

BOY WORKS UP A ROMANCE

California Young Man Shoots His Hat Full of Holes for Love of Girl.

Willits, Cal.—Riva Lawrenson, a young man employed on the Silveria ranch near Sherwood, confessed to Deputy Sheriff Ed Brown that he had shot a hole in his hat and mutilated himself with the idea of spreading a story that would attach suspicion to a rival for the hand of a young girl of the neighborhood.

The inhabitants of the section have been mystified for the past week by vague rumors of assaults and hold-ups, and the confession of Lawrenson clears the mystery.

In the meantime his hated rival is calling on the girl and the sympathy sought by Lawrenson has turned to ridicule. He was given a severe lecture and allowed to go under promise to behave in the future.

UP AND DOWN, INTO CAFE

Bo Runs an Automobile, Causing Damages to the Amount of \$500.

New York.—An automobile carrying four men at high speed ran up an embankment at the end of Smith street, in Belleville, N. J., in the rain last night, crossed a yard 30 feet wide and then dropped 30 feet down a precipice. The automobile continued 35 feet and crashed through the rear door of Berry Bros. cafe.

While the four men were separating themselves from the debris John Berry, who was tending bar, appeared before them and asked them what they would have. The service was perfect.

After the four had paid for their drinks they backed the automobile out of the building and continued on their way. Mr. Berry said it would cost \$500 to sell that drink.

FOUND AFTER FOUR YEARS

Missing Japanese Stowaway Is Discovered as Cook on an American Barkentine.

Port Townsend.—Genjiro Suzuki, a Japanese stowaway, who arrived at Smith Cove on the Sado Maru four years ago and escaped from that vessel by jumping overboard and swimming ashore, was taken into custody a few days ago by United States Immigration Inspector H. A. Myers and will be deported.

After escaping Suzuki worked in logging camps and shingle mills. Last August he signed as cook in the American barkentine Koko Head at Port Angeles. Upon the arrival of the Koko Head here and while checking the crew he was recognized by Inspector Myers.

A Good Household Salve.

Ordinary ailments and injuries are not of themselves serious, but infection or low vitality may make them dangerous. Don't neglect a cut, sore, bruise or hurt because it is small. Blood poison has resulted from a pin prick or scratch. For all such ailments Bucklen's Arnica Salve is excellent. It protects and heals the hurt; is antiseptic, kills infection and prevents dangerous complications. Good for all skin blemishes, pimples, eczema, etc. Get an original 2 ounce 25¢ box from your druggist.

Tired, Aching Muscles Relieved.

Hard work, over-exertion, means stiff sore muscles. Sloan's Liniment lightly applied, a little quiet, and your soreness disappears like magic. "Nothing ever helped like your Sloan's Liniment. I can never thank you enough," writes one grateful user. Stops suffering, aches and pains. An excellent counter irritant, better and cleaner than mustard. All druggists 25¢. Get a bottle today. Penetrates without rubbing.

A Cough Remedy That Relieves.

It's prepared from the healing pine balsam, tar and honey—all mixed in a pleasant soothing cough syrup called Dr. Bell's Pine Tar Honey. Thousands have benefited by its use—no need of enduring that annoying cough or risking a dangerous cold. Go to your druggist for a 25¢ original bottle Dr. Bell's Pine Tar Honey, start using it at once and get rid of your cough and cold.

An Easy, Pleasant Laxative.

One or two Dr. King's New Life Pills with a tumbler of water at night. No bad, nauseating taste; no belching gas. Go right to bed. Wake up in the morning, feel free, easy bowel movement, and feel fine all day. Dr. King's New Life Pills are sold by all druggists, 35¢ in an original package, for 25¢. Get a bottle to-day—enjoy this easy, pleasant laxative.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

A Profit-Saving Millionaire.
Ellis Derby of Salem, Mass., was the first millionaire in the United States whose wealth was based on the sale of his merchant ships.

SPURRED RESTA TO VICTORY



There is a story connected with Dario Resta's brilliant record-smashing victory in Chicago's first 500-mile international auto derby. Even happier than Dario himself, who was rewarded with the handsome sum of \$23,000 for his efforts, was Mrs. Resta, who was glad to see her husband come home the victor in the contest. Her joy was increased by the fact that her husband finished without any injury to himself. The speed king admits that his wife was really the goal that spurred him on to victory. Mr. and Mrs. Resta were married shortly after the last Vanderbilt cup races, in which Resta landed first honors.

IS THE OLDEST BLACKSMITH

Michigan Man Is Eighty-six Years of Age and Still Shoes Horses.

Homer, Mich.—The oldest blacksmith in Michigan—probably the oldest in the United States. That's what Jacob L. Lyon of Homer believes he is. He will be eighty-six years old next January. And if there are any competitors for the honor, Mr. Lyon hopes to remove all doubt by remaining at the anvil for many more years. "You see, my father lived to be eighty-two, but he had two brothers who lived to be ninety-four and ninety-six years old," he declares. "So I have a few more good years in me yet."

Mr. Lyon hasn't missed a day at his shop in several years. His arm is as powerful and he is as active as the man, forty years his junior, who is his employee.

He lives with his wife, who is seventy-seven years old, in a pleasant little home only a few yards from the blacksmith shop.

IS OLDEST GERMAN BIBLE

Volume in Minnesota Historical Society Weighs More Than Fifty Pounds.

St. Paul.—The largest book in the Minnesota Historical society's library and one of the most interesting is an old German Bible bound in leather with heavy brass clasps and corners. It weighs more than fifty pounds. From a historical standpoint it is of much interest, as it contains portraits of the reigning Protestant princes of Germany during the early days of the Reformation.

There are full-page steel engravings and while there is general sameness in the lines of the faces, indicating that the artist was not particularly skillful in making portraits, the containing no doubt is historically correct.

The book was published in 1728 from the translations into German of the Hebrew and Greek editions of the Old and New Testaments.

HEN ROLLS THE EGGS BACK

Wyandotte Chicken Makes Owner Stop Sawing Wood So She Can Set.

Winsted, Conn.—Michael L. L. Daneby was puzzled when he found six hen's eggs on a pile of sawdust at his wood sawing plant after the gas-line-driven power had been running a short time.

Through the sawdust-filled air came two more eggs as he debated. He shut off the power to learn if possible where the eggs came from. Presently one of his Wyandotte hens appeared. Finding one of the eggs she rolled it to a nest which she had made in "V"-shaped box where the exhaust from the engine carries away the sawdust.

One by one the hen rolled the eggs backward. She then resumed setting. The exhaust engine had swept the nest clean of eggs. Mr. Daneby has temporarily suspended operations at the mill so that the hen can finish her work.

Found Long Lost Brother.
Minneapolis, Minn.—James Forman of St. Paul has found the brother he has not seen in 30 years. He located him in Minneapolis municipal court facing a vagrancy charge. The brothers had a family reunion at James Forman's home in St. Paul.

More "Old Bones."

Chickasha, Okla.—While making excavations at Shanon Springs, W. A. Hopkins of Chickasha unearthed several large bones which apparently are the remains of a triceratops.



The happiest mortal in the world is a child eating something that tastes mighty good right down to the last wee bit!

Give the kiddies KRUMBLES all around—Kellogg's new breakfast food. The whole of the wheat, cooked, "krumbled" and delicately toasted.

They will eat KRUMBLES because it tastes so good—and at the same time get all the benefit of its full food value.

Just a little milk or cream poured into the saucer at the side—even the "sugar baby" will forget to ask for sugar.

Look for this Signature—

W.K. Kellogg

10 cents, in the Kellogg WAXTITE package, which keeps the fresh, good flavor in—and all other flavors out.

DIED LIKE HEROES

Two Companies Hold Position Five Days Without Relief.

Only Handful of Wrecks Left of Assaulting Party With Mission to Capture Chapel—They Captured It.

How two companies of French infantry took a chapel defended by German trenches and held their narrow strip of captured ground for five days under a continual fire from German artillery is related in a letter published in the Figaro of recent date. The letter was written by the officer commanding the party, who was one of the handful who remained when they were at last relieved. The appalling gruesomeness of modern warfare is told in thrilling phrases in this recital of a heroic act. Parts of the story have been elided by the French censor, but enough is left to give a graphic description. It is as follows:

"There was much agitation upon the plateau. The order had been given to my major to take the chapel at all costs. My company had the honor of being designated as the attacking company, and I am sent to reconnoiter the point of departure. "The chasseurs who man the trenches, from which we are to leave look at us with interest, because we are going to give the final blow, and because everyone is sure that the chapel has been mined and that the storming company will be blown up with it.

"I give my last orders, then the whistle signal and we start off on the run. For two hundred yards, a great distance in an attack of this kind, we run through shell holes at points deep as a man's height. We take three trenches that are not heavily defended. But by the time we arrive at the chapel half the company is down behind us, for we made the trip in the cross fire of three machine guns.

"My sub-lieutenant, a cashier of the Bank of France in times of peace, but a lion on the battlefield, at the head of

ten men, jumps into the mine trench that surrounds the chapel and drives out the German sections. We have taken the chapel, but it has been a hard task; then my lieutenant signals to Captain X's company. Without an instant's hesitation he leads his company behind mine, through the captured trenches. He joins me and is killed just as he shakes my hand. I take command of his company as well as mine, and throughout the night a savage struggle takes place.

"The positions we occupy are in the form of a spoon, the captured trenches form the handle and the chapel the large end. Through the trenches ammunition and food are sent to us, as we are being attacked on three sides. "The next day, seeing that they could not drive us out by assaults and not having been able to blow us up, for the precaution had been taken to cut all electric wires which the shell explosions revealed, the Germans began bombarding. All their artillery in that neighborhood was concentrated upon the small space we held, and I humbly pray to God that I may never again find myself in the midst of such a hell.

"Huge shells burst among the living and the dead uninterruptedly; we breathed only a thick and nauseous vapor. Everything was burning, everything was whistling all about us. The reinforcements that were sent in to me melted away and I was obliged to send again and again for more men to add to the handful of heroes whom I have the honor to command.

"We could no longer get supplies, and for more than twenty-four hours we had to go without food or drink. "What a sight! When, both day and night, hands and feet slip ceaselessly upon unnamable things which once were human bodies; when of these things one has before one the thickness of four men, one realizes how small one really is in the scheme of things, and it restores religious ideas to the most skeptical. For five days that continued, and for five days my colonel, who was watching the bombardment of the chapel, kept saying to his staff officers: 'How can you expect a company to hold out in that hell? It is not possible!'

"But hold we did! We held until the moment when a huge twenty-one centimeter shell struck three yards away from me, tearing everything about me to a horrible mass and bury-

ing me with five other soldiers. We dragged ourselves out, and finding that no one of us was wounded we took off our kepis and on our knees we thanked the Blessed Virgin for having saved us.

"Shortly afterward we were relieved. And when I descended that slope to the plateau with the handful of men left; from what had once been two full companies we were all crying from fatigue and shattered nerves. "Some of us, with eyes sunk into our heads and contorted mouths, were chattering our teeth, without being able to stop. With our clothing torn and covered from head to foot with blood and brains we were horrible objects to see. But the chapel was ours!"

Post Office Cupid's Friend.
Redding, Cal.—For the fifth time the lumbering town of Lamotte has lost its postmistress by matrimony. It is a position that has always been filled by a woman.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Willing to Go Half Way.
Frank had been going to school but a week when he had some trouble with the janitor. The teacher took Frank to the janitor and said: "Now, Frank, I am sorry you and Jerry have had any trouble, but just to show Jerry that you are willing to be friends I want you to shake hands with him." Frank hesitated and then grumbled, "I'll give him my left hand."

Remark Expressive.
A bicyclist was riding down hill when his hat blew off. A passing countryman picked it up and took it to him as he circled around, saying him the trouble of getting it off. "I really must get a hat-guard to keep it on," remarked the cyclist, as he rode off without a word of thanks. The roker's reply was short, but expressive. "Get a nail," he said.

Wise Man.
He is a wise man who always knows what to do next, says an ancient proverb.

CAUSED GREAT WORLD WAR



This is the first photograph received in this country of Wogo Tankositch, the man who hatched the plot for the assassination of the crown prince of Austria and his wife, the denouement of which precipitated the present world war in Europe. Austria named Tankositch in her ultimatum to Serbia, and peremptorily demanded his extradition to face a trial on the charge of murder—it was this ultimatum that Serbia accepted to in all its clauses except the trial of Serbian officers in Austria, among whom Tankositch was the most prominent, a point of national sovereignty which Serbia asked to have settled at The Hague. Austria refused this proposal and declared war. Tankositch is now a prisoner in the Serbian army.

Novelist's Limitations.
The English public will not let me probe deeply into humanity. You must not paint either woman or man; a surface view of the species that is wafer is acceptable. I have not plucked at any of the highest or deepest chords. Hence (possibly) those who have heard some of the chapters say it must be the best novel I have written.—From a Letter by George Meredith.