RAINBOW'S END *A Novel*

By REX BEACH

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CHAPTER XX.
—18—

Morin, the Fisherman.

When Rosa Varona regained consciousness sufficiently to understand what had happened she proved herself a person of no little self-control. It was she, in fact, who first voiced the fear that Cobo dead was scarcely less a menace than Cobo alive.

"What are we going to do with him?" she inquired.

Jacket, too, appreciated the dangers of the situation. "We must get rid of him quickly," said he, "for his men are close by; he will be missed and there will be a search."

"I don't intend to make him a present of that treasure," O'Reilly said, grimly. "It is our only salvation."

"But how are we going to hide him?" Jacket inquired. "One might as well try to conceal a churn; oxen couldn't hoist him out of that hole."

"Precisely! He has made our work easy for us. We can't take more than a small part of the money with us, anyhow; the rest will have to lie here until the war is over. Well! We shall leave Cobo on guard over what remains!"

Jacket was immensely pleased with this idea, once he had grasped it. "What could be better?" he cried. "The man's spirit is evil enough to frighten

Dragged the Body of Cobo Into the Cave.

people away and we will drop stones upon him, so that he can learn the taste of his own medicine. It suits me exactly to think of Colonel Cobo standing on his head in a hole in the ground for the rest of eternity!"

O'Reilly was by this time suffering the full reaction from the events of the past half-hour and he was nearer exhaustion than he dreamed, but, conquering his repugnance for his unescapable task, he lowered himself once more into the well. His arms were weak, however, and his fingers numb, so he fell rather than slid the length of the rope. He managed to open the door of the treasure chamber, then entered and loaded his pockets with gold. He sent up the jewel box at the end of the rope, dragged the body of Cobo into the cave, then wedged the barricade back into place. It required the combined strength of Rosa and Jacket to help him the last few feet of his climb.

"Now fetch stones, rubbish, anything—and throw it in there," he gasped.

The boy and the girl fell to with a will, and after a time Johnnie joined them. Slowly, laboriously, the three of them carried debris from the edge of the quarry and bricks from the ruined house; they scraped up armfuls of leaves and trash—anything, in fact, which would serve to raise the bottom of the shaft and conceal the entrance to their enemy's resting place. It was slavish work, but O'Reilly kept them at it until they were ready to drop. Daylight overtook them at their task.

They were weak, sick, deadly tired; they could barely shuffle a few yards at a time when they finally reached Asensio's hut; nevertheless there was hope in their hearts, for O'Reilly's ragged clothes sagged with the weight of gold pieces and the little metal box he carried was heavy. Nor were they greatly concerned about the safety of the treasure they had left behind, for the entrance to the cavern lay deeply buried, and Cobo, the guerrilla, stood guard over the chests of plate and the casks of coin.

Evangelina, vastly bewildered at the sight of the coin which was forced into her palm, went for food and spent most of the day in cooking it. The treasure-hunters alternately slept and ate. If was not until well along toward evening that Rosa and O'Reilly felt any desire to take stock of the contents of that jewel box, but finally, with heads together and with backs to the door of the bohio, they made a furtive examination. They found emeralds and sapphires the value of which they did not attempt to estimate; and, besides these, a miscellaneous assortment of semiprecious stones.

O'Reilly realised vaguely that he held in his lap a fortune greater than his wildest dreams had ever compassed. These were the jewels of a rajah. It seemed incredible that this ragged girl beside him was a regal heiress, the possessor of a treasure such as kings might envy. After a time he realized that the mere possession of these gems constituted a new and overwhelming menace.

Morning found all hands more nearly rational and feeling the first gnawings of a healthy hunger. Even Asensio confessed to a quite miraculous improvement. While Evangelina prepared breakfast the lovers agreed upon a story to explain the origin of that mysterious gold piece, and later Johnnie was called in for a second time to keep his tongue between his teeth.

Jacket nodded his complete comprehension. "Sure! All Spaniards are robbers and they'd kill us for a peso. Yes, and the pacificos are no better. I tell you we need to get out of this place."

"I intend to arrange it at once, but—the sight of those jewels has frightened me. If we are searched—if we are even suspected: I'm wondering if Rosa can endure the hardships we'll encounter when, or if, we get away."

"Exactly what I was thinking. I've been considering another plan. I told you about my friend at the market. Well, he is a miserable Spaniard, but he has a son in the manigua."

"One of us?" Johnnie was surprised.

"Yes. The old fellow owns a volandra in which he brings charcoal from the eastward twice a month. He might take us out of here—on his schooner."

"How well does he like you?"

"Oh, we are like two thieves."

After a period of thought O'Reilly said, "Take me to him, and remember I'm your brother Juan."

The Matanzas market did not present a scene of great activity when the two friends slunk into it. Like most Spanish markets, the building was far from clean and housed odors unpleasant even to starving people. In the smelliest section, at one of the fish stalls, Jacket accosted a villainous old brigand in a rough Gallego cap, baggy blouse and trousers, and straw sandals.

"Good day, my captain," he cried, cheerily.

The Spaniard raised his head, scowled ferociously, then waved a long, thin-bladed knife in menacing fashion.

"Aha! So there you are, robber! Be off now before I slit your greedy little belly! Didn't I promise to give you to the soldiers if you came back to bother me?"

Jacket was unabashed by this hostile reception. He grinned broadly and with an impudent eye he scanned the empty premises. "Where is my little fish?" he demanded. "As I live, I believe you have sold it! What a miser! For the sake of another centavo you would see me starve? There's a heart for you! Come, give me my fish! Or must I lie down and die before your very eyes to prove my hunger?"

"What a nuisance!" grumbled the marketman. He reached into a basket and flung a mackerel upon the table. "There? I saved it for you, and sent the good women of Matanzas away empty-handed. But it is the very last. Annoy me again and I shall open you with my knife and put salt on you."

"Ah! You are my good captain!" Jacket cried in triumph, possessing himself of the prize. "Where would I have been but for you?" Turning to O'Reilly, who had looked on from a distance, he said, "Captain Morin, this is that brother Juan of whom I have told you."

Morin smiled at Johnnie and extended his dirty palm. "The little fellow can speak the truth when he wishes, it seems. I began to doubt that he had a brother. What a boy, eh?"

"You have a son with the insurrectos?"

"Yes." The fisherman cast a furtive glance over his shoulder.

"Why don't you go and fight by his side?" Jacket demanded.

"God forbid!" Morin flung up his hands. "I'm a loyal subject."

"Well, we are going back to fight. We are going to escape and join Gomez once more!" Jacket made the announcement calmly.

"S-sh! What talk!" Morin was in a nervous panic lest they be overheard. "As if anybody could escape from Matanzas! What made you come here if you are so eager to fight?"

"I'll tell you," O'Reilly assumed direction of the conversation. "There are three of us brothers, we two and Esteban, a pretty little fellow. He was captured by Cobo's men and driven in, and we came to find him. But he is sick—dying—"

"Of course. They're all dying—the poor people! It is terrible."

"We—" O'Reilly faltered slightly, so much hung upon the manner in which Morin would take what he was about to say. "We want to get him out of here—we must do so, or we'll lose him. Will you help us?"

"I? In heaven's name, how?"

"By taking us away in your charcoal schooner."

"You're mad!" Morin cast another apprehensive look over his shoulder. "I'm a poor man. All I have is my two boats, the vivero, which brings fish, and the volandra, which sails with charcoal. Do you think I'd forfeit them and my life for strangers?"

O'Reilly leaned closer. "You say you're a poor man. I will pay you well."

Morin eyed the ragged spender scornfully; it was plain that he put no faith in such a promise, and so O'Reilly took a piece of gold from his pocket, at sight of which the fisherman started.

"I, too, am a poor man, but I'm willing to buy freedom for my little brothers and myself."

"How many coins like that have you?"

"Um-m—more than one; enough to pay you for several cargoes of coal."

"For the sake of Miguelito," Jacket urged. "Caramba! What a hard-hearted father begot that boy!"

"Hush!" The fisherman was scowling. To O'Reilly he said, "You do wrong to tempt a poor man."

"My brother Esteban is sick. He is a frail little lad with a crooked back. God will reward you."

"Perhaps! But how much will you pay?"

"Ten Spanish sovereigns like this—all that I have."

"No! It is not enough."

O'Reilly took Jacket's hand and turned away. "I'm sorry," he said. "I wish I might offer you more." He had taken several steps before Morin halted him.

"Come back tomorrow," the fisherman cried, crossly. "We will try to talk like sensible people."

The brothers Villar were back at Morin's fish stand on the following afternoon and they returned daily thereafter until they at last prevailed over the Spaniard's fears and won his promise of assistance. That much accomplished, they made several cautious purchases, a coat here a shirt there, a pair of trousers in another place, until they had assembled a complete boy's outfit of clothing.

At first Rosa refused absolutely to desert her two faithful negro friends, and O'Reilly won her consent to consider his plan of escape only after he had put the matter squarely up to Asensio and his wife and after both had refused to enter into it.

Then, and not until then, did Rosa begin her preparations. First she made Evangelina cut her hair, a sacrilege that, during sighs and tears and loud lamentations from the black woman, after which she altered the suit of boy's clothing to fit her figure, or rather to conceal it.

When at last she put it on for O'Reilly's approval she was very shy, very self-conscious, and so altogether unboylike that he shook his head positively.

"My dear, you'll never do," he told her. "You are altogether too pretty."

"But wait until I put that hideous lump upon my back and stain my face, then you will see how ugly I can look."

"Perhaps," he said, doubtfully. A moment, then his frown lightened. "You give me a thought," said he. "You shall wear the jewels."

"Wear them? How?"

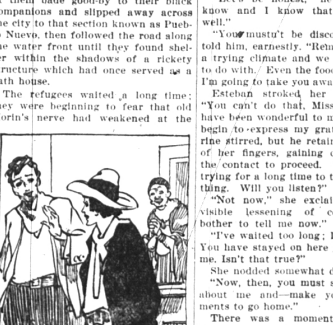
"On your back, in that very lump. It will be the safest possible way to conceal them."

Rosa clapped her hands in delight. "Why, of course! It is the very thing. Wait until I show you."

Profiting by her first moment alone—Evangelina and her husband being still in ignorance of the contents of the treasure box—Rosa made a bundle out of the jewels and trinkets and fastened it securely inside her coat. After a few experiments she adjusted it to her liking, then called O'Reilly once more. This time he was better satisfied. An application of Evangelina's stain to darken her face, a few tatters and a liberal application of dirt to the suit, and he declared that Rosa would pass anywhere as a boy.

There came a night when the three of them bade good-by to their black companions and slipped away across the city to that section known as Pueblo Nuevo, then followed the road along the water front until they found shelter within the shadows of a rickety structure which had once served as a bath house.

The refugees waited a long time; they were beginning to fear that old Morin's nerve had weakened at the



"My Dear, You'll Never Do," He Told Her.

eleventh hour, when they beheld a skiff approaching the shore. It glided closer, entered the shade of the bath house, then a voice cried:

"Pst! You are there?" It was Morin himself.

Hastily the three piled aboard. Morin bent to his oars and the skiff shot out. "You were not observed?" he inquired.

"No."

Morin rowed in silence for a time.

"When do you sail?" O'Reilly asked.

"At dawn, God permitting. You will have to remain hidden and you mustn't even breathe."

He brought the skiff alongside a battered old schooner, and his passengers clambered aboard. There was a tiny cabin aft and on it, sheltered from the night dew by a loose fold of the mainsail, were two sleeping men. The newcomers followed Morin down into the evil little cabin, where he warned them in a hoarse whisper:

"Not a sound, mind you. If anyone comes aboard, you must shift for yourselves. Creep into the hold and hide. Of course, if we are searched—" He muttered something, then groped his way out on deck, and closed the hatch behind him.

Now that they had actually embarked upon this enterprise and the girl had given herself entirely into his hands, now that an imminent peril encompassed them both, Johnnie felt that Rosa belonged to him more absolutely, more completely, than at any time heretofore, so he held her close. Rosa lay relaxed against her lover's shoulder and in halting murmurs, interrupted many times by caresses, she told O'Reilly of her need for him, and her utter happiness. It was the fullest hour of their lives.

With daylight, Morin routed out his men. There was a sleepy muttering, the patter of bare feet upon the deck above, then the creak of blocks as the sails were raised. A few moments, then there came a hail which brought their hearts into their throats. Morin himself answered the call.

"Good morning, countryman! Have you caught any of those accursed filibusters since I saw you last? So? Cayo Romano, eh? What have I aboard?" Morin laughed loudly. "You know very well—ammunition for the rebels, of course. Will you look? . . . No? . . . Then a cup of coffee perhaps?"

O'Reilly peeped through a dirt-stained cabin window and saw that the volandra was slipping past the stern of the frigate, so he withdrew his head quickly.

Of course this was but one danger past and there were many more ahead, for Morin's schooner was liable to be stopped by any of the numerous patrol boats on duty to the eastward. Nevertheless, when an anxious hour had gone by and she was well out toward the harbor mouth, the refugees told one another they were safe.

CHAPTER XXI.

Three Travelers Come Home.

Esteban Varona made slow progress toward recovery. In the weeks following O'Reilly's departure from Cubitas his gain was steady, but beyond a certain point he seemed unable to go. Then he began to lose strength. Esteban awoke to the fact that he was losing ground, and his dismay was keen, for a wonderful thing had come into his life and he spent much of his time in delicious contemplative day dreams concerning it, waiting for the hour when he would dare translate those dreams into realities. It seemed to him that he had always loved Norine; certainly she had enshrined herself in his heart long before his mind had regained its clarity, for he had come out of his delirious wanderings with his love full grown.

The time came finally when he could no longer permit the girl to deceive herself or him with her brave assumption of cheerfulness. Norine had just told him that the war was doing famously, but he smiled and shook his weary head.

"Let's be honest," he said. "You know and I know that I can't get well."

"You mustn't be discouraged," she told him, earnestly. "Remember this is a trying climate and we have nothing to do with. Even the food is wretched. I'm going to take you away."

Esteban stroked her hand softly. "You can't do that, Miss Evans. You have done so much for me and I can't begin to express my gratitude—" Norine stirred, but he retained his grasp of her fingers, gaining courage from the contact to proceed. "I have been trying for a long time to tell you something. Will you let me?"

"Not now," she exclaimed, with a visible lessening of color. "Don't bother to tell me now."

"I've waited too long; I must speak. You have stayed on here just to nurse me. Isn't that true?"

She nodded somewhat doubtfully.

"Now, then, you must stop thinking about me and—make your arrangements to go home."

There was a moment of silence. "Yes. You see, I know how tired you are of this misery, this poverty, this hopeless struggle. You're not a Cuban and our cause isn't yours. Expeditions come from the United States every now and then and the government will see that you are put safely aboard the first ship that returns. I'll manage to get well somehow."

"Esteban, Dear, I'll Never, Never Leave You!"

hate generous people. I'm selfish, utterly selfish and spoiled, and I don't propose to be robbed of anything I want, least of all my happiness. You do love me, don't you?"

Esteban's cry was eloquent; he clasped his arms about her and she held him fiercely to her breast.

"We're quite mad, quite insane," he told her after a while. "This only makes it harder to give you up."

"You're not going to give me up and you're not going to die. I sha'n't let you. Think what you have to live for."

"I—did wrong to surrender."

"It was I who surrendered. Come! Must I say it all? Aren't you going to ask me—"

"What?"

"Why, to marry you, of course. We're going to be married, and I'm going to take you out of this miserable place."

"What happiness!" he murmured. "If I were well— But I won't let you marry a dying man."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Plodder Reaches Goal.

With the plodder you can reap intense satisfaction in self-conscious growth. This comes with achievement. When you get to the point that what once was hard is now easy you can know you have gained in power. And the best of it is that each tiny gain makes the next step so much easier. When you just plod on you are constantly adding to your doing power. Other people will notice it, but you will be the best judge. Then when good sense adds its judgment to ability to do, tasks once hard are easy. When the world gets awake to that fact it will begin to praise what it once regarded as common stupidity. It's certainly a pleasure to see public opinion changing front and know that it's all merited. It's part of the plodder's reward.—Pennsylvania Grit.

KEPT TAX-GATHERER BUSY

Imposts Were Levied on Almost Everything in England a Century and a Half Ago.

It is interesting to note that the entertainment tax of the present day was anticipated over 150 years ago by the inventive genius who proposed that all places of public diversion, including playhouses, operas, masquerades, Ranelagh, Vauxhall, Sadler's Wells and Astley's—the famous resorts of the fair and the fashionable of his day—should be taxed, says London Tit-Bits. Another proposal was that the very statues in the gardens—and the lakes and the groves, the grottoes and the temples of those days were thick set with statues of heathen gods and goddesses—should have a price put upon their heads.

Time was when taxes were put on the watches attached to the seals that dangled from the fobs of the beaux or hung on the girdles that encircled the waists of the belles. Those who owned clocks were also regarded as fit subjects for special taxation.

The "guinea-pig" tax—the tax a householder had to pay for every person in his household who wore a pigtail and covered his hair with powder—had its day and passed away. So, too, had a tax on soap—the impost that gave Lord North his nickname of "Old Soapsuds"—and a tax on salt. Gloves and mittens were once taxed, and so also were scores of other articles and the shops in which they were sold.

Gas Masks and Whiskers.

To be clean shaven or bearded like the pard is the alternative presented to the German artillery troops. The reason is the gas mask. Some authorities hold that the mask cannot be relied upon to protect any but clean-shaven faces; others again hold that a dense hirsute growth within the mask acts as an additional air filter. But it must be a real patriarchal beard—no mere 7 or 14 days' bristles, says an article in the Deutsche Tageszeitung. The writer holds that the full beard is a peculiarly Teutonic attribute, and should be cultivated as such. Besides, according to ancient traditions, it adds to "frightful aspect," he naively adds. Gas tests at the front in airtight cubicles are carried out every fortnight, and full-bearded men testify to the additional security afforded by their beards.

The Yesterdays.

Finish every day and be done with it. You have done what you could. Some blunders and absurdities, no doubt, crept in; forget them as soon as you can. Tomorrow is a new day; begin it well and serenely, and with too high a spirit to be cumbered with your old nonsense. This day is all that is good and fair. It is too dear, with all its hopes and infinities, to waste a moment on the yesterdays.

FOOD OF SOLDIERS GIVEN GREAT CARE

NUTRITION OFFICERS WHO ARE EXPERTS BEING STATIONED IN THE ARMY CAMPS.

EDIBLE WASTE IS REDUCED

Navy Department Sends Uniformed Desk Men to Active Service—Ancient Armor Supplies Models for Modern American War Equipment.

Nutrition officers are to be stationed in every National army cantonment and in every National Guard camp, as well as in every camp where 10,000 or more soldiers are in training, the war department announces. These men are food specialists. Before they joined the army as members of the division of food and nutrition of the medical department they were connected with colleges and public bodies as physiologists, chemists, economists, food inspectors and experts in other specialized work relating to food.

Since last October these officers have gone from camp to camp, studied the food served, how it was inspected, stored and prepared, and made recommendations resulting in many advantageous changes. They gave instructions in the principles of nutrition, the proper selection of foods and the construction of dietaries to mess officers, medical officers and others interested. They told how to avoid waste, gave methods for judging and storing food, and emphasized the importance of keeping kitchens and mess halls clean and orderly.

At one camp seven companies were selected from various organizations totaling 1,135 men with which to try out an anti-waste plan. The average edible waste was found to be 1.12 pounds per man per day. The nutrition officer gave the mess sergeants and cooks instructions in food and mess economy with the result the average edible waste was reduced to 0.43 pounds per man per day, a saving of 0.69 pounds. This saving amounted to $61.75 per day for the seven messes, or $22,542 per year.

Sixty new officers are to be commissioned in the division of food and nutrition to handle the additional work. All will be food specialists similar to those already in the service. They will advise about the composition and nutritive values of all dietaries, make inspections for adulterations, spoilage and deterioration and co-operate with the mess officials,

Armor for the American soldiers, helmets, shields and breastplates, is being modeled in the workshops of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, the war department announces. The best of the types used by the soldiers of former days is being wrought into shapes for present warfare, some pieces on ancient anvils and by hammers that were actually used centuries ago.

In direct charge of the workshop where the work is being done is a French artisan whose skill has been known to armor collectors the world over, and whose forbears for generations back have kept alive the dying trade of the armorer.

This war in Europe has brought back into use many discarded weapons and practices of medieval warfare. There has been the adoption of steel helmets by all the warring powers, breastplates, armored waistcoats and trench shields. This necessitated an overhauling and new study of ancient armor, with the result that experts declare that scarcely a technical idea has been brought forward which was not worked out in elaborate detail by the old-time armor makers.

The Metropolitan museum collection is among the seven great collections of ancient armor. It is an incident to this collection that there was established at the museum an armorer's workshop. So far as known it is unique. In it were cleaned, repaired and restored pieces that were defective. Daniel Vachaux, a French artist, was in charge. He is working now under the direction of Major Bashford Dean of the ordnance department.

Armor models are being turned out there in accordance with the suggestions of General Pershing and the ordnance department. Twenty-five different types of armor defenses have been made in various factories in experimental lots, several in many thousands of pieces, which have won favor at army headquarters. The efficacy of armor protection for the soldiers is indicated by reports that more than 40 per cent of the hospital casualties suffered were leg wounds and about 33 per cent arm wounds, the legs and arms of the fighters being free from armor cover.

While Y. M. C. A. workers in a battle-torn region of France were carrying delicacies to American soldiers in the front line trenches they left their storehouse deserted. French soldiers entered the storehouse to guard the supplies. They found chewing gum, thought it food, stuffed whole packages into their mouths, masticated it for a time and then tried to swallow it. Some succeeded in getting it down. There were no casualties, but the French soldiers were inspired with a high regard for American digestive apparatuses.

About 1,000 tons of first-grade sugar stored in a French warehouse for three years to keep it away from the Germans was purchased recently by the Y. M. C. A. and turned into 10,000,000 bars of finest eating chocolate to satisfy the appetites of the American soldiers.

All printers among the Russian prisoners in Germany are being kept busy on propaganda books in Russian to popularize the kaiser and everything German.

The navy department has released from office and shore duty the regulars of the navy and the reservists and has assigned them to active duty with the fleet. Their places as clerks will be taken by women wherever possible. Rear Admiral McGowan, paymaster general of the navy, issued the order in connection with this change in policy.

"Every man released from shore duty, whatever his rank or rating, adds just one more to the fighting force," says this order. "Every man of every rank and rating desires, of course, to get to the firing line as soon as his services ashore can be spared.

"No man in the navy is willing in war time to do anything that a woman can do as well; whereas no officer can be expected to be content in any part of the shore establishment unless engaged upon supervisory work so important in its nature that it cannot properly be delegated to any person of lesser rating.

"Wherefore it is requested and directed that the officer in charge of each division of the bureau of supplies and accounts make a careful and critical survey of his personnel, both commissioned and enlisted, to the end that the paymaster general may know how many and which men can be spared without seriously interfering with the work. These reports will include not alone reservists but regulars as well, and it is to be distinctly understood in this connection that applications from individuals for sea or overseas service will not be necessary—the one and only object being to carry on the work here and at the same time release the maximum number of men for duty at the front."

The Liberty motor, developed by the department of military aeronautics, is to have a special engine oil which is to be known as the "Liberty aero oil." It was developed by the lubrication branch while the latter was still a part of the signal corps. It is a mineral oil and will be used not only on the Liberty motor but on all stationary cylinder aircraft engines of the army and navy.

Its development is due to the energy and skill of a staff of men who worked exclusively on the problem for a year. Capt. O. J. May, who deserves greatest credit for its production, so exhausted himself by his labors that he could not recuperate from an illness and died.

When the aircraft program was announced in 1917 no one in authority had a definite idea as to the proper kind of lubrication required. There was no uniformity. For every engine there was a specific oil. Some engineers insisted on castor oil, others mineral oil, still others castor and mineral oils mixed. It was estimated that 5,000,000 gallons of castor oil, costing $3 per gallon, would be required and that quantity was not available.

Captain May and assistants set out to develop a suitable lubricant for the Liberty motor at an average cost of 75 cents a gallon, and also a system for reclaiming oil already used. In 25 days Captain May had supervised the running of 37 engine tests in a laboratory where five engine tests a week would be a complete program. These engines were run with different kinds of oils and each oil was analyzed and measured before and after tests. The work required nineteen days. Altitude tests were made in an airtight building capable of having the air within it partly exhausted.

From these tests the Liberty aero oil developed. It will cost about one-fourth the price of castor oil, saving the government perhaps $11,000,000 a year. A system of reclaiming used oil was developed and at least 50 per cent can be made fit to use again.

The national war labor board has decided against establishment at this time of a minimum wage to be applied generally throughout industry. It adopts an attitude firmly opposed both to unjust profits on the part of capital and unreasonable demands on the part of labor, stating that capital should have only such reasonable returns as will assure its use for the world's and the nation's cause, and that the physical wellbeing of labor and its physical and mental effectiveness, in a comfort reasonably in view of the exigencies of the war, likewise should be assured.

The board declares the war to be an interregnum in which the wheels of industry should turn only in the common cause and for common ends, and neither for unjust profits on the part of capital or unfairly inflated wages for labor, stressing maximum production as the paramount necessity and unselfish co-operation as the preliminary essentials to this accomplishment.

There is a reaffirmation by the board of the principle that the worker is entitled to a wage sufficient to sustain himself and his family in health and comfort, and a requirement by the board to apply this principle in each of the cases to come before it for decision.

American dietitians have made bread by substituting as high as 25 per cent rice flour for wheat flour and have obtained a white yeast bread of excellent flavor.

The mid-West states are turning to a larger use of motortrucks in the delivery of eggs to the important interior markets. This relieves railroad transportation conditions to a considerable extent.

The motortruck business is becoming so important that commercial organizations of Omaha are taking active measures to utilize the trucks on return trips to country points for hauling various kinds of freight. Experience has shown that motortruck marketing is as feasible in winter as in other seasons.

Weeds are injurious and detrimental in so many ways that it is difficult to calculate the damage they cause. One big fact regarding weeds is that they increase in numbers each year until their presence is accepted as the normal condition and their detrimental effect overlooked.

The Result.

"I see where the Russians are to get 50,000 pairs of American shoes."

"Well, that ought to give them a very different standing."