He jerked around to see Vard fallen forward above the table, while about his hands played those lived tongues of fire.

Half an hour before midnight of that day, a man, roughly dressed, with a stubble of beard masking his face, appeared at the ministry of marine, was passed at once by the guard at the entrance and made his way quickly to the office of M. Delesse. He tapped at the door, which was instantly opened by the minister himself.

"Ah, Marbeau," he said, quietly. "Come in. We have failed, then?"

"Yes, we have failed," groaned Marbeau, and sank into a chair.

Delesse touched him gently on the shoulder.

"Do not take it so much to heart," he said. "There is something wrong, perhaps. He can try again."

"No, we cannot try again," and Marbeau's face was piteous.

"Vard is not captured!"

"No; he is dead."

"But his instrument—his invention?"

"Is destroyed, fused, burnt to a mere mass of metal," and Marbeau told the story of that last moment.

"But what happened? What occurred?" asked the minister dazedly.

"I do not know—I was staring at the fort. He may have had a seizure and fallen across his instrument, or he may have broken the circuit in some way—displaced a wire, perhaps—and received the full shock himself. It was over in an instant. He was dead when I dragged him away."

For some time Delesse walked thoughtfully up and down.

"You could not, by any possibility, reconstruct it?" he asked at last.

"I fear not, sir; he told me nothing. I do not even know the principle involved."

Again Delesse paced back and forth; then he sat down before his desk, with a gesture of acquiescence.

"So that dream is ended," he said. "It was too great, no doubt, to be accomplished. God willed otherwise. But at least we are richer than we were. From time to time we will terrify these Germans with a little blast of wireless. That will be amusing, and it may cost them some ammunition. And in the struggle over Morocco France wins! That is assured! Good night, general. You need rest."

All the world knows now, of course, that France did win. On November 4, the question of her supremacy in Morocco was settled once for all by the treaty signed at Berlin. When Europe learned the terms of that treaty, it was shaken with amazement. For Germany had receded, after swearing that she would never recede; had guaranteed to France a free hand in Morocco, with the right to establish a protectorate if she thought proper;—and in exchange for all this received a small strip of the French Congo! Yes, there was one other thing she received of which the treaty made no mention. When Herr von Kiderlen-Waechter had affixed his signature, Ambassador Cambon, who acted for France, gave him silently an envelope sealed with a black seal. He glanced at the signature of the paper it contained, and placed it carefully in his pocket.

An hour afterwards, he handed it to his emperor.

And two days later, Admiral Heinrich Pachmann, returning from an audience with the emperor, went quietly to his quarters. At the usual hour, his aide, coming for orders, rapped at his door. There was no answer, and, opening the door, the aide glanced inside. Pachmann lay sprawled across the floor, a bullet in his heart. His staff hand gripped a duelling pistol—a handsome weapon, which bore, chased along its barrel, the motto of his house, "I love and I obey!"

THE END.

Sawing Ships in Half.

From Harper's Magazine.

The great lakes have contributed liberally of their vast tonnage to replace the ravages of the German submarines. Through the entire autumn the commercial navigation upon our inland seas was forecast by a steady procession of their craft down the river St. Lawrence. Nor was that as easy as it reads, for the passageways from the four upper lakes—upon which the greatest traffic of the blue waters of the continent is barred by great natural impediments. But long years ago the Canadians passed them by means of canals. And the determining factor in navigation from Lake Erie to the sea has been the chambers of the canal locks, about 26 feet in length, 45 feet in width and 14 feet in depth. Long ago the lake craft that conformed to these dimensions were found by searching eyes and taken out to the Atlantic, and other craft were built at the abundant and efficient steel and wooder ship yards along the upper lakes. And between 15 and 20 modern steel vessels averaging from 350 to 385 feet in length—almost the extreme for a cargo vessel of less than 45 feet beam—were taken through the Welland canal and the canals of the upper St. Lawrence this last autumn.

The process was simple, although not particularly easy. The vessels were sawed in half. Gangs of men in the dry docks of Cleveland and Buffalo, equipped with acetylene torches, did the job in a time to be measured in hours rather than in days. Temporary water tight bulkheads were installed and the vessel towed in two sections to the water harbor of Montreal. It was another job of hours rather than days to join the hull together at the dry docks of that port and to fit the fresh water tramp with condensers and other equipment necessary for a craft who digs her heels into salt water for the first time.

Bomb Proof Jobs.

From Collier's Weekly.

Samuel McGowan, rear admiral and paymaster general for the navy, became disgusted one day at the number of men in Washington seeking bombproof war jobs.

"The town is overrun," he remarked sarcastically, "with men having flat feet and great executive ability."

One Guess.

"What did the landlord say when you told him you would leave if the janitor didn't give you more heat?"

"Didn't seem to worry him. In fact, he suggested another location where I would get all the heat I wanted and then some."

Lord Rhonda tells us that he has lost weight since he took over the food controlling job. But he wishes it to be understood that he is still capable of coming down heavily on profiteers.

THE SHORT AND TALL OF IT.

Where lies the trouble when one is undesirably tall or short? What are the possibilities of changing one's stature? Can one run himself by smoking cigarettes or by eating improperly? Can one increase one's stature by eating abundantly? Why are some people long and others short?

These are daily questions, and, in addition to the few who ask them openly, there are multitudes who would like to know but either do not care to ask or do not know where to ask. The eugenics office undertakes to answer some of them in their bulletin 18.

It says that the largest factor by far in establishing stature is inheritance. A person is tall or short because his parents are tall or short. If a tall person replies that his parents are short, Professor Davenport comes back with the reply that inheritance is from some recent ancestor—probably one or more grandparent—probably one or more grandparent—probably one or more grandparent.

Tallness is a very apt to be either a quality of the parents or of the stock.

The answers seem simple enough, but somehow they do not seem to satisfy. And when we come to analyze conditions things are not so simple. Stature is not a simple matter composed of but a single part. The length of the leg below the knee is one factor, of the thigh another, of the trunk a third, and of the neck and head a fourth. Scientists would even subdivide these divisions.

Now let us see what bearing these facts have. A man may inherit long legs from one parent and a short body from another, the result of the combination being a long stature. Perhaps his brother will inherit long legs from one ancestor and a long trunk or a long neck from the other, the result being a tall stature. This is enough of itself to account for a good many of the variations in size among the brothers and sisters of a family. And then there may be a difference in the persons inherited from one brother may inherit from the father, another from the mother, and a third from some grandparent.

Davenport states a few of the laws governing inheritance of stature. When both parents are tall or very tall and of tall stock, practically all of the children are tall or very tall. When both parents are short or very short and of short stock all children are short or very short.

The children of tall parents are more apt to "grow true to form" than those of short parents. The people of medium stature are usually the children of people of medium stature. The children of short parents are more apt to be medium in stature than are the children of tall parents.

The length of the trunk is from 25 to 35 per cent of the stature. The head and neck length is about 17 per cent of the stature. When both parents are short from the knee down about one-fifth of the children are tall. When both parents have legs that are long from the knee down, none of the children are short. In certain families there is inheritance of long bodies; in others of long necks, and in others of long legs.

The tendency to growth is inherent. Growth is stopped at certain age limits by the secretion of certain glands. Through inheritance this growth stopping secretion may be more or less or come into play sooner or later.

Democracy Gains.

From the New Republic.

The intolerable hardships, above all the scarcity of food, the constant sacrifice of thousands of men, and the untiring propaganda of radicals and socialists have combined in bringing about in the minds of the Hungarian people the conviction that they were compelled to fight for no purpose, or, worse still, for the purpose of somebody else.

The entrance of America into the war afforded Count Karolyi an opportunity, among others, to drive home the point that after all it cannot be worth while for Hungary to fight against the combination of all the democracies in the interest of Prussian ruthlessness. But the event that doomed the Austro-Hungarian party was the announcement by the Russian government of the peace formula of no conquests and indemnities. Hungary, which was hurried into the war by the dread of Muscovite imperialism, was made to see that Muscovite imperialism was no more and that the Hungarian people and nothing to fear from the great rising democracy in the east.

Whatever the ambitions of the Magyar junkers have been, the Hungarian people themselves have never dreamed of conquest. Thus it has not been too difficult for the radicals to convince the people that the only way to escape the surmountable obstacle to peace was the regime of Count Tisza and the junkers, and that the way to overthrow this obstacle lay through universal suffrage.

Fortunately for the cause of democracy, this time the interests of the Hungarian people coincided with the desire of the new king, Charles IV, to have realized from the very beginning of his reign that the only chance for the survival of his dynasty was the Austro-Hungarian combination was a quick peace, and that an all powerful Prussia was anything but a blessing for Austria and the Hapsburgs. Consequently he was inclined to support the Hungarian people against Count Tisza, the exponent of uncompromising Prussianism. His consent to the democratic reforms and by ridding Hungary of the junker government he inclined to enhance the possibilities of an agreement with the allies. Accordingly, Count Tisza was discarded, and the reforms promised.

It is noteworthy that the fall of Tisza came almost simultaneously with the endorsement by Count Czernin of the Russian peace formula, and it is to be recalled that as an adherent of Prussianism or the plan of an independent Yugoslav state as a third unit within the Hapsburg combination, Count Czernin was always bitterly hated by the Magyar junkers.

Rome's Quiet Unbroken.

From the Philadelphia Press.

One of the good stories in circulation is told by Joe Tumbully, secretary to the president. He likes his job, but he dislikes one thing about it, that he can't tell the boys—the friendly reporters—about all they wish to know. He illustrates his inability to give information once by quoting the case of Johnny.

Johnny was crying in the hall as his mother came along, hatted and coated. She asked what had happened.

"You are going away, and so is papa!" Johnny sobbed.

"Why, child, I shall be away two or three days, but father is not going away."

"He is!" cried Johnny. "He's going to Rome."

"Rome? What do you mean, dear?" asked the surprised mother.

"He said today to Mr. Brown that he would make Rome howl when you left."

"Indeed! Well, dear, I sha'n't leave you now."

Friendly Advice.

From the Passing Show.

First Boarder—I can't think how it is you manage to fare so well here. You've industriously made myself pleasant to my landlady and her daughters, and yet I'm half starved.

Second Boarder—Try the cook.

Ready for Rain.

From the Christian Register.

"I trust, Miss Tappit," said the kindly employer to his stenographer, "that you have something in reserve for a rainy day."

"Yes, sir," answered the young woman. "I am bold to marry a man named Mackintosh."

Not a War Garden.

From the Birmingham Age-Herald.

"Who is the prosperous-looking individual?"

"He owns a garden down in the city."

"It couldn't be very large, could it?"

"Oh, yes, it is. It covers the top of a skyscraper."

WESTERN CANADA'S CEREAL CROP

One of the Best Ever Harvested.

The cereal crop of Western Canada for 1917 was the most valuable one ever harvested; the returns from all classes of live stock have been equally satisfactory. The wool clip was not only greater than in any previous year, but the price obtained was double that of 1916, which in turn was almost double that of the year before.

As was the case in 1915 and 1916, many farmers were able to pay for their land outright with the proceeds of their first year's crop. Further evidence of the prosperity of Western Canada is shown by the fact that one in every twenty of the population is now the owner of an automobile. If the farming community alone is taken, it will be found that the proportion of automobile owners is still greater. The bank clearings of the leading cities of Western Canada were consistently higher than they were in the corresponding periods of 1916, and then they were higher than the year preceding. In Winnipeg \$500,000,000 more was cleared in the 11 months ending November 30 than in the same months a year ago.

The entry of the United States into the war has strengthened the bonds between that country and Canada. We are now working together for the same ends. Those who are not fighting are promoting a greater production of foodstuffs. In this connection Western Canada offers a wonderful opportunity. Not only can larger quantities of staple foodstuffs be produced, but the cost of production is lower and the remuneration greater than where land is more expensive. Notwithstanding the fact that the price of farm products has doubled during the past three years, there are millions of acres of arable land in Western Canada which can still be bought at a low price.

Western Canada has an enormous acreage prepared for seeding to wheat in 1918. It is larger than in 1917, and will probably surpass the record area put into crop in the year 1915, when the largest crop ever known in the West was harvested. The year 1918 should also see a further increase in live stock activity.

Farmers have been investing considerable sums in cattle; the high prices secured for wool and mutton have opened the eyes of Western farmers to the possibilities of sheep, and such was the demand for breeding animals last fall that it was impossible to meet it adequately; the campaign for greater hog production is expected to yield an increase of between 25 and 50 per cent in 1918.

Those who are contemplating coming to Western Canada cannot do better than come early in the spring when they can put in a crop and harvest it in the fall. In this way they will be able to achieve something that will not only be of great benefit to them selves, but also to the great cause for which the Allies, including the United States, are now fighting.—Advertisement.

Wooden Orchestra.

There exists in Brianza, in Lombardy, a unique orchestra, or, more properly speaking, a band, the instruments of which are all made of wood.

The pipes are made of reeds, and are fastened together side by side after the fashion of those seen in the pictures of the god Pan. Each man plays pipes of a different size and length, the bass pipes often being several feet long. Besides the pipes are other instruments such as drums, flutes, French horns and even a rude attempt at a trom bone, but all are made of wood.

The members of this odd band are all quite ignorant of written scores, but they have quick and sensitive ears since their harmony is purely instinctive. Curiously enough they most often learn their selections from that most modern of inventions, the phonograph. The music produced by this curious band is said to have a curious weird harmony that is decidedly agreeable.—Edwin Tarrisse.

RECIPE FOR GRAY HAIR.

To half pint of water add 1 oz. Bay Rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and ¼ oz. of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it at home at very little cost. Full directions for making and use come in each box of Barbo Compound. It will gradually darken streaked, faded gray hair, and make it soft and glossy. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off. Adv.

A Job Lot.

"The ticket man says to have a lot of old railroad tickets there."

"Must be for places that are seldom called for."

"Yes, I'll bet he'd sell some of those tickets cheap to close 'em out."

Study the faithful plow-horse that walks in the furrow. Study him all day, it won't hurt you.

Piles Cured in 6 to 14 Days.

Druggists refund money if PAZO OINTMENT fails to cure itching, blind, bleeding or protruding piles. First application gives relief. 50c.

A man's mouth may be like a ship's hatch—safest when closed.

After the Marine is for Tired Eyes.

Movies Red Eyes—Sore Eyes—Refreshes—Restores. Marine is a Favorite Treatment for Eyes that feel dry and smart. Give your eyes as much of your loving care as you give your teeth and with the same results. CARE FOR THEM. YOU CANNOT BUY NEW EYES! Sold at Drug and Optical Stores or by Mail. Ask Marine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago, for Free Book.