

THE WELLINGTON LEADER.

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"We Reach the People"

L. L. LADD, Editor

TEXAS FETERITA CAKE GRACES WHITE HOUSE CHRISTMAS DINNER.

Texas led in the nomination of Wilson at Baltimore; his inaugural suit was made in Texas of Texas grown and Texas wove mohair; he took two members of his cabinet, his postmaster-general and attorney-general, from Texas; and now the two most notable features of the president's Christmas dinner, two huge fruit cakes made of feterita flour, came from Texas. They were made by Texas women of feterita flour grown, ground and cooked in Texas.

Through Special Agent G. Hand the national Department of Agriculture has been making special efforts to develop feterita as a new Southern foodstuff, in Texas. Mr. Hand enlisted the club women of San Antonio in the work, and through them it has been demonstrated that when ground coarse on a coffee mill, feterita makes a breakfast food equal to the best on the market. Also that feterita flour makes griddle cakes, muffins, bread, puddings and fruit cakes unsurpassed by any other flour. Moreover, an analysis of feterita shows that it is as valuable a food product as wheat, and in the southwest it produces three to five times as much per acre as wheat, and its season is so short that two crops of it may be grown in one year. Or, it may be planted after oats or a spring crop of Irish potatoes or cabbage.

But back to the Christmas cake story: Mr. Hand had two San Antonio ladies each make a fruit cake of feterita in time for same to season before Christmas, and each was encased in a beautiful basket made of the feterita plant, and Mr. Hand took them to Washington and to the White House in person. While it is contrary to presidential custom to give testimonials, it is known that not only the president, but the entire Wilson family, privately expressed themselves as thoroughly delighted with these cakes, and the president is so much interested in the efforts of the Department of Agriculture to develop this new food product, that he contemplates corresponding with Secy. Houston on the subject, and the letters exchanged by them will be published as part of a special bulletin on Feterita.

Here Are the White House Cake Recipes:

One and a half cups feterita flour, 1 1/2 cups wheat flour, 1 teaspoon of cinnamon, 1 teaspoon of soda, 1/2 teaspoon of salt, thoroughly mixed together, then add 1 cup corn syrup, 1 1/2 cup sour milk, 1 cup pecan meats, 1 cup raisins. Bake in slow oven till done.

Three-fourths pound Crisco, 1 cup molasses, 3/4 pound brown sugar, 1/2 cup brandy, 2 pounds raisins, 1 cup sour cream, 2 pounds currants, 1/2 tablespoon ground cloves, 1-3 pound citron, 1/2 tablespoon ground cinnamon, 1/2 pound dates, 1 nutmeg, 1/2 pound figs, 1/2 tablespoon soda, 1/2 pound nuts, 1 lemon, 1/2 pound wheat flour, 1 orange, 1/2 pound feterita flour, 1 pound crystallized fruits. Flour all the nuts and nuts well and mix together. Cream the sugar and Crisco, add the eggs well beaten, the molasses, the juice, the rinds of the lemons and oranges and next add the sour cream, leaving out enough to dissolve the soda, which must be added the last thing. Then add the fruit, flour and spices and bake two hours.

Odd Fellows Installation Monday Night

The local Odd Fellows are to meet next Monday night to have a public installation to which all members of the order whether having their membership here are visiting here are cordially invited. Also all Rebeccas and the families of Odd Fellows.

Following the installation and the short program given below refreshments will be served. The program is to start at 7 o'clock.

PROGRAM

Opening Prayer,—Rev. A. L. Bowman.
Opening Address—Hon. R. L. Templeton.
Oddfellowship—Rev. A. L. Bowman.
Founders of Oddfellowship—Rev. R. S. Garrard.
Widows and Orphans Home—Bro. A. C. Boyett.
General Discussion
Installation
Grace—Rev. R. S. Garrard.
Banquet.

LOANING MONEY

I loan money on farm land in this and adjoining counties, look after the renewal of all Darlington loans coming due and buy Vendor's Lien notes.

My ABSTRACTS are carefully compiled DIRECT from the county records and my prices are as reasonable as the work can with correctness be done.

I also write fire and tornado insurance in some of the best companies doing business in the State today.

If you need money, have loans you wish renewed, or notes for sale, see or write,

R. R. Sherwood,
Office First National Bank Building, Wellington, Texas.

Godwin-Peebles

Ellison Godwin and Miss Ruby Peebles were married at 5 o'clock p. m. Christmas day; Rev. A. L. Bowman, officiating. They were rather cute in surprising their numerous friends and at the same time adding a touch of romance to the affair. The contracting parties had been out in the country at the home of the bride's father for dinner, and on returning to town in company with W. S. Burgess and wife and Mrs. E. L. Tarpley they went to the parlors of the Electric Light & Power Co. where the officiating minister was summoned and the marriage vows were plighted.

The groom is a young man of splendid business ability and unquestionable integrity, has lived in Wellington something over a year and is indeed popular with all his acquaintances. Together with his brother, Joe, he is proprietor of the Wellington Light & Power plant.

The bride is the daughter of Dr. J. W. Peebles and thus comes from one of the best families of the county. She is a winsome young lady, possessing many fine qualities of heart and mind, and charming womanly attributes.

The Leader wishes for the newly-weds happiness and prosperity throughout life.

Try C. H. Butler's flour; its good and guaranteed.

It pays to drink
El Mate

At Williams Fountain 5c

The Weather

The weather throughout Christmas week was slushy. Some rain, a little sleet and a six or seven inch snow. Christmas day was a white one here. The past three days have been sunshiny and bright, especially ideal for this time of the year. The roads are drying up fast and will soon be in good condition again. We hear many farmers express themselves well pleased with the moisture as it is the beginning of a good season for next spring's planting.

Bold Cattle Theft.

We take the following account of the bold theft of 90 head of cattle belonging to J. E. Stanley, father of Mrs. L. L. Ladd, from the Wheeler Sun:

"One of the boldest cattle thefts on record in this country was committed during the last few weeks when something near seventy-head of cows and twelve head of calves belonging to J. E. Stanley were taken from the range just east of town.

"Mr. Stanley missed his cattle several days ago, but thought perhaps they had strayed off but; after making thorough search he is convinced that they are not in the country. For several weeks Mr. Stanley has been busy and did not keep close 'tab' on his cattle, so does not know just when they were taken. He is using every effort to locate them and is offering a \$1,000 reward for their return and for the arrest and conviction of the thief; but up to date not the slightest trace of the missing herd has been found."

Most of the cattle are black and branded with an O over a bar on left shoulder and a bar on the breeching, and are marked with an underbit in each ear; though possibly some of them may be branded with the letter S turned down on its side.

Information about these cattle should be communicated to J. E. Stanley or to Sheriff M. L. Gunter, Wheeler, Texas.

Holiness Services

There will be services at the Holiness Tabernacle Sunday and Sunday night.

P. R. Jarrell, Pastor

The Church of Christ.

Will meet at the W. O. W. hall in Wellington every Sunday for Sabbath School and on the first Sunday of each month there will be preaching by Rev. A. C. Buchanan. A cordial invitation is extended to everybody to attend these services.

Our Subscription Books to be Revised

A month ago every one of our subscribers who was in arrears received a statement of his account, together with an explanation of the reason actuating the postal authorities in requiring that newspapers keep their subscription lists collected up. In order to meet that requirement, we shall commence next week to revise our subscription books, dropping all names more than a year in arrears, as the law requires. We sincerely desire to retain every name now on our list, and hope that each will make it possible for us to do so without violating the postal law. We as sincerely thank the many who have already responded to those statements.

THE LEADER PRINTING CO.

Notice

My duties as County Superintendent of Public Instruction will keep me away from my office during the greater portion of January and February. It is my intention to devote this time to visiting the rural schools of the county. Those who have business connected with my duties will please call at my office on Friday and Saturday of each week, as I will likely be away the remainder of the time during the period mentioned above.

A. C. Nicholson,
County Judge of Collingsworth County.

Mrs. B. F. Ford

Laura A. (Cash) Ford Heard the Masters call from service to reward Monday evening, December twenty-eighth, 1914, at her home eleven miles east of Wellington, after two years of sickness and having been an invalid for the past seven months.

Her life was singularly beautiful and her days filled with service and devotion to her Lord and His work, and to the bringing up of her children to love Him who was all things to her and to keep his statutes. She was noted for her life of simplicity and charitable traits.

She was the mother of seven children, three boys and four girls, the youngest being a little girl of seven, and a short time before her departure she expressed the keenest desire that she might live to be with her loved ones, and to bring her little girl up to womanhood, though she was willing that the Lord's will be done with her and hers and that she only dreaded the sting of death, but was sure that after death her condition would be far better.

Mrs. Ford was born March 25th, 1870. Born again and united with the Baptist church September, 1894, and was a member of the church at Dodsonville at the time of her death.

She was married to our worthy citizen, Mr. B. F. Ford, March 18th, 1888.

Her pilgrimage ended in a chariot of fire bound for the city of God; while her tired body rests and awaits the call of the Master in the morning of the resurrection. A Friend.

Godfrey-Keller

Kinney M. Godfrey and Miss Lillie B. Keller were married at 5 o'clock on the evening of December 21st, 1914, at the home of Rev. B. F. Boyette who officiated. Mr. Godfrey is a splendid young man having property interest north of town, while the bride is an exceptionally talented young lady, having taught in the music department of the school here for several years and is well and favorably known to many of our readers. She is a sister of our splendid citizens, Joe and Roy Keller.

We extend congratulations.

Captain W. G. (Bill) McDonald, the former Texas Ranger captain, who was President Wilson's body-guard during his pre-election campaign, was married last Sunday to Miss Pearl Wilkinson of Quannah.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm. NATIONAL BANK OF COMMERCE, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

The Boles grocery Store for the freshest.

We sell flour cheaper than anybody.—J. L. Brooks.

All kinds of produce wanted by the Produce Company.

The Boles grocery store wants your eggs and chickens.

Lots of new alfalfa hay at the J. C. Skaggs wagon yard.

A new car of hog wire arrived this week for the J. C. Wooldridge Lumber Yard.

PRIZES NEXT YEAR FOR SCHOOL AND FAMILY GARDENING RESULTS.

University Station, Dec. 28.—In co-operation with the Texas Industrial Congress in the furtherance of garden work in Texas, Prof. W. S. Taylor and Mr. Chas. H. Winkler of the School of Agricultural Education, in the University of Texas, have prepared a bulletin giving full directions for home and school gardening. The writers have covered every phase of garden work, from the choosing of a location for the garden to the disposition of the garden products. Having in mind especially the young gardener, the directions are couched in the simplest terms possible.

The bulletin emphasizes early preparation of the soil, liberal use of stable manure, thorough tillage, and a complete utilization of every foot of the garden plat every day of the season through methods of companion and succession cropping, as the most important factors in successful gardening. If you would raise large, juicy, crisp vegetables the soil must be rich, well prepared and well tilled. Weeds not only shade the plants, but rob them of food and water. It is not always the largest garden that yields the greatest results. By planting together vegetables maturing at different times during the season it is possible to get three, four, or even half a dozen crops from the same plat in one season.

The bulletin will be used by the Congress in the garden contests, and by the University of Texas in the development of the vacant lot and backyard garden movement throughout Texas cities and towns. A large edition is being printed and will be distributed by the Texas Industrial Congress, Dallas, Texas.

MUCH ADLER-I-KA USED IN WELLINGTON

It is reported by J. B. Currier that much Adler-i-ka is sold in Wellington. People have found out that ONE SPOONFUL of this simple buckthorn bark and glycerine mixture relieves almost ANY CASE of constipation, sour or gassy stomach. It is so powerful that it is used successfully in appendicitis. ONE MINUTE after you take it the gasses rumble and pass out. It is perfectly safe to use and cannot gripe.

Tankage \$2.50 at J. L. Brooks.
New alfalfa hay at J. C. Skaggs.

Red picket fence 3 to 6 feet high at C. D. Shamburger.

Hides wanted, both green and dry, at the Goforth Produce Co.

We want your grain and will pay you highest market price. Singley Bros.

All kinds of produce wanted at the Goforth Produce Co.

Red picket fence, 3 to 6 feet high at C. D. Shamburgers.

Best price paid for ear corn a, the J. C. Wooldridge Lumber Yard.

Mules for Sale

Some good 3 to 5 year old mules for sale for cash or bankable note. Also a good Jack. Reece Bowen Wellington, Texas. 20-8

To Trade.

Good organ for good horse or cow.—See W. L. Jones.

Notice to Public.

No hunting or fishing on any premises owned or controlled by the undersigned.

V. T. Glenn,
Bob Glenn.

We wish you

A Happy New Year

And also to express our appreciation for the very liberal patronage accorded us during the old year.



In making your plans for 1915, which we hope will indeed be a prosperous New Year for you, we trust that we will be favored with a large share of your business, promising the same fair treatment as in the past.

The Famous

NEWS and GOSSIP of WASHINGTON



Small Dog Bars Dignitaries From White House

WASHINGTON.—Miss Bones, the cousin of the president, had released her small, shaggy, little dog, with hair hanging in his eyes, but with a proud and important swagger, befitting his position. He was cavorting about the north door of the White House and slipped out into the open, when the guards of the executive mansion were otherwise engaged.

Thus it happened that two officials, walking arm in arm up the White House driveway, unmindful of anything except the heavy importance of the national business on hand, were suddenly surprised by something or other that flew into their path, and made it impossible for them to go any farther.

For the small dog barked and barked, and ran at them, and flew around them, and showed his teeth, which are small and sharp, and very white. The two men stood still, and looked at the dog, and each inquired of the other if he minded having his trousers torn or his ankles bitten, and the small dog had all but exhausted himself in his enthusiasm as the nation's safeguard, when a large policeman took him by the nape of the neck, and dropped him inside the White House door.

"That dog," observed one man to the other, as they went on their way to the executive offices, "that dog has the largest bark for the smallest dog, that I ever saw. We couldn't have been more effectually stopped if the president had let a mastiff out on us!"

"I never liked any kind of a dog," observed the other, "of any size whatever!"

How Uncle Sam Sets Drinking Water Standard

NOW that Uncle Sam, through the United States public health service, has set a standard of purity for all drinking water furnished on common carriers entering into interstate traffic, many inquiries have begun to pour into Surgeon General Rupert Blue's office about the manner and method used by the government's chemists and physicians in setting this new water standard.

Just how this standard is reached was described in nontechnical and understandable English by an officer of the public health service, as follows:

About fifteen drops of water are taken from the sample in the laboratory, and this small quantity of water is spread upon the surface of a thin film of agar, a sort of gelatin, poured into a flat glass dish, after the dish and all instruments used, including the agar, have been thoroughly sterilized to kill such germs as are ordinarily present. This dish of gelatin, or culture media, as it is termed, containing the water, is placed in an incubator and kept at a temperature of 98.6 degrees Fahrenheit for 24 hours.

After this period has elapsed, the plate is taken out and very small spots are noticed dotted over its surface. Each one of these spots represents a colony of germs which has developed; each colony from a separate germ contained in the original sample of water. The colonies are counted by means of a disk ruled into squares, which fits under the thin glass dish. If the number of colonies found in the amount of water planted on the agar (15 drops) exceeds one hundred, the water is to be rejected as unsatisfactory. Any count less than 100 colonies per plate is considered a safe limit of permissible bacteriological impurity.

There are other tests to which the water is subjected, using larger quantities and different materials as culture media.

American Mule Still Holds His Own in Our Army

THE American army mule need have no fear for his laurels because of the great part gasoline motors have played in transportation problems of European armies in the present war. Until American roads generally are brought up to the high standard of the roads of Germany, France, Belgium and other European countries, the army mule will determine, through his capacity for hauling, the limitation of operations for American military forces.

Only one branch of the United States army is giving serious attention to motor traction. In the quartermaster's department experiments are being made, particularly along the Texas border, with handling supplies in motor trucks. Motor trucks are in general use, of course, about army posts and wherever good roads are available; but when maneuvers take the columns into the field and the sandy or muddy country roads, where more wheel tracks across the country are the only highways, the six-mule team is still master of the transportation situation.

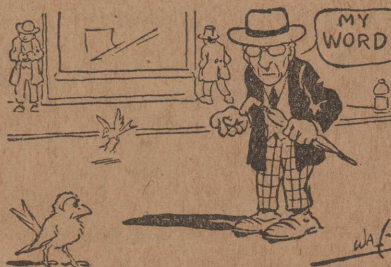
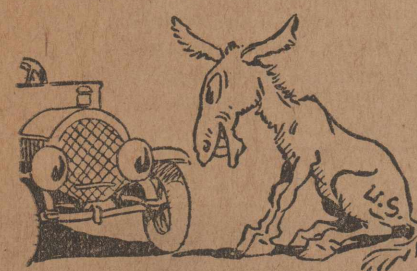
A few years ago it was determined to experiment with motor transportation as a means to increase the radius of field artillery. General Crozier, chief of the army ordnance bureau, designed a motor battery wagon, which was tried out in maneuvers. It proved a flat failure, for it was so heavy that it broke through bridges, sunk to the hubs in soft roads and generally hampered the battery to which it was attached. The experiment was abandoned and the ordnance bureau is now content to await the results of the experiments of the quartermaster's department in self-propelled army transportation units. Mules and horses are good enough for American artillerymen as yet.

Albino Sparrow Returns to the National Capital

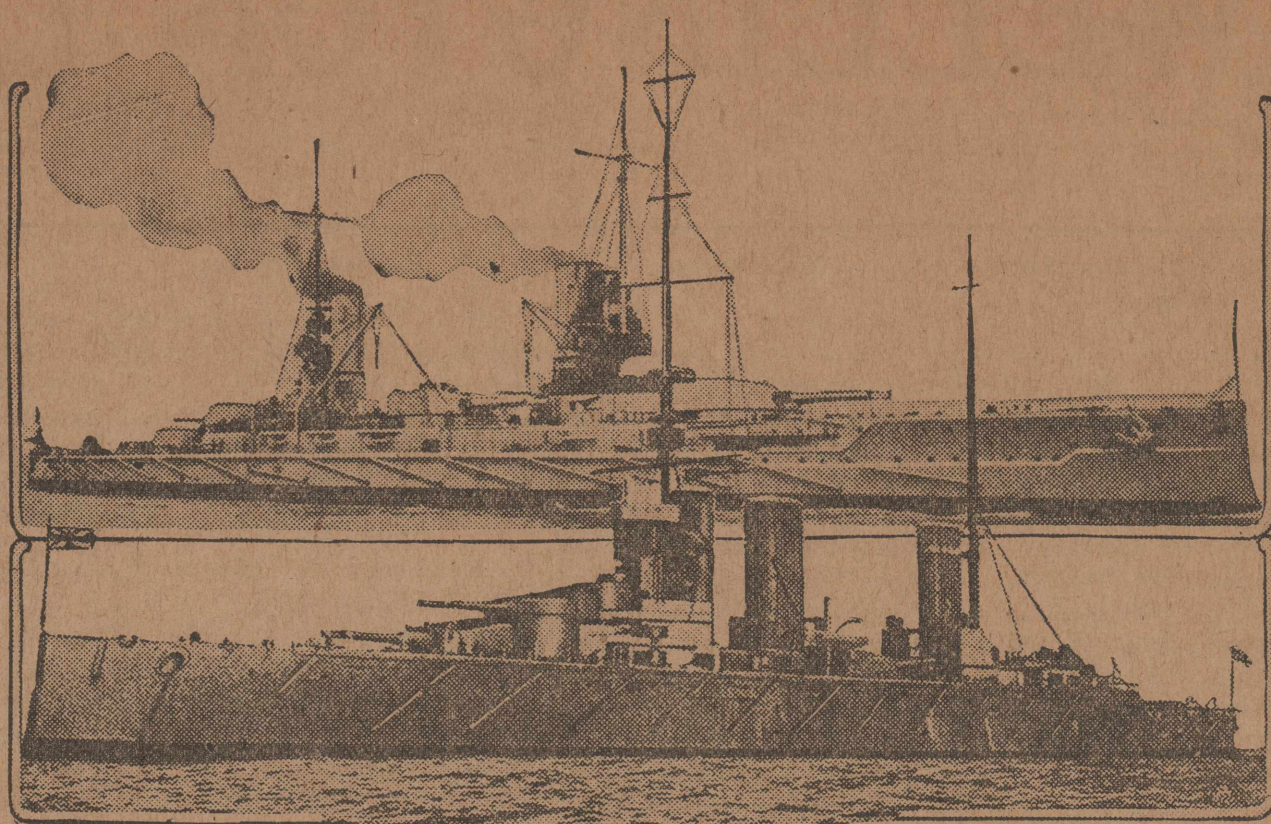
THE albino sparrow that has for a number of years made its home in some cranny in a building on the east side of Eleventh street between the Avenue and E street, has returned to its accustomed haunts, after an absence of several months. Many persons who had become familiar with this "off color" and oddly marked member of the sparrow tribe by reason of seeing him flitting about in the street or flying up to the nest he had successfully hidden for years, had begun to think the little albino had passed to the happy hunting grounds, or had changed its abiding place. The return of the bird to its usual haunts a few days ago, however, indicates that it was merely away on a vacation.

Many persons, seeing the albino sparrow, have believed it was a stray canary, or at least a cross between a regular sparrow and a canary. Such, however, is not the case. The bird is a real albino, although it has some dark feathers in its wings and tail. The body plumage and most of the wing and tail feathers are white—that is, as white as the feathers of a bird that lives the life of an English sparrow can be.

Those who have noticed the albino sparrow year after year as it bustled itself hustling for a living about the block on Eleventh street declare the bird must be at least twelve years old. Whether this is true or not, it would be difficult to determine. At any rate, the bird has haunted that particular block for at least seven years.



WHAT IF THESE GREAT WARSHIPS MEET?



Above is the very latest of the kaiser's dreadnaughts, the Friedrich der Grosse, of 24,700 tons, 1,073 officers and men, ten 12-inch guns, 14 5.9-inch guns, 14 3.4-inch guns and five torpedo tubes. Below is the Princess Royal, one of Great Britain's newest dreadnaughts, of 26,350 tons. She carries 980 officers and men and is equipped with eight 13.5-inch guns, 16 four-inch guns, five mortars and two torpedo tubes.

FIERCE MIDNIGHT BATTLE WITH SOLDIERS OF RUSSIA IN POLAND

Prussian Battalion, Advancing to Occupy Farm Houses, Finds Czar's Men Hidden Beneath Straw in a Stable—Horses of Battery of Artillery Stampede—Lone Gunner Gets Into Action and Drives Russians Back Into Forest.

By CAPT. F. E. KLEINSCHMIDT.

Berlin.—It is midnight. The reserve battalion of the Forty-ninth Prussian infantry regiment swings from the broad macadamized highway into a muddy country road. Out of the darkness looms a large farmhouse surrounded by stables and a large barn; it is their destination for the night. Behind the reserve battalion follows a battery. Stealthily, without sound, they have all arrived, for the Russians are not far away, very likely yonder, where the dark line shows the beginning of a forest.

The leader raps on the window. "Open, please. Quarters for tonight." The door is opened and a room is made ready for the officers. The men must find a place to sleep in the barn, which is full of hay and straw, but before turning in, some want the warmth of the fire and a cup of coffee. They open the kitchen and an elderly man from the reserve, a "Landwehrman," formerly a rural letter carrier, makes a fire and begins to grind coffee.

"Are there any Russians around here?" someone asks the farmer. "No, they were here yesterday. All are away now."

The officers are looking around in the rooms not used by their host and family, and then stretch their weary legs on the wooden benches in the large living room. In the barn on the threshing floor filled with straw, the men are making themselves comfortable. Like a "will-o'-the-wisp" flashes here and there a pocket lamp or a cigar lighter, careful that not a glimmer of light may be seen towards the forest. Strict orders for the greatest secrecy have been given.

One of the men has a creepy feeling, imagining that something is not quite right, and voices his feelings, but he is mocked by his comrades, who are too tired to bother about spooks. Another, climbing the straw-pile, suddenly feels something moving under his foot.

Hidden in the Straw.

"There is somebody here. Make a light! Here! Here!"

Out of the straw a gray cap, a second, a third. Bearded faces pop up everywhere. The whole threshing floor of straw is alive in a moment. A petty officer jumps out of the barn-door, seizes his gun, and now levels it at the dark forms.

"Hands up, I say! Don't you move!" One gets a rap with the butt. He fires, and a second one rolls insensibly down the straw-pile.

"Hands up, I say."

Everywhere gray forms are stretching hands toward heaven. At the same time, outside the barn commences a furious firing. The men jump to their rifles and out of the yard. Orders are being shouted, but how to obey—where to go, in this pitch darkness, and out of this hell-hole—is the question. You can't see your next man, let alone the enemy. The Russians—there, yonder, on the edge of the forest!

Yes, yonder flash a hundred lights. They rattle and crack like whips, and bullets patter on the walls or splash on the ground. In the kitchen stands the grizzled old veteran, busy with his coffee-pot. "Oh bosh, it won't amount to anything," he growls to himself. A window-pane shatters and the man falls headlong to the floor. Here a cry, there a groan, but now the rifles begin to bark on the Prussian side also. The men have jumped behind the stone wall, behind trees and stone fences, and are firing as best they can into the darkness in the face of splitting on the edge of the forest.

est. Who can aim in this pitch darkness?

Behind the barn, the battery is just unlimbering. The horses rear and stampede. The riders are hanging to the bits and some manage to swing themselves into the saddle. It is useless. The stampede cannot be prevented, and away thunders the battery into the ink-black night. All go but one, with an empty limber. A gunner has loosened his caisson, opened the box, and torn out the wicker baskets holding the shells.

"Hell Hounds" Roar.

Now he turns the muzzle of the gun towards the forest, loads, and the first shot booms above the din of the rifle-fire into the night. The gunner has commanded two infantrymen to reach him the ammunition. Solid shot, shrapnel, anything, it makes no difference. Who can judge the distance? Who can get a time fuse? Into the barrel with it and toward the forest where the enemy's fire is blazing the strongest. The cannon roars above the rattle and cracking and snapping of rifle and machine gun. Whether he hits a few or many—never mind, the Russians have a terrible respect for one of the German "hell-hounds"—too often and most painfully have they bitten them.

At last the evening's fire slackens, and finally dies out altogether. The Russians have gone back in the forest. In the barn on the threshing floor stand a crowd of prisoners. A lieutenant and a reserve officer—in one hand a pocket lamp, in the other a revolver, marshal the prisoners in order. The petty officer still jabs a Russian in the ribs with the butt of his gun if he does not obey quickly or is slow in raising his hands. Not one of them has dared to make a break or get his arms. Now they are counted, and sentries are placed over them in the yard—125 men.

Next is to look for the wounded and then once more to the hay to snatch what little sleep there is to be had before the gray dawn of the morning, for the morning is not far off and with it comes another battle. Soon weariness and youth overpower the most excited nerves. One after another sleeps.

"What was that?" a private has wakened. "A groan. A wounded man? It can't be, they have been taken into the house! There it is again! It sounds as if it comes from the underworld or a cellar."

Another Batch in the Straw.

"What's the matter?" a comrade asks. "Man, are you crazy? Shut up—do you hear me. Be quiet. Have you a nightmare?"

"It's you that's dreaming."

Again the groaning, now in two or three places.

"Officer," cries the soldier, "there is something under the straw that's moving and groaning."

"Light a light! Himmelkreuz! Millionen shall we never get a rest!" One of the men is tunneling into the straw and draws out a Russian boot. On to it hangs a Russian who raises imploring hands and gasps for air. The perspiration is running down his face and he is almost choked to death.

"So there you are, you fool! Serves you right! Why didn't you come out with the first batch?"

"Out of this, you dogs, else we'll look for you with the bayonet." Again the straw is alive with gray uniforms, a second batch is herded with the first in the yard—over two hundred altogether.

It's hardly worth while to go to sleep now. A few throw themselves down. Others repair to the kitchen to make coffee.

Strange, there were no officers. And the host? The two rooms next to the kitchen with the windows tell the tale.

A cup of coffee, a piece of black bread, and then out into the young dawn and a new battle. Eleven dead and twenty wounded the battalion leaves behind, but the enemy lost a good many more besides the prisoners. The artillery, too, has found its way back. Eleven iron crosses were the reward for those who kept their wits about them that night.

VAN DYKES IN DUTCH DRESS



Daughters of Doctor Van Dyke, American minister to Holland, dressed in Dutch clothes and wearing wooden shoes. The picture was taken at the Van Dyke home in Holland. Miss Katrina is shown on the left and Miss Paula on the right.

GENIUS IS UPSET BY KISS

Wife, Seeking Annulment of Marriage, Says in Court It Changed Noted Botanist.

New York.—A kiss, the first that he had given his bride-to-be, so affected Solotaroff, botanist of international reputation, who was commissioned by the United States government to study the great parks of Europe, that he became eccentric to such a degree that his wife, Eugenie, said she could not live with him.

The story of the kiss and what it led to was told to Supreme Court Justice Blanchard by a pretty young woman, to annul the marriage. Mrs. Solotaroff traced her husband's trouble to the kiss that he gave her just before he asked her to marry him.

"He took me home that night," said Mrs. Solotaroff. "As he was leaving me he kissed me good-night. We had been going together for eight years, and I had never allowed him to kiss me before that," she continued bashfully. "I really did not like the idea, and the next day he wrote me that he was so upset by the kiss that he could not do his work. He became eccentric after that, but my friends said that it was due to genius and to the fact that he was in love."

GO 41,600 MILES TO CHURCH

New Jersey Couple Have Attended Religious Services for Fifty Years.

Branchville, N. J.—Surrounded by seven of the guests who attended their wedding half a century ago and by 53 relatives and friends, Mr. and Mrs. Israel J. McDonalds of Newton avenue celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage. McDonalds is seventy-three years old and his wife sixty-eight. They figure they have walked not less than 41,600 miles to and from their church twice in the week and twice on Sunday.

Funeral Party in Single Van. San Francisco.—A San Francisco undertaker has built a funeral automobile that carries 37 persons, in addition to a coffin and ample space for flowers.

It is impossible to be strong and robust if handicapped by a weak stomach or lazy liver; but you can help Nature conquer them with the assistance of

HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS

Wasted Dress.

Clarence—Did you wear that the deuced dyes they use to color clothing will no longer be obtainable because of the horrid war?

Reggie—Dear, dear! What's a fellow to do? Dwell in black?

Clarence—If we are to dwell in black I shall feel almost sorry motha didn't insist upon making me a clergyman, don't you know?—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

GRANDMA USED SAGE TEA TO DARKEN HER GRAY HAIR

She Made Up a Mixture of Sage Tea and Sulphur to Bring Back Color, Gloss, Thickness.

Almost everyone knows that Sage Tea and Sulphur, properly compounded, brings back the natural color and lustre to the hair when faded, streaked or gray; also ends dandruff, itching scalp and stops falling hair. Years ago the only way to get this mixture was to make it at home, which is messy and troublesome. Nowadays, by asking at any store for "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Hair Remedy," you will get a large bottle of the famous old recipe for about 50 cents.

Don't stay gray! Try it! No one can possibly tell that you darkened your hair, as it does it so naturally and evenly. You dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time, by morning the gray hair disappears, and after another application or two, your hair becomes beautifully dark, thick and glossy.—Adv.

NEW IN NATURAL HISTORY

Donald's Sharp Eyes Had Noticed Animal That None of the Class Recognized.

The class of little people were telling stories in geography recitation. Each one was allowed to describe an animal and the others were to guess the name. Donald anxiously awaited his turn. When it came he began with enthusiasm: "Why, it's a great, big, clumsy animal with a thick hide and a tail like a rope. It has little eyes close together, big, floppy ears, a long trunk—"

Here he was interrupted by many eager to guess.

"An elephant," shouted the first boy permitted to speak.

"No," said Donald, stolidly.

The class searched their brains for other guesses and even the teacher was puzzled. Finally all "gave up," and Donald was asked the name.

"Why, I see pictures of it every day in the paper and so do you. It's a Gop."

SYRUP OF FIGS FOR A CHILD'S BOWELS

It is cruel to force nauseating, harsh physic into a sick child.

Look back at your childhood days. Remember the "dose" mother insisted on—castor oil, calomel, cathartics. How you hated them, how you fought against taking them.

With our children it's different. Mothers who cling to the old form of physic simply don't realize what they do. The children's revolt is well-founded. Their tender little "insides" are injured by them.

If your child's stomach, liver and bowels need cleansing, give only delicious "California Syrup of Figs." Its action is positive, but gentle. Millions of mothers keep this harmless "fruit laxative" handy; they know children love to take it; that it never fails to clean the liver and bowels and sweeten the stomach, and that a teaspoonful given today saves a sick child tomorrow.

Ask at the store for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has full directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups plainly on each bottle. Adv.

The Rank.

"They took that junior officer off the ship to command the torpedo boat."

"I guess that was because he was a sub marine."