RAINBOW'S END

NOVEL

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O'REILLY'S HOPES OF FINDING AND RESCUING ROSA RECEIVE A CRUSHING BLOW

Synopsis.—Don Esteban Varona, rich Cuban planter, hides his money and jewels and the secret of the hiding place is lost when he and the only other person who knows it are killed. Donna Isabel, stepmother of the Varona twins—Esteban and Rosa—searches vainly for years for the hidden treasure. Johnny O'Reilly, an American, loves and is loved by Rosa. Donna Isabel falls to her death in an old well while walking in her sleep. Esteban's connection with the Cuban insurrectos is discovered and he and Rosa are forced to flee. O'Reilly, in New York on business, gets a letter from Rosa telling of her peril and he starts for Cuba. Pancho Cueto, faithless manager of the Varona estates, betrays Esteban and Rosa, leading Colonel Cobo, notorious Spanish guerrilla, to their hiding place. Esteban, who is absent, returns just in time to rescue Rosa.

CHAPTER X—Continued.

—8—

"Senor, you are in danger. Tonight, at midnight, you will be arrested. I beg of you to see that there is nothing incriminating in your possession."

O'Reilly's face betrayed his amazement. "Arrested? What for? On what charge—"

The stranger shrugged. "I don't know. That newspaper man will be arrested at the same moment, so you had better warn him. But be careful

"Tonight, at Midnight, You Will Be Arrested."

where and how you do so, for all his movements are watched, all his words are overheard."

"Why do you tell me this—you? Is it some scheme to—to incriminate me?" O'Reilly inquired.

Manin was leaning over the counter, his face drawn with anxiety, his lips framing the same question.

"No!" The lieutenant shook his head. "I am a friend—a Cuban, in spite of this uniform. If you repeat my words I shall be shot within the hour. I implore you"—his voice became more urgent—"to heed my warning. Remember — midnight!" He bowed, turned to the door, and was gone.

On the stroke of midnight O'Reilly was arrested. After a thorough search of his person and his premises he was escorted to government headquarters, where he found Leslie Branch.

The invalid looked taller, thinner, more bloodless than ever, and his air of settled gloom admirably became the situation.

"Hello. What luck?" Johnnie flashed at him.

"Good!"

An officer sharply commanded him to be silent.

The prisoners were ordered to stand side by side, facing their accusers. Then each in turn was subjected to a rigorous examination. Owing to his acquaintance with Spanish, O'Reilly was able to defend himself without the aid of an interpreter.

It was evident from the first that Branch's case was hopeless. He readily acknowledged himself to be a newspaper writer, and admitted having sent articles for publication through the mails. This was quite enough; from the attitude of the military men it promised to go hard with him. Judgment for the moment was suspended, and the two prisoners were led away.

At last O'Reilly was recalled; but, when he re-entered the big room he found General Antuna awaiting him, alone.

The general spoke with force and gravity: "Mr. O'Reilly, I believe you to be a far greater menace to the interests of my country than—well, than a score of dynamite experts. I believe you are a writer."

The American smiled. "Are writers such dangerous people?"

"That altogether depends upon circumstances. The United States is inclined to recognize the belligerency of these Cuban rebels, and her relations with Spain are becoming daily more strained; ill-feeling grows, and all because of the exaggerations, the mendacities, that have gone forth from here to your newspapers. We are determined to put down this uprising in our own way; we will tolerate no foreign interference. War is never a pleasant thing, but you journalists have magnified its horrors and misrepresented the cause of Spain until you threaten to bring on another and a more horrible combat. Now, then, you understand what I mean when I say that you are more dangerous than a powder expert; that your pen can do more injury, can cause the death of more Spanish troops than could a regiment of Americans with dynamite. Your English friend makes no secret of his business, so we shall escort him to Neuvitas and see him safely out of the country, once for all."

"And yet you permit me to remain?" Johnnie was surprised.

"For the present, yes! That is my official message to you. Privately, however"—the speaker eyed O'Reilly with a disconcerting expression—"I would like to warn you. You are a bright fellow, and, you have a way with you—there's no denying it. Under other conditions it would be a pleasure to know you better. It grieves me, therefore, to warn you that your further stay in Cuba will not be—pleasant. I almost regret that there is no conclusive evidence against you; it would so simplify matters. Come, now, hadn't you better acknowledge that I have guessed your secret?"

O'Reilly's perplexity was changing to dismay, for it seemed to him he was being played with; nevertheless, he shook his head. "I would only be deceiving you, sir," he said.

General Antuna sighed. "Then I see embarrassments ahead for both of us."

"More arrests?"

"Not necessarily. Understand me, I speak as one gentleman to another, but—you must have noticed that Americans are unpopular with our troops. Eh? They are impulsive, these troopers; accidents cannot be prevented. Suppose something should happen to you? There is the trouble. You came to Cuba to enjoy its climate; you cannot be expected to remain indoors. Of course not. Well! Among our soldiers are many new recruits, patriotic, enthusiastic young fellows, but—careless. They are wretchedly unproficient marksmen, and they haven't learned the danger of promiscuous rifle fire. They are forever shooting at things, merely to score a hit. Would you believe it? Oh, I have to discipline them frequently. To think of you being abroad through the streets, therefore, worries me intensely. Suppose you should be found dead some day. Imagine my feelings." The speaker's tone and expression were eloquent of concern. "How could I fix the responsibility?"

"By having me followed, as usual, I dare say," O'Reilly said bitterly.

"Oh, you will of course be shadowed day and night; in fact, to be quite sure of your—er—safety, I shall ask you to permit one of my men to accompany you everywhere and even to share your room. We shall try never to lose sight of you, depend upon it. I wish you could find another climate equally beneficial to your rheumatism. It would lift a great load from my mind." The speaker paused hopefully; that same sardonic flicker was on his lips.

Johnnie could not summon an answering smile, for his heart was like lead. He realized now the utter futility of resistance; he knew that to remain in Puerto Principe after this thinly veiled warning would be to court destruction—and destruction of a shocking character against which it would be impossible to guard. After a moment of thought he said gravely:

"I appreciate the delicacy of your consideration, sir, and—I shall go."

General Antuna leaped to his feet, his grim face alight; striding to O'Reilly, he pressed his hands—he seemed upon the point of embracing him. "I thank you!" he cried. "You render me a supreme service. See, I breathe easy. Permit me to offer you refreshment—one of our famous Spanish wines. No? Then the best cigar in all Cuba!"

O'Reilly was escorted to the railway station at daylight. He and Branch took their seats and their guards filed in behind them. He cursed savagely; the memory of these wasted weeks, the narrow margin of his failure, filled him with a sick feeling of dismay and impotence.

In marked contrast to the difficulties of entering Cuba was the ease of leaving it. A ship was sailing from Neuvitas on the very afternoon when the two Americans arrived, and they were hurried aboard. Not until the anchor was up did their military escort depart from them.

With angry, brooding eyes O'Reilly watched the white houses along the water front dwindle away, the mangrove swamps slip past, and the hills rise out of their purple haze. When the salt breath of the trades came to his nostrils he turned into his stateroom, and, taking the crate of coconuts with which General Antuna had thoughtfully provided him, he bore it to the rail and dropped it overboard.

"Rheumatism was a fool disease, anyhow," he muttered.

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"Great news!" Esteban Varona announced one day as he dismounted after a foraging trip into the Yumuri. "We met some of Lacret's men and they told us that Spain has recalled Captain General Campos. What do you say to that?"

"Does that mean the end of the war?" Rosa eagerly inquired.

"Oh, no. They have sent a new man—he's in Havana now—a dark little old fellow who never smiles. He has a long nose and a big chin; he dresses all in black—a very 'jew-bird' in appearance, from what I hear. His name is Weyler—Valeriano Weyler, marquis of Tenerife."

Esteban covertly appraised his sister's charms, but respecting her terror of Cobo he did not speak his thoughts. He was certain, however, that Rosa knew, as well as he, what motive lay behind the fellow's tireless persecutions of the valley dwellers; for, in spite of their isolation, stories of Cobo had reached the refugees—stories that had rendered both the boy and the girl sick with apprehension. The colonel, it seemed, had nearly died of his machete wound, and on recovering he had sworn to exterminate the wasps that had stung him. He had sworn other oaths, too, oaths that robbed Esteban of his sleep.

Esteban idolized his sister; her loyalty to him was the most precious thing of his life. Therefore, the thought of that swarthy ruffian hunting her down as a hound hangs to the trail of a doe awoke in him a terrible anger. Secondly to his hatred for the guerrilla chief was his bitterness against the traitor, Pancho Cueto, who had capped his villainy by setting this new peril upon them; and since Rosa's safety and his own honor called for the death of both men, he had sworn that somehow he would effect it. It was, of course, a difficult matter to get at the colonel of volunteers, but Cueto still lived in the midst of his blackened fields, and it was against him that the boy was now planning to launch his first blow.

The thought of the hated Cobo had momentarily distracted Esteban's thoughts. Now he collected them and said:

"Wait! I am forgetting something. See, what Lacret's men handed me; they are posted from one end of the island to the other." He displayed a printed bando, or proclamation, signed by the new captain general, and read as follows:

"All inhabitants of the country districts, or those who reside outside the lines of fortifications of the towns, shall, within a period of eight days, enter the towns which are occupied by the troops. Any individual found outside the lines in the country at the expiration of this period shall be considered a rebel and shall be dealt with as such."

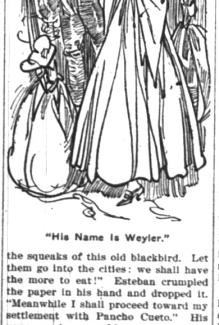
It was that inhuman order of concentration, the result of which proved to be without parallel in military history—an order which gave its savage author the name of being the archfiend of a nation reputed peculiarly cruel. Four hundred thousand Cubans driven from their homes into shelterless prison camps; more than two hundred thousand dead from hunger and disease; a fruitful land laid bare of all that could serve as food, and changed to an ash-gray desolation; gaunt famine from Oriente to Pinar del Rio—that was the sequel to those printed words of "Weyler the Butcher" which Esteban read.

"Eight days! When is the time up?" Rosa inquired.

"Bless you, this is already two weeks old!" her brother told her.

"Why, then, it means that we'll be shot if we're caught."

"Exactly! But we sha'n't be caught, eh? Let the timid ones take fright at



"His Name Is Weyler."

the squeaks of this old blackbird. Let them go into the cities: we shall have the more to eat!" Esteban crumpled the paper in his hand and dropped it. "Meanwhile I shall proceed toward my settlement with Pancho Cueto." His very careless confidence gave Rosa courage.

CHAPTER XI.

When the World Ran Backward.

Esteban went about his plan of destroying Pancho Cueto with youthful energy and zest. First he secured, at some pains, a half-stick of dynamite, a cap and fuse, and a gallon or more of kerosene; then he assembled his followers and led them once again into the San Juan.

La Joya was still tenanted when early in the evening its rightful owner arrived; the house and some of its outbuildings showed lights. Esteban concealed his men. While the horses cropped and the negroes rested he fitted fuse and cap to his precious piece of dynamite.

Now while Esteban was thus busied, Pancho Cueto was entertaining an unwelcome guest. In the late afternoon he had been surprised by the visit of a dozen or more volunteers, and inasmuch as his relations with their colonel had been none of the friendliest since that ill-starred expedition into the Yumuri, he had felt a chill of apprehension on seeing the redoubtable Cobo himself at their head.

The colonel had explained that he was returning from a trip up the San Juan, taken for the purpose of rounding up those inhabitants who had been dilatory in obeying the new orders from Havana. That smoke to the southward was from fires of his kindling; he had burned a good many crops and houses and punished a good many people, and since this was exactly the sort of task he liked he was in no unpleasant mood. He had demanded of Cueto lodging for himself and his troop, announcing that a part of his command was somewhere behind and would rejoin him later in the night.

Cueto had welcomed his visitor in all humility; he put up the soldiers in the bate of the sugar mill, and then installed Cobo in his best room, after which he ransacked the house for food and drink and tobacco.

When Cobo finally took himself off to bed Cueto followed, in better spirits than he had enjoyed for some time. For one thing, it was agreeable to look forward to a night of undisturbed repose. Pancho's apprehensions had fattened upon themselves, and he had been living of late in a nightmare of terror.

But it seemed to him that he had barely closed his eyes when he was awakened by a tremendous vibration and found himself in the center of the floor, undecided whether he had been hurled from his bed or whether he had leaped thither. Still in a daze, he heard a shout from the direction of Cobo's room, then a din of other voices, followed by a rush of feet; the next instant his door was flung back and he saw, by the light of high-held torches, Esteban Varona and a ragged rabble of black men. Cueto knew that he faced death. He dodged a blow from Esteban's clubbed rifle only to behold the flash of a machete. Crying out again, he tried to guard himself from the descending blade, but too late; the sound of his hoarse terror died in his throat, half born.

"Quick! Soak the bed with oil and fire it," Esteban directed; then he ran out into the hall to investigate that other shouting. He found the chamber whence it issued and tried to smash the door; but at the second blow he heard a gunshot from within and the wood splintered outward almost into his face. Simultaneously, from somewhere outside the house, arose the notes of a Spanish bugle-call.

Young Varona waited to hear no more. Nor did his men; realizing the peril into which they had been led, they bolted from the house as fast as they could go. There was no need for questions; from the direction of the sugar mill came bellowed orders and the sound of men shouting to their horses. Evidently those were troops—and trained troops, too, for they took no time to saddle; they were up and mounted almost before the marauders had gained the backs of their own animals.

Instantly there began a blind battle in desperately cramped quarters. Riders fought stirrup to stirrup with clubbed rifles and machetes; saddles were emptied and the terrified horses bolted. Some of them lunged up the banks, only to tumble down again, their threshing limbs and sharp-shod hoofs working more harm than blows from old-time battle-hammers.

Of course, after the first moment of conflict, Esteban had not been able to exert the least control over his men; in fact, he could not make himself heard. Nor could he spare the breath to shout; he was too desperately engaged. His rifle was empty, he had its hot barrel in his hands; he dimly distinguished Asensio wielding his machete. Then he found himself down and half stunned. Something smote him heavily, at last—whether a hoof or a gun-stock he could not tell—and next he was on all-fours, trying to drag himself out of this rat-pit. But his limbs were queerly rebellious, and he was sick; he had never experienced anything quite like this and he thought he must be wounded. It greatly surprised him to find that he could struggle upward through the brambles, even though it was hard work. Men were fighting all around and below him, meanwhile, and he wondered vaguely what made them kill one another when he and his negroes were all dead or dying. It seemed very strange—or a piece with the general unreality of things—and it troubled him not a little. One of his arms was useless, he discovered, and he realized with a curious shock that it was broken. He was bleeding, too, from more than one wound, but he could walk, after a fashion.

He was inclined to stay and finish the fight, but he recollected that Rosa would be waiting for him and that he must go to her, and so he set out across the fields, staggering through the charred stubble. The night was not so black as it had been, and this puzzled him until he saw that the plantation house was ablaze. Flames were belching from its windows, casting abroad a lurid radiance; and remembering Pancho Cueto, Esteban laughed.

By and by, after he was well away, his numbness passed and he began to suffer excruciating pain. The pain had been there all the time, so it seemed; he was simply gaining the capacity to feel it. He was ready to die now, he was so ill; moreover, his left arm dangled and got in his way. Only that subconscious realization of the necessity to keep going for Rosa's sake sustained him.

Daylight came at last to show him his way. More than once he paused, alarmed, at voices in the woods, only to find that the sounds issued from his own throat.

It had grown very hot now, so hot that heat-waves obscured his vision and caused the most absurd forms to take shape. He began to hunt aimlessly for water, but there was none. Evidently this heat had parched the land, dried up the streams, and set the stones afire. It was incredible, but true.

Esteban reasoned that he must be near home by this time, for he had been traveling for days—for years. The country, indeed, was altogether unfamiliar; he could not recall ever having seen the path he trod, but for that matter everything was strange. In the first place he knew that he was going west, and yet the morning sun persisted in beating hotly into his face! That alone convinced him that things had gone awry with the world. He could remember a great convulsion of some sort, but just what it was he had no

They Bolted From the House as Fast as They Could Go.

clear idea! Evidently, though, it had been sufficient to change the rotation of the earth. Yes, that was it; the earth was running backward upon its axis; he could actually feel it whirling under his feet. No wonder his journey seemed so long. He was laboring over a gigantic treadmill, balancing like an equilibrist upon a revolving sphere. Well, it was a simple matter to stop walking, sit down, and allow himself to be spun backward around to the place where Rosa was waiting. He pondered this idea for some time, until its absurdity became apparent. Undoubtedly he must be going out of his head; he saw that it was necessary to keep walking until the back-spin of that treadmill brought Rosa to him.

Rosa and her faithful companions, facing starvation, obey the Spanish concentration order, ignorant of the greater privations that await them in the terrible refugee camp. Don't miss the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

DISTINCTLY WAS NOT "O. K."

Physician Discovered a Few Things Wrong With Man Who Had Believed Himself Well.

There was recently an article in the American Magazine in which a writer told how to live and linger longer. In one part of it the author told of a man who thought he was O. K. until he was examined by a doctor. This is what the man said:

"My arteries had thickened. (The letter had stated that, but it meant nothing to me.) That is, their coverings had grown thicker and less elastic. In a healthy man they wouldn't have begun to do this until forty years or more. If they kept on at the rate they were going they would be stiff before many years. "Pipestem" arteries he called them. That meant a disturbance in the circulation that had already begun and had already threatened my heart. More than that, these defects in circulation had thrown a heavier burden upon my kidneys. Constipation and its results, that is, the retention of poisons in the body, had put another load on the overburdened kidneys, until the excretions from them showed plainly that they couldn't carry that load and work well. And then, to cap the whole thing, I had a tooth that was suspicious. It had all the earmarks of one with an abscess at the foot. It would take an X-ray to make certain, but if there was one there it meant that pus from that was draining through my body and adding to its burden.'"

Great Apple Industry.

The apple industry in the United States today represents a stupendous commercial achievement. It had grown to 60,000,000 barrels in 1916; it dropped to 28,000,000 in 1911, and went up again to 40,000,000 barrels in 1912. From this date forward there is a continual increase in the production, for the great cities of the world are crying for apples, and people everywhere are just beginning to apprehend the actual value of this delicate fruit. We are turning backward to our heritage, for in the days of our great-grandfathers the common adage was: "An apple a day will keep the doctor away." Fruit as a part of the diet represents a most health-giving element.—Christian Herald.

Echoes.

"Can't you play something else than that everlasting march from Lohengrin at my wedding?" asked the several-times-grass widow who is arranging for another of her matrimonial events.

"Certainly, madam," responds the courteous organist.

And as the bridal cortege wends its way down the aisle the church shakes to the thundering forth of that popular classic "Over and Over Again."—Judge.

OUR AIR FIGHTERS PLAY A FAIR GAME

AVIATOR F. P. MAGOUN RELATES AN INSTANCE OF THEIR REAL SPORTSMANSHIP.

ONE FLYER'S LUCKY ESCAPE

American Infantryman Has Advantage Over the German in His Ammunition Equipment—Finger Prints of German Alien Females to Be Taken.

(From Committee on Public Information.)

Washington.—A committee on public information representative in London says:

There are no better sportsmen in the world than the allied airmen, and American aviators now fighting in Europe always play a fair game, as they learn it from the allies. F. P. Magoun, a former Harvard student, now a member of the Royal air force, recently wounded, tells how the lives of German observers escaping from balloons have been spared.

"We caught three Hun balloons above the allied grounds in a mist, which prevented their gunners seeing us," said he. "It was a cinch. You should have seen them hustle out their parachutes and abandon the balloons. As they came falling down through the air we circled about closely but, of course, didn't open fire, as that's against the rules of the game. As soon as they touched ground they took cover like rabbits."

Magoun is the only American in his squadron, having joined in February of last year. He has bagged five German planes. While carrying bombs for low attack in the recent offensive he received a bullet through his left arm, but managed to return to his own lines. Magoun tells of a companion in his squadron who had one of the luckiest escapes during the war. He was put out of action 1,000 feet in the air when a bullet perforated his gasoline tank. He was rendered unconscious by the fumes and his machine took a nose dive to earth, but he escaped without a scratch.

A section of the Royal air force operating in the Ypres salient has lost its only American member, who had been with the squadron only ten days when he went on a bombing raid at low elevation. He was hit by a machine-gun bullet and his plane fell in flames. He was taken prisoner.

The efforts of newspapers to promote good feeling between the people of England and the thousands of Americans received official backing when Sir Randolf Baker, member of parliament, offered to take charge of the American troops welfare department of the British government. His plans contemplate a continuous program of healthful recreation in every American rest camp and training camp in England. Special London theatrical companies will be sent out. An organization known as "Sammy's Blighty league" is being formed.

The American infantryman in the expeditionary forces carries 200 rounds of ammunition in the pockets of his light canvas webb belt and his bandoleers. The German soldier has only 120 rounds, and 30 of these are in his knapsack. To secure them at a critical moment he must lose valuable time.

The American webb belts, according to the war department, are far superior to the German leather bandoleers. They are not affected by prolonged rains nor torrid weather. The manufacture of these belts is one of the most intricate of the operations in the textile field. United States army belts are made almost entirely of cotton.

The exact weight of the 220 rounds carried by the American soldier in France is 12 pounds. With the Springfield rifle 23 aimed shots can be fired each minute. Firing from the hip 40 shots can be fired a minute. The new United States model 1917 (modified Enfield) does even better.

The registration of German alien females, to begin Monday, June 17, and end Wednesday, June 26, will be conducted in cities or municipalities having 5,000 population or over by the police officials. In communities having a population of less than 5,000 the registration will be handled by postmasters.

In general the plan of registration is the same as that followed in the registration in February of German alien males. Each person who must register will be required to register her finger prints. This method of identification is also used in the military and naval services of the United States.

Boy scout organizations are active in locating black walnut trees. Black walnut lumber is needed by the war department for use in making airplane propellers and gunstocks.

Enough heavy Browning machine guns for instruction purposes have been shipped to every National Guard training camp and National army cantonment in the country where troops are in training. Heavy Browning for overseas training have been shipped.

Light Browning rifles sufficient in number to equip the machine-gun units of more than four army divisions have been manufactured, and overseas shipment of one half has begun. The other half of the output goes to army divisions in this country.

The board appointed by the secretary of the navy to examine the system of buoyancy boxes installed on the Lucia has reported the installation not advisable for general adoption because of its questionable efficacy as a preventative against sinking, the reduction in cargo-carrying capacity, and the length of time required for installation.

What is believed to be the oldest inhabited residence in the world is a mansion in Germany that was built in 700.

At every training camp in the country plans of the commission on training camp activities have been carried out to provide athletic facilities for the men. Baseball heads the list in popularity, and full equipment has been placed in the camps. More than 70,000 baseballs and 3,000 bats have been sent. At Camp Lewis, Washington, there are 10 baseball fields in use. Practically every company in each camp division throughout the country has its team and there are company, battalion, regimental and interregimental leagues.

Every form of track athletics occupies the attention of men training at the camps. As many as 800 men have taken part in divisional contests, and track meets have been witnessed by more than 20,000 spectators.

Where facilities permit, instruction in swimming is given. Men are first given land instruction and then sent into the water. Tennis courts have been built in every camp, one having 40 courts, and the sport is rapidly gaining in popularity. Through the generosity of golf clubs located near the camps, the demand for golf courses is partly being met. Pool matches are frequently held, and competition for places on the teams is keen.

There is a list of 137 occupations where the demand for men in the war department constantly exceeds the supply.

A pressing need exists in the army for men experienced in handling mules, and before all future needs are met a recruiting campaign may become necessary. No difficulty has been experienced in getting men who can buy and handle horses, but blacksmiths are scarce.

There is a constant demand for butchers, and cooks are greatly needed. In several technical branches, particularly the engineers, men for the higher positions are plentiful, but the workers for the ranks are scarce. Experienced mechanics, especially those familiar with automobiles, are always in demand.

More interpreters than can be used have applied for positions with the war department, and applications for commissions as army chaplains are also in excess of the need. The excess totals thousands in each case. Clerks for general work are plentiful, but there is demand for specialists. At present there is a surplus of dentists and pharmacists.

Deliveries of the 8,000 motortrucks recently ordered by the motor transport service of the war department are to be made between August 1 and December 1. These trucks, known as "Class B Standards," will have a capacity of from three to five tons, and will be distributed as needed through the various branches of the army. Ten thousand of these class B standardized trucks have previously been ordered and are now in process of manufacture and delivery.

Under a new agreement the army will handle all mail for the expeditionary forces after it leaves United States ports. The post office department will deliver the mail to the authorities at the port of embarkation in this country and receive it from them at a port in France for dispatch to the United States. The domestic money-order service to the troops will for the present at least, continue under the direction of the post office department in France.

The first Porto Rican laborers to reach the United States under government auspices will be at work upon government contracts within a month.

The employment service of the department of labor has already found employment for at least 100,000 of these men as common laborers on construction work at Norfolk, Newport News, Baltimore and vicinity. Arrangements are now being made by the department of labor to provide proper housing for these men.

Women between the ages of twenty-one and thirty-five who have had a high school education or its equivalent will be eligible for admission to the army school of nursing, arrangements for which were recently made by the war department. It is intended to start several schools in selected military hospitals. Unless otherwise specified, applications should be sent directly to the army school of nursing, office of the surgeon general of the army, Washington, D. C.

"Keeping Our Fighters Fit—For War and After," is the title of an official book issued by the commission on training camp activities, describing the athletics, mass singing, social life and other recreations of men in army and navy camps. The book tells of the theaters, the work of the Y. M. C. A., Knights of Columbus and other organizations associated with the commission in welfare work, and gives details of life in the camps.

The two picric acid plants to be built at Little Rock, Ark., and Brunswick, Ga., contracts for which have been completed by the war department, will cost approximately $7,000,000.

Men of selective service age who leave the United States to evade military duty will have to stand trial on charges of violations of the selective service act when they return to the country, according to the department of justice, even though they do not return until after the war.

The department has at hand information from which complete lists may be prepared of all men who have left the country to avoid service, says a recent statement authorized by the attorney general.

The food administration has sent out through all state administrators a warning to corn, barley and oats millers and to wholesale and retail dealers in the products that at the present prices of these grains cornmeal and oatmeal should be selling at least 20 per cent below the price of wheat flour and that corn flour and barley flour should be selling at least 10 per cent below wheat flour.

A billion-bushel wheat crop is forecast, which is a bumper yield. Also a few bumps for the kaiser.