

NEW WAR UNIFORM FOR WOMEN SHOWN

Costume Designed to Save Material Will Have No Trimming, but Looks Well

New York, April 2.—The conservation war uniform for women has arrived. It uses only three and one-quarter yards of not very wide material, and yet it is proper and extremely becoming. It is, however, only for those women war workers who tip the scales at a substantial number of pounds. At the fashion show held by the National League for Women's Service, at the Metropolitan Hotel, the models were all young and slender. Models never grow fat, which fact no doubt hampered Hickson, the designer and maker of this "practical costume for volunteer workers in patriotic organizations," in the desire to give an all-around idea of the uniform. It is not a tailored creation. The leaguer holds that tailoring takes up the time of a man, and is, therefore, unpatriotic. It is dressmaking, a woman's job, every stitch of it. But good looking—oh, how good looking! It is of blue serge and neither long nor short, if the reader gets what one means. It is not long enough to hit the dust, and it is not short enough to show the legs. It is not a perfectly proper skirt ought to be. There is no trimming—just graceful lines, that is all. The sole adornment, which also is useful, is a black net, which can be used as a picturesque "throw" when the worker fares abroad, and becomes a collar in the city. It dispenses even with cuffs, but does have pockets, trim, neat pockets, meant to hold things and not obtrusive. The sleeves are tight-fitting. Many members of the National League for Women's Service, at the fashion show, and all announced their intention of wearing the new uniform right along.

KAIER IS RETAINED AS HEAD OF ESTATE

Judge Refuses to Remove Brewer at Request of His Sisters

Pottsville, Pa., April 2.—Judge Wilhelm, in the Orphans' Court, refused to remove Charles Kaier, a widely known brewer, an executor of the Kaier estate, worth upward of \$1,000,000. Mr. Kaier's sisters objected to his continued administration of the affairs of the estate, alleging that he had spent money extravagantly in Philadelphia and elsewhere. Judge Wilhelm at the same time divided up the estate among seven Kaier children, taking the ground that, although Mrs. Kaier mentioned only four of her children as legatees, the other three left the estate to be divided among all, and that the mother had only a life interest in the estate. He decided that all of the children are entitled to participate in the division of the estate. Mr. Kaier's sisters, it is said, will appeal the case to the Superior Court.

BRYAN NO LONGER PACIFIST

Predicts 36 States Will Ratify "Dry" Amendment Within a Year

Pittsburgh, April 2.—William Jennings Bryan, speaking at a ministerial union meeting here, predicted that within a year thirty-six States will have ratified the national prohibition amendment. J. Henry O'Sullivan, secretary of the Republican gubernatorial nomination, spoke from the same platform as Bryan. Mr. Bryan, once termed the "king of the pacifists," said the country has been divided to the war question now, said Bryan. "They are our country's side and our enemy's side. The time for difference of opinion is past and we are either for the country or against it."

STEVENS TO RUN AGAIN

Cape May Senator Announces Candidacy for Re-election

Cape May, N. J., April 2.—Senator Lewis T. Stevens, of this county, will be a candidate for re-election at the coming elections. He was recently selected as temporary secretary of the newly created State Department of Fisheries, but as he was a member of the legislature when the department was created he is forbidden by the State Constitution from receiving an emolument. When the permanent secretary in the State Department will give up the office, Assemblyman Mark Lake, of Ocean City, who has served two terms in the lower house, also will seek re-election.

DEACONESS FUND GROWS

More than \$100,000 Collected in Christian Workers' Campaign

A total of \$102,518.60 has been collected by the twenty teams conducting the campaign to raise \$150,000 for the Deaconess House and the Philadelphia School of Christian Workers of the Presbyterian and Reformed Churches. Reports just announced by the teams show gifts of \$500 each from Miss Mary C. Gerners and from Samuel T. Kerr. One third of the Deaconess House gave \$100 in Liberty Bonds.

Surrogate Fight in Jersey

Madison, N. J., April 2.—Former Assemblyman Shoppers of Maurice River township has announced himself a candidate for the Republican nomination for surrogate next fall. Former Sheriff Marshall, of Vineland, has been looking for the contest with that object in view for some time. The Democratic Party will be renominated by the Democrats and supported by the division in the Republican ranks.

Jersey Governor Appoints

Trenton, April 2.—William B. M. Burdick, of Camden, was appointed by Governor Edge to succeed William Staff Underhiller. The Governor reappointed as a member of the state board John A. Maxwell, of Somerville. Hermon C. Mueller and Clinton Reeves, of Camden, were appointed members of the board of trustees of the Trenton Art school.

ALLIES The Government—Big Business—Phila. School of Filing

Graduates of our Philadelphia, New York and Boston Schools may be found in more than two thousand business organizations. Scores of them are in Government employ at salaries previously unknown to women.

"VARIETY" DESCRIBES HAT MODES



THE WORLD'S WAR Through Woman's Eyes

By ELLEN ADAIR

Red Cross Outrages

London, March 4. THAT civilized men and women should deliberately insult, torture and abuse wounded or dying captives seems a thing past belief. But it is true—indubitably true. And this infamy is the greater because it has been deliberately organized and planned and prepared by the German staff. It is a report on the transport of prisoners of war to Germany—and among its writers—those poor souls who, wounded and dying, fell into German hands—are men of my personal acquaintance, including several Scottish officers who have gone through horrors unpeakable. It contains the first-hand statements and depositions of forty-eight officers and seventy-seven noncommissioned officers and men who were taken captive into Germany. For the British wounded, the progress to Germany was a veritable journey to the end of the world. It was a journey of suffering and agony, and its horrors were cruelly enhanced by the merciless savagery of the German Red Cross women. Forgetting the aynal which they were, they behaved as though they had been barbarians. Witness after witness—British officers of the highest repute—testify to this. The ambulance trains, which, under the Geneva convention, ought to have been used impartially for all wounded, were never employed for the British. British officers were hung—literally hung, though wounded—into loathsome cattle trucks. Listen to the statement of Major Vandaeur, a prominent and well-known officer of the British army, who, with fifty-one other wounded men, was forced into a closed wagon—one small wagon, please note—from which horses had just been removed. Wounded Men Cursed and Kicked "So tight were we packed," wires the wounded Major, "that there was only room for some of us to sit down on the floor. This floor was covered fully three inches deep in fresh manure. The air was almost asphyxiating. We were boxed up in this foul wagon with no ventilation for thirty hours, with no food."

Cuticura Promotes Hair Health

All druggists, Soap & Ointment Dept. 4 C. Boston.

HICKORY GARTERS

FOR YOUR CHILDREN'S SAKE

Cost no more than ordinary kinds, but they do give longer, more satisfactory service and added comfort. They are guaranteed to satisfy you absolutely—or your money back. Buy a pair and judge.

"Stockings held the HICKORY way—Are stockings held to surely stay."

Chicago A. STEIN & CO. New York

MAKERS OF PARIS CAPS

MAKERS OF PARIS CAPS

MAKERS OF PARIS CAPS

MAKERS OF PARIS CAPS

MAKERS OF PARIS CAPS

MAKERS OF PARIS CAPS

CHAPTER XVIII—(Continued)

HAMMERLEY had drawn his automatic from his pocket and was fingering it coolly. He put his fingers over his eyes, so that the light would not near his familiarity with the darkness. He did not know how many men opposed him and did not seem to care. The main thing now was to keep his eye undimmed and his hand steady. The machine came, slowed down and stopped while a guttural exclamation came from the driver. The searchlight focused downward into the rocks of the gully. Screening his eyes from its light with a hand, Hammerley peered out at the occupants of the car. There were two men—better than three, but not so good as one. The man at the wheel rose and got down just beside him, moving forward to remove the obstacle. Hammerley waited no time. He leveled his automatic at the broad back of the driver and his voice rang sharply in German: "I have come here for the dispatches intended for Herr General von Strömberg. You will give them to me at once."

The man who was just bending over toward the driver, and who had been looking for a report and a bullet, swung close to Hammerley's ear. "A stream of fire came from Hammerley's automatic. Three shots in quick succession, and the man in the car pitched forward in his seat with a gasp. The other man had drawn his pistol. Hammerley had leaped behind a tree, and the chauffeur fired, but not in Hammerley's direction. The continuing fire of the machine in their rear had made their vision in the darkness uncertain. "Do you surrender?" shouted Hammerley.

The German's reply was to fire at him again and miss. He still stood in the reflection of the headlights, a bulky silhouette which made it difficult to see. While Hammerley stood in the shadow of the bushes, Hammerley plied him with bullets. The man was not a coward and rushed blindly toward the voice, shouting "Surrender, surrender!" "Well, then," Hammerley said and fired again. The man stumbled to his knees and then fell prone, his fingers clutching at the revolver. The whole incident had taken less than a minute, and a deadly silence seemed to fall, following the reverberation of the last shot. Hammerley stood tensely, listening and peering along the road toward Blaufelden. He was glad that he had a distance and he could now hear the sound of another machine. Von Strömberg had leaped into the bushes and was a perfect intuition was coming here directly and fast. The sound of the shots had not been heard. There was no time to lose. Hammerley bent over the man on the ground and searched his pockets rapidly. Gloves, matches, a spark plug, tobacco, but no papers. The chauffeur, of course, who had stood by the car and carried him down into the glare of the headlights, it was a dangerous thing to do, for the lights of the machine from Blaufelden were already swinging through the trees in the distance. He took the papers and searched the pockets of the man in the car and found them. He read the rapidly and quickly. "Ein Excellenz General Graf von Strömberg." Then sprang aside out of the glare of the light at the very moment when the other machine came swinging rapidly around the turn in the road. "The papers are safe," he heard a voice which Hammerley recognized. "Ja," Hammerley replied in a rough tone, "man tried to stop me and I shot him."

"Ganz gut," he shouted Hammerley again. All the while he had been moving out of the glare of the headlights and the men from the other car tumbled out and came forward, he turned into the darkness, and abandoned with caution took to his heels and ran at top speed in the opposite direction. Behind him he heard shouts as his troops were discovered, but he knew that in the matter of speed he had nothing to fear from any German at Blaufelden. The thing that bothered him now was a way to hide the marks of his footsteps, for in places where he had been he knew that in the morning light they would follow him; so he picked up his way carefully, running at top speed for a mile at least, to lead the pursuit away from the Thorwald and then at the banks of a small stream slipped them. Then without hesitation, though puffing fearfully from his exertions, he stepped down into the cold waters of the stream and waded up it, avoiding the ledges and making sure that he left no mark behind him. As he slipped, he reached the mountain, he could see in the distance the glow of the lights of the machines and when he reached a mossy bank which would not betray him, he clambered out of the water and turned, doubling like a fox upon his trail, turning back in the general direction from which he had come. Doris worried him. He could imagine her crouching there two hundred feet in the air just above the two machines, half dead with fear of capture and terror for him. Had she seen what had happened and understood it? Would she have the kind of silent endurance to crouch there and wait? He hurried on into the maze of rocks and deep woods, finding at last a deer trail that he knew. There were but two means of ingress to the cave of the Thorwald, one by the secret path in the bushes up toward the top of the mountain, the other from the upper side which he was now rapidly approaching. He ran along the deer trail, reloading

his automatic as he went, his eyes peering ahead for familiar landmarks, cutting in at last to the left at a great rock around which the deer trail led. He proceeded with great caution. Far below him he could see the reflection of the lights of the two cars and hear the voices of men. He went down a way toward the wall of rocks, clambering over huge boulders, hauling himself here and there by the aid of tree limbs, reaching at last the dry bed of the old stream which down in the road had been of such assistance to him. Now the wall of rock rose sheer before him. He stole cautiously along its face, feeling with his hands and peering upward in a moment he found what he was looking for, a small projecting ledge which he mounted and followed to his right for a way, then mounting again by easy stages to a fissure wider than his body, which he entered and followed quickly. It led downward to a tree at the bowels of the cave, but came out suddenly into an open space, a kind of amphitheatre, with a ridge of rock upon one side, and upon the other what appeared to be a solid wall. He crossed this space quickly and peered over. Below him the cave jutted out over the road and upon it somewhere was Doris. He strained his eyes downward but could not see her. What if she had found her footstep and followed? No, that was hardly possible, for the ridge of rock began immediately at the road, it is like hunting for a grain of barley

in a coal scuttle. His only hope lay in the woods anywhere. "It is my opinion," said Doris with some tenuity, "that they had a rendezvous somewhere beyond. It is my opinion that you mountains since his boyhood."

"But she hasn't, and how should she find it in the dark?" "Perhaps the matter being so important she would have described her footstep. Find me the girl and I will find you Hammerley."

Hammerley felt Doris's clasped light on his own. "The fugitives sat silently listening to the sounds below them, heard the creaking of the messenger's machine, asking question after question, which were answered feebly enough. After a while the man who had followed Hammerley returned and made his reports—the voice of Doris and the harsh crackle of Von Strömberg's machine and muffled shouting."

"It got away, Excellenz," said Doris. "For a moment only I saw him, and followed fast as I could, but my legs are too short for him."

"Bah! You are an imbecile, Herr Hauptmann. And the other men, are not they following?" "Yes, but Herr Hammerley has the legs of a deer. They are following, but it is like hunting for a grain of barley

in a coal scuttle. His only hope lay in the woods anywhere. "It is my opinion," said Doris with some tenuity, "that they had a rendezvous somewhere beyond. It is my opinion that you mountains since his boyhood."

"But she hasn't, and how should she find it in the dark?" "Perhaps the matter being so important she would have described her footstep. Find me the girl and I will find you Hammerley."

Hammerley felt Doris's clasped light on his own. "The fugitives sat silently listening to the sounds below them, heard the creaking of the messenger's machine, asking question after question, which were answered feebly enough. After a while the man who had followed Hammerley returned and made his reports—the voice of Doris and the harsh crackle of Von Strömberg's machine and muffled shouting."

"It got away, Excellenz," said Doris. "For a moment only I saw him, and followed fast as I could, but my legs are too short for him."

"Bah! You are an imbecile, Herr Hauptmann. And the other men, are not they following?" "Yes, but Herr Hammerley has the legs of a deer. They are following, but it is like hunting for a grain of barley

in a coal scuttle. His only hope lay in the woods anywhere. "It is my opinion," said Doris with some tenuity, "that they had a rendezvous somewhere beyond. It is my opinion that you mountains since his boyhood."

"But she hasn't, and how should she find it in the dark?" "Perhaps the matter being so important she would have described her footstep. Find me the girl and I will find you Hammerley."

Hammerley felt Doris's clasped light on his own. "The fugitives sat silently listening to the sounds below them, heard the creaking of the messenger's machine, asking question after question, which were answered feebly enough. After a while the man who had followed Hammerley returned and made his reports—the voice of Doris and the harsh crackle of Von Strömberg's machine and muffled shouting."

"It got away, Excellenz," said Doris. "For a moment only I saw him, and followed fast as I could, but my legs are too short for him."

"Bah! You are an imbecile, Herr Hauptmann. And the other men, are not they following?" "Yes, but Herr Hammerley has the legs of a deer. They are following, but it is like hunting for a grain of barley

in a coal scuttle. His only hope lay in the woods anywhere. "It is my opinion," said Doris with some tenuity, "that they had a rendezvous somewhere beyond. It is my opinion that you mountains since his boyhood."

"But she hasn't, and how should she find it in the dark?" "Perhaps the matter being so important she would have described her footstep. Find me the girl and I will find you Hammerley."

Hammerley felt Doris's clasped light on his own. "The fugitives sat silently listening to the sounds below them, heard the creaking of the messenger's machine, asking question after question, which were answered feebly enough. After a while the man who had followed Hammerley returned and made his reports—the voice of Doris and the harsh crackle of Von Strömberg's machine and muffled shouting."

"It got away, Excellenz," said Doris. "For a moment only I saw him, and followed fast as I could, but my legs are too short for him."

"Bah! You are an imbecile, Herr Hauptmann. And the other men, are not they following?" "Yes, but Herr Hammerley has the legs of a deer. They are following, but it is like hunting for a grain of barley

in a coal scuttle. His only hope lay in the woods anywhere. "It is my opinion," said Doris with some tenuity, "that they had a rendezvous somewhere beyond. It is my opinion that you mountains since his boyhood."

"But she hasn't, and how should she find it in the dark?" "Perhaps the matter being so important she would have described her footstep. Find me the girl and I will find you Hammerley."

Hammerley felt Doris's clasped light on his own. "The fugitives sat silently listening to the sounds below them, heard the creaking of the messenger's machine, asking question after question, which were answered feebly enough. After a while the man who had followed Hammerley returned and made his reports—the voice of Doris and the harsh crackle of Von Strömberg's machine and muffled shouting."

"It got away, Excellenz," said Doris. "For a moment only I saw him, and followed fast as I could, but my legs are too short for him."

"Bah! You are an imbecile, Herr Hauptmann. And the other men, are not they following?" "Yes, but Herr Hammerley has the legs of a deer. They are following, but it is like hunting for a grain of barley

The Yellow Dove

A Romance of the Secret Service By GEORGE GIBBS

CHAPTER XVIII—(Continued)

HAMMERLEY had drawn his automatic from his pocket and was fingering it coolly. He put his fingers over his eyes, so that the light would not near his familiarity with the darkness. He did not know how many men opposed him and did not seem to care. The main thing now was to keep his eye undimmed and his hand steady. The machine came, slowed down and stopped while a guttural exclamation came from the driver. The searchlight focused downward into the rocks of the gully. Screening his eyes from its light with a hand, Hammerley peered out at the occupants of the car. There were two men—better than three, but not so good as one. The man at the wheel rose and got down just beside him, moving forward to remove the obstacle. Hammerley waited no time. He leveled his automatic at the broad back of the driver and his voice rang sharply in German: "I have come here for the dispatches intended for Herr General von Strömberg. You will give them to me at once."

The man who was just bending over toward the driver, and who had been looking for a report and a bullet, swung close to Hammerley's ear. "A stream of fire came from Hammerley's automatic. Three shots in quick succession, and the man in the car pitched forward in his seat with a gasp. The other man had drawn his pistol. Hammerley had leaped behind a tree, and the chauffeur fired, but not in Hammerley's direction. The continuing fire of the machine in their rear had made their vision in the darkness uncertain. "Do you surrender?" shouted Hammerley.

The German's reply was to fire at him again and miss. He still stood in the reflection of the headlights, a bulky silhouette which made it difficult to see. While Hammerley stood in the shadow of the bushes, Hammerley plied him with bullets. The man was not a coward and rushed blindly toward the voice, shouting "Surrender, surrender!" "Well, then," Hammerley said and fired again. The man stumbled to his knees and then fell prone, his fingers clutching at the revolver. The whole incident had taken less than a minute, and a deadly silence seemed to fall, following the reverberation of the last shot. Hammerley stood tensely, listening and peering along the road toward Blaufelden. He was glad that he had a distance and he could now hear the sound of another machine. Von Strömberg had leaped into the bushes and was a perfect intuition was coming here directly and fast. The sound of the shots had not been heard. There was no time to lose. Hammerley bent over the man on the ground and searched his pockets rapidly. Gloves, matches, a spark plug, tobacco, but no papers. The chauffeur, of course, who had stood by the car and carried him down into the glare of the headlights, it was a dangerous thing to do, for the lights of the machine from Blaufelden were already swinging through the trees in the distance. He took the papers and searched the pockets of the man in the car and found them. He read the rapidly and quickly. "Ein Excellenz General Graf von Strömberg." Then sprang aside out of the glare of the light at the very moment when the other machine came swinging rapidly around the turn in the road. "The papers are safe," he heard a voice which Hammerley recognized. "Ja," Hammerley replied in a rough tone, "man tried to stop me and I shot him."

"Ganz gut," he shouted Hammerley again. All the while he had been moving out of the glare of the headlights and the men from the other car tumbled out and came forward, he turned into the darkness, and abandoned with caution took to his heels and ran at top speed in the opposite direction. Behind him he heard shouts as his troops were discovered, but he knew that in the matter of speed he had nothing to fear from any German at Blaufelden. The thing that bothered him now was a way to hide the marks of his footsteps, for in places where he had been he knew that in the morning light they would follow him; so he picked up his way carefully, running at top speed for a mile at least, to lead the pursuit away from the Thorwald and then at the banks of a small stream slipped them. Then without hesitation, though puffing fearfully from his exertions, he stepped down into the cold waters of the stream and waded up it, avoiding the ledges and making sure that he left no mark behind him. As he slipped, he reached the mountain, he could see in the distance the glow of the lights of the machines and when he reached a mossy bank which would not betray him, he clambered out of the water and turned, doubling like a fox upon his trail, turning back in the general direction from which he had come. Doris worried him. He could imagine her crouching there two hundred feet in the air just above the two machines, half dead with fear of capture and terror for him. Had she seen what had happened and understood it? Would she have the kind of silent endurance to crouch there and wait? He hurried on into the maze of rocks and deep woods, finding at last a deer trail that he knew. There were but two means of ingress to the cave of the Thorwald, one by the secret path in the bushes up toward the top of the mountain, the other from the upper side which he was now rapidly approaching. He ran along the deer trail, reloading

his automatic as he went, his eyes peering ahead for familiar landmarks, cutting in at last to the left at a great rock around which the deer trail led. He proceeded with great caution. Far below him he could see the reflection of the lights of the two cars and hear the voices of men. He went down a way toward the wall of rocks, clambering over huge boulders, hauling himself here and there by the aid of tree limbs, reaching at last the dry bed of the old stream which down in the road had been of such assistance to him. Now the wall of rock rose sheer before him. He stole cautiously along its face, feeling with his hands and peering upward in a moment he found what he was looking for, a small projecting ledge which he mounted and followed to his right for a way, then mounting again by easy stages to a fissure wider than his body, which he entered and followed quickly. It led downward to a tree at the bowels of the cave, but came out suddenly into an open space, a kind of amphitheatre, with a ridge of rock upon one side, and upon the other what appeared to be a solid wall. He crossed this space quickly and peered over. Below him the cave jutted out over the road and upon it somewhere was Doris. He strained his eyes downward but could not see her. What if she had found her footstep and followed? No, that was hardly possible, for the ridge of rock began immediately at the road, it is like hunting for a grain of barley

in a coal scuttle. His only hope lay in the woods anywhere. "It is my opinion," said Doris with some tenuity, "that they had a rendezvous somewhere beyond. It is my opinion that you mountains since his boyhood."

"But she hasn't, and how should she find it in the dark?" "Perhaps the matter being so important she would have described her footstep. Find me the girl and I will find you Hammerley."

Hammerley felt Doris's clasped light on his own. "The fugitives sat silently listening to the sounds below them, heard the creaking of the messenger's machine, asking question after question, which were answered feebly enough. After a while the man who had followed Hammerley returned and made his reports—the voice of Doris and the harsh crackle of Von Strömberg's machine and muffled shouting."

"It got away, Excellenz," said Doris. "For a moment only I saw him, and followed fast as I could, but my legs are too short for him."

"Bah! You are an imbecile, Herr Hauptmann. And the other men, are not they following?" "Yes, but Herr Hammerley has the legs of a deer. They are following, but it is like hunting for a grain of barley

in a coal scuttle. His only hope lay in the woods anywhere. "It is my opinion," said Doris with some tenuity, "that they had a rendezvous somewhere beyond. It is my opinion that you mountains since his boyhood."

"But she hasn't, and how should she find it in the dark?" "Perhaps the matter being so important she would have described her footstep. Find me the girl and I will find you Hammerley."

Hammerley felt Doris's clasped light on his own. "The fugitives sat silently listening to the sounds below them, heard the creaking of the messenger's machine, asking question after question, which were answered feebly enough. After a while the man who had followed Hammerley returned and made his reports—the voice of Doris and the harsh crackle of Von Strömberg's machine and muffled shouting."

"It got away, Excellenz," said Doris. "For a moment only I saw him, and followed fast as I could, but my legs are too short for him."

"Bah! You are an imbecile, Herr Hauptmann. And the other men, are not they following?" "Yes, but Herr Hammerley has the legs of a deer. They are following, but it is like hunting for a grain of barley

in a coal scuttle. His only hope lay in the woods anywhere. "It is my opinion," said Doris with some tenuity, "that they had a rendezvous somewhere beyond. It is my opinion that you mountains since his boyhood."

"But she hasn't, and how should she find it in the dark?" "Perhaps the matter being so important she would have described her footstep. Find me the girl and I will find you Hammerley."

Hammerley felt Doris's clasped light on his own. "The fugitives sat silently listening to the sounds below them, heard the creaking of the messenger's machine, asking question after question, which were answered feebly enough. After a while the man who had followed Hammerley returned and made his reports—the voice of Doris and the harsh crackle of Von Strömberg's machine and muffled shouting."

"It got away, Excellenz," said Doris. "For a moment only I saw him, and followed fast as I could, but my legs are too short for him."

"Bah! You are an imbecile, Herr Hauptmann. And the other men, are not they following?" "Yes, but Herr Hammerley has the legs of a deer. They are following, but it is like hunting for a grain of barley

in a coal scuttle. His only hope lay in the woods anywhere. "It is my opinion," said Doris with some tenuity, "that they had a rendezvous somewhere beyond. It is my opinion that you mountains since his boyhood."

"But she hasn't, and how should she find it in the dark?" "Perhaps the matter being so important she would have described her footstep. Find me the girl and I will find you Hammerley."

Hammerley felt Doris's clasped light on his own. "The fugitives sat silently listening to the sounds below them, heard the creaking of the messenger's machine, asking question after question, which were answered feebly enough. After a while the man who had followed Hammerley returned and made his reports—the voice of Doris and the harsh crackle of Von Strömberg's machine and muffled shouting."

"It got away, Excellenz," said Doris. "For a moment only I saw him, and followed fast as I could, but my legs are too short for him."

"Bah! You are an imbecile, Herr Hauptmann. And the other men, are not they following?" "Yes, but Herr Hammerley has the legs of a deer. They are following, but it is like hunting for a grain of barley

in a coal scuttle. His only hope lay in the woods anywhere. "It is my opinion," said Doris with some tenuity, "that they had a rendezvous somewhere beyond. It is my opinion that you mountains since his boyhood."

"But she hasn't, and how should she find it in the dark?" "Perhaps the matter being so important she would have described her footstep. Find me the girl and I will find you Hammerley."

Hammerley felt Doris's clasped light on his own. "The fugitives sat silently listening to the sounds below them, heard the creaking of the messenger's machine, asking question after question, which were answered feebly enough. After a while the man who had followed Hammerley returned and made his reports—the voice of Doris and the harsh crackle of Von Strömberg's machine and muffled shouting."

"It got away, Excellenz," said Doris. "For a moment only I saw him, and followed fast as I could, but my legs are too short for him."

HOSTESS AT COURT: HER 13 GUESTS WAIT

Mrs. Whitman, Wife of New York Governor, and Others Have Lunch Delayed

New York, April 2.—Mrs. Whitman, wife of the Governor, and thirteen other women were out to take the place at luncheon at 57 East Sixty-fourth street yesterday when their hostess, Mrs. Annon W. Burchard, wife of a vice president of the General Electric Company, was called to the telephone. She had to appear against a waiter charged with having stolen her diamond-studded mesh bag. To Magistrate Brough Mrs. Burchard explained the situation at her home—thirteen women unwilling to be seated until she returned and made the fourteenth. So the Magistrate called the case immediately.

NAT GOODWIN WINS CASE

Gets Verdict for \$15,200 Against Mirror Film Company

New York, April 2.—A verdict for \$15,200.43, the full amount asked for, was awarded to Nat C. Goodwin, the comedian, by a jury in Justice Greenbaum's part of the Supreme Court in his action against Clifford R. Harmon's Mirror Film Company for breach of contract. It took the Jurymen only about half an hour to agree. Goodwin had a contract for six months' work as a movie star at \$1200 a week. He alleged that he had been discharged eleven weeks before the expiration of his contract because the film company had run short of film. Lawyers for the defense sought to prove that it had been necessary to let Goodwin go because of "incompetency" and irregular habits and because he was habitually late in getting to the studio.

York Man Wounded in France

York, Pa., April 2.—Richard L. Major, a private of Company C, First Regiment, United States Infantry, was killed in action in France. He is only eighteen years old, and the loss of his father and mother is a heavy one to his relatives. His father and brother are also in service in France.

SAWTAY KITCHEN MOVIES

Corn Bread The family will want more Wheatless Days each week, when they find how good Sawtay corn bread is. For the best, most digestible hot breads you have ever eaten, use the best of the vegetable fats—

SAWTAY 100% PURE BUTTER OF NUTS

Better than Cheap Butter Cheaper than Good Lard

For BAKING—SHORTENING—FRYING

Sawtay Corn Bread 1 cup corn meal, 3/4 cup flour, 3 teaspoons baking powder, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 3 tablespoons sugar, 3/4 cup milk, 1 egg, 3 tablespoons melted Sawtay. Mix and sift dry ingredients, add milk slowly and then the well-beaten egg. Add melted Sawtay last. Bake in a shallow pan in a hot oven twenty minutes. (Omit sugar if desired.)

Community Stores We Serve You Save Your Groceries at Market Generous Size Tins

SAWTAY

SAWTAY

SAWTAY

SAWTAY

SAWTAY

SAWTAY

SAWTAY

SAWTAY

SAWTAY