



3rd LIBERTY LOAN

Celebrate This "LIBERTY DAY"

By Buying a Bond Early

"TODAY" LIBERTY DAY

THE THIRD LIBERTY LOAN CAMPAIGN IS Upon Us' Beginning TODAY, April 6th, the Anniversary of the Day on Which Our Country Dedicated All Her Powers and Resources, Including That of Her Young Manhood, to the Cause of Liberty—Liberty for All the People of the Earth. We Are All Going to Help Win This Liberty. Every Individual Should Carry the Mark of the Patriot—"A Liberty Bond." Celebrate This "Liberty Day" by Buying a Bond Early. A Hundred Dollar Subscription the First Day Is Worth More Than a Two Hundred Dollar Subscription on the Last Day of the Campaign.

You Must Buy Liberty Bonds

Be The FIRST One Today to Enter A Subscription! Any Wilmington Bank Will Handle Your Subscription Without Cost to You

Liberty Loan Committee For New Hanover County

Space Donated by Wilmington Banks

The Big Theft Corporation

In a dreary evening in early December I sat alone in my room dozing over a cheerful grate fire. I was unutterably weary with the weariness that comes of over-worked nerves. I must even have slept and dreamed and, in my dream, my room seemed to change about so that the furniture which was in one part of the room occupied the opposite side; even the fireplace moved over and some of the furniture appeared unfamiliar.

My very character had changed, and I became a villain of the deepest dye. Now, thought I, as the interior of a wholesale toy warehouse appeared before my mental vision, I think we can arrange this layover dead easy. In a few days, now, they will have a pile of money in the safe. We will take that and then quit for the present. The town is beginning to get a little hot for us. We'll finish up those other two jobs first and then for this one. That will bring it about a week before Christmas.

That was pretty cute in me playing myself off as a new merchant just starting in business in Blankton, that new boom out the river. I told the old fellow I should pay cash and he took me out to dinner and just more than made himself agreeable. I informed him I should be a little late getting my order in, but he would be surprised when it arrived and I guess he will be.

Biggs is to get acquainted with the old night watchman under pretense that he himself is a night watchman, temporarily out of employment. The old fellow drinks a little sometimes, though the company doesn't know it. Biggs will take care of him, the stuff will be done and the old chap will drop to sleep and the job will be easy.

At this point I was aroused by my cramped attitude and the chilly atmosphere. The fire was nearly out and I crept shivering to bed, dropping at once into a dreamless slumber.

The next morning my dream recurred to me, and I was struck with the coincidence that the scenes of the robbery was the store in which I was employed as assistant bookkeeper.

The next evening I dreamed of a plan for robbing a prominent jewelry firm; the following night it was the post office; again it was my own firm.

Just To Please The Dog

My friend Cabassol to a widow lady living at St. Germaine-en-Layne who thought the world of him, but was in constant fear lest he should be shot, for Medor was a born hunter and the forest part at St. Germain was an inviting field for four-footed as well as two-footed hunters.

The keepers of the park declared they would shoot Medor if they caught him there again, so his mistress begged me to save his life by finding him a new master.

I thought at once of Cabassol, and I could not have found a better master. He and Medor became at once fast friends and understood each other perfectly. They were made for one another and always together. But one day when Medor's nose was in his plate and he seemed to be thinking of nothing but his dinner he suddenly raised his head

and, trembling from head to foot, began to howl and whine in a most piteous and unaccountable manner.

The door bell rang. Medor sprang forward, and when Cabassol joined him he found him rolling in an ecstasy of joy at the feet of a stranger and leaping up and down as if beside himself. It was, as you have guessed, his old mistress, who had moved from St. Germain to live in Paris and had taken this journey for the sake of seeing her old friend Medor. She cried at the welcome her dog had given her. She had come, she said, to ask him back again, for now that she lived in Paris there was no longer any danger of his life from the foresters. Would not Monsieur Cabassol permit her to have Medor again? She would gladly pay whatever he chose to ask for Medor's board dur-

ing the three years he had been absent from her, and a round sum besides.

Cabassol looked at her in a furious manner. "Give up my dog?" Never! I will not sell my friend at any price," he cried, and gave a rude shrug of his shoulders, which said as plainly as words, "Go about your business, bad-am."

These last words enraged Cabassol; they aroused his pride, and, determined to show her that Medor loved him best he said, "Come! I have a plan which will soon show you whether Medor loves you more than me. We will go together to yonder hill. There we will separate. You shall go down the southern path, and I will take the northern; that comes back to my house. Medor shall belong to whichever of us he chooses to follow."