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NO. 31

"Bride of Battle"

By VICTOR ROUSSEAU

A ROMANCE OF THE AMERICAN ARMY FIGHTING ON THE BATTLE-FIELDS OF FRANCE.

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CHAPTER II.

He stopped, astonished at the way the major took his suggestion. Howard began to stutter, paced the inside of the tent for some moments, muttering to himself, and then swung round upon his heel, facing the lieutenant.

"Good God, no, Wallace! Whatever put that infernal idea into your head?" he exploded "See here, now! You're not well enough to talk this thing over tonight. Some day I'll tell you why your proposal is impossible."

"That's all very well, major. I don't know what you mean, but if you don't like my proposition you know what you can do. I'm quite well enough to listen to what's worrying you. Dig it out!"

"I haven't time, Wallace. There's these stragglers to be sorted out. Not that much can be done tonight, I suppose. Sometime I'll tell you—"

He swung round on his heel and made for the entrance, stopped and returned.

"I suppose I'd better tell you now," he exclaimed. "I had thought it might be as well not to tell you ever. You don't happen to know who this child's father was—that man in the tent?"

"What do you mean, major? Some settler caught by a bullet, I suppose."

"Hampton!" said Major Howard, grimly.

Lieutenant Wallace sat bolt upright on the bed and stared at the other in amazement.

"The man who sold our mobilization plans to Spain?" he whispered, conscious of a sudden terror for the child.

The major nodded. "It's years since we worked together in the war office," he answered, "and, frankly, I didn't know the face. You wouldn't have would you, after the work that the bullet had done? One of those d——d dum-dums. But—you didn't see this, did you?"

He took a purse from his pocket, opened it and shook out three gold pieces into his hand. "That was on a belt about the body," he said. "And there were some papers—not the ones we wanted, but enough to identify him. It was Hampton all right."

He went to the tent door and looked out. "Here, Johnson!" he called.

The negro servant appeared almost instantaneously within the opening and stood at attention.

"Could you use three gold pieces, Johnson?" inquired Major Howard.

"Well, suh, I don't know as I'd object," replied the negro, grinning.

"It was part of a sum that was paid to an American soldier for betraying his country."

"Oh, Lord, no, major!" answered Johnson.

"Then do what you think best with these."

The negro looked at the gold coins in his hand, stepped outside the tent and swung his arm. The pieces fell in the jungle grass far beyond the encampment. Major Howard shied the purse after them and went back to where Wallace still sat upright on the bed. He noticed, with a certain grimness of spirit, that one of the lieutenant's hands rested on the child's fair hair.

"Well, Wallace?" he asked.

"It's damnable."

"We can't exactly make this child the regimental pet, can we?"

Wallace was silent, and the major sat down on the edge of the bed beside him.

"I had orders to watch for him," he said. "He was to have been hanged as soon as we captured Santiago. That's why he was making for the jungle. He was detected and allowed to escape with his life, but he had been working as a Spanish agent since he was drummed out of America. His career ended at the luckiest moment for him. He seems to have had the one redeeming quality of affection for the child, though if he had had a particle of unselfishness in him he would have left her behind him. I suppose she was the only thing he had in his wretched life."

"Of course there's no palliation," suggested Wallace. "But the man may have been born good and—gone downhill."

"He was born rotten," answered the major. "He sold his country to pay his gambling debts. Cuba was about the only place that would hold him, I imagine. And to think that swine was once in our regiment! Sorry I had to tell you, Wallace!"

He hesitated a while; Wallace had not moved; but the child at his side stirred and breathed heavily. The major's fists clenched.

"I'm trying to be just to the dead," he said. "But I feel that a thousand years of hell wouldn't atone for that crime, Wallace."

Mark Wallace looked up. "I'm not sure that I know all the facts about the case, major," he said.

"The facts are that it was no sudden act of fear or temptation, but calculated, cold-blooded deliberation. We knew at the war office that there was a leakage. It had been traced to the mobilization division, where Kellerman and I were working. Even we were under suspicion for a time. Then it narrowed down to Hampton and another.

"Wallace, those months were the worst time I've ever spent. Hampton was my best friend, and Kellerman's, too. We spied on him—had to.

"Well, you know what happened, more or less. There was a woman go-between, as there generally is—a fine-looking young woman, little more than a girl, named Hilda Morsheim. One of those French-German Alsatians, Wallace. Kellerman got some hold on her, and she confessed. The case against Hampton was absolutely proven.

"There wasn't any trial. The fellow could have been shut up for a good many years; he had cost his country millions; he ought to have been hanged. But he was quietly cashiered and allowed to disappear. Maybe it was a foolish move, but we felt the shame pretty badly and wanted to forget it. Hampton was let go, on the understanding that he leave the country forever. Oh, yes, he assumed the innocent air quite dramatically. Some of the war office people believed in him until the damaging documents were laid before them.

"And he was still somehow in touch with things, Wallace, and the leakages went on afterward. That's why we had orders to hang him as soon as Santiago was taken. He did the kindest thing he could have done to himself when he got in the way of that sniper's bullet.

"I'll tell you who the child's mother was, Wallace, because I was unfortunate enough to know her. She was a Miss Rennie, Miss Marjorie Rennie, of a Baltimore family—fine people, and, of course, with a tradition like that, she believed in the scoundrel absolutely. She came to me twice. The first time was before the informal trial held by the department. She begged me to believe he was innocent and the victim of a trap. I wouldn't even listen. You know, when a man has to run down his friend he has to harden his heart.

"She came to me again, after Hampton was broken. She told me I had played false to my best friend and that I'd suffer for it to the last day of my life. I've never forgotten that interview, and you can guess how it made me mad to hang Hampton when we learned that he was still keeping up the game from his exile in Cuba. He must have got quite a number of confidential papers out of the war office. That's about all."

"It's enough," said Wallace. "The girl married him, then?"

"So much we learned. And also that she died later. You see, we've been pretty close on the fellow's track the last couple of years—ever since the war became a probability, in fact. Most of the officers in the regiment are since that time, I guess they all knew something, and kept it quiet, like you."

Wallace nodded. "I fancy there's a good deal of feeling," he said.

"Quite a good deal," said the major dryly. "And I guess you'll agree with me that this makes it—let's say, a little difficult to adopt his child officially?"

"You mean the remembrance would be too bitter?"

"I mean that that position is the one and only position that she is disqualified from holding, by reason of birth."

"Still," urged Wallace, "it isn't in the blood. The mother was decent. Why should that baby be tarnished with her father's treachery?"

"It's written in the Good Book—" began the major.

"And there's something else about coals of fire, too, major, which came as a sort of revision of the old law. It's just what we ought to do, because it's the only way to adjust the matter."

"Adjust it? Adjust what?" cried the major, with sudden passion.

"The whole of that hellish business, major. The man was once an officer of the Seventieth. He's dead and his crimes have died with him. We want to forget that such a thing could have happened, and the only way is to leave him to God's judgment and to cast out all bitterness from our hearts. You quoted Scripture to me—well, I gave you the answer from the same Book. Let death bring oblivion to the man's memory. He's left us the girl. Start here. Start fresh. I have the right to the kid, but what you have told me makes me feel strongly that there's a Providence in this affair, and I'll lend her to you—mark that word, major!—on that condition or none."

Major Howard pulled at his mustache in agitation. "You don't really mean it, Wallace?" he asked.

"I do. If you want me to let you take her till the war's over—"

"It means forgiving that blackguard."

"It means forgetting him and letting the Judge judge."

"It goes against every instinct. I'd bring her up away from the regimental life. Besides, there are the others."

"Who else knows?"

"Well, of course, nobody else knows who the dead man was. The colonel will have to know. But he needn't know we've adopted the child. He's going south after the war. However, I'm afraid Kellerman knows. He recognized what was left of the face, or suspected somehow. I could tell from his manner."

"I don't see any overwhelming difficulty in that. You can trust Kellerman?"

The major nodded, and it occurred to Wallace that he would rather trust any of the officers than Kellerman. He had conceived a prejudice against him which he could not have explained.

"And Hampton's name was erased from the old mess list," Wallace continued.

The major, who had been pulling at his mustache and thinking deeply, came to his decision.

"Well, I'll take her on those terms, Wallace," he said. "The fellow was a bad lot, but, as you say, there may be no reason why this little animal should suffer for his sins. The mother was decent, and there may be something in that idea of a vicarious restitution. I'll agree, Wallace, if you'll let me take over the charge of her till the war's ended. We'll enter her on the mess book and settle a fictitious parentage on her afterward, and may she never know her father's history. By the time she's old enough to understand a mascot's duties, flirt with the lieutenants and plead for the drunks, maybe we'll have forgotten it ourselves. Goodnight, my boy. Take care of your wound. I'll send in that milk and biscuit and a couple of cakes of naphtha soap, and a porcelain tub with silver trimmings, for you to make a start on her in the morning."

He glanced at the sleeping child, took Mark's hand and went quickly out of the tent. Under the sky he stood still for a few moments.

"The d——d scoundrel!" he muttered.

At that instant his alert ear heard what the sentry, posted some distance away, had failed to catch—the rustling of some moving figure in the dense jungle grass at the edge of the camp.

The major remained perfectly motionless, except for his right hand, which was swiftly withdrawing his revolver from its case. Suddenly he was transformed into action. He leaped between the two last tents of the line, to see a man confront him for an instant. In the light of the quarter-moon the major could not distinguish how the intruder was dressed. It was evident, however, that he had been prowling outside the tent which held Wallace and the child.

"Halt!" shouted the major and the sentry together and, as the man dropped into the grass, the rifle and revolver rang out simultaneously.

The sentry, shouting to the guard, came running up. The major and he searched the spot, but they found nobody.

"One of those d——d Cuban sneak-thieves!" muttered Mjor Howard as he replaced his revolver in its case. And he hurried away to look after his men.

(To Be Continued.)

RENTING FARMS ON SHARES

Contracts Fair to Tenant and Landlord Officially Discussed.

In answer to numerous inquiries from both landlords and tenants, asking for help in renting farms, the United States department of agriculture has recently published Bulletin 650. "Lease Contracts Used in Renting Farms on Shares," which is a report of the study of contracts used in various types of farming in every state in the union. In making this study 285 representative types of contracts were examined, and 2,907 tenant farm survey records, including general and specified farming, were considered.

Under average conditions, the specialists say, the share system is the most satisfactory. In the partnership formed by this plan, the landlord furnishes the land and the tenant the labor, and it is to their mutual interests that the farm be made more productive and profitable. As a rule all equipment, including tools, machinery, work stock, productive stock, and other work capital is owned in equal partnership. All expenses, including hired labor and taxes, are shared equally and the proceeds are divided half and half. Products taken for family use by either landlord or tenant are charged against the respective parties. In cases where the landlord furnishes more than half of the capital for stock or equipment, or where the land is naturally very productive, he is entitled to receive more than half of the proceeds, and a share that is fair to both landlord and tenant is agreed upon. On the other hand, where the tenant furnishes more than half of the capital, or the type of farming requires special skill or an unusual amount of labor, or the land is not productive, he should receive more than half of the profits.

In order to make the partnership most successful the division of profits should be fair to both parties. Any injustice tends to bring about friction between landlord and tenant, and leads to a lack of interest and disagreements which prove unprofitable to both parties. The wording of the lease, the specialists say, is a comparatively simple problem after the conditions essential to fairness have been agreed upon. Frankness is also important, and the contract should be prepared in a simple, specific, and readily understanding form.

Most farm leases run for one year, with the privilege of renewal at one or two months' notice. Uusually the crop year, March 1 to March 1, is used. The share system involves considerable bookkeeping, but this is desirable on all farms and, in fact, most contracts specify that accounts be kept. Some farms are rented for a stipulated sum, the price ranging from $2 to $30 per acre, the average price being from $4 to $10 in the north central states. A modified form of this system consists in paying a specified number of bushels of grain or bales of cotton, etc., in lieu of cash.—Weekly News Letter.

PALMETTO GLEANINGS.

Happenings and Events of Interest in South Carolina.

In an opinion handed down Thursday, overruling the state's contention, the supreme court holds that J. M. Graham has the right to sue the state for alleged damages arising from the abrogation of his contract when the old hosiery mill at the state penitentiary was abolished by the legislature.

Under the terms of the act of the last legislature creating a board of correctional administration for South Carolina, and putting under its control the white boys' reformatory at Florence; the negro boys' reformatory near Columbia, and the new industrial school for wayward girls, Governor Manning has appointed the following board: B. G. Clary of Gaffney, for the one-year term; J. A. Mood of Sumter, for the two-year term; Dr. E. M. Matthews of Florence, for the three-year term; W. B. Wilbur of Charleston, for the four-year term. Dr. A. T. Jamison of Greenwood, for the five-year term. The board held a meeting in the governor's office last week for the purpose of organizing.

Sightseeing.—Resident — Have you seen the sights of the town?

Stranger—Yes. All morning I sat in the hotel front window watching them walk by.—Life.

GENERAL NEWS NOTES.

Record of Current Happenings Collected from Various Sources.

Iowa is the first state to fill its quota of the third Liberty loan in the seventh Federal reserve district, it was officially announced Friday.

Four thousand striking employees of the Savage Arms Company at Utica, N. Y., have agreed to return to work for one week to try out a new wage scale. The Savage Company is making Lewis machine guns.

The National German Alliance at its convention in Philadelphia, last Thursday with thirteen states represented, voted to disband the organization. The delegates also voted to donate $30,000 of the alliance funds to the American Red Cross.

Grover Cleveland Alexander, pitcher of the Chicago National league baseball team, has been selected by the draft board of Howard county, Neb., as one of 12 of the county's quota of drafted men to go to Camp Funston, during the five days' beginning April 26.

Thirty inches of snow covered the tracks of the Norfolk & Western railroad at points in the Shenandoah valley of Virginia, Friday. Traffic was considerably impeded. The snowfall ranged from 14 to 30 inches thick, according to messages received at the railroad headquarters at Roanoke.

British aviators Friday dropped more than a ton of bombs on the enemy station at Luxemberg. In reporting on aviation activities on the battle front Wednesday, the official statement on aerial operations says that eight enemy airplanes were accounted for and that seven British machines are missing.

The sinking of British merchantmen by mines or submarines reported last week reached the next lowest level of any week since Germany began her intensive submarine campaign early in 1917. Four vessels of more than 1,600 tons, two of less than 1,600 tons and two fishing boats were sent to the bottom.

The Order of the British Empire has been conferred upon Mrs. M. N. Felton, the wife of a sheep farmer in the Falkland Islands. It was due to her vigilance as a coast watcher that the German Admiral Von Spee's squadron was sighted and the news communicated to Admiral Sturdee in time for him to give battle to and sink the German warships.

Because certain employees of the Hotel Astor plugged the keyhole of a room he had engaged so that his key would not unlock the door, former Assemblyman Louis Cohen has brought suit against the hotel for $100,000. Mr. Cohen declares his reputation suffered to that extent inasmuch as several friends were witnesses of his humiliation.

One hundred and thirty men, arrested last Thursday in a raid that covered various sections of New York city, pleaded guilty Friday before Judge Hand in the United States district court to selling liquor to soldiers and sailors in uniform. They were sentenced to from one day to eight months in the prison.

Ten modern American-built locomotives, built for the Russian government, are running on the Frisco railroad on the southern division, between Memphis and Birmingham. The Russian locomotives are powerful freighters of 51,000 pounds tractive efforts. The locomotives were not delivered to Russia on account of the Bolshevik uprising.

Cuba's sugar crop, now more than half harvested, will be the largest single crop in the history of any country, according to a statement made by Claus A. Spreckles, president of the Federal Sugar Refining Company. "Thus far 1,823,000 tons have been brought in," said he, "which is 121,000 more than at this time last year. The Cuban government is successfully combating enemy alien plots to destroy the sugar crop by burning up the cane."

Six North Carolina flour mills will suffer for failure to observe food administration rules and regulations, it was announced last Friday. Charges brought out at a hearing before the North Carolina Federal food administrator in Raleigh, were that the mills exacted excessive prices for mill feeds, that some of them failed to extract flour at a rate which would give 196 pounds for every 164 pounds of wheat, and that some of them had failed to submit monthly reports to the food administration.

A shell fired by the German long range cannon Thursday struck a foundling asylum in the Rue de La Greche, in the Mont Rouge district on the southern outskirts of Paris, and three persons there were killed and eleven wounded. Within the hospital there were thirty women with new born babies. One nurse, one patient and one baby were killed, while two probationers, six women patients and three infants were injured. Another shell struck an open air bowling alley and killed a man and a boy and wounded ten other persons.

President Wilson by proclamation last Thursday took over four of the principal coastwise steamship lines chiefly for utilization in moving troops to Europe. The lines are the Clyde Steamship Company of Maine, the Mallory line of Maine, the Merchants and Miners Transportation Company of Maryland, and the Southern Steamship Company of Delaware. Wharves, piers, ways and all other appurtenances used by these companies will likewise go under the control of the government. The president put them under authority of Wm. G. McAdoo, director general of railroads.

Government attorneys at Chicago, have revealed that the prosecution of the 112 indicted I. W. W. members will be based partly on letters which passed between officials of the organization which proposed to change the organization's name to the Knights of the Stars and Stripes, and describe the change as "patriotic camouflage." The letters are also said to have proposed emblazoning the I. W. W. stationery with the American colors, expecting in this way to gain immunity from government interference and so be allowed to carry on their propaganda unhindered.

WAS LOYAL AMERICAN

No Evidence Against the German Who Was Lynched in Illinois.

A request that his body be wrapped in the American flag formed the last words of Robert B. Prager, hanged here by a mob early last Friday, according to testimony before the coroner's inquest by Joseph Riegel, it was said tonight by persons who were present at the inquiry which was held behind closed doors, says a dispatch of Wednesday from Collinsville, Ill.

Riegel, according to these persons, admitted he was a leader of the mob.

Prager was hoisted in the air by boys from 12 to 16 years old, Riegel is said to have testified. He is declared to have said that Prager denied that he was a spy or that he had hoarded powder with the purpose of blowing up the Maryville mine. Riegel, it is said, paid a tribute to Prager's bravery, declaring that the latter never shed a tear except when he kissed the flag, and that he did not beg for mercy.

Riegel made a confession early today to a St. Louis newspaper man, and persons present at the inquest asserted tonight that Riegel had reiterated before the jury every detail mentioned in his statement to the reporter.

According to Riegel's alleged statement to the newspaper man, he said he was in a Collinsville saloon at 10.15 o'clock Thursday night when a police came in and ordered the place closed, explaining that a disturbance was feared.

"The mayor came out and made a speech and tried to get us to go away," the confession said. "He declared the man was gone. I asked whether he would allow a United States army man to go in and see, and I showed him my army discharge papers.

"He told me to come on in, which I did, and the crowd followed. If we had found the man in the cell we would not have bothered him, but it made us angry to feel that the police had sneaked him away. We went outside, surrounded the place and decided to look again.

"Another man and I went into the cellar and found Prager hiding in a pile of tiles. He came out and we grabbed him and led him out."

Riegel said that en route to the scene of the hanging several persons were met in automobiles and Prager was forced to sing and kiss the flag for them. At the tree members of the mob questioned Prager for twenty minutes regarding his alleged pro-Germanism.

"We asked him if he was a German spy and if he had tried to blow up the Maryville mine, and why he did not keep his date at Edwardsville with Mose Johnson. He denied he was a spy and that he hoarded powder."

Riegel's story then proceeds:

"Somebody tied the trope around Prager's neck and several boys from 12 to 16 years old pulled him up. His hands were not tied and he grabbed the rope. They let him down and we said, 'Now are you going to tell whether anybody is mixed up with you?' We told him we were going to kill him if he didn't tell everything.

"He said his parents were living and that he wanted to write to them. He also said he had three partners, but refused to tell their names.

"All the time the crowd kept getting more excited and angry. Some one shouted: 'Well, if he won't come in with anything, string him up.' A boy produced a handkerchief and his hands were tied. I might have been the man who did the tying. I was drunk.

"Just as we were about to string him up Prager said: 'All right, boys, go ahead and kill me, but wrap me in the flag when you bury me.'

"Then they pulled the rope.

"He was the bravest man I ever saw. He never shed a tear except when he kissed the flag and did not once beg for mercy."

The inquest was continued tonight in an attempt to conclude it by tomorrow night. No arrests will be made until after the inquest, according to W. E. Trautmann, assistant attorney general of Illinois.

Five Men Held.

Collinsville, Ill., April 11.—The coroner's jury, which investigated the lynching here last Friday of Robert P. Prager, alleged German sympathizer, at the close of the inquest tonight recommended that five men be held, charged with murder in connection with the hanging.

The men ordered held are: Joseph Riegel, Wesley Beaver, Richard Dukes, Jr., Enid Ellmore and William Brockmier.

After having been in deliberation since 2:30 this afternoon the coroner's jury tonight brought in a verdict that Prager was "hanged by a mob" and recommended that the men named be held charged with Prager's murder. Warrants immediately were prepared by Coroner Lowe.

Wesley Beaver, a saloon porter, was the first man placed under arrest.

Beaver testified at the inquest, but was reported to have denied he had any part in the lynching save that he carried a flag two blocks as Prager was being marched to his death.

Such testimony as has been made public has made but slight mention of Dukes, Ellmore and Brockmier. All are miners. According to the statement by Mayor Siegel, Dukes was in the crowd that gathered at the city hall where Prager was hidden.

The inquest opened last Monday and all sessions have been secret. It was reported yesterday by persons who attended the hearing that Riegel, one of the men held, had confessed he was leader of the mob which hanged Prager.

—The United States senate has passed the sedition bill prohibiting under penalties of twenty years' imprisonment and $20,000 fine, language or acts of disloyalty or obstruction of the army draft or Liberty loan. Though modified to meet the objections of senators who claimed the original draft would curb legitimate freedom of speech, the bill retains the broad inhibition of words or acts which "support or favor the cause of the German empire or its allies—or oppose the cause of the United States." It also would punish wilful and "disloyal, profane, scurrilous, contemptuous or abusive" language about the American form of government, "constitution, military or naval forces, flag or uniform," and willful utterances designated to curtail production of essential war materials.

GREATEST AIRSHIP BUILDER

American Makes Good in Great Britain.

ATTAINS FAME FROM OBSCURITY.

Commenced His Career Upward Without Help—Says the Future Possibilities of the Airship are Without Limit and that it May be that Some Day the Traveler will eat Breakfast in London and Dinner in New York.

With all its cases of meteoric rises from poverty and humbleness to wealth and success, the United States furnishes nothing more striking than that of J. A. Whitehead, president of the Whitehead Co., though a Britisher now, has American citizenship papers and got his business training in San Francisco.

Unknown two years ago, Mr. Whitehead now is one of the most prominent men in Great Britain and in its industrial life is easily one of the most shining figures. He started his career two years and a half ago with no asset in the world except credit with a small hotel-keeper in a London suburb. Now he owns the biggest airplane factory in Great Britain and has under his ownership 45 acres of factory buildings and airdomes. His first payroll was $35 a week, with borrowed money. His payroll now is $600,000 a week. He recently obtained permission from the treasury department of England to increase his capitalization by $5,000,000 and so complete was the confidence of English investors in his ability to "make good" that the amount was subscribed before the bonds were issued.

Sentenced to be Shot.

At the outbreak of the war Mr. Whitehead, then on the sunny side of 40, was in San Francisco, just getting on his feet after a rather adventurous experience which had taken him to all parts of the world and in a way gave him the reputation, as he now humorously says, of a "black sheep." The turning point in his career had come at Monte Carlo some years before. He received financial aid which enabled him to shift his course in life and take a turn for the better.

As soon as war was declared, although he had become an American citizen, he enlisted in a British regiment and came to England. He was at the battle of Antwerp, and there, after watching the work of enemy airplanes, reached the conclusion that airplanes would decide the war sooner or later.

To get out of the army was not an easy task. He did it by insubordination and, when sentenced to be shot, produced his American citizenship papers and said that he didn't think the authorities would kill him. They didn't. They paid very little attention to his claim that he had committed a breach of discipline for the sole purpose of devoting his talents in a more effective way to the service of his country. He was sent back home with a black mark against him, filled with chagrin, but glowing with confidence that he could manufacture airplanes on a big scale, and be a factor in the determination of the world struggle.

He had not a cent. He had no friends who could help. His parents quite naturally, turned a deaf ear to his overtures for aid. His first step was to go to the war office and, as he laughingly says, with true American optimism, asked for an order to build airplanes. When asked if he had a factory he replied that he had. Then he went out to look for one, so that the government authorities could verify his statement.

Out in a London suburb, where he had a hotel man for an acquaintance, he found an old machine shop in which were a few lathes and some benches. He inspected it as well as he could through the windows, borrowed a pot of paint and a brush and ladder and began to paint his name on the front of the building. He had fairly well done when a man came along and said:

"What are you doing there?"

"I am painting my name on this building."

"And what are you doing that for? That's my building."

"Oh, is that so? Then you are just the man I want to see."

Mr. Whitehead took the owner of the building to the aforementioned hotel and bought luncheon for him. He told him of his airplane dream, and Vaughan Thompson—for that was the name of the owner—was impresed by it. He said:

"It sounds very good to me. If it will help win the war I am for it. I am going to the front tomorrow, and you can take the building and do what you want to with it. And I have £200 cash, and as I don't expect ever to come back you can take that, too, and use it the best way you can. It will be at your disposal in a month"

Mr. Thompson went away. He was killed, as he predicted, just a year from that day.

Contract for Six Flyers.

Mr. Whitehead, being a skilled mechanic, put the old machinery in the Thompson property in the best condition he could, made a few purchases on credit and went to the air department with this proposal:

"You may send your inspector to my machine shop any time you wish. I should like a contract to build six airplanes, and they will be as good as any other maker in the country can give you."

They gave him a contract for the six. An inspector reported that his factory was of sufficient capacity for a trifling order of that kind, and thereupon the 450 acre Whitehead Company began its career.

On the strength of his order for six government machines Mr. Whitehead was able to make such purchases as he needed for his small undertaking. He also borrowed $35 to pay two mechanics who helped him the first week. From that the industry grew. He surmounted obstacles that would have awed almost any one, and did things which astonished the cleverest business men of England. But he achieved results. He finished his six machines in far less than the specified time, and then he got a contract for 100.

The works grew also. He built a great airdome facing a field of hundreds of acres and to the amazement of government officials who thought his field was no use as a training station, because of the fact that a river flowed through it, he buried the river. He diverted a stream so that it is not now to be seen on his property.

That lunch which he gave the other day marked the end of the second year of active full operation. There is no telling where it will end.

"I learned a great deal," said Mr. Whitehead, "during my experience in America. I am sure I have because of the fact that I have been able to do many things which might otherwise appalled me. I am sometimes astonished when I pause to think of the good fortune that has come to me, and I hope that there is some truth in the statement made by speakers at a recent function namely that I have some capacity for accomplishing things.

"Airplanes will be the eye-opener of the world in the near future, as they are today the 'eyes of the army.' There is no one who would dare to predict what the future will be. The man who would have said 15 years ago that airplanes would fly around with all the agility and, I may say the security of a gull, would have been mentally unbalanced. He would be a brave man indeed who today would attempt to give a picture of the airplane 10 years from now.

"Having breakfast in London and dinner in New York—counting of course, of the six hours with the sun—will be no more unusual in our life time than it is now to leave New York on the Twentieth Century Limited and 20 hours later be in Chicago, 1,000 miles away."

WHAT ONE MAN DID

Brought About Prohibition in the Russian Empire.

Michael Demitrovitch Tschelisheff is a striking example of what wonderful things a single man with a great purpose, without any of the advantages of rank or fortune can accomplish.

This man who is really the father of prohibition in Russia, is a peasant by birth, and was a housepainter by profession when he became mayor of Samara. He is now a millionaire, and one of the most influential men in Russia.

How he picked up an education is told in his own words by an American writer: "I was reared in a small Russian village. There were no schools or hospitals, or any of the improvements we are accustomed to in civilized communities. I picked up an education from old newspapers and stray books. One day I chanced upon a book in the hands of a moujik, which treated of the harmfulness of alcohol. It stated among other things that vodka was a poison."

Just as he got his education—by constant effort and hard work—this man raised himself from peasant to statesman, and since his rise has devoted himself to the uplift of the peasant class in Russia, especially through the suppression of vodka.

Before his election to the mayoralty, when Tscnelsheff was an alderman in Samara, a drunken man, in one of the houses owned by him, killed his wife. This made such an impression upon him that he registered a vow that he would make a supreme effort to strike a death blow to the greatest enemy of his people.

Later he was elected to the duma on the anti-vodak platform. He got a bill passed by this body to the effect that every bottle of vodka should bear a poison label. After the bill passed the duma it went to the imperial council. It was there tabled. But Tschelisheff was not beaten. He secured an audience with the czar, and told him what vodka was doing to Russia and her people. After listening attentively the czar referred him to his minister of finance. This man said the measure to prohibit the sale of vodka was a dangerous innovation depriving the government of one billion rubles, ($500,000,000) yearly revenue, with no method of replacing it. The czar did not rest satisfied with this, but visited the country around Moscow, and saw for himself the terrible havoc vodka was making among his people. He then dismissed his minister of finance and appointed E. M. Bark in his place. Then followed the war. At the very beginning, the mobilization of the army brought home to the grand duke the memory of the terrible disorganization due to drunkenness in 1904, and he ordered the prohibition of all alcoholic drinks except in certain high class clubs and restaurants. This was not enough for Tschlisheff. He kept on working until he gained his object and prohibition in Russia was made universal.—New Science Magazine.

Service Flag for Bond Buyers.—Each purchaser of a bond in the third Liberty loan campaign, which starts April 6, will have his name inscribed on the honor roll of the community in which he lives and will be allowed to display an "Honor Flag," according to an announcement made by the Liberty loan committee of the New York Federal Reserve district.

The "Honor Flag" will be similar in design to the service flag, with a broad red border surrounding a white field, and on the field three vertical blue bars, signifying the third Liberty loan.

Moreover, the idea will be extended to cities and towns, so that communities exceeding their quotas will be permitted to fly an "Honor Flag," adding to the bars a blue star for each 100 per cent oversubscribed. The awarding of the first municipal flag will be made an important event, at which it is expected Secretary of the Treasury McAdoo will unfurl the banner.

Expressing the belief that "every American will subscribe to the limit of his ability," directors of the campaign will not place on the individual "honor flags" any mark indicating the amount subscribed and in the case of the municipal honor rolls, which will be posted in city and town halls and published in newspapers or circulars, the same policy will prevail.

WEALTH FOR THE SOUTH

Tremendous Significance of Great Nitrate Plant.

The air nitrate plant to be built at the Muscle Shoals in Alabama will be the largest plant of its kind in the world. Nothing on earth will touch it for size or output. Germany, with all her boasted progress in the fixation of nitrogen, has nothing that will equal in immensity the government air nitrate plant at the Muscle Shoals.

President Wilson has signed the bill which calls for the expenditure of $60,000,000 in this vast and wonderful undertaking. This is beyond the greatest dreams of those who had hopes of seeing the gigantic waterpower of the Tennessee river harnessed for the fixation of nitrogen.

The fondest hopes held a few months ago were that the government would spend $20,000,000 in this propect. After untiring work this bill was finally passed. But that was before this country entered the war. Now, within a few weeks' time, a bill is passed by congress and signed by the president calling for the expenditure of $60,000,000 in this collossal project.

Great concrete dams will be thrown across the Tennessee river at the Muscle Shoals, backing up millions of tons of water for miles and obtaining more than 500,000 horsepower. No such horsepower is possible anywhere else in America except at Niagara Falls.

The air nitrate plant will make us absolutely independent of Chilean nitrates, either for ammunition or fertilizer. The new plan will furnish all the nitrates needed for our navy and our armies and supply millions of tons to the farmers of America.

Not only that, but with immense deposits of phosphate rock a little further north in the Tennessee valley, there will be produced ammonium phosphate without limit.

What all this means to southern farmers can not now be realized. It means that with cheap fertilizers in unlimited quantities (the potash excepted) they can in many cases almost double the yields of their land. We folks do not know what real fertilizing means as much fertilizing as we have done. We have not yet dared to think of 1,000 and 1,500 pounds to the acre—and maybe even more.

The Muscle Shoals project is not only the greatest commercial enterprise ever undertaken in Alabama, but is the biggest thing that has ever been started in the entire south. There is no enterprise in the south equal to it either in size and none anywhere equal to it in importance. It dwarfs our coal mines and our shipyards and every other industry.

As a wealth producer for the south its possibilities are fairly staggering. It will increase by tens of millions and by hundreds of millions of bushels the south's annual crop production and it will increase the cotton yields similarly. The Muscle Shoals is the most wonderful fairy tale come true that the south has ever heard. Atlanta Sunday American.

VITAL ISSUES SUMMARIZE D

Political Platform that is Sound in Every Plank.

The Tribune is making an honest effort to rise above local and personal prejudices in the coming campaign.

Our country is going through a fiery ordeal, and is entitled to the whole hearted support of every patriotic citizen.

Its success will depend on creating wholesome public sentiment. We doubt if there is a paper in South Carolina with greater power in moulding the thoughts of the labor and farmer element. It is the only "Poor Man's" daily in the state. Our weekly has a constantly increasing circulation, and thousands who refuse to pay for the Tribune borrow and read it.

We have been persecuted and our faults and shortcomings magnified so as to prejudice the public.

Our enemies have failed, because on the great, vital issues we are right.

We do not intend during this campaign to attack the private life of any man or to inject personality into the issue. If we are attacked—then that is another story, and the fur will fly.

We are supporting Woodrow Wilson with all of our power.

We think the most important issue before the people is the election of a governor and legislature who will give the state an economical and businesslike administration.

There is wastefulness in the expenditure of the public funds. Taxes have increased 33 1-3 in four years, and there is no corresponding increase in public efficiency. The Greenville Piedmont has been publishing a series of articles, "Cuss-Odes," which have analyzed every item of the last appropriation bill. They must be written by some member of the general assembly who is disgusted with the situation. If every taxpayer could read these "Cuss-Odes," it would surely be "Reformation or Revolution."

Then, too, the state warehouse should be put on firm ground with a central bank, to handle agricultural paper. State insurance is an incident, occasioned by the exactions of the trust. The rates on all property have been greatly increased since the repeal of the Laney-Odom act. They say on account of the war. If this is so, then why should the rates in South Carolina be advanced 33 1-3 higher on country property than they are in North Carolina?

Why does not Governor Manning sign the State Insurance bill passed at the last session of the general assembly?

Is it because he sold out as McLaurin charged at the May convention in 1916?

Is it because he is director in an insurance company?

Is it because he is more interested in "big business," than the interests of the masses?

McLaurin began this fight. He is devoted to the industrial development and identified with no political faction. For this reason we began months ago to advocate him for governor. It is fast assuming the proportion of a tidal wave. These selfish interests, see this, and dread a man who knows banking, finance and insurance, and at the same time is fearless and independent. Now they are trying to side track him into the senatorial race. They will fail. McLaurin will run for governor and carry to perfection the dream of his life, the perfection of a plan that will make land, cotton crop mortgages and rent notes, as good assets to borrow money on as stocks and bonds. As he says "why not, all values are based primarily on land and its products?"

The Tribune is going to support these principles and the man or men who are their best exponents.

It is going to let the minnows alone for a while and chase whales.—Anderson Tribune.