

MILITARY POSTS FREE ACADEMIES

IOWA MAN MAKES SUGGESTION WHICH IS FINDING MUCH FAVOR.

FREE EDUCATION WITH MILITARY TRAINING

Believes Fathers of Youths Would Favor Plan Because of Educational Features—Officers of Posts to Act as Instructors—Now Costs \$10,000 to Put Boy Thru West Point, in Addition to Four Years of Time.

[Special Correspondence.] Washington, April 9.—Free higher education and military training combined in a training system at unused army posts in the United States is the idea advanced by an officer of the Iowa national guard to a number of members of congress and to the general staff of the army.

The officer who has advanced the idea is Major Frank E. Lyman, Jr., of Des Moines, long identified with the national guard and for some years an officer in the regular army, where he saw service in the signal corps in Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines.

It is announced that a bill will be presented in congress next session embodying the idea which Major Lyman has advanced. Whether it is passed as introduced may be considered doubtful but prominent army officers here say the idea at the basis of it, is meritorious and ought to receive serious attention.

Academies in Army Posts. The plan of Major Lyman is to turn the unused army posts, or some of them, into military academies where young men can be trained to become officers in the national guard or in any force of volunteers raised for the defense of the country.

He holds that the national guard officers at present, however willing they may be, can not afford to take the time from their business to give that study and attention to military problems which it is necessary to give if one is to know how to command troops in field. Every man who knows in the field, every man who knows anything about the army knows that it is one thing to put troops thru the evolutions of a drill hall or in the parade ground, but it is quite another thing to command them in active campaigning and to handle them in battle so as at once to protect them from being needlessly cut to pieces and at the same time give them maximum of efficiency as fighting machines.

This is something, as Major Lyman knows and says, which can not be learned in a day or a month. The field officer can be trained only thru hard and intense work and application. The sad lack of trained officers in the north in the civil war cost the country thousands of men and again the lack of trained officers for the national guard in the Spanish war and the campaigning in the Philippines was expensive in dollars and in lives.

West Pointers Costly. Major Lyman does not propose to interfere with West Point, to say it costs four times as much as \$10,000 to turn out a West Pointer and that he's worth every cent of it. The next problem is how to provide trained officers for the national guard and for the volunteers who would be needed by the hundreds of thousands, perhaps millions in case of a great war with a first class power.

He would have congress enact a law authorizing the war department to designate four or more new vacant army posts in different parts of the country as military academies for the guard and volunteers. Let the en-

Grippe a Robber of Strength and Flesh

Run Down, Underweight People Should Regain Lost Flesh and Strength at This Season.

People who have gone through winter suffering a succession of coughs, colds, grippe, catarrh or other ailments peculiar to cold weather, will probably be surprised if they climb on a weighing scale, to see how much flesh they have lost. Most everyone reaches Spring with weight decreased, vitality lowered, nerves affected and general health and strength impaired.

The best way to regain lost flesh and strength is through the original source of all flesh and strength—your food. Food, however, produces flesh and strength only in the proportion in which its nourishing elements are absorbed by the blood. Loss of weight indicates a leakage of the fats, sugars and starches of your food. Instead of going to the blood they are passing through your body as waste. The assimilative functions of your stomach and intestines are out of order and you need something that will get them working right again. Nothing is better for this purpose than a single Sargol tablet eaten at meals for a few weeks. Sargol does not build flesh of itself and taken between meals is of little value for the purpose, but, swallowed with your food, it acts upon every mouthful you eat, first separating all the fats, oils, sugars, starches and other materials which make for flesh and strength from the waste matter and then preparing all these fat making, nourishing elements into a form which the blood can readily absorb and distribute throughout the body. The effect is quickly felt. Reported gains in weight of from ten to twenty-five pounds a month are by no means infrequent. Yet its action is perfectly natural and absolutely harmless. Sargol is sold by McBride & Will Drug Co. and leading druggists everywhere and every package contains a positive guarantee of weight increase or money back.

Caution—Sargol is widely used as a general body builder and for many nervous troubles, but when used for such purposes alone and where patient does not desire an increase of weight, it should be taken not less than one hour after meals. If taken at meal-times it will almost certainly produce an increase in weight that some may not desire.

listed men, except the bands, of four regular infantry regiments, be transferred to other regiments. The officers of each of these four or more regiments will be the faculty at each academy. Then, the plan is to have 600 cadets from the national guardmen appointed to each of these academies on recommendation of senators and congressmen. They will be given entrance examinations like West Point and for four years will get practically the same training as West Point, though they need not be paid more than the enlisted men they replace. Plenty of vacant army posts are available. On their discharge, the graduates of the different academies will go back to civil life, many would join the guard and become officers and in time of war would be invaluable.

Education Features Attractive. Major Lyman says that apart from the military side of the idea, American fathers should approve the plan because their boys could get an excellent higher education at little cost. Many boys whose parents can not afford to send them to college, says Major Lyman, should welcome the plan. The cost to the government would be little more than to maintain the same number of enlisted men in the army, except as to employment of a number of civilian teachers to assist as educators, purchase of books and the like.

In view of the abundance of vacant army posts, and in view of the small expense, Major Lyman says an opportunity is here offered for this country to get a corps of trained officers practically unlimited in numbers.

His Love Story By MARIE VAN VORST Illustrations by RAY WALTERS

CHAPTER XVII. Out of the Desert.

From a dreamy little villa, whose walls were streaming with bougainvillea, Miss Redmond looked over Algiers, over the tumult and hum of it, to the sea. Tremont, by her side, looked at her. From head to foot the girl was in white. On one side the bougainvillea laid its scarlet flowers against the stainless linen of her dress, and on her other arm was the Red Cross.

The American girl and the Frenchman had become the best of friends. She considered him a sincere companion and an unconscious confidante. He had not yet decided what he thought of her, or how. His promise to remain on the yacht had been broken and he paid his godmother and Miss Redmond constant visits at their villa, which the marquise rented for the season.

There were times when Tremont thought Miss Redmond's exile a fatal one, but he always found her fascinating and a lovely woman, and he wondered what it was that kept him from laying his title and his fortune at her feet. It had been understood between the godmother and himself that he was to court Miss Redmond's American friend.

"She has been brought up in such a shocking fashion, Robert, that nothing but American love-making will appeal to her. You will have to make love to her, Robert. Can you do it?"

"But, mairaine, I might as well make love to a sister of charity."

"There was la Belle Heloise, and no woman is immune."

"I think she is engaged to some American cowboy who will come and claim her, mairaine."

His godmother was offended. "Rubbish!" she said. "She is engaged to no one, Bob. She is an



Song for the Sick.

Mealist, a Rosalind; but that will not prevent her from making an excellent wife."

"She is certainly very beautiful," said the Duc de Tremont, and he told Julia so. "You are very beautiful," said the Duc de Tremont to Miss Redmond, as she leaned on the balcony of the villa. The bougainvillea leaned against her breast. "When you stood in the hospital under the window and sang to the poor devils, you looked like an angel."

said to her, "None can do better now, Monsieur. There was no hope for him, it seems."

Tremont and Marquise d'Esclignac had dotedly gone with Julia Redmond every day at a certain hour to the different hospitals, where Julia, after rendering some slight services to the nurses—for she was not needed—for the sick, standing in the outer hallway of the building open on every side. She knew that Sabron was not among these sick. Where he was or what sounds his ears might hear, she could not know; but she sang for him, and the fact put a sweetness in her voice that touched the ears of the suffering and uplifted those who were not too far down to be uplifted, and as for the dying, it helped them, as the soldier said, to die.

She had done this for several days, but now she was restless. Sabron had been brought of him. His regiment had been ordered out farther into the desert that seemed to stretch away into infinity, and the vast cruel sands knew, and the stars knew where Sabron had fallen and what was his history, and they kept the secret.

The marquise made herself as much at home as possible in Algiers, put up with the inefficiency of native servants, and her duty was done. Her first romantic elan was over. Sabron had recalled to her the idyl of a love affair of a quarter of a century before, but she had been for too long Marquise d'Esclignac to go back to an ideal. She pinned to have her niece a duchess, and never spoke the unfortunate Sabron's name.

They were surrounded by fashionable life. As soon as their arrival had been made known there had been a flutter of cards and a passing of carriages and automobiles, and this worldly life added to the unhappiness and restlessness of Julia. Among the guests had been one woman whom she found sympathetic; the woman's eyes had drawn Julia to her. It was Comtesse de la Maine, a widow, young as herself, and, as Julia said, vastly better-looking. Turning to Tremont on the balcony, when he told her she was beautiful, she said: "Madame de la Maine is my ideal of loveliness."

The young man wrinkled his fair brow. "Do you think so, Mademoiselle? Why?"

"She has character as well as perfect lines. Her eyes look as though they could weep and laugh. Her mouth looks as though it could say adorable things."

Tremont laughed softly and said: "Go on, you amuse me."

"And her hands look as though they could caress and comfort. I like her awfully. I wish she were my friend."

Tremont said nothing, and she glanced at him suddenly. "She says such lovely things about you, Monsieur."

"Really? She is too indulgent."

"Don't be worldly," said Miss Redmond gravely, "be human. I like you best so. Don't you agree with me?"

"Madame de la Maine is a very charming woman," said the young man, and the girl saw a change come over his features.

At this moment, as they stood so together, Tremont pulling his mustache and looking out through the bougainvillea vines, a dark figure made its way through the garden to the villa, came and took its position under the balcony where the duke and Miss Redmond leaned. It was a native, a man in filthy rags. He turned his face to Tremont and bowed low to the lady.

"Excellency," he said in broken French, "my name is Hammet Abou. I was the ordonnance of Monsieur le Capitaine de Sabron."

"What!" exclaimed Tremont, "what did you say?"

"Ask him to come up here," said Julia Redmond, "or, no—let us go down to the garden."

"It is damp," said Tremont, "let me get you a shawl."

"No, no, I need nothing."

She had hurried before him down the little stairs leading into the garden from the balcony, and she had begun to speak to the native before Tremont appeared. In this recital he addressed his words to Julia alone.

"I am a very poor man, Excellency," he said in a mellifluous tone, "and very sick."

"Have you any money, Monsieur?" "Pray do not suggest it," said the duke sharply. "Let him tell what he will; we will pay him later."

"I have been very sick," said the man. "I have left the army. I do not like the French army," said the native simply.

"You are very frank," said Tremont brutally. "Why do you come here at any rate?"

"Hush," said Julia Redmond imploringly. "Do not anger him, Monsieur, he may have news." She asked: "Have you news?" and there was a note in her voice that made Tremont glance at her.

"I have seen the excellency and her grandmother," said the native, "many times going into the garison."

"What news have you of Captain de Sabron?" asked the girl directly. Without replying, the man said in a melancholy voice:

"I was his ordonnance, I saw him fall in the battle of Diral. I saw him shot in the side. I was shot, too, See?"

He started to pull away his rags. Tremont clutched him.

"You beast," he muttered, and pushed him back. "If you have anything to say, say it."

Looking at Julia Redmond's colorless face, the native asked meaningly: "Does the excellency wish any news?"

"Yes," said Tremont, shaking him. "And if you do not give it, it will be the worse for you."

"Monsieur le Capitaine fell, and I fell, too; I saw no more."

Tremont said: "You see the fellow is half lunatic and probably knows nothing about Sabron. I shall put him out of the garden."

But Miss Redmond paid no attention to her companion. She controlled her voice and asked the man:

"Was the Capitaine de Sabron alone?"

"Except," said the native steadily, with a glance of disgust at the duke, "except for his little dog."

"Ah!" exclaimed Julia Redmond, with a catch in her voice, "do you hear that? He must have been his servant. What was the dog's name?"

"My name," said the native, "is Hammet Abou."

To her at this moment Hammet Abou was the most important person in North Africa.

"What was the little dog's name, Hammet Abou?"

The man raised his eyes and looked at the white woman with admiration. "Pitcheoune," he said, and saw the effect.

Tremont saw the effect upon her, too. "I have a wife and ten children," said the man, "and I live far away."

"Heavens! I haven't my purse," said Julia Redmond. "Will you not give him something, Monsieur?"

"Wait," said Tremont, "wait. What else do you know? If your information is worth anything to us we will pay you, don't be afraid."

"Perhaps the excellency's grandmother would like to hear, too," said the man naively.

Julia Redmond smiled: the youthful Marquise d'Esclignac!

Once more Tremont seized the man by the arm and shook him a little. "If you don't tell what you have to say and be quick about it, my dear fellow, I shall hand you over to the police."

"What for?" said the man, "what have I done?"

"Well, what have you got to tell, and how much do you want for it?"

"I want one hundred francs for this," and he pulled out from his dirty rags a little packet and held it up cautiously.

It looked like a package of letters and a man's pocketbook.

"You take it," said the Duc de Tremont to Julia Redmond, "you take it, Mademoiselle." She, did so without hesitation; it was evidently Sabron's pocketbook, a leather one with his initials upon it, together with a little package of letters. On the top she saw her letter to him. Her hand trembled so that she could scarcely hold the package. It seemed to be all that was left to her. She heard Tremont ask:

"Where did you get this, you miserable dog?"

"After the battle," said the man coolly, with evident truthfulness, "I was very sick. We were in camp several days at — Then I got better and went along the dried river bank to look for Monsieur le Capitaine, and I found this in the sands."

"Do you believe him?" asked Julia Redmond.

"Hum," said Tremont. He did not wish to tell her he thought the man capable of robbing the dead body of his master. He asked the native: "Have you no other news?"

The man was silent. He clutched the rags at his breast and looked at Julia Redmond.

"Please give him some money, Monsieur."

"The dog!" Tremont shook him again. "Not yet." And he said to the man: "If this is all you have to tell me, I will give you one hundred francs for this parcel. You can go and don't return here again."

"But it is not all," said the native quietly, looking at Julia.

Her heart began to beat like mad.

"No distractions. A broad street business man was joking a friend about his residence in a certain dreary district of Jersey.

"Why do you live there, anyhow?" he asked.

"So as to save money."

"Is food any cheaper?"

"On the contrary, it is slightly more expensive."

"It seems to me that the men who oppose the suffrage are selfish. They want to have the best of everything without paying for it. They remind me of the clerk."

"A clerk and a lawyer were on the way down town on the trolley the other morning when the lawyer looked up from his paper and said: 'My, that's a pretty girl over there in the corner.'"

"The clerk looked up from his paper in his turn. Then he smiled. 'I know her,' he said. 'I know her well.'"

"Holy smoke, man," said the lawyer, "if you know her why don't you go over and sit with her?"

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"How do you save them?" "No opera, \$200 a year; no cafe meals, \$500 a year; no theaters, \$400 a year; no taxicab fares, \$100 a year; no distractions of any kind, \$10 a year."

"See here, old top," expostulated the Broad street man, "couldn't you save money if you died?"

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