

After a Trial

Consumers are possessed with a faith and enthusiasm entirely lacking before the quality was actually demonstrated.

"SALADA"

is the best flavored and the most economical tea ever offered for sale.

But you must insist on getting the genuine



A Community Library.

Deplorable as the great world conflict may be the fact remains that it has drawn the population together mentally as nothing else could ever have done.

The general advance of all prices has deprived many people of the publications that they formerly enjoyed.

While many of our country towns can not have a large library, there are few that can not have a small one, if the need is recognized.

A thorough canvass of the township showed that every one was eager to help.

Those who could not give books or magazines, donated a chair, a table, or a lamp.

The small fee charged for membership is inadequate to meet expenses; but the fines imposed for keeping books out overnight augment this.

Just what war meant to Austrian children is disclosed in a report published in the Arbeiter Zeitung of Vienna.

Of children of school age more than one-third are engaged in some kind of work; in some districts all such children are at work.

With shooting pain, as keen as the incredulity in his brain, the one free finger reached out and very softly touched the white gown.

There was a rustle from the cot beside him.

The nurse laughed. One always laughed, not at him but with him.

"Oh, no!" she said, "I'm not."

Tonio smiled back at her.

"I knew you were an American," he

Tonio, The Clown

Wounded, Weaponless, in a War Hospital, He Played His "Little Joke" of Glorious Courage.

By Edna Howell.

They brought him, Tonio, the clown, feet first from the Red Cross train to the big motor ambulance.

The motor slipped through the streets of tall narrow houses and drew up at a broad door with Technical School written above it.

Two hospital orderlies, gray heads, came and solemnly tugged at the stretcher of Tonio. He refused to budge.

The big corporal came, blond and giant, lifted the slight boyish figure of Tonio in his arms and tenderly laid him down on a waiting stretcher.

The sun shot its dazzling white bars on the motionless form whose eyes alone were never still.

Tonio's bright eyes, round and brown and remarkable for their light, encountered the big corporal's.

Tonio was a genius, one of the world's great artists. It was not so much what he said or did but the way he said it or did it that made him an artist.

Driven by blind pain, Tonio reached the port, footless and weary, but with a ready frown over the sea.

It took him five years to save four hundred lire. They were five years of unbridged avarice and black caverns, no appreciation of the genius that must have been bubbling up within him like a spring of charged waters.

Yet he left that life, to earn two cents a day and full rations when there was not an advance over the ragged packs of glacier Alps and when provisions arrived in time, and to offer his life and his all for his country.

The hospital is gay when late-comers arrive. Perhaps at night through the long salas, flows a stately pageant of grief, the wistful longings of lonely wives and old mothers and the plaints of little children weeping through wards and corridors to tremble by each loved and tortured body.

The orderlies marched with their burden into Room M and the big corporal lifted Tonio as if he were the lightest feather and placed him on a cot with a real mattress and two clean white sheets.

With shooting pain, as keen as the incredulity in his brain, the one free finger reached out and very softly touched the white gown.

There was a rustle from the cot beside him.

The nurse laughed. One always laughed, not at him but with him.

"Oh, no!" she said, "I'm not."

Tonio smiled back at her.

"I knew you were an American," he

said, "and I like them all—from San Francisco to New York. But Kansas City—you do not know it?"

Again from the cot beside his there came the creaking of a mattress.

His eyes twinkled back into the cheerful face. The sun shot its bright bars through the long Italian windows, and the winter air was soft from garden terraces.

The nurse was now thrusting this uniform, black with trench-dirt, torn with shot, the arms slit by the first aid, into a great white sack.

He knew no pain. It had vanished in his amazement at white sheets, with shot, the arms slit by the first aid, into a great white sack.

Tonio sighed softly, and dared turn his head to survey more lovingly the scene about him.

He saw the orderly rows of white coats and the smiling faces of the men, their faces washed in one corner a transformation scene was taking place as two elderly black-bearded men became youngsters under the razor's swift cut.

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FAINTED IN TUB OF BOILING WATER

HUNS TRIED TO BREAK SPIRIT OF BRITISH PRISONERS

German Red Cross Nurse Kicked Crutch From Under a Wounded Man.

It fell to the lot of the writer of these notes to spend eighteen months among the British prisoners who were sent from Germany to Switzerland for internment.

Case of Aggravated Cruelty. Descriptions of the journeys from the point of capture to the prison camps and of the filthy cattle trucks already have been published; but an instance of aggravated cruelty may be mentioned.

Of wish Private E—, who arrived at Chateau d'Oex— had had his leg shattered in the fighting, and had done his pitiful best with a field-dressing before he was captured.

He spent three days with his comrades in a cattle truck without once being allowed to leave it, and therefore had neither food nor any attention to his limb.

The story told by Corporal P— can be recorded in his own words. A party of men had recently arrived from Germany for internment, and after lost no time in visiting the hospital in their comfortable hospital at Fribourg.

When the Fleet goes by With the engines throbbing slow And the brave White Ensigns float In the dragon's very throat, Will you waken there below Dead men of Gallipoli whose fame will never die?

When the Fleet goes by Every man aboard shall turn And salute across the waves The land of many graves Where for evermore shall burn The shining light of glory where the bones of heroes lie!

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