

Persian Infantry Being Reviewed by the New Shah



The late Khan crowned himself the shah of Persia and has not been seen in Persia in many generations. This photograph shows the Persian infantry passing in review to the new shah, at the actual coronation.

Had Wrong Idea; Life Was Ruined

Wall Inventor Tasted Height of Success and Depth of Failure.

From an obscure back-woods town of here there died a man who, within the space of a few months, traveled from the height of success to the depth of condemnation—because an idea went wrong.

His name was Murray Compton, and he was a man who had his one chance when a captain of infantry in the Canadian expedition force, sent to a premature grave with the death of hundreds of dying Canadian soldiers fighting in his ears.

Murray Compton was the originator of the "Wall," that stupendous structure which was designed to save the lives of soldiers but which was a trap in which many hundreds were killed.

Compton's battalion was doing duty in the Ypres sector in the spring of 1915. From the ramparts, in Ypres, he saw the front line soldiers exposed to a withering shell and machine-gun fire while going to and from the line. The distance was more than a mile, but he had no way of getting to the front line, and he was working parties, as well as ambulances going into or coming out of the line, suffered terribly. The line had the shape of two routes; one up Meun road, which was a stable Z-shaped, and the other along Zandek village. Most of the men chose the latter route, for it afforded slight protection.

Chinese Wall Recalled.

While leading his company in and out of the line Compton became bored at the number of casualties and inventive brain sought some method of reducing the loss of life. Suddenly he was confronted with a measure of the great wall of China, for centuries had kept out east of the yellow men.

Compton was practical enough to see that time prevented the erecting of a wall which would correspond with the original.

He sketched his rough idea to his superior who approved it and sent it to his headquarters. From there it

went to division and then corps headquarters. Here it was turned over to the commanding officer of the engineers, whose approval hastened construction.

Night after night, for many weeks, weary working parties filled sandbags which were pounded into the form of huge bricks and laid end to end to form a great wall. Weeks of ceaseless activity saw the task completed without interruption from the enemy.

Casualties Much Reduced.

The wall stood for weeks, the admiration of every soldier who found protection behind its friendly shadow. Casualties were reduced to a minimum and Compton was showered with honors. He was mentioned in dispatches and decorated with the military cross.

Come the 2nd of June, that fateful day when the German high command concentrated everything on a terrific drive, which was calculated to drive a wedge in the British lines and open up a route to the channel ports.

The bombardment was the worst experienced by any troops up to that period. Trenches were obliterated, men killed by hundreds, while wave after wave of German infantry was thrown into the attack in an endeavor to break the Canadian line. Telegraph communication with the rear was impossible and several runners were killed before word could be relayed back to Ypres to "send reinforcements."

Germans Bombard Wall.

Battalion after battalion was hurried up from rest camps in motor lorries, dumped off in Ypres and then started up the line. As soon as German observation balloons and planes observed troops being concentrated in the rear, they signaled the German artillery and the barrage was turned on the China wall.

Thousands of men had congregated behind this wall, awaiting darkness before being thrown into the breach. In five minutes the bombardment reduced the wall to a mass of twisted and torn sandbags and practically every man behind it had been killed or wounded.

In spite of this great disaster the front-line troops held on grimly. For

GIRL BANDIT



Genevieve Holmer, twenty years old, of Utica, N. Y., the girl bandit dressed in male attire who was caught in Syracuse after a thrilling chase in which she and her two male companions exchanged pistol shots with the police. All of the trio were "armed to the teeth."

two days and nights they withstood the incomparable inferno before fresh troops relieved them. But the way to the sea had been blocked.

Ironically, Compton was commanding a company of reserves which had taken refuge behind his creation when the German bombardment began. By another strange twist of fate he was one of the few men who were permitted to escape being killed or wounded.

Escapes Without Wounds.

A merciful command relieved Compton of his duties and his name was posted on the casualty list as "wounded." Some of his own men who saw him going out of the line for the last time said he did not show a scratch. But his nerve was broken and his great plan had crashed.

He was mustered out of the army and sent back to Canada. He went back to his farm, but his neighbors saw a mighty change. His eyes were wild and vacant and he kept mumbling to himself.

They didn't know the reason till he died.

For Men of Flight Over the Pole



The model of the gold medal which the Italian Americans of North America, at the initiative of the Corriere d' America, will present to Roald Amundsen, Umberto Nobile, Lincoln Ellsworth, and the crew of the Norge, which recently made a successful flight to the North pole. The medal was designed by G. G. Ruotolo.

U. S. Auto's Superiority Admitted by French

Paris. — Gabriel Voisin, one of France's leading automotive and aeronautic engineers, stirred up trouble for himself in the French industrial world by declaring that the American automobile would "sweep away in a few days like a tidal wave the entire French automotive industry if the customs barrier suddenly disappeared, and if American construction could resist French roads and French rivers."

An automobile ought to be comfortable, silent and easy to drive, requirements which are filled by the American machines with their roomy, light and well-planned bodies. French automobiles are sacrificed to the esthetic ideals of the custom coach builders, says M. Voisin. They may be nice to look at, but are unpleasant to ride in.

To prove his point he has produced an automobile with a fabric-covered body shaped something like the cabin of a Venetian gondola, which is the perfection of comfort to ride in, but never fails to get a laugh when it appears on the streets.

Money Under Foot

New York. — Scores of persons walked over \$2,000 in bank notes in the lobby of a prominent New York hotel, but no one stooped to pick up the baby fortune. F. H. Maguire, racing man, who lost the money, notified detectives. They found the roll untouched.

Talk Not Cheap

Del Monte, Calif. — William B. Leeds, millionaire, has just been handed a \$190 telephone bill. He talked 29 minutes to his wife, Princess Xenia of Greece, who is in New York.

ADJUSTMENT OF HIS OLD DEBTS

By WARREN B. PARKS

(© 1926, Western Newspaper Union.)

SIGHT of the little gray-faced, arch-backed man named Bernstein, recognized spokesman of the assembled creditors, curiously disconcerted John Brinton. Bernstein's presence naggingly stirred, but could not awake, a sleeping consciousness of unpleasant events that had happened in a distant yesterday.

The fact that Brinton had as yet apparently not recognized him suited Bernstein admirably. The unexpectedness of the blow he meant to deal would only serve to make it the more keenly felt. So Bernstein, impassive without, continued to sit almost silent at the head of the book-strewn counter—and to wait.

For many years Brinton had been the leading merchant of Blissville. And now, after he had complacently seen the toppling of lesser figures, with a scornful disdain for what he was in the habit of terming incompetence and soft business methods, he himself seemed to be tottering from what he had regarded as a solid pedestal of success toward black failure.

To be sure, he told himself, it was not through fault of his own that ruin threatened, for one could have foreseen that this disastrous shrinkage of values, striking with the suddenness of a highwayman in the night, would have laid hold of business just at a time when calamitous crop-failure had rendered the victim of attack almost defenseless. For a time he managed to maintain his poise of superiority, but at length the pressure became too strong, and Brinton, in this final extremity, had called upon those who demanded their pay to determine whether he should stand or fall.

So his creditors had come. Holding on to his confidence up to the very time of their coming, Brinton, strangely enough, seemed to find that their presence shook his resolution and confused his rehearsed plans of appeal. And now, pausing a moment in his labored explanations, with an abstraction into which the growing futility of the whole thing had plunged him, he became suddenly aware that Bernstein was speaking his name.

"Mr. Brinton," Bernstein said, "what part of your accounts do you think you can collect?"

Brinton didn't answer at once. Instead, as he looked at the speaker, he found himself once more stupidly wondering what the elusive memory could be which refused to be dragged from its subconscious hiding-place. With an effort he brought his thoughts back to the matter in hand, as he finally answered:

"I'm hopeful that the majority of them will be paid up, if the boll weevil will ever let us make another crop. It's just a question of waiting."

"So," said Bernstein, and sat for a moment without further utterance, his face seemingly as expressionless as the low, monosyllabic word of response thus far offered. Then suddenly there came into his eyes a look which was wholly at variance with his uplifted tone.

"A question of waiting," he said.

It was then that Brinton found himself no longer groping after a fugitive memory. The thing stood out in his mind in a sudden flash of awakened recollection, clear and vivid. The space of twenty years had not dimmed one detail of the incident he visualized.

He saw a little peddler, stooping under the load of a heavy pack. He saw the peddler shrink and falter as he, Brinton, coming into the yard, hurled a curse at him for peddling his worthless wares in a town where honest merchants were trying to make a fair living; then the setting on of the dog, and the ridiculously futile efforts of the little man to cling to his pack even as he tried to evade the attacks of the brute, made vicious by his master's urging. He saw the flying figure of his little girl, bare feet furiously pattering down the walk, as she cried out her brave command, "You stop, Wover, you stop!" And he saw the big hound, strangely obedient to the little girl's will, turning away from the peddler, and the child patting the man's head, as she sobbingly repeated: "He's a good man, daddy; he give me a doll." He saw himself lifting her up rather roughly, and, his anger uncooled, ordering the terrified little peddler with his torn clothes and bleeding hands to gather up his dirty pack and get out.

Slowly, as if against his will, Brinton brought his eyes back to those of Bernstein. He felt in the gaze burning its way through and through him only the bright blaze of malevolent triumph. He tried to go on with his speech but ended with a futile stammering. At last, in a voice tight-pitched and halting, he said:

"So—you, you—are the—"

"There are some things about waiting, Mr. Brinton, which are good," Bernstein broke in upon him, as if heedless of the half-framed query, "and there are some things which are bad."

So Bernstein, still outwardly passive and with a twisted smile on his lips, came at length to the evening up of his score.

Ah, but he would make the other squirm. He would make him feel the fangs of defeat and despair even as he had felt those of the big dog. When he got through there would not even be a scattered pack for Brinton to gather up. But for a time, he glottingly considered, he would inflict upon Brinton something of the torture of suspense.

And now quite calmly he said: "Mr. Brinton, how long would you ask us to wait?"

With the burning gaze of the other still upon him Brinton felt that the question was but a mockery and a taunt. Plainly, no mercy could be expected of Bernstein; no quarter.

Then an idea came to Brinton. He would try to touch the sympathy of these other men. He wouldn't beg or plead. Such childishness would be ruinous. But he would try for their pity by the bare recital of what he had to tell them. It was a remote hope, but it was worth trying.

"Gentlemen," Brinton a little unsteadily said, "I know what I'm going to tell you now is not business, and I ask your indulgence for saying it. I can't help it. I have a daughter who has been an invalid for a long time. She is the only child I have ever had. A few weeks ago I sent her to the biggest hospital in the country. They say there they may cure her in time. I haven't a cent except what is in this business. The banks have taken the rest of what I had. If this business goes down, my daughter comes home—without hope. If I can fight it out I'll keep her there and pay you, too."

He stopped there and stood waiting, looking from face to face with an expression of half-fear and half-expectancy, soon forced by the unbroken silence into the shadow of hopelessness. He ought to have known, he told himself, that such an appeal would not work with hard-headed business men.

Not quite ready to surrender, he went back, with a sort of desperation to the books. He sought to analyze the various batches of figures. With feverish energy he went into the details of every phase of the situation.

Once more he searched the faces before him for some sign of favorable judgment. Somehow he felt he could see none there. Bernstein still sat there, silent and emotionless. Brinton failed to notice that the little, twisted smile was no longer on his lips.

At length, in the absence of comment or suggestion, Brinton, sinking down into his seat, in the reaction of recognized defeat, declared:

"All right then, gentlemen, let it be bankruptcy."

"You are too fast, Mr. Brinton, too fast," Bernstein said then. "We have said nothing about bankruptcy. It takes a little while for me to think what is right to do. What you say, Mr. Brinton, about the little girl—that is, about your daughter—that is not business. We are sorry, yes. It is bad, very bad, but that is not business as you yourself say. All we can do is to look at the figures. As for myself, I don't think it would be a good idea to close you up. I am in favor of granting an extension. What do you think, gentlemen?"

There was little need for the question, in view of Bernstein's interest as the largest creditor. One by one the others agreed with this view.

Bernstein pulled out his watch.

"It is now late," he said. "Tomorrow we can arrange the details."

The wave of surprise and relief which had swept over Brinton left him speechless for a time. Finally, he managed to say:

"I thank you, men. I believe you will get every cent I owe you."

After a little while the company began to move toward the door. Bernstein, in the rear, came to where Brinton stood.

"You—you-remembered—" Brinton began.

"Yes," said Bernstein, "I remembered."

And, without more, except a deprecatory up-stretching of palms, he passed on out after the others.

"There's Many a Slip"

Mrs. Mitchell had discovered a new maid who promised to be a genuine treasure, and one afternoon she was extolling the maid's virtues to a party of envious friends, who were taking tea, when the girl herself entered the room.

"Oh, Mary," said Mrs. Mitchell, breaking off the conversation, "just run upstairs and fetch that letter I left on the dressing table, will you?"

"Certainly," answered the paragon of virtue. "Which do you mean—the one with the dentist's bill or the vicar's letter about the summer fete?"

—London Answers.

Fountains Gush Wine at Italian Festival

At Marino, Italy, each year, is held the Great Feast of the Wine, at which from two fountains in the public square, before the cathedral, gushes golden wine. It is a festival which attracts visitors from all parts of Italy, writes Edwin Robert Petre, in the London Morning Post. In the morning a service is held in the cathedral, at which a huge basket of grapes is blessed at the threshold of the church by the priest. Following this a procession marches through the town admiring the festoons of vine branches, clusters of grapes and inscriptions in praise of Bacchus.

At 3 p. m. the people again gather on the terrace in front of the cathedral. At a signal of three gun shots the fountains are turned on. Where water gushed before, wine jets forth, a little cloudy at first, but soon clear and sparkling. The guests of the city and officials drink first, then begins an endless file to taste the flowing white and red Marino, 7,264 quarts flowing in the two hours of the celebration.

Original Lifeboat

The lifeboat was invented in 1794 by Lionel Lukin of Dunmow, England, a landlubber who had always lived away from the sea. These boats are now made of corrugated iron. The first one contained side air chambers, then cork was substituted, and the cork was curved.

Patrick Henry's Home

Red Hill was the name of the estate where Patrick Henry lived and died. It is located in Charlotte county, Va.

Children Cry for



**Fletcher's CASTORIA**

MOTHER:— Fletcher's Castoria is especially prepared to relieve Infants in arms and Children all ages of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic and Diarrhea; allaying Feverishness arising therefrom, and, by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving natural sleep.

To avoid imitations, always look for the signature of *Dr. J. C. Fletcher* Absolutely Harmless—No Opium. Physicians everywhere recommend it.

When to Strike

Judge Elbert H. Gary whose retirement is rumored, said at a dinner party:

"I have been in many a conflict, and I find that the man who keeps cool comes out on top."

"An old Wheaton minister used to say to us:

"Strike when the iron is hot—but don't strike when the temper is hot."

Correct

"Do you understand music?"

"A little!"

"Then what is that lady playing now?"

"The piano!"

People of Egypt bought nearly twice as many American automobiles within the last year as in the same period of time before.



**BED BUGS**—the most disgusting of all insects! Get rid of them with Flit.

Flit spray destroys bed bugs, roaches and ants. It searches out the cracks and crevices where they hide and breed, and destroys insects and their eggs.

Kills All Household Insects

Flit spray also clears your home in a few minutes of disease-bearing flies and mosquitoes. It is clean, safe and easy to use. Spray Flit on your garments. Flit kills moths and their larvae which eat holes. Extensive tests showed that Flit spray did not stain the most delicate fabrics.

Flit is the result of exhaustive research by expert entomologists and chemists. It is harmless to mankind. Flit has replaced the old methods because it kills all the insects—and does it quickly.

Get a Flit can and sprayer today. For sale everywhere.



**? MEN ?**

You have no reasons for being BALD, when Forst's Original BARE-TO-HAIR grows hair and saves what you have.

Drug Stores and Barber Shops. Correspondence given personal attention.

W. H. FORST, Manufacturer SCOTTDALE, PA.

**WINTERSMITH'S CHILL TONIC**

A Fine Tonic. Builds You Up Prevents and Relieves Malaria-Chills and Fever-Dengue

Too Particular: "Now, Jennie, that's my best Holstein cow." Jenn—But, uncle, I wanta see your matted milk cow.

A Quantity Order: Landlady—How do you like your eggs boiled? Boarder—Two at a time, please.

The moment the skill of the artist is perceived, the spell of the art is broken.—Macaulay.

**A Child's Laxative Which Mothers Can Rely On**

DR. W. B. CALDWELL AT THE AGE OF 83

**Dr. Caldwell's SYRUP PEPSIN**

To Dr. W. B. Caldwell, of Monticello, Ill., a practicing physician for 47 years, it seemed cruel that so many constipated infants and children had to be kept "stirred up" and half sick by taking cathartic pills, tablets, salts, calomel and nasty oils.

While he knew that constipation was the cause of nearly all children's little ills, he constantly advised mothers to give only a harmless laxative which would help to establish natural bowel "regularity."

In Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin mothers have a regulating laxative which they can depend upon whenever a child is constipated, bilious, feverish or sick from a cold, indigestion or sour stomach. All children love its pleasant taste.

Buy a large 60-cent bottle at any store that sells medicine and just see for yourself how perfectly it cleanses and regulates the bowels of infants and children.

FIND KOOTENAY COUNTRY NOW HUNTERS' PARADISE

Big Game Now in Great Abundance as Result of Protective Laws of British Columbia.

Vancouver, B. C. — As a result of a law which was passed by game wardens of several states, one of the richest big game districts on the continent is being opened to its own. This is the great Kootenay valley foothills and mountains of the headwaters of the Kootenay river, a half-day's journey from the coast line of the railway.

From a spot on the river not far from the mouth of the Windermere highway, the Kootenay valley opens up, showing a wide range of deer, caribou, moose, sheep, goats, and numbers of bears and mountain lions can be seen within a radius of six or eight miles.

In the past days, this territory was the hunting ground of the Indian tribes, and the vast herds of wild animals to be found there. When hunt-

ing was poor on the prairie side of the mountains, or in the valleys farther west, the Indians in the districts affected headed for the headwaters of the Kootenay, where game was sure to be found. Naturally, the Indians of the upper Kootenay objected and famous skirmishes often ensued. Blackfeet, Bloods, Spokanes, Flatheads, Shoshones, Creeks and Stoney's all raided into the country at times.

When the Indians left off the wild life the raids ceased, but the Indians of the district slaughtered freely and greatly reduced the game until the

Call It "Bifteck"

Paris.—Do you know what "bifteck" is? It appears on the bill of fare of all restaurants in France, morning and evening. The French imagine it to be the English for beefsteak, but it covers all shades of steak.