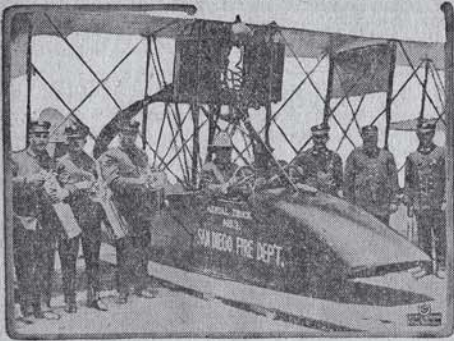




AERIAL FIRE DEPARTMENT IS LATEST



San Diego, Cal., is laying claims to being one of the most progressive communities on the map. San Diego has everything any other city in the country has, and in addition has the first and only aerial municipal fire brigade in the United States, and, it is believed, in the whole world. The picture shows the aerial fire patrol, with the chief and his aviator.

PRESIDENT WILSON SETTLES SHIP ROW

President Takes Hand in Dispute Between Demman and Goethals.

VESSELS NOW BEING BUILT

Both Wooden and Steel Ships Will Be Constructed for Merchant Marine to Carry Food and Supplies Across the Water.

By EDWARD B. CLARK.

Washington.—President Wilson has taken a hand in the controversy which has raged hotly for some time over the question as to whether steel ships or wooden ships should be built to carry a merchant marine which can give food and supplies quickly across the water. Both steel ships and wooden ships will be constructed.

NOW ALBANIAN PRINCESS



The marriage of Mrs. Helen Kelly Gould Thomas to an Albanian prince has just been confirmed by relatives in this country. Princess Viktoria's father was Edward Kelly, and her grandfather Eugene Kelly, a prominent financier of his generation.

It was certain he would not attempt to decide the most question or to issue any order or to suggest that any one man "stand from modesty" until he knew definitely by word of mouth what General Goethals had to say, as he already had learned after the same manner what William Denman had to say.

Washington, generally speaking, has been inclined to take sides in this shipbuilding controversy in accordance with its personal sympathies with the one man or the other man who are the chief parties thereto. The trouble in arriving at a decision concerning the merits of the case has been that few of the officials and few of the prominent nonofficials know very much about the factors in the problem. No one has been able to find out definitely, apparently, just exactly how long it is going to take to build the ships, and how much more quickly the wooden ships can be made ready for service.

It is urged also that it makes little difference, considering the critical conditions of commerce, whether the steel ship will last longer than a wooden ship or not, because the main point is to get something that will carry cargoes during the continuance of the war and to get something ready in short order. It is held by the wooden ship men that it is better for the government to lose a little money eventually on its ships than to lose the war.

SOMETHING IN THIS NAME

When Mr. Daniels made his contract with the steel makers, a low price was fixed, but it was understood that it was for the occasion only and was not to stand as a precedent. Unquestionably Mr. Denman scored a point when he contracted the \$26 price with the \$35 price. A full understanding of the matter, General Goethals' friends say, will prove that he was yielding nothing to the steel makers, and that despite his mention of the high price he knew that the government would be safeguarded against anything that looked like extortion.

GREAT ACTIVITY ON RIVER CLYDE

Twenty-Two Miles of Factories Turn Out Hundreds of Standardized Ships.

CHIEF Foe OF SUBMARINE

Visit to the Great Plants Explains Lloyd-George's Confidence That the German Sea Menace Will Be Beaten.

Glasgow.—A day on the River Clyde helps explain Lloyd-George's confidence that the submarine menace will be beaten. A spare-drum room from thousands of steam rivers and a battlemented structure of revolving hydraulic hammers; winding miles of wooden and steel scaffolding with workmen swarming over them like flies; towering cranes that look capable of lifting a counter, couching and setting it down in the next county; these are some of the reasons.

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Unless the destructiveness of the German submarines is greatly increased, the extension of British shipping will practically take care of the situation by autumn, said Fred Lobnitz, munitions director for Scotland. "This does not take into account the huge preparations under way in America.

The fact that they are compelled to rely on women and girls for an immense proportion of their labor has ceased to be considered a handicap, the shipbuilders say. Aside from such work as call for sheer muscle, they declared, the women are completely qualified as proved by the fact that they are averting a larger output per person than men in the same work averaged before the war.

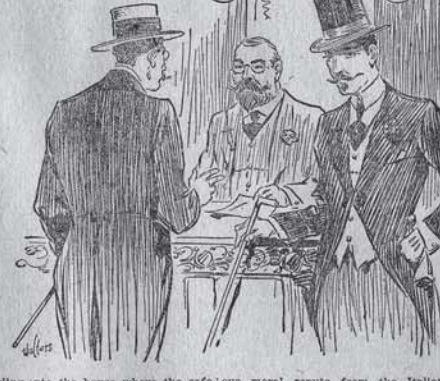
GETS REGISTRATION DAY PAY

Only Clerk in United States to Claim Compensation for Work Loss His Job.

Abnay, N. Y.—Lack of patriotism, or rather an attempt to capitalize it, has provoked an expensive and humiliating proposition for an update city clerk. The city clerk involved was fee only one in the state who claimed the federal compensation of \$750 for his day's work in connection with the federal registration on June 5.

The Italian Secret Police

They discover a nest of German spies and use patriotism of two criminals to get vital evidence by theft: Story of the nobleman who stole a million dollars and more



TWO striking romances have lately been disclosed by the Italian police, one the Monte Cristo tale of a bogus count who swindled banks out of a million and a quarter of dollars and spent the money as it were wastefully, the other a different story of the operations of the Italian secret police in detecting and breaking up a vast espionage conspiracy operated from neutral soil.

The tale of the robbery of the Austrian embassy at Zurich has all the makings of a novel of adventure. The Italian authorities had information, even before Italy's entrance into the war, that from some neutral quarter a great conspiracy of espionage was being equipped in Italy. It became more and more apparent that this conspiracy had its agents in very high places, where they enjoyed access to the most confidential information.

A strong suspicion was directed against Mr. Gerlach, the German private chamberlain, who had been allowed to remain in Italy despite his nationality, because of his relations with the Vatican. Month after month of investigation finally led to the conviction that the Austrian consulate at Zurich was the clearing house and headquarters of the whole Austrian espionage in Italy. Secret agents of the Italian secret police investigated the consulate at Zurich and its agents in Italy until they were satisfied of the correctness of their suspicions regarding Zurich as the impulsion of Mr. Gerlach.

Expert Burglars Employed. The story goes that when long-continued observation had established beyond reasonable question the character of the operations that were being conducted here, a strong pro-German sentiment in Switzerland, and the Austro-Germans would have all the advantage if Switzerland should be drawn into the war and its territory thus become the movement of their forces against Italy.

There is still an mystery about the bogus Neopolitan nobleman who carried on an astounding series of swindles, was very different. Count Cortese was arrested nominally for stealing a bank out of \$500,000. As a matter of fact, it is very well understood that his operations amounted to vastly more and his booty is estimated at \$1,200,000.

There is still an mystery about the count was many people being convinced that the count was in fact an espionage officer of the enemy countries, and the funds advanced to him under the guise of frauds were somehow or other put back by other Vienna or Berlin. The Italian government has refused to accept this view, and all comment on the case has been required studiously to avoid even the suggestion that espionage was involved.

One of his first ventures was the creation of a trust including practically all the Italian dramatic interests. He paid unreasonable prices for contracts, and the companies had control of many theaters, and not only subsidized the companies but doubled the salaries of actors, supplied actresses with expensive clothing and jewelry, leased theaters for long runs, bought newspapers, founded a new publication house, and carried out a drastic review suited to his own special performances, negotiated the purchase of Italian rights on foreign plays with the object of monopolizing their production in Italy and encouraged playwrights to compose Italian plays and operas for him.

By way of ingratiating himself with the moral sentiment of the community, he was particularly strong for the moral reformation of the stage. He devoted much attention to projects of this sort, winning the support of influential Catholics by his projects for excluding actors and actresses of doubtful morals from the stage.

Organ Grinder's Pet, Attacked by Big Yellow Dog, Puts its Antagonist to Flight. An Italian organ grinder in a Western town had a monkey, and the monkey ran away and was shot along the street with a dog. For several seconds nothing could be seen but a cloud of dust, from which the monkey emerged and scrambled on a barber's pole.

When everything was ready, they put their plan into execution. They wore the most approved and effective masks, and were disguised in artificial manner. At any rate they actually succeeded in blowing the safe, and although some of the gas mains were opened and the room filled with gas, their masks and oxygen tanks saved them. They were able to get away with a large proportion of the most incriminating documents.

The whole performance was so engineered that the Italian authorities could not possibly have been held responsible for it. If there had been a sink-off, or if the expected revelations had not been forthcoming. When the thing was finally accomplished and the Italian authorities held the papers, which proved a wide-reaching conspiracy had been carried on from Swiss soil, it was of course Italy, not Switzerland, that had the grievance, and the necessity for secrecy was at an end.

Two Spurious Financiers. Accompanied by them, Cortese would go to a bank, commonly the most important and influential institution in the community where he was operating, would have himself introduced by them to the management of the bank, and would stand modestly by while directions were given to the bank officials that he should be provided with such sums of money as he required on condition that they were carefully speculated. Usually the money thus supplied was deposited in the bank from which it was being drawn.

When the police at last investigated the case, and called upon Cortese to explain where he got his money, he well-nigh convinced them that he really was an intimate friend of the two automobile magnates. It is said that he even conceived and at times carried out the plan of getting himself into association with the two genuine financiers in order that he might be seen publicly with them. They of course were quite ignorant of his purpose.

The Italian consularship has been in fact a conspiracy in the most literal sense of the word, and a large part of it was a disguise for a plan of getting himself into association with the two genuine financiers in order that he might be seen publicly with them. They of course were quite ignorant of his purpose.

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# WAR AND RAINFALL SCIENTIFIC STUDY

**MYSTERY CLINGS TO MUCH DISCUSSED SUBJECT**

**Nature Simply Becomes Dramatic When Volcano Blows Its Head Off, Says Writer.**

The value of the weather as a topic of conversation, of course, lies in its delightful uncertainty. Everybody has his little scraps of observation and opinion about it; and no one, as yet, can claim sufficient positive knowledge about it to crush out the possibilities of conjecture. Weather is a subject that has "baffled" the scientists and anything that has "baffled" scientists is likely to be a pleasant morsel for discussion by ordinary mortals.

Nevertheless, the baffled scientists have worked a good deal on the subject of the weather and one of them, Alexander McAdie, writes on that popular topic, "Has the War Affected the Weather?"

In coming to the conclusion that there is nothing to show that it has, he incidentally says a number of interesting things that fill one with awe and respect for scientific thoroughness without dispelling the pleasing vagueness of the subject. Consider the "little drops of water," for instance, which not only make the mighty ocean, but also the basic element of a mighty volume of conversation.

Scientists certainly do go into minute detail in discussing a subject like this. Water drops, for instance, are partly made up of hydrogen, a gram of which, this writer says, contains "six million million million atoms." And electrons are much smaller than the atoms. Just as things are getting too small, really, to grasp, it is comforting to learn that nuclei or centers of condensation in a drop of water are larger than electrons. The nuclei are "certain foreign bodies," and Mr. McAdie says that if ever man succeeds in making rain artificially it will be by increasing the number of nuclei.

He quotes John Aitken of Edinburgh, the man who has most studied the behavior of nuclei, as saying that the number of nuclei in a puff of smoke from a lighted cigarette is 4,000,000,000,000 to the cubic centimeter. These figures tinge cigarette smoking with unwanted majesty. No doubt there are plenty of cigarette smokers who would be ready to volunteer to serve the public as rainmakers. However, when the writer suggests on how much larger scale a factory chimney furnishes material toward the building of raindrops, the cigarette figures lose some of their majesty.

"Sometimes nature conducts a rain-making experiment in a very dramatic fashion," he also says, "as when a volcano blows its head off." But jumping to the conclusion that men's big actions can do the same thing is discouraged by the writer. The efforts of a volcano and a gun differ greatly. "For example," he says, "during one of the recent eruptions of Asama Yama, pressure disturbances were recorded on all the paragraphs in Japan; but the daily noon gun fired close to the observatory in Tokio never affects the instrument." It would be rash to say that rain-making on a commercial scale is beyond human control, but certainly there is still lacking conclusive evidence that any man's efforts have produced it, the writer says. To the poster, "if the war is not the cause of the abnormal weather, what is it?" the weather man confesses. "We do not know." He also admits that after a large experience in forecasting for the Government it has sometimes seemed to him "that it was the valor of the forecaster rather than the value of the forecast which deserved commendation."

The time is coming, he predicts, when information will be extended to all atmospheric levels available, and not limited to one—that near the ground—as at present. The newer meteorology, he says, will undoubtedly throw light on cloudiness and rain formation. Possibly, and the outcome may have a sordid practical value, but what is that to become of the charm of vagueness in the weather as an ever-ready topic of conversation?

## HAS MUSHROOM FARM DOWN IN COAL MINE

**Expert Gets Large Supply From His Underground Garden.**

The queerest place selected for a mushroom garden, the farmer, in a poem, is the growth of this popular table delicacy. Anyway, a Morgan town, W. Va., correspondent tells of a mushroom farm flourishing in the depths of a deserted coal mine hundreds of feet below the ground.

Not far from Morgantown there is located an old coal mine, once known as a part of the Pittsburgh coal seam. Theodore F. Imbach, an assistant in the State Agricultural Experiment Station at Morgantown, obtaining a permit from the owners of the property, encamped on the first level and made chemical analysis of the rocky soil.

He found it rich in moisture and its constituents exactly those needed by edible fungi for their quickest and most luxuriant growth. He therefore started a mushroom farm and found the spot was ideal for his purpose. This "mushroom mine" makes large shipments weekly to the city markets

## Empty Perambulator

The utter desolation of it all! Emily Brentford sat before an untidy hearth staring at the ashes as they fell from the grate.

"Why couldn't I be let keep him?" she moaned; "he was just everything to me."

There was the pity of it. Her child, the only one, had absorbed all the love of her heart. It was pitiful and human; the child that should have been the link between them kept them further apart each day. And death had refused to spare it.

The day had been hard in the mill. Jim Brentford looked at his unlighted house, and his heart sank within him.

Jim fitted his key into the latch. "Lass, are you there?" he called out. "Eh, but I'm tired!"

There was no answer, and he stumbled along the unlighted passage. Jim had caught the habit lately of calling in at the Red Lion on his way home, and his steps were not steady.

He knocked against a child's perambulator and with something like an oath he sent it spinning toward the kitchen door. Emily, with her hair disheveled and her eyes red with weeping, faced him, already ashamed of his impatience.

"It's a clumsy brute," he said. "Here, let me put this back." She snatched the handle out of his hand and wheeled it to its accustomed place.

"Don't touch it," she said to him. "It doesn't mean anything to you." They looked at each other—the man's eyes were sad. Love had been with them such a little time ago.

There was just a moment of silence, and then the little house was shaken by the banging of the front door. Jim Brentford had gone searching for forgetfulness at the Red Lion.

Six months had passed away, and in the Brentford household things had gone from bad to worse.

It was July. On the moor above Bartheley the hyacinths carpeted the turf-sweet blue flowers of hope. Emily had not found her way to the moor this year. She had gathered the hyacinths for little chubby hands to hold once; now her own arms were as empty as her heart. The woman next door came in sometimes to cheer her up and to get her help with her own sewing.

"You've heard about Alice," she said.

"No, I haven't," said Emily.

"What's got her?"

"The river got her," said Mrs. Lester tersely. "Her husband went off with a lass from t'other side o' the moor—and you know what a silly Alice was over him. Praise the Lord for a good husband, I says; one as brings you his wages regular. They found her down by the mill pond, and the inquest's tomorrow—and what's to become o' the kid the Lord knows."

She gathered her sewing into a bundle, and Emily stood watching her. A cotton reel had fallen to the floor, and she picked it up.

"Where did you say Alice's baby was?" she said.

"At her mother's. There's enough children in that house; they don't want 'im there, poor little mite." They were working late at the mill this week. Jim Brentford did not find his way home until nearly 6 o'clock. Someone was singing in the kitchen. There was a laugh and an inarticulate murmuring. Jim walked on tiptoe to the door.

He looked in wonderment at the transformation of his home. The kitchen was spotless. And Emily, with her hair brushed until it shone again, walked up and down the room crooning a baby song to a child in her arms.

She turned and saw him. There was a new light in her eyes.

"She's only lent me for the afternoon," she said; "but, Jim, don't I wish she could stay!" A man's lonely heart went out to meet her. Jim gathered his wife and the tiny crowing burden of humanity in his arms.

"Where did she come from?" he said. "And why shouldn't she stay, my lass? I'd welcome anything that would put contentment into your heart again."

His voice broke a little; they had gone through a bad time. Emily disengaged one hand and slipped it into his.

"Lad," she whispered, "I've been wrong; but it's over and done with. Jim, no one else wants her; she's been sent to comfort me; let's keep her here."

For all answer he brought the empty perambulator from its place behind the door, and Emily put the baby into it.

Jim's arm was slipped round his wife, her head rested on his shoulder, and though the teardrops stood in the eyes of both the shadow of happiness rested upon the little house once more.

Merely Homely. Short-fighted Officer—"It's all right, my man, you can take off your mask now; the gas has passed." Private—"Begin your pardon, sir, I ain't got no mask on!"



## Moderate winds are necessary in Nature's scheme.

**B**UT when whipped into hurricanes (an extreme state) they become destructive. Extremes of every kind are bad. An intemperate use of alcoholic beverages is injurious. On the other hand, it is well known that total abstinence practiced for generations, as in Turkey and India, dwarfs and narrows the mind, impoverishes the body, and causes the eventual decay and subjugation of nations.

**BUDWEISER** is a happy medium—it is a mild Barley-Malt and Saazer Hop brew—truly the drink of Moderation. Its use has always spelled Temperance, and it brings to mankind a kindly sense of good cheer, banishes old dull care, and its life-giving juices are beneficial to all. **BUDWEISER** sales exceed all other beers by millions of bottles.

Visitors to St. Louis are courteously invited to inspect our plant—covers 92 acres

ANHEUSER-BUSCH • ST. LOUIS, U.S.A.

Anheuser-Busch Branch  
Distributors Chicago, Ill.

# Budweiser

Means Moderation



## My Dining-Room

It looks like a new room ever since I covered the sides of the floor that were left bare by the rug, with

# NEPONSET Floor Covering

I put it in my kitchen first, and found it so pleasant, sanitary and easily kept clean, that I have bought it in appropriate designs for my pantry, bath-room, sewing-room, bed-rooms, halls, and now for my dining-room. Neponset Floor Covering freshens up a home and makes it so much more cheerful and inviting. Tough, thick, enduring, lies flat without tacking, and won't curl. Especially good for kitchens because falling grease won't soak in and spread. The product of the century-old manufacturing experience of one of New England's oldest firms.

Made by BRD & SON (Est. 1792) East Walpole, Massachusetts

## THE ECONOMY

Bradley, Illinois



SOAP IS STRONGLY ALKALINE and constant use will burn out the scalp. Cleanse the scalp by shampooing with "La Creole" Hair Dressing, and darken, in the natural way, those ugly, grizzly hairs. Price, \$1.00.-Adv.

KAZAN By James Oliver Curwood

JOAN LEARNS THAT THE LOVE OF KAZAN IS A VERY GREAT PRIZE INDEED, AND SHE SHOWS HER AFFECTION FOR THE DOG

CURRENT WIT and HUMOR

MRS. KIESO SICK SEVEN MONTHS Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Whenever You Need a General Tonic Take Groves'...

Whitewash. Mayor Hoesy sat at a dinner in Fort Wayne beside a pretty girl.

COVETED BY ALL but possessed by few—a beautiful head of hair. If you are streaked with gray...

Independence Day. "You always celebrate the Fourth of July with a picnic?"

A Strategic Move. "Why did they name the line of the German troops in France after Wagner instead?"

The Hearing. By far the biggest part of the hearing is done with our ears.

An enterprising real estate dealer, in addition to the view of the healthfulness of a community, might advertise the hearing.

How it Started. "Who is now married, though he knew 'twas his?"

"Perhaps he does. I may have met him somewhere, but I don't recall his name."

"That's queer. Men don't usually speak to other men unless they know them. Perhaps his someone you're ashamed to let me know you know?"

"Oh, there's no use losing your temper. I'm just a poor fool of a woman, not supposed to know anything or have any sense at all."

"That isn't very likely. The few ministers you've ever met you could remember easily enough. It's more likely he's a gambler or a barkeeper."

"Great Scott, woman!" "Oh, there's no use losing your temper. I'm just a poor fool of a woman, not supposed to know anything or have any sense at all."

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CHAPTER IX—Continued.

Kazan stopped in the trail. He came back then and sat down upon his haunches beside her, waiting for her to move and speak.

Half a mile away, at the summit of a huge mass of rocks which the Indians called the Sun rock, he and Gray Wolf had found a home; and from here they went down to their hunts on the plain, and often the girl's voice reached up to them, calling, "Kazan! Kazan!"

CHAPTER X. The Great Change. The rocks, the ridges and the valleys were taking on a warmer glow.

Kazan had sheltered himself against that wind. Not a breath of air stirred in the sunny spot the wolf-dog had chosen for himself.

Joan's homcoming the lure of the cabin and of the woman's hand held Kazan. As he had tolerated Pierre, so now he tolerated the younger man who lived with Joan and the baby.

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PROGRESSIVE STATESMANSHIP.



"Why don't you get rid of that hen? You say she never lays."

In Rural Districts. The polished man, all self-possessed. Is frequently a welcome guest.

Worthy Object. "You say Githery's rich wife keeps him plentifully supplied with pocket change?"

At a Standstill. Swift—He boasts he doesn't advertise, but he's still doing business at his old stand.

Not Wanted. Tessie—Miss Candid always tells the truth.

Answered. "What kind are the new people next door?"

In the Drawing-room. "She admits she doesn't give her husband more than a third of her love."

Acquiring Knowledge. "Pa, I wish you'd let me something I can't quite understand."

THE LIMIT. "How do you get soft water from a hard rain?"



The Unconsidered. Some are protected more or less by ornamental uselessness.

Real Emotion. "There is too much sham in this world."

Advice. Miss Typrite—Mr. Bonds, I don't like smoking.

Stocks Bonds—Then don't smoke.

DAISY FLY KILLER placed anywhere. Kills flies, mosquitos, etc.

Two Spendthrifts. Mary—I spend as much as you do. Alice—Perhaps, but I have less to show for the money.—Life.

THIS IS THE AGE OF YOUTH. You will look ten years younger if you darken your ugly, grizzly, gray hairs by using "La Creole" Hair Dressing.—Adv.

Run to Earth. Sherlock Holmes—Quick, Watson, quick! There's the missing million-aire!

CUTICURA COMPLEXIONS Are Usually Remarkably Soft and Clear.—Trial Free.

Assuming a Virtue. "Everybody is economizing now," said Meandering Mike.

Advice. "It's always safest and best."

Market Day. "Hubby!" "Yes, yes, yes!"

Joke on Mother. Returning home one afternoon, little Richard's mother found him apparently in great pain.

Members of the family were curious, of course.

Richard's earlier reticence was due to dread of the dentist's chair.—In-Annapolis News.

"If I was the grocer I'd sell nothing but Post Toasties"

Post Toasties advertisement with illustration of a child and a box of cereal.

Instant Postum advertisement with illustration of a Postum tin and text describing its benefits.





