

TAKE LOOT FROM HON.

Four Billion Dollars' Worth Captured by British.

Immense Amount of Spoil Property Left Behind in Furtive German Retreat.

Namur, France.—Four billion dollars is the most conservative estimate of the value of the war loot captured from the German army by the British because of the haste of the Hun retreat.

Eight hundred large loads, each carrying 800 tons, and 20,000 trucks held a part of the treasure.

Some of the loads were coming to supply the German army. Some were cargoes taken from the allies and loaded for shipment to Germany. But the latter was the least part. One large carrier carried 400 tons of iron bolts.

In one small area was seized 20,000 tons of chocolate, 100,000 candles, 1,000 tons of soda, 200 dynamites, 1,000 farm implements, 8,000 shovels and pick-axes.

In one sale of 100,000 stoves have been disposed of, mostly to Belgians and French.

A cargo of rage was bid up to \$250 a ton before the auctioneer discovered what the bidders already had learned, that the rage covered a store of copper.

Here is just a partial list of the articles seized and now being sold by the disposing board: Brumps, buckets, trench mirrors, dried tripe, toilet paper, water bottles, binoculars, lamps, pumps, blunderbuses, carbide, beds, spring mattresses, mousetraps, bells, rotary pumps, wheelbarrows, harness, mosquito netting (by the 1,000 yards), churns, oil, paint, shovels, wire cutters, bags, paper string, paper bags, medical stores, hats, field forges, uniforms, bells, Klaxon horns, gas alarm sirens.

Runes.

"Runes" were the letters of the alphabet used by the old Teutonic tribes. The word means hidden lore. The earliest runes were merely fanciful signs supposed to possess mysterious power. The letters were even considered magical, and were cast into the air, written separately upon chips, and to be read by the interpreters. The association of the rune letters with heathen superstitions caused the first Christian teachers to discourage their use.

GLORIOUS IMPERSONATOR AT CHAUTAUQUE

Elsie Mae Gordon, Hands at Top of Her Profession.

Elsie Mae Gordon, the celebrated young girl who comes to Chautauque with readings and child impersonations, is one of the leaders of her profession. No other artists in greater demand for Chautauque audiences.



Miss Gordon's clear rich voice runs the gamut in the expression of strong emotion, sparkling comedy and delicate pathos. There is more than artistry in her work—there is real individuality. As a child impersonator she has few equals and certainly no superiors on the American platform.

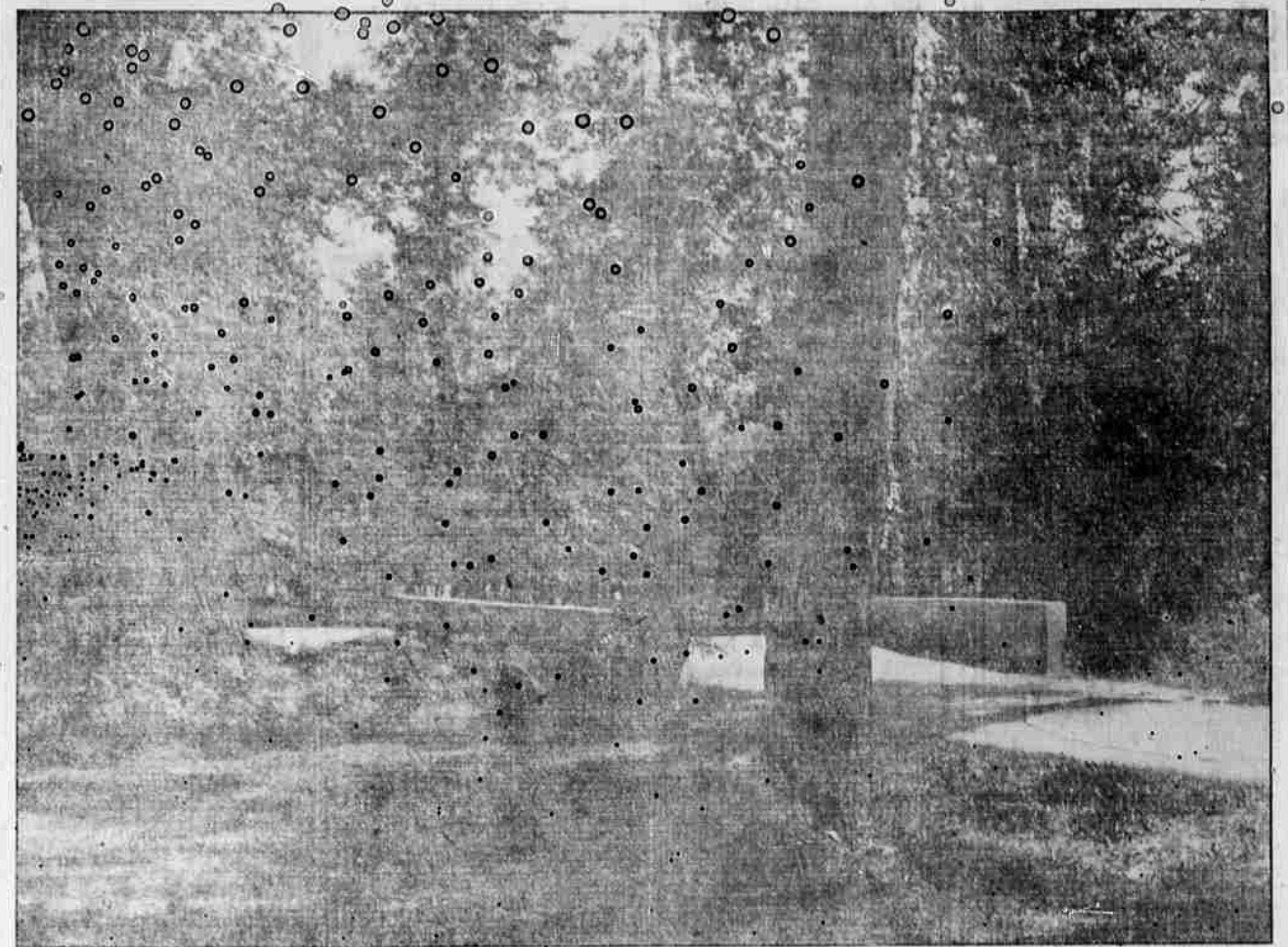
MAKES HIM POSE AS GUEST

San Francisco Husband Gets Tired of Notions of Artistic Wife.

San Francisco.—Because his wife believed she was destined to be a prima donna and made him pose as a guest in his own home, Jacob Flowerman, insurance man, was granted a divorce here.

Flowerman said his wife contended a singer to be popular must be single. Therefore they lived together secretly. When guests came he said he went out the back way and later was admitted at the front door like any other guest.

Riverside Park Nature's Own Masterpiece



Nature is the prince of sculptors, but when nature carved Riverside park it manifested the super in art. Nature inspired the towering cottonwoods to shadden the most artistic island. It changed a river as, a

trine to the trees; it planted vast varieties of shrubbery; it sprouted a greenward; then as a finishing touch propagated the birds of the air into a park symphony orchestra. To all this man added his art by holding the stream with concrete

and paving the driveways. Man planted a myriad flowers, and pruned them and nurtured them until today the varicolored blooms blend with the green foliage in a masterpiece of art-nature. The consequence is a place wonderful—wonderful

home of chautauques, restful to the masses and gorgeous as camp site—the last letter in things beautiful. It is such a place, a glimpse of which is shown in the picture above, that the Grande Ronde chautauque assemblies are held.

Where Papa Seared.
Father—"I never smoked when I was your age. Will you be able to tell that to your son when you are my age?" Willie—"Not with such a straight face as you do, father. You bent me there."

Bad Indeed.
First laborer—"Yes, I heard you was in the hospital. Was yer very bad?" Second laborer—"Bad? I should think I was bad! Why, a pal o' mine brings me a bottle o' beer, an' I couldn't so much as look at it!"—London Mail

Life a Constant Battle.
The life of each of us is full of ancient evil, derived from the brutes, which is ever at war with the better and higher qualities—the true human part of our minds.—Nathaniel S. Shaler.

Musings of Martha.
These wonderful business women we hear so much about may be all right, but I'd like to see one of 'em tackle the job of gettin' up in the mornin' an' gettin' breakfast fer ten before day-light.

PROMINENT WESTERN CLUBWOMAN COMING

Mrs. Robert C. McCredie on Chautauque Staff of Lecturers.

Mrs. Robert C. McCredie, member of the Chautauque staff this year, is one of the notable women of the West. For several years she was President of the State Federation of Women's Clubs of the State of Washington, member of the Washington Board of



Health and official lecturer for that organization. For the past three years she has been a member of the government Speakers' Bureau and it is constant demand throughout the country as a speaker on vital war problems. From every standpoint she is eminently fitted to discuss the present day reconstruction problems.

TO REBUILD CORTES PALACE

Famous Mexican Structure, 400 Years Old, Has Been Allowed to Fall Into Ruin.

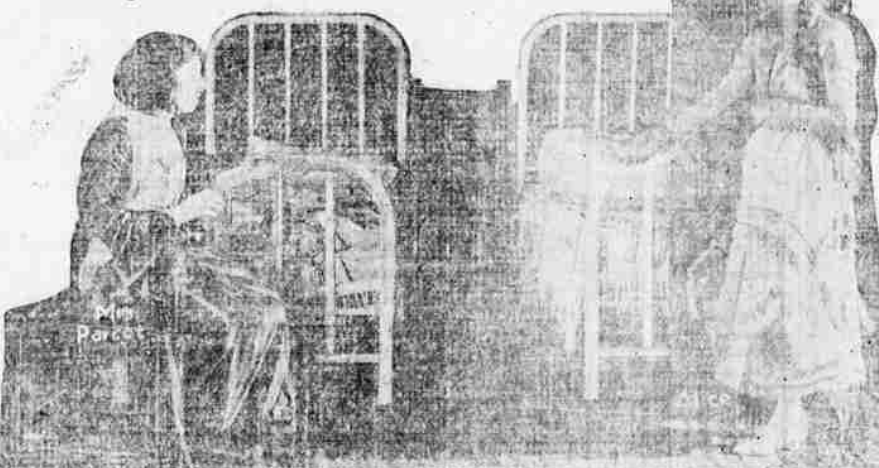
New York.—The palace of Cortez, in the suburbs of Coahuila, is to be reconstructed by the government and used as a museum for relics of the Spanish conquest.

The structure, 400 years old, has been allowed to fall into ruins. In the courtyard are ancient trees, under which Hernan Cortez and his familiars were wont to rest. These are hundreds of years older than the ancient building itself.

The chapel attached to the palace is still in good condition.

The Biggest Motion Picture Event Of The Season

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SHERRY'S THEATRE

DO IT NOW

There lives a man in our town,
And he is well to do,
But he wouldn't store his winter's COAL
Until the snowflakes flew;
Then to our COAL yard quick he'd come,
And put his order in,
But chances were that, we just then,
No COAL had in our bin.
Each spring we called upon this man,
And urged him then to buy,
His winter's coal and lay it in
Before the price was high;
For then his order could be filled,
And all conditions met—
While later on he'd have to take,
Whatever he could get.
But still, he always put it off,
And then in winter say:
"I'll not be caught another year
In the fix I am today;
Next spring I'll lay my COAL away,
On this you can rely,
Before the prices go to seed—
And when my dealer can supply
The KIND OF COAL I NEED."

But just as soon as summer came,
And winter's blasts were o'er,
He'd then forget the trouble he
Had had the fall before.
The war came on and COAL went up,
But still he would not heed
The warnings that were given him
To BUY THE COAL HE'D NEED.
That winter he had to take a lot
Of stuff that wouldn't burn,
The price was 'way up, too, and so
A lesson he did learn.
"I don't care what my neighbors say—
Or who says not to hurry,
I'll not be caught again this way,
ALL WINTER HAVE TO WORRY;
I'll take my dealer's good advice
And BUY MY COAL IN SEASON,
For another winter like the last
Would make me lose my reason."
And so this year he did not wait
To see what others do;
He called us up and asked the price—
And gave his order, too.

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