

# How Germany Must Pay

For submarine outrages—for Zeppelin raids—for ruined Belgium and devastated France? How shall she make restitution and restoration? What guaranties must she give for future good behavior? What retribution must she suffer? What shall be done with the workers of abomination, from the Kaiser down, who violated the laws of God and Man?

While Justice imposes stern requirements, it is necessary to study the questions of Germany's man-power, material resources, financial ability, and political divisions.

These and all other vital after-the-war problems are discussed in striking articles each week in

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## Target Tips and Hunting Helps

By Our Arms and Ammunition Expert  
Send Questions Care of this Paper



**The Secretary's Peace Bet Coon Hunt Was a Ringtailed Snorter**  
According to Some Who Stayed With It.  
(Letter No. 37)

Dear Billy:  
Here it is Thanksgiving night, and an old-fashioned Christmas stocking I ought to be lying on my back listening to the

Victoria, or even better still, I ought to be in bed, sound asleep. Not only am I full of grub, but I drove about fifty miles this afternoon and shot a box of shells at clay birds tossed by the hand trap. Nor is that all. Our celebrated coon hunt came off last night and deprived me of much sleep and some surplus fat.  
You know I told you how Neff

and I made a bet about how soon peace would come, and I promised to take those present on a coon-hunt if an armistice was declared before Thanksgiving. There were eight members of the club there, but only four of those present could be prevailed upon to go when the time came, and we had to use force to get Neff out.

Well, there were three others who were keen to go, none of them members of the club, and with my friend Bill Stendel from up in Connecticut, who provided the hound, we filled two five-passenger cars—Tom Prunty's and Eben Ford's. We got started about 10 o'clock, and drove out about three miles from here, to a farm where I got my potatoes and apples.

Mrs. Turner made us all come in the house and have some coffee, and then we lit up our carbide lanterns and went up to the woods behind the house, and Bill turned his hound loose. Incidentally, of the nine of us, Bill, Tom and I were the only ones who had ever been on a coon hunt.

**The Warming-Up Process.**  
The hound did a lot of circling round for a while without saying a thing, and Bill had to keep whooping him on. And all the time we were working down through the woods. Bill was strong for hunting the rock ledges, because he said in this part of the country the coons are found in the ledges. This kept us traveling pretty brisky and in about an hour we had covered a lot of ground but without the hound starting anything but a couple of rabbits.

Both times when they got one of those rabbits scared the gang started to run to get to the hound, and Neff hurt one of his shins pretty bad. And when they finally had something to run for, why not half of them had sense enough to.

The real show started about twelve-thirty. The hound got to taking things in his own hands, so to speak, and took over a big ridge and down along the waterworks creek, and first thing we knew he opened up just like old times.

"Yoop!" And we all stood and listened. "Yoop!" Another pause. "Yoop!" snaps Bill. "Come on!" and away he went, lickety split.

The dog went straight down the creek, and he traveled fast. In five minutes we must have been strung out over half a mile of woods. You know how a fellow will run in the dark when he is excited. Well, besides Bill, there were four others of us who were as keen to get to that dog as Bill was, and so none of us five stopped to listen once we started. Result, we over-ran the dog, who had doubled back on the other side of the creek—the son-of-a-gun actually followed that trail across a footlog wavy out getting puzzled and losing time.

"Yoop! Yoop! Yoop!" way behind us. "Yoop! Yoop! Yoop!" way behind us. "Yoop! Yoop! Yoop!" way behind us. "Yoop! Yoop! Yoop!" way behind us.

"Yoop!" yells Bill, throwing in his emergency brake, and back up the creek he went, jumping brush like a buck deer and letting out a yell every jump, to encourage the dog.

When we got there Bill was wading around out in the shallow water across the creek, looking up at a big sycamore, which he was looking over with his jack, and the hound was jumping up the trunk of the tree and falling into the creek every few jumps, but never missing a "Yoop!"

The crowd got there mighty quick, and what do you suppose? Old Tom was first to see the coon, way up in a crotch on one of the forks of the big tree, and he immediately took charge. Being president of the club and Tom Prunty, he got away with it.

And then the "Fireworks." "No shooting," declares Tom. "We are out for sport, not for hides. Where are those climbing irons?" In about two minutes Tom was started up a smaller tree close beside the sycamore. He climbed right

up on a level with Br'er Coon, and that meant he went right to the top of the tree he climbed, and then he turned his electric searchlight on, lit the ringtail up like he was behind the footlights, and fired his revolver. Result, momentary quiet, then "hell broke loose."

With six or seven searchlights on the tree, nearly everybody saw the coon beat it from Tom, and they all yelled at once. But Bill didn't shoot it, because Tom said when he went up the tree that he would only shoot to scare the coon.

Mr. Coon knew too much to go down that tree. He took a limb on the opposite side to Tom and ran out it. Then, whether dazzled by the light or purposely jumping down he went into the creek. But only Bill saw him drop.

Grabbing the dog in his arms, Bill jumped right off the high bank into the deep water—it was about three feet deep there under the tree—and then turned the dog loose, with his head pointed in the right direction, at the same time yelling "Eat 'im up Tuna! Eat 'em up Tuna!" And that wild old coon hound never once lost his head. He was after that coon there in the dark like a destroyer after a U-boat, nailing him in the shallow water, and they fought it out right there.

There was so much excitement nobody shined his light on the fight quick enough to see anything. Then, what do you suppose? When the dog had got his job about done and was shaking the coon, Neff and the three young fellows who came along took a near Brodie into the creek—it was just like a charge. I think some guy yelled, "Come on."

Well, to prevent pneumonia they all had to run all the way to Turner's. I told Ed Turner how it was. Then we took over the kitchen, built a whale of a fire, filled up with hot coffee, and the five wet ones took off their wet clothes, wrung them out and put them on again. And at three o'clock we came home at about forty miles an hour, with our coon.

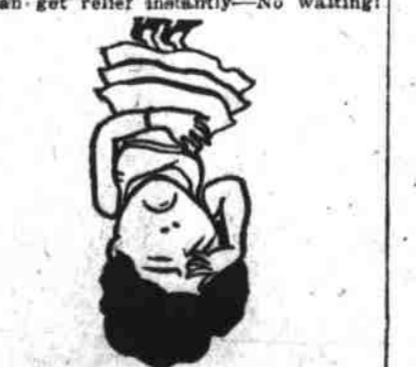
Say, Billy, I'm going to bed. Cordially,

TED.  
**QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.**  
Does the kick or recoil of a gun oc-

## STOMACH UPSET?

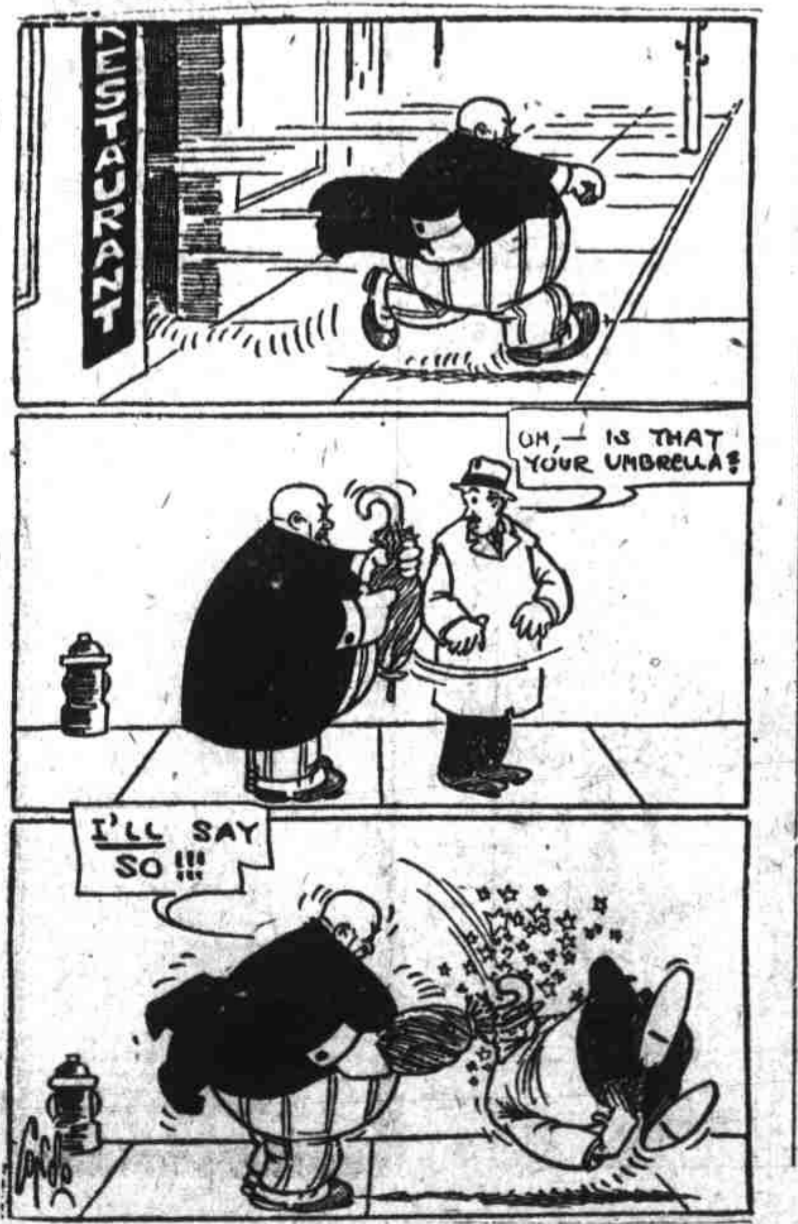
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