RAINBOW'S END *A Novel*

By REX BEACH

Author of "The Iron Trail," "The Spoilers," "Heart of the Sunset," Etc.

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O'REILLY LEARNS OF ROSA'S PLIGHT AND RUSHES TO THE RESCUE WITH ALL POSSIBLE HASTE

Synopsis.—Don Esteban Varona, a Cuban planter, hides his wealth —money, jewels and title deeds—in a well on his estate. The hiding place is known only to Sebastien, a slave. Don Esteban's wife dies at the birth of twins, Esteban and Rosa. Don Estaban marries the avaricious Donna Isabel, who tries unsuccessfully to wring the secret of the hidden treasure from Sebastien. Angered at his refusal, she urges Don Esteban to sell Evangelina, Sebastien's daughter. Don Esteban refuses, but in the course of a gambling orgie, he risks Evangelina at cards and loses. Crazed by the loss of his daughter, Sebastien kills Don Esteban and is himself killed. Many years pass and Donna Isabel is unable to find the hidden treasure. Don Mario, rich sugar merchant, seeks to marry Rosa, who has returned from school in the United States. Johnnie O'Reilly, an American, who loves Rosa, wins her promise to wait for him until he can return from New York. Donna Isabel fails to death while walking in her sleep. Esteban's connection with the insurrectos is discovered and he and Rosa are compelled to flee.

CHAPTER V—Continued.

"Are you crazy, or am I?" he queried.

"Yes, sir; delirious. It's this way, sir; I've changed my mind, too."

"Oh—! You have?"

"I've met the dearest, sweetest"—O'Reilly choked, then began again—"the dearest, loveliest—"

"Never mind the bird-calls—don't coo! I get enough of that at home. Humph! It turned out better than I thought. Why, I—I was positively terrified when you walked in. I ought to be offended, and I am, but— Get out while I telephone Elsa."

O'Reilly spent that evening in writing a long letter to Rosa Varona. Other letters went forward by succeeding posts, and there was no doubt

"Are You Crazy, or Am I?" He Queried.

now that O'Reilly's pen was tipped with magic! He tingled when he reread what he had written. He bade Rosa prepare for his return and their immediate marriage.

O'Reilly's love was unlimited; his trust in the girl was absolute. He knew, moreover, that she loved and trusted him. This, to be sure, was a miracle—a unique phenomenon which never ceased to amaze him. He did not dream that every man had felt the same vague wonder.

And so the time passed rapidly. But, strange to say, there came no answer to those letters. O'Reilly cursed the revolution which had made communication so uncertain; at length he cabled, but still the days dragged on with no result. Gradually his impatience gave way to apprehension.

Great was his relief, therefore, when one day a worn, stained envelope addressed in Rosa's hand was laid upon his desk. The American stamp, the Key West postmark, looked strange, but— Her first letter! O'Reilly wondered if his first letter to her could possibly have moved her as this moved him. He kissed the envelope where her lips had caressed it in the sealing. Then with eager fingers he broke it open.

It was a generous epistle, long and closely written, but as he read his keen delight turned to dismay, and when he had turned the last thin page his brain was in wildest turmoil. He thought he must be dreaming. Could it be that he had misunderstood anything? He turned to the beginning and attempted to read, but his hands shook so that he was obliged to lay the letter flat upon his desk.

My Dear Beloved: It is with diffidence and hesitation that I take my pen in hand, for I fear you may consider me unduly forward in writing to you without solicitation.

Alas! We are refugees, Esteban and I —fugitives, outcasts, living in the manigua with Asensio and Evangelina, former slaves of our father. Such poverty, such indescribable circumstances! But they were our only friends and they took us in when we were homeless, so we love them.

If this letter reaches you—and I send it with a prayer—what then? I dare not think too long of that, for the hearts of men are not like the hearts of women. What will you say when you learn that the Rosa Varona whom you favored with your admiration is not the Rosa of today? I hear you murmur, "The girl forgets herself!" But, oh, the standards of yesterday are gone and my reserve is gone, too! I am a hunted creature.

Rosa had compelled herself to start with the death of Donna Isabel and to give him a succinct account of all that had followed. O'Reilly read the story, fascinated.

That is how we came to live with Asensio and his wife. Imagine it! A bohio, hidden away far up the Yumuri, and so insignificant as to escape attention. We are no longer people of consequence or authority; our safety depends upon our inconspicuousness.

The whole country is in chaos. There is no work—nothing but suspicion, hatred, and violence. Oh, what desolation this war has wrought! Esteban has already become a guerrillero. He has stolen a cow, and so we have milk for our coffee; but there is only a handful of coffee left, and little hope of more. Marauding bands of Spaniards are everywhere, and the country people tell atrocious tales about them. How will it end? How long before they will discover us and the worst will happen?

If only you were here— Oh, my dearest Juan! If only you were here to take me in your arms and banish this ever constant terror at my heart. If only you were here to tell me that you love me still in spite of my misfortune. See! The tears are falling as I write. You will return, will you not? I could not write like this if I were sure that you would read these lines. My nightly prayer— But I will not tell you of my prayers, for fate may guide this letter to you, after all, and the hearts of men do change. In those dark hours when my doubts arise I try to tell myself that you will surely come and search me out.

When you return to Cuba—see, my faith is strong again—avoid Matanzas, for your own sake and mine. Don Mario wanted to marry me to save me this exile. But I refused. I told him I was pledged to you, and he was furious. He is powerful; he would balk you, and there is always room for one more in San Severino.

If I could come to you, I would, but I am marked. So if you still desire me you must search me out. You will? I pin my faith to that as to the Cross. To doubt would be to perish. If we should have to find another hiding-place, and that is always likely, you can learn of our whereabouts from Colonel Lopez.

Alas! If you had asked me to go with you that day! I would have followed you, for my heart beat then as it beats today, for you alone.

The candle is burning low and it will soon be daylight, and then this letter must begin its long, uncertain journey. I trust the many blots upon the paper will not give you a wrong impression of my writing, for I am neat, and I write nicely; only now the ink is poor and there is very little of it. There is little of anything here at Asensio's house, except tears. Of those I fear there are too many to please you, my Juan, for men do not like tears. Therefore I try to smile as I sign myself,

Your loving and your faithful

ROSA.

O God! Come quickly, if you love me.

CHAPTER VI.

The Quest Begins.

When O'Reilly had finished his second reading of the letter there were fresh blots upon the pitifully untidy pages. "I write nicely only the ink is poor—" "There is little of anything here at Asensio's house—" "It is cold before the dawn—" . . . Poor little Rosa! He had always thought of her as so proud, so high-spirited, so playful, but another Rosa had written this letter. Her appeal stirred a responsive chord of tenderness, every impulse of chivalry in his impressionable Irish nature. "O God! Come quickly, if you love me." He leaped to his feet; he dashed the tears from his eyes.

Johnnie's preparations were conducted with vigor and promptitude; within two hours his belongings were packed. He seized his hat and hastened downtown to the office of the Cuban junta.

A businesslike young man inquired his errand. Johnnie made known a part of it, and was asked to see someone in authority. In consequence, perhaps, of his Irish smile or of that persuasiveness which he could render almost irresistible when he willed, it was not long before he gained admittance to the presence of Mr. Enriquez, a distinguished, scholarly Cuban of middle age.

O'Reilly plunged boldly into the heart of the matter which had brought him thither. When he had finished his tale Mr. Enriquez inquired:

"But how do you expect me to help you?"

"I want your advice more than your help, although you might tell me where I can find Colonel Lopez."

Enriquez eyed his caller keenly. "That information would be very well worth having," said he. "But, you understand, we know little about what is going on in Cuba—far less than the Spaniards themselves. I'm afraid I can't help you."

"You don't take me for a spy, do you?" Johnnie asked, with his friendly grin.

"Ah! You don't look like one, but we never know whom to trust. This young lady in whom you are interested, who is she?"

"Her name is Varona; Miss Rosa Varona."

"So?" Enriquez raised his brows. "Not by any chance the heiress to that famous Varona treasure?"

"Exactly!—if there is such a thing. Here! Read this. I want you to believe me." Reverently he laid Rosa's letter before her countryman. "I'm not in the habit of showing my letters to strangers, but—I guess that'll convince you I'm not a spy."

He sat silently while the letter was being read; nor was he disappointed in the result. Mr. Enriquez raised dark, compassionate eyes to his, saying:

"This is a touching letter, sir. I thank you for allowing me to see it. No, I don't doubt you now. Poor Cuba! Her sons must be brave, her daughters patient."

"Well! You understand why I must go quickly, and why I can't chance delay by going either to Matanzas or to Havana. I want to land somewhere farther east, and I want you to help me to find Colonel Lopez."

Mr. Enriquez frowned thoughtfully. "What I just told you is literally true," he said at last. "We work in the dark up here, and we don't know the whereabouts of our troops. But—I have a thought." He excused himself and left the room. When he returned he explained: "I don't have to tell you that we are watched all the time, and that for us to assist you openly would be liable to defeat your purpose. But I have just telephoned to a man I can trust, and I have told him your story. He has relatives in Cuba and he agrees to help you if he can. His name is Alvarado." Writing an address upon a card, he handed it to O'Reilly. "Go to him, tell him what you have told me, and do as he directs. Another thing, don't return here unless it is necessary; otherwise when you land in Cuba you may have cause to regret it."

Doctor Alvarado, a high type of the Cuban professional man, was expecting O'Reilly. He listened patiently to his caller's somewhat breathless recital.

"You do well to avoid the cities where you are known," he agreed. "But just how to reach the insurrectos—"

"If you'd merely give me a letter saying I'm a friend—"

The doctor promptly negatived this suggestion. "Surely you don't think it can be done as easily as that?" he inquired. "In the first place, wherever you land, you will be watched and probably searched. Such a letter, if discovered, would not only ruin our chances, but it would bring certain disaster upon those to whom it was written. My two brothers, Tomas and Ignacio, reside in Cuba, and we all work for the cause of independence in our own ways. I am fortunately situated, but they are surrounded by dangers, and I must ask you to be extremely careful in communicating with them, for I am placing their lives in your hands and—I love them dearly."

"I shall do exactly as you say."

"Very well, then! Go to Neuvitas, where Tomas lives—there is a steamer which leaving in three or four days, and you can arrange passage on her. He is a dentist. Meet him, somehow, and make yourself know by repeating this sentence: 'I come from Felipe. He told me how you whipped him to keep him from going to the Ten Years' war.' That will be enough; he will ask you who you are and what you want. You won't need to say anything more. No living soul, except Tomas and I, knows that he thrashed me, but it is true. He will understand from the message that I trust you, and he will help you to reach the rebels, if such a thing is possible. Come and see me when you get back, and bring me news of Tomas. Now, adios, compadre."

"Adios, senor; I am deeply grateful!"

O'Reilly had no difficulty in securing passage direct to Neuvitas on the English steamer Dunham Castle, and a few days later he saw the Atlantic highlands dissolve into the mists of a winter afternoon as the ship headed outward into a nasty running sea.

Cuba, when it came fairly into sight, lay bathed in golden sunshine, in warmth and welcome, like a bride

He Sat Silently While the Letter Was Being Read.

upon an azure couch. The moist breath from her fragrant shores swept over the steamer's decks and Johnnie O'Reilly sniffed it joyfully.

Although there were but a few passengers on the Dunham Castle, they were subjected to a long delay, during which suspicious customs men searched their baggage and questioned them. Finally, however, O'Reilly found himself free to go ashore.

El Gran Hotel Europea, Neuvitas' leading hostelry, belied its name. It was far from large, and certainly it was anything but European, except, perhaps, in its proprietor's extravagant and un-American desire to please, at any cost. But it was the best hotel the place afforded, and Senor Carbajal was the most attentive of hosts.

He evinced an unusual interest in the affairs of his American guest, and soon developed a habit of popping into the latter's room at unexpected moments, ostensibly to see that all was as it should be. When, for the third time, he appeared without knocking, O'Reilly suspected something.

"You have everything, eh?" Mr. Carbajal teetered upon the balls of his feet while his small black eyes roved inquisitively.

"Everything in abundance."

"You are a pleasure traveler? You see the sights, is that it? Well, Cuba is beautiful."

"I'm not a tourist. I travel for my health," said O'Reilly.

"You— Health—!" Carbajal's frame began to heave; his bulging abdomen oscillated as if shaken by some hidden hand. "Good! Ha! There's another joke for you."

"I'm a sick man," O'Reilly insisted, hollowly.

"You don't look sick," mumbled Carbajal. "Not like the other American."

"What other American?"

"A peculiar fellow. He went on to Puerto Principe. What a cough! And he was as thin as a wire. He bled at the mouth, too, at times, when he was not reviling my hotel. You'll see him if you go there, provided he hasn't come apart with his coughing. I believe he writes for newspapers. Well, it is my pleasure to serve you. Command me at any hour." Mr. Carbajal bowed reluctantly and went wheezing downstairs to his grimy tables and the flies.

CHAPTER VII.

The Man Who Would Know Life.

Later that day O'Reilly set out to reconnoiter the city of Neuvitas. He was followed, of course—he had expected as much, and the circumstances amused rather than alarmed him. But when he returned to his hotel and found that his room had been visited during his absence he felt a hint of uneasiness. Evidently, as Doctor Alvarado had forecast, he was unfailingly were interested in him; and he had further evidence of the fact when he learned that the room next him was occupied by the very man who had shadowed him on the street. Inasmuch as the intervening wall was no more than a thin partition, through which his every breathing could be heard, while his every movement could doubtless be spied upon, O'Reilly saw the need of caution.

During breakfast, and afterward throughout an aimless morning stroll, O'Reilly felt watchful eyes upon him. When he returned to his hotel he found Mr. Carbajal in the cafe concocting refrescos for some military officers, who scanned the American with bold, hostile glances. O'Reilly complained to the proprietor of a toothache. He declared that something had to be done at once, and inquired the name and address of the best local dentist.

Mr. Carbajal named several, among them Dr. Tomas Alvarado, whereupon his guest hurried away, followed at respectful distance by the secret agent.

Finding Doctor Alvarado's office was closed, as he had anticipated, O'Reilly proceeded to the doctor's residence. There was some delay when he rang the bell, but eventually the dentist himself appeared. O'Reilly recognized him from his resemblance to his brother. He addressed him in English.

"I come from Felipe," he began. "He well remembers the day you whipped him to keep him from going to the Ten Years' war."

The languor of Doctor Alvarado's siesta vanished. He started, his eyes widened.

"Who are you?" he muttered.

"My name is O'Reilly. I am an American, a friend, so don't be alarmed. The man you see approaching is following me, but he thinks I have come to you with a toothache."

"What do you want?"

"I want your help in joining the insurrectos."

By this time the detective had come within earshot. Making an effort at self-possession, the dentist said: "Very well. I will meet you at my office in a half-hour and see what can be done." Then he bowed.

O'Reilly raised his hat and turned away.

Doctor Alvarado's dentist's chair faced a full-length window, one of several which, in Cuban fashion, opened directly upon the sidewalk, rendering both the waiting room and the office almost as public as the street itself. Every one of these windows was wide open when Johnnie arrived; but it seemed that the dentist knew what he was about, for when his patient had taken his seat and he had begun an examination of the troublesome tooth, he said, under his breath:

"I, too, am watched. Talk to me in English. When I press, thus, upon your gum, you will know that someone is passing. Now, then, what is the meaning of your amazing message from Felipe?"

While Doctor Alvarado pretended to treat a perfectly sound molar, Johnnie managed, despite frequent interruptions, to make known the reason and circumstances of his presence.

"But there are no rebels around here," Alvarado told him. "You could escape to the country, perhaps, but what then? Where would you go? How would they know who you are?"

"That's what I want to find out."

The Cuban pondered. "You'll have to go to Puerto Principe," he said at length. "Our men are operating in that neighborhood, and my brother Ignacio will know how to reach them. I'll give you a message to him, similar to the one you brought me from Felipe." Then he smiled. "I've just thought of the very thing. Years ago I lent him a book which I particularly prized, and one of his children damaged it. I was furious. I declared I would never lend him another, and I never have. Now, then, I'll give you that very volume; hand it to him and say that I asked you to return it to him."

O'Reilly thanked him, promising to use every precaution in delivering the message. The next morning he paid Carbajal's score and took the train to the interior. In his bag was Tomas Alvarado's precious volume, and in the same coach with him rode the secret service man.

In its general features Puerto Principe differed little from the other Cuban cities O'Reilly knew. It was com-

"Your Name Is—?"

pactly built, it was very old and it looked its centuries. Its streets were particularly narrow and crooked, having been purposely laid out in labyrinthine mazes, so the story goes, in order to fool the pirates.

As he sat in a cafe, sipping an orangeade, he heard someone speaking in an odious Spanish, and looked up to see that another man had entered. The stranger was a tall, funereal young man, with pallid cheeks and hollow, burning eyes. O'Reilly stepped over to the table and introduced himself. "The hotel keeper in Neuvitas told me I'd find you here," he said. "Your name is—"

"Branch; Leslie Branch. So Carbajal said you'd find me here, eh? Oh, the greasy little liar. He didn't believe it. He thought his cooking would have killed me, long ago, and it nearly did." This time Mr. Branch's bony frame underwent a genuine shudder and his face was convulsed with loathing. "Carbajal's in the secret service. Nice fat little spy."

"So I suspected."

Mr. Branch's beverage appeared at this moment. With a flourish the waiter placed a small glass and a bottle of dark liquid before him. Branch stared at it, then rolled a fiercely smoldering eye upward.

"What's that?" he inquired.

Esteban and Rosa feel secure in their hiding place unaware that Cueto's treachery is bringing upon them a new and more terrible danger. Don't miss this development, which is disclosed in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Teaching Soldiers Caution.

I have a friend—a young six-foot officer, powerful as a horse—at one of the cantonments in the far South, who has a way of showing his men the need for individual responsibility, Edward Hungerford writes in Everybody's Magazine.

It is his practice to skirmish around the camp late at night and approach the sentries, giving careless, indifferent, casually friendly replies to their challenges. The sentry in his happy-go-lucky back country fashion, feels that the stranger is not merely a friend, but of the cantonment. Then —200 pounds of brawn and muscle land upon him; he feels an awful blow in the pit of the stomach; his gun is taken away from him, and he finds himself sprawling on the ground. As soon as he can get his breath he looks at his attacker and begins:

"What the—"

"Exactly so," interrupts the officer, "only if this really had been 'No Man's Land' and I a German scout you would have been completely dead by this time."

They are taking few chances in the training of our great army.

No Wonder.

"I called now," Smith a hard name just

"He doesn't seem to be displeased."

"Why should he be? I told him he was a brick."

BOATSWAIN IS CITED FOR GREAT HEROISM

HOW JOHN MACKENZIE SAVED THE REMLIK WHEN A DEPTH CHARGE BROKE LOOSE.

HE CAPTURED THE BIG BOMB

Delivery of Locomotives Ordered by Government Starts in, July—Germany Limits Spending Money of American Prisoners and Interned Civilians.

(From Committee on Public Information.)

Washington.—Many members of the United States army and navy are being commended for bravery in action or in emergencies. A typical case is that of John Mackenzie, chief boatswain's mate, of the naval reserve force, described in a navy department statement.

The case is unique in that it has to do with one of the latest engines of war. As is well known, United States destroyers and other submarine fighters carry depth charges containing a large amount of high explosives which are dropped in the path of enemy submarines and explode under water. These have proved effective weapons in the destruction of U-boats, and they are safe enough when the safety pins are affixed; but when they get beyond control and the safety pin comes out they are a source of serious danger to the vessels carrying them. It will be recalled that the men on the U. S. S. Manley who lost their lives in the collision of that destroyer with a British vessel were killed by the explosion of one of these bombs.

In a heavy gale on the morning of December 17, 1917, a depth charge on the Remlik broke loose from its position on the stern. The box went overboard, but the charge was buried in the opposite direction and went bouncing about the deck. As it weighs hundreds of pounds it was impossible for anyone to lift the bomb and carry it to safety. It was even dangerous for anyone to go to that part of the ship, as the seas were washing over the stern. As the officers and crew watched the bomb some one shouted: "The pin's come out!" Realizing the danger, Mackenzie, exclaiming, "Watch me; I'll get it," dashed down the deck and flung himself upon the charging cylinder. Three times he almost had his arms about the bomb, but each time it tore from him, once almost crushing him. The fourth time he got a firm grip on it and heaved it upright on one flat end. Then he sat on it and held it down. The charge might have broken loose again and exploded at any moment, blowing Mackenzie to bits, but he held on firmly until lines could be run to him and man and depth bomb safely lashed. Soon afterward the ship was headed up into the sea and the charge carried to a place of safety.

The commanding officer of the Remlik, in his report recommending that the medal of honor be conferred on Mackenzie, says:

"Mackenzie, in acting as he did, exposed his life and prevented a serious accident to the ship and probable loss of the ship and entire crew. Had this depth charge exploded on the quarterdeck with the sea and wind that existed at the time there is no doubt that the ship would have been lost."

Money intended for interned civilians and prisoners of war in Germany should be remitted through the bureau of prisoners' relief, American Red Cross, Washington, D. C. Remittances so made will probably not be delivered to addressees by the German government in cash, but in the form of credit on prison exchanges.

According to the Spanish ambassador at Berlin, the war department states that there are no restrictions in regard to the remittance of money for civilian and military prisoners. Such money is placed to prisoners' credit, and may be spent under the following regulations:

"Military prisoners. Sixty marks weekly may be spent by officers and others of similar rank; 50 marks weekly by non-commissioned officers and men.

"Civilian prisoners. Sixty marks weekly for men of better social position; 50 marks weekly for others."

A study is being made of the formulae and manufacturing processes of medicines requiring glycerin, and plans for the curtailment of the quantity now used in case it becomes necessary will be submitted to the general medical board of the Council of National Defense.

It is announced in the Bohemian press that experiments made with "paper cloth" have proved so successful that Hungarian state railways are to furnish their employees with summer clothing of this fabric.

In its regulations governing the price of wool the war industries board allows dealers to make a charge of three per cent of the selling price if the wool is not graded, and 3½ per cent if graded. This commission is to cover all storage, cartage and insurance.

An additional credit of $3,250,000 has been extended to Belgium by the United States, making a total of $107,850,000 loaned to that country, and credits to all the allies $5,288,850,000.

The national forests this year will be open to 500,000 more sheep and nearly 250,000 more cattle than in 1917. This will bring the total of stock grazed under permit to about 9,000,000 sheep, 2,350,000 head of cattle, and 51,000 swine.

This increase is in addition to the 200,000 sheep and 100,000 cattle made last year.

Uncle Eben.

"Some folks dat's most industrious," said Uncle Eben, "ain' got de best dispositions; same as a bee."

Delivery of the first of the 1,025 locomotives ordered by the railroad administration will start in July, and deliveries will continue monthly during the rest of the year. The locomotives are of six standard types, with one heavy and one light style in each type. They vary in weight from 290,000 pounds to 540,000 pounds, and the entire order will cost about $600,000,000.

The six standard types are expected to eventually supersede the many kinds now in service, which embrace engines built according to 500 or more specifications. According to the railroad administration, this is the first real step ever taken toward the wide standardization of locomotives.

An order has also been placed for 100,000 freight cars of standard type to cost between $250,000,000 and $300,000,000. Negotiations for the construction of many thousand additional steel freight cars are still pending. The five types of cars ordered represent the standard forms of freight cars adopted by the railroad administration.

The adoption of these standard types, it is believed, will eventually substitute a few scientifically worked-out designs for the numerous miscellaneous varieties of cars, representing probably more than a thousand different old styles and specifications now in use, the accumulations of the past.

Before an airplane can be put into military service it must be equipped with at least nine delicate scientific instruments, some of which are absolutely essential to exact flying, and all contribute to the successful operation of a plane. One gives the pilot his location as to height and direction; others tell his speed through the air, the speed of his propeller, the amount of gasoline carried, water temperature, operation of the oiling system, and guide his "banking" on turns. Another necessary article is the oxygen-supplying apparatus, without which an aviator could not climb to any great height.

For operation of actual combat planes, such as observing, photographing, bombing, and fighting, planes, other complicated and expensive instruments and sets of apparatus are necessary. Among them are machine guns, gun mounts, bomb racks, bomb-dropping devices, bomb sights, radio and photographic apparatus, electrically heated clothing, lights and flares. These bring the total cost of equipment for an airplane to several thousand dollars each, depending upon the type of plane.

Nearly 2,000 types and sizes of farm implements which have been gradually developed by manufacturers during peace-time competition have been recommended for elimination during the war by committees of the National Implement and Vehicle association. The object, according to a statement by the Council of National Defense, is to conserve materials, labor, capital, and manufacturing facilities for war use.

In the report of the committee meetings to the commercial economy board of the Council of National Defense it was stated that no machine recommended for discard was believed to be necessary to modern economical agriculture. The lines considered by the committees consisted of steel and chilled plows, grain drills, seeders, and other tillage implements and farm cultivators.

Such of the recommendations as the board deems suitable, with others from different sources, are being brought to the attention of all implement manufacturers and jobbers and as many retail dealers as may be reached, through questionnaires.

A number of high-grade news photographers are urgently needed by the signal corps. These men must have expert experience in the handling of speed cameras, such as Graflex, Graphic, and also understand speeds of lenses and various makes of cameras and operation of same. Only those men who can furnish references as to their actual experience as news photographers will receive consideration.

The men selected for this branch of the service will be sent to a school for military training. Upon completion of the training they will be promoted to grades of sergeant, first class, and will be ordered overseas in a short time. Applicants must be citizens of the United States between the ages of 21 and 31. All communications should be addressed to Air Division, Training Section, Photographic Branch, Washington, D. C.

Advice from Shanghai states that the subscriptions to the third Liberty Loan there amount to over $600,000, and a report from the American embassy in Mexico City states the subscriptions there are more than $350,000.

Regulations for bread-making in Sweden permit only nine kinds, the weight and price being prescribed by law. Only rye, wheat, barley, or oat flour may be used, and for ordinary bread the use of butter, lard or other fat, milk or cream is prohibited.

Recent contracts by the war department authorize the manufacture of 3,500,000 pairs of metallic-fastened field shoes for overseas use. The average price was about $7.75 a pair.

Contracts have also been awarded for the manufacture of 2,000,000 pairs of field welt shoes for United States and overseas service, the average price being $6.50.

The Difference.

Boost, don't boast. One gets something, the other doesn't.—Memphis Commercial Appeal.

China Has Women Soldiers.

China, first in many things, had women soldiers long before they were known in Russia. During the Tae Ping rebellion, 1850, women, as well as men, served in the ranks. In Nanking, in 1853, an army of 500,000 women was recruited. They were divided into brigades of 13,000 each and were commanded by women officers.

Many Shocks Followed Earthquake.

The Messina earthquake of 1908 was followed by no less than 1,227 aftershocks.