ADJUSTMENT

## Persian Infantry Being Reviewed by the New Shah



Khan crowned himself the shah of Persia there were great fetes and scenes of oriental splendor such an seen in Persia in many generations. This photograph shows the Persian infantry passing in review e new shah, at the actual coronation.

# lad Wrong Idea; Life Was Ruined

## wall Inventor Tasted eight of Success and Depth of Failure.

- in an obscure backof here there died who, within the few months, traveled atherican the height of succondemnation-, went wrong.

Murray Compton, who had his one e a captain of infanexpedition force, sett to a premature grave with ireds of dying Canastors ringing in his ears. ar Compton was the origi-Wall" that stupenwhich was designed to f soldiers but which which many hun-

in was doing duty or in the spring of ramparts, in Ypres front line the soldiers ithering shell and while going to and The distance was more than a mile, but ramarking partles, as well as or coming out ered terribly. The the shalle of two routes: which was a deathtrap, and the other ugh Zillebek village. Most of ise the latter route, for it acded slight protection.

Chinese Wall Recalled.

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.

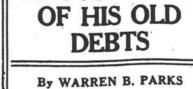
The wall stood for weeks, the admiration of every soldier who found protection behind its friendly shadow. Casualties were reduced to a minimum and Compton was showered with honors. He was mentioned in dispatches and decorated with the military cross. Come the 2nd of June, that fateful

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 re-enforcements.'

Germans Bombard Wall.

Battalion after battalion was hurtwo days and nights they withstood ried up from rest camps in motor lorthe incomparable inferno before fresh ries, dumped off in Ypres and then troops relieved them. But the way to ile leading his company in and started up the line. As soon as Geron became hor- man observation balloons and planes the sea had been blocked. observed troops being concentrated



#### (C. 1926, Western Newspaper Union.)

GHT of the little gray-faced, arch-backed man named Bernstein, recognized spokesman of the assembled creditors, curi-

ously 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.

"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 gloatingly 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 walting, 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.

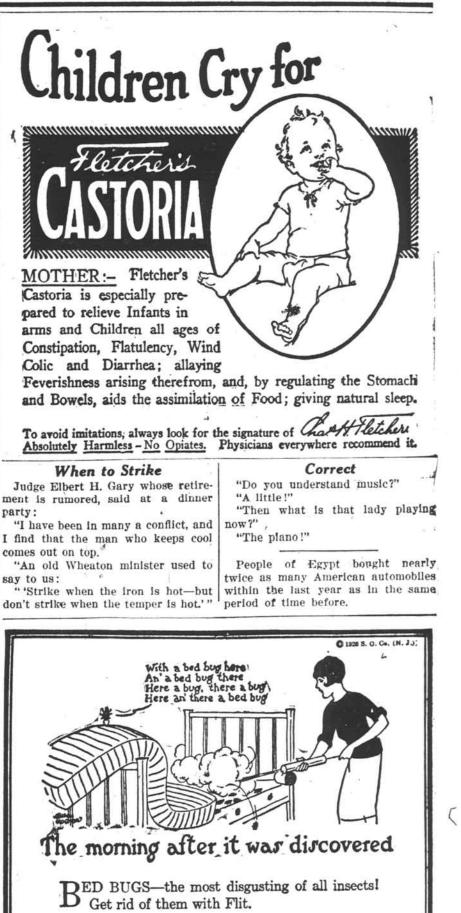
At length, in the absence of comment or suggestion, Brinton, sinking down into his seat, in the reaction of recognized defeat, declared:

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

"You are too fast, Mr. Brinton, too fast," Bernstein said then. "We have

The wave of surprise and relief

"I thank you, men. I believe you



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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.

casualties and inventive brain sought some methof reducing the loss of life. Sudy he was confronted with a menof the great wall of China, for centuries had kept out enthe vellow men

on was practical enough to hat time prevented the erecwith the original.

submitted his rough idea to his or wounded. In spite of this great disaster the el who approved it and sent it to de beadquarters. From there it | front-line troops held on grimly. For

## For Men of Flight Over the Pole

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 of a wall which would corre- and torn sandbags and practically

every man behind it had been killed

one of the few men who were permitted to escape being killed or wounded. Escapes Without Wounds. A merciful command relleved 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

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 com-

panions exchanged pistol shots with

the police. All of the trio were "armed

to the teeth."

GIRL BANDIT

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.

## 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.

Ironically, Compton was command-It's just a question of waiting. ing a company of reserves which had "So," said Bernstein, and sat for a taken refuge behind his creation when moment without further utterance, his the German bombardment began. By face seemingly as expressionless as another strange twist of fate he was 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 unrow we can arrange the details." der the load of a heavy pack. He saw the peddler shrink and falter as he. Brinton, coming into the yard, hurled which had swept over Brinton left a curse at him for peddling his worthhim speechless for a time. Finally, less wares in a town where honest he managed to say:

merchants were trying to make a fair living; then the setting on of the dog. will get every cent I owe you." and the ridiculously futile efforts of After a little while the company the little man to cling to his pack even began to move toward the door. Bernas he tried to evade the attacks of the stein, in the rear, came to where Brinbrute, made vicious by his master's ton stood.

urging. He saw the flying figure of "You-you--remembered-" Brinton his little girl, bare feet furiously pategan. tering down the walk, as she cried "Yes," said Bernstein, "I rememout her brave command, "You stop, bered.'

Wover, you Mop!" And he saw the And, without more, except a deprebig hound, strangely obedient to the catory up-stratching of palms, he little girl's will, turning away from passed on out after the others. the peddler, and the child patting the man's head, as she sobbingly repeat-

ed: "He's & 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, Brinroom ton brought his eyes back to those of Bernstein. He felt in the gaze burning its way through and through him left on the dressing table, will you?' only the bright blaze of malevolent triumpt. He tried to go on with his speech but ended with a futile stammering. At last, in a voice tightpitched and halting, he said: "So-you, you-are the-" -London Answers.



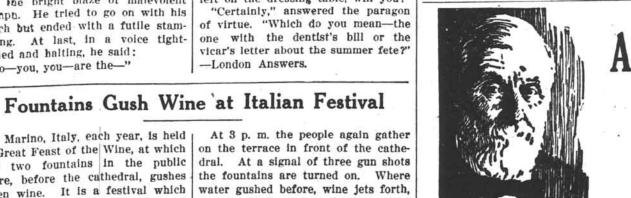
? M E N ? You have no reasons for being BALD, when Forst's Original BARE-TO-HAIR grows hair and saves what you have. Drug Stores and Barber Shops. Correspondence given personal attention.



"The yellow can with the

black band







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

To Dr. W. B. Caldwell, of Monti- ish or sick from a cold, indigestion or cello, Ill., a practicing physician for sour stomach. All children love its 47 years, it seemed cruel that so many pleasant taste.

Buy a large 60-cent bottle at any constipated infants and children had store that sells medicine and just see to be kept "stirred up" and half sick by taking cathartic pills, tablets, salts, for yourself how perfectly it cleanses and regulates the bowels of infants calomel and nasty oils.

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

While he knew that constipation and children.



## IND KOOTENAY COUNTRY NOW HUNTERS' PARADISE

th results made a successful flight to the North pole. The medal was

the gold medal which the Italian Americans of North

miliative of the Corriere d' America, will present to Roald

Nobile, Lincoln Ellsworth, and the crew of the Norge,

## Result of Protective Laws of Critish Columbia.

signed by of error Ruotolo.

The

As a result of a sout by game wardens one of the richest is on the continent is 11- uwn This is the valley foothills and the headwaters of the ", a half-day's journey line of the railway.

on the river not far idf-Windermere highway mense, deer, caribou, "is goals and numbers of grizzly and cinnamon untuin lions can be seen as of six or eight miles. days, this territory was

Game Now in Great Abundance as ing was poor on the prairie side of the mountains, or in the valleys farther west, the tribes 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, Siwashes, Creeks and Stoneys

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 and of the Indian tribes, evening. The French imagine it to be the vast herds of wild ani- the English for beefsteak, but it covhals to be found there. When hunt- ers all shades of steak.

provincial game wardens went in and taught them fear of the law. Now the game is multiplying to an extent that is astonishing even to the old settlers. This is especially true in regard to elk and caribou.

It was in this country that the famous "blue" moose, purchased before the war by Emperor William of Germany, and now in a museum in Germany, was killed.

## Money Under Foot

New York. - Scores of persons walked over \$2,600 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 \$199 telephone bill. He talked 29 minutes to his wife, Princess Xenia of Greece, who is in New York.

the Great Feast of the Wine, at which square, before the cathedral, gushes Italy, writes Edwin Robert Petre, in

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.

## Original Lifeboat

The lift oat was invented in 1784 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 keel was curved

At Marino, Italy, each year, is held | from two fountains in the public dral. At a signal of three gun shots golden wine. It is a festival which water gushed before, wine jets forth attracts visitors from all parts of a little cloudy at first, but soon clear the London Morning Post. In the and officials drink first, then begins an morning a service is held in the ca- endless file to taste the flowing white thedral, at which a huge basket of and red Marino, 7,264 quarts flowing grapes is blessed at the threshold of in the two hours of the celebration.

tions.

At 3 p. m. the people again gather on the terrace in front of the cathethe fountains are turned on. Where and sparkling. The guests of the city

**Revolutionized** Lighting The revolutionizing factor in illumination is said to have been the solution of the problem of draft for lamps by a Swiss engineer named Argand in the year 1782. George Washington had some of the Argand lamps at Mount Vernon. These are now in the National museum historical collec-

### Patrick Henry's Home

Red Hill was the name of the estate which they can depend upon whenever where Patrick Henry lived and died. a child is constipated, bilious, fever-It is located in Charlotte county, Va.