

IMMIGRATION IS BIG PROBLEM OF MOMENT IN NEW AUSTRALIA

Question of Admitting Asiatic Immigrants to Various Parts of Australian Continent Awakens Great Interest.

MELBOURNE, Australia, April 10.—The subject of "White Australia" and the question of admitting Asiatic immigrants recently was discussed publicly by one of the state governors in the Commonwealth, with the immediate result that he was officially asked for an explanation, and he expressed his regret that he had said anything at all on that head.

The executive who spoke his mind was Sir Henry Galloway of South Australia, and it was the Prime Minister of the Commonwealth, Andrew Fisher, who called him to account.

Sir Henry was speaking at a luncheon at an agricultural fair in South Australia and he devoted part of his speech to the Northern Territory, the huge area in the upper part of Australia which is under federal control through the medium of an administrator. It is a much debated question how the Territory is to be settled for the development it needs. Sir Henry said among other things:

"Looking generally at the future of this vast continent, I am inclined to think that the hardest on the Federal Government lies to crack the development of the northern territory. How that territory is going to be developed by white labor alone, I, for one, am unable to conceive. By all means have a 'White Australia,' if under that principle you can develop the country. If otherwise, it would be a thousand pities to allow what is undoubtedly a splendid country to remain undeveloped purely on account of a 'White Australia' policy.

"Looking at the splendid services being rendered to the Empire by our fighting troops and by our Japanese allies, I am one of those who think that the feelings of Australians on the color question will undergo considerable change when the war is over."

TURKEY "UNSPEAKABLE"

NEW YORK, April 10.—Sanitary conditions in Eastern Turkey are "unspeakable" according to reports from cities where the American board of foreign missions has hospitals. Typhus and typhoid fever are raging. Physicians, missionaries, nurses and other Americans have caught the infection. Sick soldiers are dying in the streets.

DREADED TYPHUS IS GAINING IN SERBIA

Red Cross Is Doing Valiant Service But the Conditions Are Terrible.

BELGRADE, April 10.—All reports indicate that the dreaded typhus is gaining ground throughout Serbia. Over a hundred doctors have died from it, as well as 80,000 of the population, mostly women. It was only a few months ago that the disease was brought into the country, probably in December, by the Austrian prisoners who remain in their clothing. There were over 40,000 wounded Austrian prisoners after the battle of Vajevsko and Belgrade. These men were taken into the same hospitals with the Serbian troops and cared for by the same doctors and nurses. Working in these hospitals were the women of the country, from wives of cabinet ministers, of foreign diplomatic representatives, down to the peasant women who were employed to do the cleaning, all of whom went to the hospital from their homes in the morning and returned to them in the evening, and notwithstanding every effort for disinfection, before leaving the hospital premises, the disease has been carried in this way from the hospitals to the homes.

Owing to the lack of sufficient clothing especially of uniforms, soldiers who have been dismissed from the hospitals and allowed to return to their homes, have been given the same clothing they wore when they came into the hospital. This in many cases was doubtless already infected with the body parasite which carries the typhus and which is able to remain dormant for weeks. It comes to life as soon as it comes in contact with the heat of the body. In this way the disease has been propagated to distant villages, so that thousands are dying on outlying farms, to which no efficient aid can be sent by the government, owing to the insufficiency of doctors, nurses, transportation facilities, and especially of tents and clothing for isolating the cases.

The need of the latter is urgent. The Red Cross Sanitary Commission has supplied the necessary scientific knowledge, the doctors and nurses are offering their services to go into the danger zone, even though it has been stated that the chances of death are sixty per cent greater than they are in the trenches, but unless the necessary tents and clothing are to be had immediately, the work of the commission must fail of any but nominal result.

It has been suggested by the Americans here that the U. S. Collier Jason should be sent upon such an errand of mercy. This sanitary work is of importance not only to the whole of the belligerents but to all of the neutral states as well. The sailors who are handling the shipping at Salonika, shipping which goes to the whole of the world, will be liable to infection and be the means of transmission of this disease as the summer comes on.

FREAK FASHIONS HIT BY WAR'S INFLUENCE

NARROW GOWNS AND LURID COLORS ARE BANISHED FOR MORE SOBER STYLES

PARIS, April 10.—Freak fashions as well as other eccentricities have been unable to withstand the serious spirit of war-time.

In the opinion of competent authorities fashionable women will never again be imprisoned in the narrow gowns of the past few years. It requires from six to ten yards of material to make the full, flowing puffed reactionary skirt that is coming into vogue. The colors are very serious black, dark blue and dark gray, but frequently set off by original fantasies in colors, lapels, vests, stripes and belts in lively colors, like a ray of hope among the sombre thoughts that beset us," said a Rue de la Paix dressmaker.

The shortness as well as the fullness of the new skirt affords added physical relief and at the same time lends itself to the increased elegance in styles of footwear. It is predicted that it will also deal a hard blow to the handbag since the opportunities for pockets are immense. A mysterious law of fashion seems to require a wide hat with a narrow skirt and a narrow hat with a full skirt, in consequence the broad brims are going out and toques, bicorne and the popular military "bonnets de police" (tazigue caps) are the rule.

"The great trouble with all this," says an important tradesman of the Rue de la Paix, "is that one hat and one gown now do the service of from six to ten." Instead of ordering reception gowns, evening gowns, dinner gowns and gowns for all sorts of special social functions, the Parisienne orders on simple costume. The industry, however, is recovering from the stagnation of the summer and fall seasons. The foreign trade is very good and has made up largely for the loss of private trade. Italy and America particularly having bought freely for spring.

SCRATCH PADS.

A FOOL AND HIS MONEY

By GEORGE BARR M'UTCHEON, Author of "Graustark," "Truxton King," Etc.

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He held on to view a headless mid-iron and brassie and triumphantly waved a splendid check. My favorite club! I could play better from a hanging file with that beautiful brassie than with any club I ever owned, and, as for the iron, I was steady with it.

He lit a cigarette and threw the match into a pile of stavings. Old Conrad returned to life at that instant and stamped out the incipient blaze.

"I shouldn't consider them very good clubs, Harold, if they break off like that," said his mother.

"What do you know about clubs?" he snapped, and I at once knew what class he was in at the preparatory school.

If I was ever like one of these, said I to myself, God rest the sage soul of my Uncle Elias!

The situation was no longer humorous. I could put up with anything but the mistaking of my devoted golf clubs.

Striding up to him, I snatched the remnants from his hands.

"You infernal cut!" I roared. "Haven't you any more sense than to smash a golf club like that? For two cents I'd break this putter over your head."

"Father," he yelled indignantly, "who is this mucker?"

Mr. Rocksworth bounced toward me, his cane raised. I whirled upon him.

"How dare you?" he shouted. The ladies squealed.

If he expected me to cringe he was mightily mistaken. My blood was up. I advanced.

"Fistic him, dad!" roared Harold. But Mr. Rocksworth suddenly altered his course and put the historic treaty table between him and me. He didn't like the appearance of my rather brassy fist.

"You big brute!" shouted Harold. Afterward it occurred to me that this inelegant appellation may have been meant for his father, but at the time I took it to be aimed at me.

Before Harold quite knew what was happening to him he was prancing down the long hall with my body fingers grasping his collar. Coming to the door opening into the outer-vestibule, I drew back my foot for a final ail to locomotion. Acutely recalling the fact that slippers are not designed for kicking purposes, I raised my foot, removed the slipper and laid it upon a neat section of his trousers with all of the melancholy force that I usually exert in sliding my drive off the tee. I shall never forget the exquisite spasm of pleasure his plaintive "Ouch!" gave me.

Then Harold passed swiftly out of my life.

Mr. Rocksworth, re-enforced by four reluctant mercenaries in the shape of porters, was advancing upon me. Somehow I had a vague but unerring instinct that some one had fainted, but I didn't stop to inquire. Without much ado I wrested the cane from him and sent it scuttling after Harold.

"Now get out!" I roared.

"You shall pay for this!" he snarled, quite black in the face. "Grab him, you infernal cowards!"

But the four porters stuck away, and Mr. Rocksworth fled me alone. Harold and Max, thoroughly fed and most prodigious, were bearing down upon us, accounting for the flight of the mercenaries.

"Get out!" I repeated. "I am the owner of this place. Mr. Rocksworth, and I am mad through and through."

INDIGESTION, GAS OR SICK, SOUR STOMACH

Time It!—"Pape's Dispepsin" makes your upset, bloated stomach feel fine in five minutes.

"Really does" put bad stomachs to order—really does overcome indigestion, dyspepsia, gas, heartburn and sourness in five minutes—that's just what makes Pape's Dispepsin the largest selling stomach regulator in the world. If what you eat ferments into stubborn lumps, you belch gas and eructate sour, undigested food and acid; head is dizzy, and aches; breath foul; tongue coated; your insides filled with bile and indigestible waste, remember the moment "Pape's Dispepsin" comes in contact with the stomach all such distress vanishes. It's truly astonishing—almost marvelous, and the joy in its harmlessness.

A large fifty-cent case of Pape's Dispepsin will give you a hundred dollars' worth of satisfaction or your druggists hands you your money back.

It's worth its weight in gold to men and women who can't get their stomachs regulated. It belongs in your home—should always be kept handy in case of a sick, sour, upset stomach during the day or at night. It's the quickest, surest and most harmless stomach doctor in the world.

WAS MISERABLE COULDN'T STAND

Testifies She Was Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Lackawanna, N. Y.—"After my first child was born I felt very miserable and could not stand on my feet. My sister-in-law wished me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and my nerves became firm, appetite good, step elastic, and I lost that weak, tired feeling. That was six years ago and I have had three fine healthy children since. For female troubles I always take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and it works like a charm. I do all my own work."—Mrs. A. F. KRAMER 1574 Electric Avenue, Lackawanna, N. Y.

The success of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, is unparalleled. It may be used with perfect confidence by women who suffer from displacements, inflammation, ulceration, tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness, or nervous prostration. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the standard remedy for female ills.

Women who suffer from those distressing ills peculiar to their sex should be convinced of the ability of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to restore their health by the many genuine and truthful testimonials we are constantly publishing in the newspapers.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

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"How dare you?" he shouted.

"Skip!" They skipped.

CHAPTER IV. I Converse With a Mystery.

LATE in the afternoon I opened my door, hoping that the banging of hammers and the buzz of industry would have ceased, but alas, the noise was even more deafening than before. Expecting Britton in the gloomy corridor, I shouted to him, and he came at once.

"Britton," said I as he closed the door, "do you think they will carry out their threat to have the law on me? Mr. Rocksworth was very angry—and put out. He is a power, as you know."

"I think you are quite safe, sir," said he. "Shortly before 2, sir, one of the porters from the hotel came over to recover a gold purse Mrs. Rley Wertheimer had dropped in the excitement, and he informed Mr. Popen-dyke that the whole party was leaving at 4 for Dresden."

"I will not take up the time or the space to relate my experiences on this first fruitless visit to the east wing of my abiding place. Suffice to say, we got as far as the top of the stairs in the vast middle corridor after stumbling through a series of dim, damp rooms, and then found our way effectually blocked by a stout door which was not only locked and bolted, but bore a most startling admonition to would-be trespassers.

Pinned to one of the panels there was a dainty bit of white note paper, with these satiric words written across its surface in a bold feminine hand:

"Please keep out. This is private property."

Most property owners do doubt would have been incensed by this calm defiance on the part of a squatter, either male or female, but not I. The very impudence of the squatter appealed to me. What could be more delicious than her serene courage in disposing of me with the stroke of a pen at least two-thirds of my domicile and what more exciting than the thought of waging war against her in the effort to regain possession of it? Boldly it was quite glorious! Here was a happy, unsuspecting bit of feudalism that stirred my romantic vein to its very depths.

We returned to the courtyard and held a council of war. I put all of the Schemukles on the grill, but they stubbornly disclaimed all interest in or knowledge of the extraordinary occupant of the snare wing.

"We can snare her out, sir," said Britton.

I could scarcely believe my ears.

(To be continued)

Later on, somewhat refreshed and relieved, I made my way to the little balcony, first having issued numerous orders and directions to the still stupefied Sennicks, chief among which was an indelible command to keep the gates locked against all comers.

Suddenly as I sat there ruminating I became acutely aware of something white on the ledge of the topmost window in the eastern tower. Even as I fired my gaze upon it something else transpired. A cloud of soft, wavy, luxurious brown hair eclipsed the narrow white strip and hung with spreading splendor over the casement ledge plainly, indubitably to dry to the sun.

My neighbor had washed her hair! And it was really a most wonderful head of hair. I can't remember ever having seen anything like it except in the advertisements.

What a glorious, appealing, sensuous thing a crown of hair—but just then Mr. Popenodyke came to my window.

"May I interrupt you for a moment, Mr. Smart?" he inquired, as he squinted at me through his ugly nose rimmed glasses.

"Come here, Popenodyke," I commanded in low, excited tones. He hesitated. "You won't fall off," I said sharply.

Although the window is at least nine feet high, Popenodyke stooped as he came through. He always does it, no matter how tall the door. It is a life-long habit with him. Have I mentioned that my worthy secretary is six feet four and as thin as a reed? I remember speaking of his knees. He is also a becheior.

"It is a dreadful distance down there," he murmured, flattening himself against the wall and closing his eyes.

A pair of slim white hands at that instant indolently readjusted the thick mass of hair and quite as casually disappeared. I failed to hear Mr. Popenodyke's remark.

"I think, sir," he proceeded, "it would be a very good idea to get some of our correspondence off our hands. A great deal of it has accumulated in the past few weeks. I wish to say that I am quite ready to attend to it whenever—"

"Time enough for letters," said I, still staring.

"First of all, we must have a ladder," I went on. "Have you seen to that?"

"A ladder?" he faltered, putting one foot back through the window in a most suggestive way.

"Oh," said I, remembering, "I haven't told you, have I? Look! Up there, in that window. Do you see that?"

"What is it, sir? A rug?"

"Rug! Great Scott, man, don't you know a woman's hair when you see it?"

"I've never—never seen it—you might say—just like that. Is it hair?"

"It is. You do see it, don't you?"

"How did it get there?"

"Good! Now I know I'm not dreaming. Come! There's no time to be lost. We may be able to get up there before she hears us!"

I instructed old Conrad to have the tallest ladder brought to me in the courtyard at once.

"There is no such thing about the 'castle,'" he announced blandly.

"There are your same?" I demanded. The old couple held up their hands in great distress.

"Herr Britton has them wearing their souls out, turning a windlass outside the gates—such that terrible invention of his!" growled old Conrad. "My poor sons are faint with fatigue, meth herr. You should see them perspire and near their pant for breath!"

Happily a new idea struck me almost at once.

In a jiffy half a dozen carpenters were at work constructing a substantial ladder out of scantlings, while I stood over them in serene command of the situation.

When the ladder was completed I mounted to the top and peered through the stainless window. It was quite black and repelling beyond. Instructing Britton and the two brothers to follow me in turn, I clambered over the wide stone sill and lowered myself gingerly to the floor.

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(To be continued)

Attention MR. RANCHER

—NOW is the time to be thinking of the DRY MONTHS that are sure to come—Our line of PUMPS, ENGINES and Windmills is just as complete as our seed stocks, which include such makes as Eclipse Windmills, Fairbanks-Morse Engines, etc. (Quality considered you get the most for your money here).



SEEDS IN CAR LOTS FOR RANCHERS

—Whatever your needs in the seed line, you will find them supplied here—and the prices—as low as seeds of the quality we handle can be sold for.—We mention only a few dozens of others—Sorghum, Kaffir Corn, Milo Maize, Federita, Millet, Sudan Grass, Teparry Beans, Cantelope, Watermelon, etc.

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—For the Home-Maker who is planning a garden or flower bed and for the rancher who is planting fields, our Hardware Department holds much of interest in its complete stocks of SEEDS and GARDEN TOOLS. —Seeds to fill every requirement and in any quantity from 5c packages up to car lots.

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—We have paint for every purpose—each has stood the test of time for years and has become the standard for all discriminating users of paint.—You should give the most careful consideration to the selection of a paint—a paint that will prove economical, sanitary and durable; that will give beautiful lasting finish, and that can be easily applied—You'll find our paints meet all these requirements. (ALL PRICES)

Phelps Dodge Mercantile Co. HARDWARE DEPARTMENT

TAKE SALTS TO FLUSH KIDNEYS

Eat less meat if you feel Backache or Bladder troubles you—Salts is fine for Kidneys.

Meat forms uric acid which excites and overworks the kidneys in their efforts to filter it from the system. Regular eaters of meat must flush the kidneys occasionally. You must relieve them like you relieve your bowels; removing all the acids, waste and poison, else you feel a dull misery in the kidney region, sharp pains in the back or sick headache, dizziness, your stomach sour, tongue is coated and when the weather is bad you have rheumatic twinges. The urine is cloudy full of sediment; the channels often get irritated, obliging you to get up two or three times during the night.

To neutralize these irritating acids and flush off the body's urinous waste get about four ounces of Jad Salts from any pharmacy; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then not fine and bladder disorders disappear. This famous salts is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to clean and stimulate sluggish kidneys and stop bladder irritation. Jad Salts is inexpensive; harmless and makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink which millions of men and women take now and then, thus avoiding serious kidney and bladder diseases.

A surplus aggregating more than \$400,000,000, and to have been accumulated by six typical railroads in the last 16 years, was pointed out at the Interstate Commerce Commission hearing of the western rate case, as evidence that western railroads in general were prosperous.

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IF I FAIL TO CURE ANY CANCER OR TUMOR I treat before it POISONS deep glands or attaches to bone NO KNIFE NO PAIN. NO PAY UNTIL CURED. WRITERS GUARANTEE. No X-Ray or other artificial light makes the cure ANY TUMOR, LUMP OR SWELLING OF THE BODY OR OF ANY PART OF THE BODY. 120-PAGE BOOK Sent Free. Testimonials of 10,000 CURED. Write to us for ANY LUMP IN WOMAN'S BREAST IS CANCER

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