"CAMOUFLAGED"

(Continued from Page Thirteen.)

in our party who could not bring down nine out of ten on the fly with our 'radio' rifles."

"I have diverted a bit, but a little recreation is a good thing. The combative elements of X and Y. Free nitrogen belongs to this group. It stubbornly resists combinations with other elements. The little bacteria on the roots of certain plants succeeded in doing it long before man. These little organisms reach out into the air, pull in the nitrogen, lock it up and give the plant an opportunity to use it in growing beans."

"Indeed," said the major, "and we are told that one reason why the Huns were able to remain in the war so long was because their scientists were able to make nitric acid from the nitrogen and oxygen of the air, plus a little water and a good sized current of electricity. Nitric acid is one of the absolutely necessary agents in the manufacture of explosives.

"They could not get saltpetre for this purpose from South America, the only material supply in the world, because their ports were blockaded."

Even before President Wilson declared that a state of war existed between the United States and Germany, steps were taken by the Government to make nitric acid. Millions of dollars have been spent and the chemical is still in the making. If anyone would like to know more about this matter, ask some of the people's representatives on the Hill, especially Congressman Longworth, who has literally devoured everything in sight on nitrogen—he thinks.

"I want to pass by the radio-activity of X for the time being," said the fair one, "and turn to the action of the heat at 240 degrees. This brings up the triangle going through the furnace. Before it went through the paper was blank. Everything soluble was removed during its bath in the Potomac.

"After the purifying by fire, certain chiroglyphics were in evidence. They caused much stir but meant nothing. Mere camouflage, except the cross. Some deemed they came from invisible ink. Too easy. Everybody knows that trick. Some think the triangle is paper. It is. The chart from which the triangle was cut is the finest kind of paper made from long-fibered asbestos, specially treated to increase its tensile strength. Ordinary heat will not injure it. It almost defies tearing, can be chewed, and even a Billy Goat's digestion will not feaze it. It is well-nigh indestructible."

"The chart and triangle are impregnated with certain substances which when submitted to certain treatments will give up much of the secret. They must first both be submitted to a heat of '240 degrees,' then boiled in liquid air.

"The air we breathe, when liquified at a great pressure and low temperature, boils at about 310 degrees Fahrenheit below zero. There are, unfortunately, several kinds of thermometers. The two commonly used are the French or Centigrade and the English or Fahrenheit. The former is used by scientists and the latter for common observations, like measuring the temperature of the weather. Scientists often do not indicate the kind of degrees, because it is understood to mean centigrade. The '240 degrees,' therefore, means centigrade degrees, and equals 464 degrees Fahrenheit scale.

"This will bring out certain incompleted formulas and prepare the chart, including the triangle, for subsequent treatments."

"This is all exceedingly fascinating, but I am more interested in your good self," said the officer. "Let us take a spin through the park. It will rest you before going to the doctor's office. There is still half an hour left before the appointment."

"I shall be delighted to go," responded Madeline, "but before doing so let me tell you just a little about the 'radio-activity' (means the power of giving off certain kinds of rays), which plays a most important part. The incompleted formulas may be further developed by submitting the chart to the action of certain radio-active substances. Of these there are a number, but the most conspicuous is the element called radium, discovered by Madam Curie with the assistance of her husband. Let us now go for the auto ride and call on the doctor on our return."

The two lovers departed. Annoyances and cares were soon forgotten among the beautiful scenery along the drive. They were alone, excepting the chauffeur, and he was compelled to watch the road. Time seemed to have wings. The tiny wrist watch showed that the time for the physician's appointment was close at hand. Was it correct? The pocket watch said yes. The taxi was immediately directed to the physician's office on Dupont Circle. They arrived a little belated, but without mishap. As they entered the office the physician arose, advanced, extended his hand, and said, "Miss Madeline Connor, of Colorado, I am happy to see you. How is your gracious, lovable father? Has he come with you?"

Madeline eyed him with a searching, suspicious look, saying, "Why do you speak in this fashion? When and where did you see my father? He has gone to that land from whence no traveler returns."

The doctor said: "My little girl, I recall the many happy visits I have had with your father in his home in the Rockies, where I spent several years in regaining my health and strength. You were then a little girl, just blossoming into womanhood. I recall now the enthusiasm with which your father carried on his experiments, endeavoring to work out the idea of transmuting the baser elements into the more prized. He was a good father to you. You were with him a large part of the time, and I often marveled how apt a student you were. Love seemed to know no bounds."

"Pardon me, doctor, you have so completely surprised me that I have neglected to introduce my friend, Major Archie Knowles, who has kindly consented to come with me." The doctor greeted the officer, then reverted to Prof. Connor's work. "All that country is radiant with splendor. Abundant crops seem to grow anywhere water can be supplied. I am told that 500 bushels of the golden nuggets we formerly called potatoes have been raised on an acre of land in some parts of the Centennial State.

"It is true, sunshine is abundant, but there seems to be something else. Your father believed it was due, in part, to the radio-active substances present in the soil. He conducted a number of experiments, using some of these substances. To his surprise, great benefit resulted. This has been confirmed by others since then.

"When I last visited your father, he was working with that wonderful substance called radium. It was discovered by a woman, I am told. A woman's contribution to science!

Major Knowles had been thinking deeply. A new world is opening up to him. He rather sympathizes with the poor, overworked scientists, and facetiously remarked that it looked to him as if this radium business would keep them as busy as a one-armed paperhanger with the itch. The doctor and Madeline enjoyed this remark hugely.

"You will pardon me, Miss Connor, with all these interesting reminiscenses, I have almost forgotten the object of your call."

"Certainly, doctor," cheerfully responded Madeline. "I am already greatly relieved from the strain I was suffering with a few hours ago."

"All right," said the doctor. "I very well recall your father telling me how they spied on him and how our ores, rich in radium, were being exported to Europe, the radium extracted and low-grade stuff returned to us at fabulous prices. The good material was kept at home. It was another one of those Hun subterfuges. They endeavored to make it appear that they were greatly in advance of the rest of the world in matters chemically. It was a long time before our Government became wise, decided to recover this precious substance itself, in our own factory, and keep it at home for our own use. It is very rare and the pure substance cannot be bought."

"The compound of radium on the market costs about $7,000 for a speck that weighs about as much as a grain of wheat. Seven thousand dollars a grain," mused Archie. "That would mean about $3,000,000 an ounce, and gold brings about $20 for the same amount. Furthermore, one can buy only about half as much now with a gold dollar as formerly.

"They say radium is scarce. Suppose an ample supply could be found, that would be gold, indeed. This remarkable substance has not been found efficacious for treating nervous conditions.

"You must have a complete rest for a short time, Miss Madeline. Have you any friends here to accompany you?"

"Yes, I have three of the best red-blooded American friends, sons of my father's friends, who have protected and cared for me since coming to Washington."

"I would then suggest that you go to the Blue Ridge mountains, near Bluemont, Va., in a secluded place, where you can get plenty of good, wholesome, nourishing food and ample rest. You know Dr. Wiley? He has a dairy near there, and may be willing to supply you with pure milk."

"Yes, I have heard him speak on milk on several occasions near my home."

"It is not likely that you will be disturbed up there, as it takes nearly a lifetime to get there by the Old Dominion car line. A flying machine would be the best mode of transportation. A few weeks' rest will work wonders."

"I am worred about another matter, doctor. I got a little bump on my head during one of these rough treatments and fainted. A couple of doctors examined me and said I had both motor and sensory aphasia; that I could not hear right, saw things twisted, and my tongue would go wrong. Doctor, have you ever seen a woman who had lapses of memory, or who was unable to talk if she wanted to?"

At this point they all entered into a hearty laugh. She said: "I have had many a little bump in the mountains, and to think that the doctors could be so easily misled into the belief that a little bump on my head would render me dumb, deaf, and blind to the world, certainly looks stupid. Those doctors certainly were easily camouflaged."

"I think you put one over on the doctors that time, Madeline. Your speech and memory do not betray any of those difficulties at present. I do not think you will need any medicine. Drugs do good only in well-selected cases. I hope you will not go away like so many others and try one of those patent medicines. They often do more harm than good. It is claimed that they are the poor man's medicine, but my experience is that they are the poor man's luxury and an expensive one at that."

The two callers bade the doctor adieu and as they emerged from the office door, they met Lieutenant Kimball. He was told of their visit to the doctor, his instructions to Madeline and now the proposition is, how to get out of the city as quietly and unceremoniously as possible; and unbeknown to any one excepting the doctor.

Kimball felt like a cur when he recalled the last few moments he spent with her. The two passed glances. The lieutenant profusely apologized for his ungallant conduct to her and Madeline graciously accepted the apology. The love cord beat as before.

"I wonder if your air plane is ready," ventured the major. "It is at your disposal," said Kimball. "Is it possible for us all to start for the Blue Ridge mountains within half an hour?" "Surely," came the wholehearted response.

They entered the taxi and in a short time were on their way to the polo field. The air plane was in readiness. The three entered. Under the skill of the accomplished ace, they were soon walking up the airy stair case. The sun was still an hour above the horizon. Up, up they went. Objects became smaller and smaller. The city looked like a radiating patched quilt. The winged steed circled over the Capital and then headed for the mountains.

Madeline could not be left unprotected. The outcome was that the major should be Madeline's protector and Lieutenant Kimball was to get Captain Henderson. The airplane was provided with a wireless phone and the captain was soon located. Henderson was ready when Kimball arrived. The machine was carefully gone over, a supply of gasolene provided, and in half an hour the three admirers and protectors were with Madeline. Captain Henderson apologized for his ungraciousness a few days since. They had proven their loyal fidelity.

The young lady had gone to the mountains for a rest. To the casual observer it hardly seemed that her present environments were very favorable. The question of disposing of the secret preyed on her mind and she could not feel content until something definite had come of it.

The major was of a practical turn of mind and asked about the transmutation of the baser metals into gold. Had any chemist ever accomplished it before? Madeline replied that "Prof. Ramsay, of England, had reported preparing a small amount of gold from copper." On account of his scientific standing it received considerable credence, but not much came of it.

The next question propounded by the major was "supposing that we should change all the lead in the world into gold, what would the effect be on its price? It would seem that unless we could control its distribution as is done in the case of the African diamonds, or our meat supplied by the Five Big Packers, the price of gold would soon be reduced to 20 cents an ounce or less, and the lead would be cornered.

No one endeavored to answer. Madeline suggested that efforts be made to carry out the experiments on the triangle and chart, communicated to them. All were agreed that this should be done.

The psychological moment had come. All who are to participate in the great fortune were present. It was up to Madeline Connor to "play square"—and she did. She said: "No one had as yet seen the authentic chart except her father and herself. It was in her possession, sewn in one of her garments. She forthwith delivered the chart to the three men for its safekeeping. It was theirs to guard, and from it to develop the secret so far as it resided in the chart.

The other chart which has had such a devious route and checkered career was made of the same material as the genuine one, and contained some of the other elements, but was largely camouflaged. You will recall that Wu Tsang had some imitation triangles made, but found that they lacked something.

The men were greatly surprised, but their faces beamed with happiness. Their coveted prize was still in sight. It was now their duty and privilege to take the next step.

The Bureau of Chemistry was called up, and the possibility of doing some unofficial work for and by Government officers was discussed. It was explained that one of the expected results of the work would be great relief and benefit to suffering humanity. The reply was that Congress did not authorize doing work for private parties, whatever may be its object.

Balked again. After a short conference the Bureau of Standards was communicated with. The facilities of that institution were placed at their disposal.

Every provision was made for Madeline's comfort, safekeeping and protection. The three officers winged to Washington with the chart in their possession. Application was made at the Bureau of Standards to do the work. It was necessary for each one of the men to be identified.

Uniforms did not gain admittance. These preliminaries disposed of, each one was given an identification card. They were then ushered through a series of subterranean chambers and finally emerged in the room assigned them. It was a beautiful place. They were given the use of a lock box in a large safe in which to deposit their valuables.

The first few days were spent in getting the essential apparatus for the first part of the work. The use of the radium supplies presented some difficulties as will be seen later. The charts was heated for one-half hour in a furnace kept at a temperature of 240 degrees, by means of an electric current. Some forms were developed, but they were not intelligible to any of them. The chart was then boiled in liquid air for one hour. This did not result in anything visible. So far everything had gone well. Difficulties were seen ahead. Neither one of the men had much knowledge of radium or how to use it. It was considered unwise to bring in a stranger. It was too serious a matter. Could Madeline help out? Has she had the necessary experience? It was decided to put the valuables in safekeeping and consult Madeline. The airplane soon landed them on the Blue Ridge Mountains. The girl was delighted to see them, greatly improved and happy in her surroundings.

After a few moments' conversation they took a short hike through the mountains. The girl set the officers a pace not soon to be forgotten. She was in her element. After returning, dinner was ready, and only those who have had similar experiences know what an appetite such walks develop.

Twilight found the three ensconced in a sequestered place talking over experiences. An unusual motion attracted Captain Henderson's attention. On looking up he saw a shutter-eyed face 'gazing on them. The hiding place had been found. The observation was communicated to the group. Yes, said Madeline, I have had my suspicion aroused during the past day. A woman answering the description of Mrs. Thayer has been seen, and it might be well to leave these quarters tomorrow.

Major Knowles told Madeline that they had gone as far with the chart as they felt safe, and now come for instructions and assistance. Neither one knows much about radium and its properties. "We do not consider it wise to call in a stranger on so important a matter. We thought possibly you could help out. The radium and apparatus are at our command, and the chart is locked up in one of Uncle Sam's safes, guarded by trusty employes. We have the key to the lock box."

"I certainly can help in that matter," responded Madeline. "Let us plan to leave here early in the morning."

Lieutenant Kimball slept in the flying machine to protect it against possible vandalism. The protection of Madeline was vouched to the care of the captain and major. The night passed without any disturbance. Morning found them rested. After a hurried breakfast they left for Washington, where they arrived in good spirits. A sedan was taken to the Bureau of Standards.

After some red tape, permission was granted Madeline to enter the premises. The necessary apparatus was set up, the chart brought from the safe, and the radium set to work. The action would take ten hours.

As the four sat in a group watching the play of rays, Madeline said, "Father desired to turn over his work to the United States Government, but could not come to any terms. The Government experts say there's little radium bearing ore in this country. Father discovered immense deposits, and the charf will show where they are located. The two important ores are carnotite and pitch-blend.

"My father also perfected an instrument by means of which the possessor can locate certain animated objects. He called it radio-scope. I am going to give one to each of you. It may stand you in good stead some day."

At the end of ten hours' radium action, the experiment was discontinued, and the chart placed in the safe. The four workers left the bureau, entered a limousine, and in a short time arrived at the Raleigh well satisfied with their day's work. After dinner, which was rather late, the three admirers saw to it that Madeline was provided with every comfort.

She had not been molested for some time, and it was believed now was a propitious time to attend to a few matters demanding attention. The three men compared notes. It was concluded that the duties of Captain Henderson and Lieutenant Kimball were the most pressing. These two officers, with great reluctance, left Madeline in the major's charge.

The young lady was accustomed to liberty, plenty of fresh air and the four walls got on her nerves. She did not relish the restraint and asked the major whether there was not a place for a little diversion of some kind to remove the monotony. But, protested Archie, where can we go and be safe. "What, no safe place in this beautiful city?" queried the girl. She shared the feeling of the lonesome war worker.

These had been stirring times for the staid old city of Washington. Time had been when the city pursued the even tenor of its ways without anything causing very much bustle, but with the advent of the war and its numerous war workers both in uniform and out, things began to change. Rooms were scarce, cars and lunch rooms were overcrowded and things in general took on a different hue.

With so many strangers full of new and old ideas, brought from other cities, it was but natural that some new forms of amusement should crop up. These made themselves known in the so-called Greenwich village places like the Silver Sea Horse and the Krazy Kat, nice cobwebby places with futurist pictures on the walls, small wooden tables, rickety chairs and candles for light. Here the ladies can enjoy a cigarette over a cup of tea or coffee with cakes or ginger bread while their escorts talk art, music, or literature to Peggy or Poll or some other young artist or dancer.

Places where the cares of running the war could be laid aside by the army or naval officer or the cares of running the country would not weigh so heavily upon some member of Congress. And it was whispered about, that if one was "in on the know" a little wine might even be procured in some of these places in dry Washington.

It is too late for the theater, movies too slow, no cabarets, and so far as I can see there is nothing in view except the "Krazy Kat" replied Archie, "but let's go, you and I, let us enjoy ourselves together for a short time somewhere," responded Madeline.

So it was arranged, and about an hour later they were drawing to a stop near Thomas Circle. After wandering around in several blind alleys and trying several garage and stable doors in endeavoring to find the place, they were attracted by a sound of laughter on the second floor of a stable, and, pushing open a swinging door, crossing a lumber-littered room, and climbing a narrow winding staircase, they found themselves in the midst of a smoke-filled, dimly lighted room that was fairly well filled with laughing, noisy people, who seemed to be having just the best time in the world, with no one to see and no one to care who saw.

Madeline and Archie sat down to one of the small tables and, ordering some coffee and gingerbread, prepared for an evening of fun. Madeline, as she looked around the room, which was thick with smoke, both men and women smoking, and very dimly lighted by candles stuck in empty beer and whiskey bottles, saw at a corner table across the room Fuller, Mrs. Thayer, and Snyder, earnestly engaged in conversation. What on earth had brought them here? She pointed them out to Archie, but as he did not seem to be alarmed she promptly forgot them and gave her attention to the other people around her.

Lieutenant Kimball and Captain Henderson had, in the meanwhile, been trying to locate Madeline and Archie by means of their radioscopes, and after they had found them at once started for the Krazy Kat to join and to surprise them.

As the evening wore on the Krazy Kat patrons became noisier and more hilarious, and in some of the corners one could hear the pop of a cork being drawn and the gurgle of liquids pouring from a bottle. Some of those present had brought in some Baltimore "joy juice" and were preparing for a large evening.

About this time Captain Henderson and Lieutenant Kimball came up the rickety stairway and, spying out Madeline and Archie, joined them. Snyder, Fuller, and Mrs. Thayer had joined a party where the fun was at its height. All the candles in their vicinity were blown out. Others took the hint and soon all were out except two. Everything was shrouded in darkness.

The persons that were moving about looked like specters in the light of the two remaining candles. Suddenly a shot ran out and a flash of fire lighted up the room while the smell of burnt gunpowder mingled with the screams of the ladies. Some one was shooting a revolver. Almost at once the room was flooded with an intense white glare that came from two monster flashlights held in the left hands of two men who stood at the head of the stairway.

In their right hands they held very business-like revolvers and calmly announced "The house is pinched." Confusion reigned, and as the clang of a patrol bell sounded outside the crowd gathered together and went down in single file and climbed into the waiting wagons. All were hauled to the police station, and here most of the offenders were released upon personal bonds, but somehow Snyder, Fuller, and Mrs. Thayer were held on charges of disorderly conduct and were lodged in cells at the Eighth precinct along with several others.

Madeline, Major Knowles, Captain Henderson and Lieutenant Kimball were allowed to go, and went quickly to the Raleigh, sliding into Madeline's apartment for a conference. They thought with Snyder, Fuller and Mrs. Thayer temporarily detained they would at least be unmolested for awhile by them.

Wily Wu had certainly been making himself scarce of late. It seemed so strange not to have the crafty Chink continually bobbing up, but we shall soon learn the reasons. No one knew of his whereabouts for several weeks. He tried to get possession of the chart and secret by intrigue and threat even in the name of the great Buddha, but the brave girl stoically refused to surrender her father's work to those not entitled to share it.

The secret was not an alchemy heritage of a Chinese servant. Wu was obsessed to secure the coveted prize. It would give him prestige. The phony triangle the goat devoured and never gave up was one of several copies made by Wu from the supposed original in his possession. He later came into control of a chart from which a triangle had been cut. He found that the triangle fitted into the triangular space in the chart.

He now felt that the coveted secret was in his hands, and the real owners of the chart would soon be hot on his trail. The notion got into his Oriental head that the sooner he got out of sight the better.

The underground world in Washington was well known to him, but he felt that it was not devious enough to make for security. New York, furthermore, presented a more inviting field. The idea was immediately acted on. Wu Tsang quickly repaired to his room, packed a small handbag with a few necessary personal effects, had a conveyance called and soon taxied to the Union Station.

Here he purchased accommodations and a few moments later was speeding to the big city as fast as our swiftest train could take him. Well, he knew that once in New York's Chinatown with its many opium dens; all supopsedly closed but still in full operation; houses with secret stair cases; tunnels and passage ways, Joss houses, etc.; he would be out of danger.

Having in his possession the chart, as he supposed, and being protected from harm or interruption from the outside world by the members of the Red Poppy—a tong very powerful in China, and with members in every big city in the United States—he could use the cunning Oriental brains to ferret out the secret. Methods could also be worked out to get it back to the Flowery Kingdom, increase its power and appease the gods.

Wu was always mindful of himself. If this could all be accomplished he would be elevated to heights of power heretofore undreamed of by any member of the yellow race. Six hours after leaving Washington he was swallowed up late on a Saturday afternoon by the seething throng that inhabits Chinatown. One half hour later he was in conference with twelve other members of his race. All were members of the Red Poppy, secured against interruption by a ring of sentries with orders to kill any intruder.

The clan held many conclaves, but little progress was made. No one was found who could interpret the figures and signs on the chart. Something was wanting. One chief even suggested that the chart Wu Tsang had represented a camouflage.

The Oriental spellbinder was beginning to feel a creepy sensation coming over him that the chart might be spurious. What would happen to him if this proved correct must be left to conjecture. He certainly would not have enough cast left to cast a shadow behind him if he really escaped the noose. Wu Tsang was sweating blood.

Wu, being kept in touch with the doings in Washington, soon learned that Snyder, Fuller and Mrs. Thayer were in confinement. He believed for some time that they had been trying to double cross him and win for themselves the secret, and here was his chance. He sent word at once to Washington, and the death machinery was started into motion.

By some means, known only to the wily Chinese brain, each of the three, as they slept in their cells after their arrest, had a red poppy pinned on their breasts directly over their hearts. That was the death signal, and at an appointed time in the wee small hours each cell was quietly entered and a gleaming, keen-edged knife suspended over every poppy by means of a delicate silken thread adjusted so that it would break when disturbed by certain vibrations. The time limit was only a few seconds off. Somewhere in the distance a church clock bell tolled the hour of 3, and the three sharp blades descended swiftly——

Tomorrow's chapter will be written by Natalie Sumner Lincoln, well-known Washington author of popular novels.

The final $250 prize chapter will be published next Sunday. See rules for contestants' on Page 13.

FOLLOWING THE TRAIL OF "CAMOUFLAGED"

By GEORGE H. DONOHUE.

—and now, Dr. Lyman F. Kebler, Bureau of Chemistry, Department of Agriculture, comes to bat in the first half of the ninth—and the eyes of all Washington are watching with bated breath his delivery—and all we can say, is read the story today, for in Chapter Twenty-eight you will discover the process which Prof. John Stanton Connor had implanted in the brain of Madeline Lucile when she came to Washington. Dr. Kebler proves that even the scientist can relate things which to the average student are at times tiresome—in a most interesting even thrilling style of diction—as you will notice in his particular reference to my original story where I claim that heat had 240 degrees—which is far as I can go in the elementaries of chemistry could be equalized by 464.

Breaking away from the cut-and-dried ethics of scientific lore, Dr. Kebler has demonstrated very cleverly the fact that he, like Mr. Wilmeth, Major General Barnett and Lieut. John Flynn, has secretly hidden in the back of his head a very fine idea of the real art of short-story writing. You all know that tomorrow is the twenty-ninth and deciding chapter of this serial. Miss Natalie Sumner Lincoln, editor of the D. A. R. Magazine, is writing that twenty-ninth chapter, as you are reading this story, and it will be from her viewpoint that you will get the final triangular line—and possibly the clue to the missing link—of this remarkable literary contest.

You will find in addition to Miss Lincoln's story tomorrow the result of a conference which I will undertake this afternoon with Major Pullman, Inspector Grant, and Detectives Burlingham and Kelley, all of whom have consented to permit me to ask them a few questions as to what they would do providing after all "Camouflaged" was a real story in this city, and you want to read this story as it will be a corker because I am going to write it—and that's going some.

YOUNG BUSINESS MEN OF THE TIMES

NO. 6

PHILIP MOSS.

Who delivers The Times daily in the territory, East Capitol to D street and Eighth to Twelfth street.

Philip Moss, twelve years old, knows what it is to be an investor.

He has been selling copies of The Times for fourteen months, and nearly all of the money he has been saving he put into Liberty bonds.

"I have a Times route of my own," said Philip today. "And I have seventy-five subscribers. I am trying to increase the number of customers and hope to have at least 100 soon.

"When the Liberty bonds were offered I thought I would be patriotic and subscribe. So I did. Since there are no more Liberty bond issues I have been putting my money in the bank."

Philip is in the seventh grade at the Hilton School. He lives at 711 D street northeast.

Tooting a horn on Armistice Day did not end your part in winning a peace with victory. Paying your income tax makes more real noise than tooting a horn.

Total Casualties Announced Now 270,718; 47 Dead and 138 Wounded In Today's Lists

The War Department gave out four army casualty lists today which contained 187 names, bringing the total for the army up to 268,881. No marine corps casualty list was issued, but the total previously reported for that arm of the service was 5,834. The total for both army and marine corps so far announced is now 270,718.

The army lists issued today contained the names of 6 killed in action, 9 died from wounds, 6 died from accident and other causes, 26 died of disease, 9 wounded severely, 74 wounded to a degree undetermined, 55 wounded slightly, and 2 missing in action.

DIED FROM ACCIDENT AND OTHER CAUSES

CORPORALS.

Canada, Nova Scotia, Frank H. Breton.
Ohio, Warren, Lee O. Reynolds.

PRIVATES.

La., Logansport, Jake Cohen.
N. J., Trenton, Anthony D. Frascella.
Okl., San Bernardino, William H. Lawson.
Mont., Missoula, Dewey F. Simpson.

DIED OF DISEASE.

CORPORALS.

Wash., Mount Vernon, Ellsworth E. Albertson.
Pa., Apollo, Charles R. Ewing.
Miss., Biloxi, Chester G. Hayes.

MECHANICS.

N. J., Haledon, Raymond M. Bernesconi.
Cal., Long Beach, Eddie M. Brown.

CHAUFFEUR.

Mont., Great Falls, Roland W. Bradley.

COOK.

N. Y., New York, Edward Waller.

CIVILIAN.

Holland, Gronenger, Albert Hoeg.

PRIVATES.

Ohio, Cincinnati, Thomas P. Aug.
Ind., Lafayette, Theodore W. Baumgardt.
Miss., Jackson, Jack H. Boggs.
Ala., Arkadelphia, John Boyd.
Mass., Charlestown, Arthur J. Brickley.
Mich., St. James, William J. Burns.
Cal., Paso Robles, William A. Caldwell.
Pa., Cory, Steven M. Chapman.
N. Y., Brooklyn, Reuben Dolobeff.
Pa., Philadelphia, Elmer W. Fickshnon.
Pa., Hollidaysburg, Aden F. Fink.
N. J., Absecon, Charles Alfred Hammell.
Mo., Lexington, Milton Ige.
Va., Keezletown, Tommie Orr.
N. Y., New York, Thomas J. Sheridan.
Mo., Washington, Frederick C. Siegel.
N. Y., Buffalo, Ferdinand Charles Vollbrecht.
S. C., Lieut., John Oliver Woddell.

KILLED IN ACTION

PRIVATES.

Ohio, Cincinnati, William Bolle.
Tenn., Johnson City, Ernest H. Gardner.
Kans., Coldwater, William H. Metzker.
Mont., Forsythe, Gerhard Olson.
Ala., Spring Garden, Porter J. Reedy.
Wash., Seattle, Harry E. Regus.

DIED OF WOUNDS.

SERGEANT.

N. Y., Rochester, Frank E. Robertshaw.

CORPORAL.

Mo., Odessa, Edgar L. McNeel.

PRIVATES.

Mich., McMillan, Anthony W. Brewster.
Minn., Evergreen, Thomas Plant.
S. Dak., Herrick, Arthur Frazier.
Sweden, Bobo, John E. Johnson.
Mass., Roxbury, John C. Kelley.
Cal., Stockton, Adam Klein.
N. J., Jersey City, Milton May.

The Japanese Way to Remove Corns Doesn't Hurt a Bit—Easy and Simple

The Magic Touch of Ice-Mint Does It. Just a Touch Stops Soreness, Then the Corn or Callous Shrivels and Lifts Off. Try it. Your Feet Will Feel Cool and Fine.

Just a touch of Ice-Mint and "Oh!" what relief. Corns and callouses vanish, soreness disappears and you can dance all night or walk all day and your corns won't hurt a bit. No matter what you have tried or how many times you have been disappointed, here is a real help for you at last. From the very second that Ice-Mint touches that sore, tender corn your poor tired, aching feet will feel so cool, easy and comfortable that you will just sigh with relief. Think of it; just a little touch of that delightful, cooling Ice-Mint and real foot joy is yours. No matter how old or tough your pet corn is he will shrivel right up and you can pick him out after a touch of Ice-Mint. No pain, not a bit of soreness, either when applying it or afterwards, and it doesn't even irritate the skin.

Ice-Mint is the real Japanese secret of fine, healthy little feet. Prevents foot odors and keeps them cool, sweet and comfortable. It is now selling like wildfire here.

Just ask in any drug store for a little Ice-Mint and give your poor suffering, tired feet the treat of their lives. There is nothing better, nor nothing "just as good."

Smoking Tobacco and Chocolate!

"Your Nose Knows"

Everybody likes chocolate! We all know that adding chocolate to anything as a flavoring always makes that thing still more enjoyable! The same holds true in the manufacture of smoking tobacco. *All* smoking tobaccos use *some* flavoring. That is the secret of the delicate, agreeable, *pure fragrance* of Tuxedo. The finest of carefully aged burley tobacco + a dash of pure chocolate gives that fragrance *"Your Nose Knows"* from all other tobaccos.

Try This Test: Rub a little Tuxedo briskly in the palm of your hand to bring out its full aroma. Then smell it deep—its delicious, *pure fragrance* will convince you. Try this test with any other tobacco and we will let Tuxedo stand or fall on your judgment—

"Your Nose Knows"

Guaranteed by
The American Tobacco Co.
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