

Feathering His Nest

By WILLIAM HAMILTON OSBORNE
Of The Vigilantes

Hardshell Hopper is an unpatriotic cynic. He admits he is, himself. It's only recently he came into the limelight. Old Ezekiah Hopper died a year or so ago and left two million dollars. He left half his fortune to his nephew, another young man of the name of Latimer Cobb, and the other half he left to his other nephew, Hardshell Hopper. Hardshell is called that because he's got that kind of a shell, or so it would seem. The testator had this money all neatly invested in good paying five and six per cent securities. For about a year the young man clipped their coupons and collected their dividends. The war was in their midst, and young Latimer Cobb subscribed to everything in sight, and got his name in the papers and kept it there. He must have given up as much as fifty thousand dollars out of his million, to the Liberty loan, the Red Cross, the Red Triangle and other things that came along.

"But what I really want to do," said Latimer Cobb, "is to double or treble my money—then I'll give twenty-five per cent of all I make to furthering our interests in the war."

He looked about him. He picked out a good likely looking munitions stock. If money had to be made out of the war by munitions concerns he might as well make some of it, then, as he said, he would turn around and give a lot of it to the war, and get his name in the papers and keep it there, right along. He was a patriot, he knew he was a patriot, and he kept saying so. He was proud of it, in fact.

But Hardshell Hopper wasn't—he admitted that he wasn't. A friend of Hardshell's who was going around selling Liberty bonds went to see Hardshell about buying some of the bonds.

"Now, that's a pity," groaned Hardshell Hopper, "but fact is, Steve, just this morning I invested my whole pile in first-class, gilt-edged securities. I ain't got a dollar left. Now, if you'd been around here yesterday—"

Next night Steve, his friend, came around again. Steve shook him earnestly by the hand. "Why, Hardshell," he cried, "you're the biggest patriot in this town. You've invested all your money—a million or more in the Liberty loan. You're the biggest man we've got—the foremost of our patriots."

Hardshell Hopper shook his head. "Don't get off your trolley, Steve," he said. "I ain't a patriot. My cousin, Latimer Cobb—he's a patriot—everybody says so. But I ain't. Why, bless you, man, I've only been feathering my nest."

"You've put one million dollars into this war," said Steve.

"I've tucked one million away where its safe and sound," drawled Hardshell Hopper, "where I don't have to worry about it. I got a security that won't be taxed, and that's as gilt-edged as they make 'em, backed by about three hundred billion dollars' worth of assets—and that's enough for me. But don't you go calling me names I don't deserve. I ain't no patriot. I'm only feathering my nest. If you want a patriot you go to my cousin, Latimer. He's the boy for you."

Steve went around to see Hardshell's cousin, Latimer.

"At any rate," he said to Latimer, "I can sell some bonds to you."

Latimer glowed with patriotism. "Steve," he said, "I promise you you'll be the boy I'll buy 'em of. And I'm going to buy a lot. But just now I haven't got a dollar to my name. I've plunged on some munitions stock—there's been a flurry—it's gone down on me, and I can't get out without a most tremendous loss. All I can do is to hang on like grim death. But the minute that I make a handsome profit, Steve, I'm yours. There's no man for five hundred miles around that's got a warmer feeling for the old flag than Latimer Cobb. I can tell you those."

But Latimer didn't make a handsome profit—he didn't make any profit. Instead, one fine morning his shares of stock turned worthless on his hands. The concern whose stock he'd bought was as worthless as the stock.

As in a flash, one day, he found himself penniless. He had to turn to and earn his living. Hardshell Hopper gave him a job that kept body and soul together. But one day something happened. It must be remembered that Latimer Cobb, like his cousin, Hardshell Hopper, had received for one year at least, the income on those five per cent securities that their dead uncle had invested in. So Latimer Cobb had had an income—and he had filed an income tax return. His income had been about fifty thousand for the year—and the present income tax on fifty thousand dollars is considerable. But Latimer Cobb, the young patriot, whose intentions had been so good, and who was going to do so well by the government, found himself without money to pay this tax. He was a patriot, and he had had a large income—but he couldn't pay his income tax. The government jailed him—a very proper thing to do. Hardshell Hopper raised some money on his Liberty bonds, and went around and got Latimer Cobb out of jail. Then he took him back to his office.

"Latimer, son," said Hardshell Hop-

out of his safe, "here are the bonds that your million dollars bought."

"Your bonds, you mean," moaned Latimer, "bought with your million?"

"No," returned Hardshell Hopper, "bought by your million. And they're yours, but with a string attached to them. You plucked on Wall street, and went broke. I knew you would. I knew it had to be. So, to save your money for you, I engineered that munitions stock deal that you tangled yourself up in—you see?"

"You?" exclaimed Latimer Cobb.

"Yep," returned Hardshell. "I knew you'd get trimmed—so I thought I might as well do the trimming—and I did. I wanted to feather your nest for you, Latimer. So I bought Liberty bonds with the money that you lost—and there's the bonds, all standing in your name."

"You bought 'em in my name?" faltered Latimer Cobb.

"In your name," echoed Hardshell Hopper. "Chiefly because I couldn't get anything better or soldier to buy—and then, you won't have any trouble any more with that income tax. But that ain't all, Latimer," went on Hardshell. "I want to ask you how much it costs you now to live?"

"You're paying me two thousand a year," said Cobb.

"And you're living on it," went on Hardshell, "and I'm living on another two thousand. And yet our combined income from these bonds'll come near to being seventy-five thousand dollars a year. So I'm giving you these bonds with the idea that you and me'll keep on living on our two thousand a year apiece—and the rest of the income we'll hand over to the Red Cross and the Triangle, and buy War Savings stamps, and such."

"Not so you can notice it," yelled Latimer Cobb. "What's mine is mine."

"Oh, well," said Hardshell Hopper, "thrusting back the bonds into the safe, 'as a matter of fact I haven't put 'em in your name—they're only yours if you'll consent to what I said.'"

"Well," finally conceded Latimer Cobb, "if you'll put my name in the paper as a big subscriber so that folks will know what kind of a good patriot I am."

"You ain't a patriot, Latimer," said Hardshell Hopper, "get that through your head. We're only protecting our own interests in loaning this money to the government. We're doing not a blamed thing but feathering our nests."

You can't knock that queer idea out of Hardshell Hopper's head.

WHERE BELGIUM STANDS

By HON. E. DE CARTIER,
Minister of Belgium.

His excellency, E. de Cartier, Belgian minister to the United States, has sent the Vigilantes the following expression of the attitude of his country:

The principles which you have always stood for, and for which you are again fighting, are the principles which have always animated my little country and for which we, too, are fighting, shoulder to shoulder, with your own brave boys. We are fighting for freedom and independence. Your soldiers will not come back until it is all over, over there; neither will ours lay down their arms until the world is made safe for honest people.

Germany offered us a shameful bargain. She offered to spare our country and to indemnify us, if we would let her pass through to accomplish her crime against our neighbor and her neighbor, France. She wished to make us an accomplice in her crime, and she gave us twelve hours in which to make up our minds. That was eleven hours and fifty-nine minutes too much. We spurned her base offer. We have suffered, but we have no regrets.

Having tried in vain to bribe us by offers of immunity, the Germans resorted to violence and intimidation. You all know the story, although many of the details cannot be told until our witnesses are freed from the menacing claw of the German eagle. I say to you that whoever undertakes to write the history of the horrors committed by the Huns of the twentieth century will have a task that will turn his soul sick.

One of the greatest of the crimes of Germany was to attempt to enslave our workmen and to force them to work for our enemy and against their own brothers. Tens of thousands of honest workmen were torn from their wives and families, loaded on trucks like cattle and deported to Germany. There they were tempted by offers of high wages to work for our enemy and to sign a so-called "voluntary contract" to engage in such work—but they would not sign. They were subjected to starvation—but they would not sign. They were tortured—but they would not sign.

The Germans tried to divide our house against itself—but they "imagined a vain thing." In the early part of the war, after having ravaged and massacred in Flanders as well as in the Walloon district, after finding that our people could not be intimidated, the Germans sought to separate Flanders from the rest of Belgium by flattery to the Flemings and pretending to be their special protectors. But the only result of the effort to divide Flanders from the rest of our country has been to arouse the most intense unity throughout the land. All our people immediately rallied in defense of the unity of our country, whose motto is like your own. You have the motto "E Pluribus Unum"—"One Composed of Many," and ours is "Union Fait la Force"—"In Union There Is Strength."

An electrically controlled machine for sorting coffee beans has been in-

TREAT CAPTIVE GERMANS KINDLY

French Generous to Prisoners Despite Brutal Course of Enemy.

ARE GLAD TO BE OUT OF IT

Sight of Long American Columns Destroys Hun Hopes of Victory—Live Like Happy Family in Prison Camp.

With the American Forces in France—France knows that her prisoners in Germany are treated badly, but German prisoners are treated humanely and even generously in French prisons just the same, writes Don Martin in the New York Herald. I asked an officer in charge of a French prison camp why this is, and he shrugged his shoulders and said merely:

"Ah!"

Unless one could see the gesture accompanying the monosyllable he would hardly know what meaning to attach to it. It really meant:

"Oh, what's the use of being brutal to individuals just because some one else is? We wish we could, but we can't."

I have inspected several prisons, some large and some small, and in every one I have found the Germans treated quite as well as civil prisoners in normal times and in many instances better. Officers are not humiliated in any way. In fact they receive better treatment, a stranger would think, than they are really entitled to.

Prisoners Live Happily.

On a low hill about 1,000 feet from a main road of France stands a prison—five low wooden buildings surrounded by two barbed wire fences, with armed pickets always patrolling outside. Here are 200 Germans, many of them prisoners taken in the early battle of the Somme, but some taken more recently. They are all private and constitute as happy a family as one could find where personal liberty is the one thing desired and denied.

The Germans stood at their barbed fences hours at a time and watched the endless line of soldiers. When it was the line of France that was moving past the Germans were not particularly interested. They had seen that for years. They know France always has had an endless line of everything needed for war. But when they saw the khaki of American filing or rolling by for a whole day and then for another, and heard the muddy shuffle of feet through the night, there was a change in the dull expression of those German eyes. It was at this time that I went to the prison to learn what they thought of what they had seen. First it should be stated that these prisoners see little of recent developments in the war. They must form their opinions from such fragments of conversation as they hear from their keepers.

READY FOR A CHARGE



These French grenadiers are preparing for a raid on the German lines.

WHY GUYON FIGHTS

This French Poilu Is Regular Fire-Eater.

Bride Taken Prisoner and Horribly Abused by Huns, Escapes to Tell Story.

Paris.—Guyon's a regular fire-eater. He has been cited six times. He wears a croix de guerre and a medaille d'honneur. He captured a German mitrailleur single-handed. He went out alone in No Man's Land to bring back a wounded comrade. He's been wounded himself four times.

When he is back of the lines, off duty, he helps a Y. M. C. A. secretary hand out writing paper to his comrades in a foyer du soldat. But it isn't active enough for him. Since August, 1914, he doesn't seem to need to rest. When he isn't in the trenches

and from what they see, as, for instance, from the long, long line of Americans, the first they had seen.

In this particular prison the newcomers had brought the news situation up to early spring, but as for the big offensive the prisoners knew only that there probably would be one.

Americans Surprise Germans.

When I asked if there was a German among the two hundred who could speak English, a good looking young man, with a typical Teutonic mustache, red cheeks, a glow of health, was called out. He stepped into my presence like an automaton, clicked his heels together and saluted the French captain. He told me he was a private; that he has a home in Luverne, Switzerland; that he fought eight months, but was never wounded; that he is in the wholesale dry goods business in Berlin, and that he does business with John Wannamaker, Marshall Field and Stern Brothers.

"What do you think of all the Americans you have seen passing here recently?" I asked him.

"I have seen many Americans," he

said. "I was surprised that you have so many in France."

Another prisoner, less prepossessing in appearance than the first, was asked about things in general. He spoke English poorly.

"I live in Berlin and work in a bank, but was in the war for two years. When the war is over I am going to Switzerland to live. I would go to America, but they don't like Germans over there any more."

"Why are you going to leave Germany?"

For an answer there was a shrug of shoulders and a half scowl, half smile. "Are you satisfied here?"

"It's a lot better than being in a grave where a lot of them are."

TAXICAB DRIVERS KNIT BUT THEY ARE WOMEN

Cleveland, O.—One of the least surprising things to be seen on the streets of Cleveland now is a taxicab driver calmly sitting in a taxi at its stand, putting and dropping, white socks and sweaters develop before your eyes. But the drivers are girls, for Cleveland is rapidly getting a large proportion of its day drivers from the other sex.

BLASTS KAISER'S HOPE OF VICTORY

Italian Invents Canned Lightning Capable of Destroying Trenches of Enemy.

TERRIBLE ENGINE OF DEATH

Claimed Invention Could End War in Thirty Days and Allies Could March Unchallenged into Berlin. Tests Prove Its Value.

Rome.—The Kaiser's dream of victory and world supremacy may be blasted out by "canned lightning," a terrible death engine invented by an Italian scientist. Dazzling swords of fire, more deadly than are highest explosives, followed by annihilating explosions, are capable of destroying enemy trenches with one blinding flash, according to his claims. Mine sweepers equipped with this device could fire mines thousands of yards distant. On the land, "canned lightning" could be used to form a most successful barrage and could wipe out the defenders of German trenches with unerring certainty.

The scientist is credited with having discovered a means of concentrating and reflecting electric rays in such a manner as to produce the results described. It is reported that this inventor has proved to representatives of his government that electric current can be concentrated and directed in rays.

Tests Held on Banks of Tiber.

In describing the results of these tests, held on the banks of the historic Tiber, F. H. Randall, writing in the Illustrated World, says that the scientist was asked to burn through a three-inch plank of hardwood. In an instant, the writer says, the plank was seared and broken as if it had been broken by lightning.

Officials then asked the scientist to explode two bombs, one hidden along the bank of the river and the other in the bed of the stream. Within ten minutes the bomb along the bank exploded. It required a much longer time to explode the other bomb, but this, too, was finally accomplished. The entire outfit used by the inventor was placed on a single small barge.

An approximate idea of the power of the arcing electricity may be obtained by watching an electric furnace at work. It will cut the hardest steel like putty. To flash such a flame through an aeroplane, submarine, battleship or a trench would leave a total wreck. Mines placed in the North sea by the Germans could be eliminated, and mine sweepers could destroy all of these hidden terrors of the sea located within thousands of yards of the ship.

In a graphic description, Mr. Rand-

all paints a picture of what would happen with this machine in action. Every enemy airplane or any fleet of them would fall to earth, a crumpled wreck. At the touch of a button, a bolt of electricity would suddenly shoot forward with incredible speed. A few scarred parts would be all that was left of what had been a soaring airplane a few minutes before.

A scout could lurk with his deadly weapons, connected with the generators and concentrators behind the lines, in shell holes or craters in "no man's land." When the enemy charged he could sweep the whole line as it passed, annihilating each successive wave of advancing Germans.

Mr. Randall says that he can't say that this has been done or will be done, but he doesn't dare to suggest that it cannot be accomplished. Light, heat and rays of other kind can be reflected. He concludes by saying:

"Once this problem is solved there will be no war. If the allies were possessed of equipment that would permit the arcing at a distance of powerful electric currents, the war would be won in 30 days and allied troops would be marching unchallenged into Berlin."

GOT 84 LETTERS FROM HOME

They All Came at Once to a United States Soldier Now Serving in France.

Dallas, Ore.—Mr. and Mrs. I. N. Woods received a letter from their son, Laird Woods, recently, and in it he stated that he had just received his first mail since arriving in France.

The mail consisted of 84 letters and six packages. Young Woods together with several other Company L boys of this city, were left behind in a hospital in New York when the Oregon troops sailed for France, and he sailed on a later date but never caught up with the regiment.

He was finally assigned to a company in the old Montana National Guard and is serving with that regiment somewhere near the fighting front in France now.

"NO CHILDREN" RULE BANNED

Landlords in Seattle Are Appealed to to Remove Signs From Their Buildings.

Seattle, Wash.—"No Children Allowed" signs must be removed by Seattle landlords from their properties according to J. W. Spangler, vice president of the Seattle chamber of commerce. He has issued an appeal to rooming house proprietors, hotel men and owners of rental properties, declaring that owing to the scarcity of quarters for shipyard workers and others engaged in war work the situation in this city is becoming alarming.

KEEPSAKE GOES FOR BONDS

Oklahoma Man Gives Up Gold Piece He Has Carried for Thirty-Seven Years.

Tulsa, Okla.—"I have carried this gold piece with me for thirty-seven years, and I have rested hunger and temptation to spend it, and have always kept it as a treasure. However, Uncle Sam needs it now, and I willingly let it go so it will help to bring victory to the American arms."

This was the statement of W. H. Martin of this city as he deposited a \$10 gold piece at the post office window and asked for some baby bonds.

Fine Cotton Crop

New Orleans, La.—Reports from practically every section of the South indicate the yield of cotton will be heavy this season. The staple selling at around 30 cents a pound in the seedling season stimulated planting, notwithstanding the fact that in many localities a rain was made for the

HOW THIS NERVOUS WOMAN GOT WELL

Told by Herself. Her Sincerity Should Convince Others.

Christopher, Ill.—"For four years I suffered from irregularity, weakness, nervousness, and was in a run down condition. Two of our best doctors failed to do me any good. I heard so much about what Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound had done for others, I tried it, and was cured. I am no longer nervous, am regular, and in excellent health. I believe the Compound will cure any female trouble."—Mrs. ALICE HILLER, Christopher, Ill.



Nervousness is often a symptom of weakness or some functional derangement, which may be overcome by this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, as thousands of women have found by experience.

If complications exist, write Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., for suggestions in regard to your ailment. The result of its long experience is at your service.

DAISY FLY KILLER

placed anywhere, attracts and kills all flies, mosquitos, house flies, etc. It is a most effective and safe fly killer. Sold by all drug stores. Price 10c per bottle. Write for sample.

Surprised the Mail Man

Under stress of war enthusiasm many odd things are done. A Minnesota woman gave her letter carrier 17½ pounds of buffalo nickels the other day, amounting to \$1,000, all in exchange for War Savings certificates. The poor man, after counting them, found he did not have enough pockets to hold the money and finally had to dump the coins into his letter's mail sack.—Capper's Weekly.

TOO WEAK TO FIGHT

The "Come-back" man was really never down-and-out. His weakened condition because of overwork, lack of exercise, improper eating and living demands stimulation to satisfy the cry for a health-giving appetite and the refreshing sleep essential to strength. GOLD MEDAL, Haskin Oil Capsules, the National Remedy of Holland, will do the work. They are wonderful. Three of these capsules each day will put a man on his feet before he knows it, whether his trouble comes from acid poisoning, the kidneys, gravel, or stone in the bladder, stomach derangement or other ailments that befell the over-taxed American. The best known, most reliable remedy for those troubles is GOLD MEDAL, Haskin Oil Capsules. This remedy has stood the test for more than 200 years since its discovery in the ancient laboratory in Holland. It acts directly and gives relief at once. Don't wait until you are entirely down-and-out, but take them today. Your druggist will gladly refund your money if they do not help you. Ask for substitutes. Look for the name GOLD MEDAL on every box, three sizes. They are the pure, original, imported Haskin Oil Capsules.—Ad.

Both Walked Alike

Our little neighbor boy had been hurt in an accident and was obliged to walk on crutches. Reaching his little hands through the fence and putting our dog on the head, he said to him: "Topey, we're both alike. We both have to walk with four legs."—Chicago Tribune.

NO ADVANCE IN PRICE

CHILDREN Should not be "doosed" for colds—apply "Vicks VapoRub" VICKS VAPORUB 25¢-50¢-\$1.00



IT'S A LONG TALK BUT AL CUT IT SHORT MOCO MONKEY GRIP IS THE WORLD'S BEST TIRE PATCH! The dealer who has achieved big success does not waste his time, energy and money trying to sell unknown accessories. He knows that cheap accessories are a speculation, pure and simple, both for he and his customers. He is not willing to put himself in the class with the makers of products that are "just as good." He banks on a steady, consistent turnover. Moco Monkey Grip is the one established patch, the one that is universally accepted as standard. This famous tire patch has been tested by impartial experts and pronounced perfect in performance. It withstands the frictional heat generated under any conditions of service. If your dealer does not handle, order direct, put up in two size cans only. 5 square inches \$1.50, 30 square inches \$1.50. Manufactured only by Moco Laboratories, Inc.