

# THE HOLDUP

By HAROLD CARTER

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Budd's Crossing was growing into a sizable place. The population had increased twelve thousand, there was an apartment house, and Miller's buildings, containing the new telephone central, with the Bank of North Kansas opposite, was the picture that familiarized the outside world with Budd's Crossing when seen on post-cards.

There was a picture of Newton park, with a couple seated upon a bench, the young man's arm around the girl's waist. The young man was unmistakably Harry Fisher, for the angle of photographic impact showed his pointed, aggressive chin distinctly. The girl, whose back alone was visible, certainly looked like Netta Clare of the telephone exchange. The picture, which was snapped by flashlight, caused a good deal of scandal; and from the fact that the principal figures in it both laughed it might have been inferred that they were engaged to be married.

They were. Harry was in the bank, and he could look up and see Netta opposite the switchboard across the street. Netta never looked at him, however, being attentive to calls.

How the quarrel started nobody knew. But the first thing known was that Netta and Harry were not on speaking terms, and presently Harry was running after half the girls in town, and holding himself defiantly



Men and Women Rushed for the Hill-side.

toward the world, except when he sunk down a side street to avoid meeting Netta.

Budd's Crossing is on the main railroad line, and lies five miles beneath Lake Lomond, which irrigates the thirty section by means of a huge dam, back in the mountains. If ever the dam burst engineers, and people with plain ordinary sense as well, declared that Budd's Crossing would just about have time to know it—no more. All agreed that only those on the outskirts would be able to make the rim of the horseshoe round the town in time.

Budd's Crossing was not worrying about the concrete dam, guaranteed to last three centuries. It was worrying about the bank robberies in neighboring towns. The Colton gang had held up the banks of Newboro and Gasthaus in broad daylight, taken out the contents of the disrupted safes, and ridden off unscathed. Budd's Crossing had prepared for them—at least, the bank had—in the shape of two armed guards who patrolled the front of the building and were prepared to shoot upon provocation. Some nervous people described bank robbers in every stranger.

Somehow it leaked out that the Coltons had sent a bombastic letter to the president. They promised to have the public's deposits by a certain day. As Colton aped the so-called romantic deeds of the outlaws, the bank's nerves were on the jump when that day dawned.

Nothing happened that morning. It was not till two in the afternoon that Budd's Crossing got the thrill of its career. It was Netta Clare who sent the news forth broadcast:

"The dam is breaking. Run for your lives. It will not hold out twenty minutes."

Out of the business offices, out of five hundred homes, warned by the universal panic, men and women rushed for the hillside. Some carried babies, some bundles which they discarded. There was but one thought—flight—in Budd's Crossing that afternoon. In four minutes from the moment of the first alarm the town was deserted and the hillsides were black with people, trying desperately to reach an elevation safe above the menace of the flood before it burst upon them.

It would sweep Budd's Crossing away like matchwood, and rush on, a hundred feet high, a sullen, furious torrent, confined by the mountain

walls, to wreak havoc, upon the villages lower down.

The telephone exchange was deserted by the terrified girls. Only one remained. White-faced, but calm, Netta sat at her post, watching the menace on the hills above her. She telephoned incessantly.

"Red Mills! The dam has burst. Run for your lives. Donchester! The dam has burst. The flood will be on you in fifteen minutes. Paintsbury! Durham! Exeter! Labury! The dam has burst."

She called the last settlement in the valley, and then ran from the exchange, casting apprehensive glances upward. The dam had still held. The town was empty.

Only in front of the bank two horses tethered. As she ran past Netta cast an apprehensive glance in through the open door. What she saw nerved her to a realization of what had happened.

Through the open door, and through the plate glass of the cashier's cage, she saw Harry, bound and trussed, seated helplessly, while an armed man stood over him and another worked busily amid the debris of what had been the bank's safe. Upon the counter of the cashier's cage lay Harry's revolver, which he had drawn too late. Immediately Netta sized up the situation. The report was a fake, launched by the robbers in the bold design of emptying the town. It had succeeded admirably, and, with nobody on hand but Harry, they were safe to work their will.

The backs of the three were toward her and they did not see Netta creep like a mouse inside the bank. Cautiously she stole onward, no sound of her footsteps echoing on the boards.

"Say, Bill, we chose the day all right," said the man at the safe to his companion, without looking around. "There's tons of the stuff in here."

"Hurry up, Ned," answered the other. "We've got to get home before it gets dark."

Netta stole onward. Now, crouching under the wall of the cage, she was invisible if any of the bandits should look round. She saw Harry, bound, watching the men out of his half-closed eyes. The look in them told her that he had been surprised; there was no trace of fear there, and Netta was glad.

Softly her hand crept up and touched the revolver. Her fingers closed upon it.

"Hands up!" With an oath the man at the safe sprang to his feet, to look into Netta's eyes and throw up his hands obediently. At the same time the man guarding Harry swung round, with his revolver raised.

"Drop it!" He dropped it, and saved eternity by a single second.

"Untasten him!" "Say, now—" protested one of the men.

"I count two. One—"

Hurriedly Harry was unbound. Stooping, he seized the revolver of his former guard.

"March them to jail, Harry. I'll—I'll stay here. I think—I think—" said Netta, and fell weakly across the counter.

That is the story of the holdup of Budd's Crossing. When the townspeople crept back, by twos and threes and driplets two hours later, they found Harry Fisher guarding two prisoners in the sergeant's office, and Netta at his side. And from the look on their faces it was clear that the old misunderstanding had been forgotten.

In witness thereof, the massive chest of silver donated by the bank, and the five hundred dollars from the telephone company.

**Between Man and Man.** Confucianism, the prevailing doctrine of China, is neither a religion nor a system of transcendental or cosmic philosophy.

It is an agnostic system of ethics and a system of practical and purely temporal common-sense philosophy which sees no farther than this earth.

It takes practically no notice whatever of the question of an after life, of eternity, of future rewards and punishments, of God.

It teaches merely that one ought to do good because it is man's duty to do good. Confucianism is entirely concerned with the relation between man and man.

**Study of Facts.** The study of facts is an important element in education. Not of unrelated facts, or even of related facts which make up a trivial whole.

It is essential that some serious subject of fairly wide range should be presented more or less constantly for a period of at least several years to a man's mind, so that it becomes in a sense his own, before he can rightly be said to have received an "education."

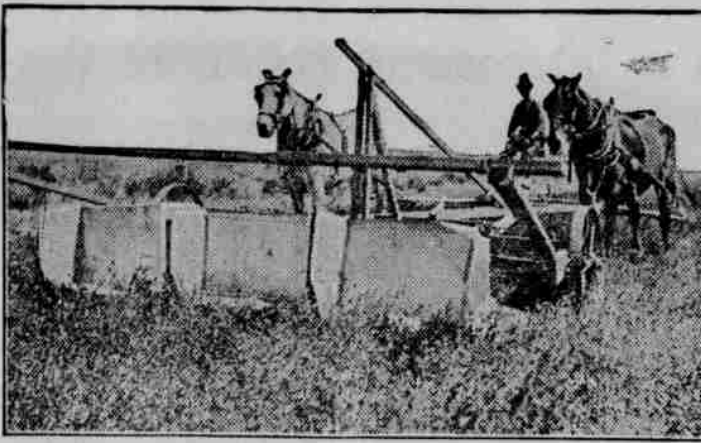
The greater and the more humane the subject pro tanto the education, but any really serious subject will serve.

**Why Salt Causes Thirst.**

Salt has been described as a natural element of the blood in about the same proportion as in the water of the ocean. Under general conditions we do not feel the existence of salt in our bodies because its effect is counteracted by a due proportion of water.

When we eat an excessive amount of salt thirst is created by the demand of nature that we also take a proportionate amount of water and dilute the salt to its proper relative amount. Any food that tends to absorb the moisture of the body will cause thirst for the same reason—that our physical welfare requires a balanced quantity of water.

## GRASSHOPPERS ARE A DESTRUCTIVE PEST



Combination of Three Small Hopperdozers Attached to Wheels in Manner to Be Pushed Instead of Pulled by Horses.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Over a large portion of the country west of the Mississippi where the annual rainfall is less than 25 inches, grasshoppers are among the worst pests which the farmer has to combat. In Farmers' Bulletin 691, United States department of agriculture, two practical measures of control are suggested: (1) the destruction of the eggs, and (2) the killing of the insects by means of poisoned bait.

The eggs are laid shortly before the coming of freezing weather, the adult insects selecting for this purpose, when available, firm soil in well drained locations. Abandoned fields, undisturbed strips under fences and along neglected roadsides, the banks of irrigation ditches and buffalo sod along the edges of infested fields are favorite places. The eggs hatch about the time of the last spring frosts, and the young grasshoppers then push upward to the surface in order to feed upon the nearest vegetation.

land should be left rough to expose as many eggs as possible, and after hard freezing weather it should be harrowed to expose any eggs that may have been covered before.

If these precautions are not adopted and the grasshoppers are allowed to hatch from the eggs they may be controlled later in the season by the use of the following poisoned bait:

Bran 36 pounds, white arsenic or paris green, 1 pound, oranges or lemons 6 pounds, cheap sirup of molasses 2 quarts, water 3 gallons.

White arsenic is preferred, owing to its cost, which is much less than paris green at the present time.

The dry bran and poison should be mixed in a washtub. The sirup and the juice and finely chopped pulp and peel of the fruit should then be added to the water and poured over the mixture of bran and poison. This mash is very attractive to grasshoppers while it is fresh, but when dry or stale it is of little value. The early morning is the best time to scatter it over the in-

festated land, as the grasshoppers are just beginning to feed then and the mash does not dry out as quickly as if it were applied later in the day. After the first day little of the bait is eaten, so that several applications may be necessary in badly infested fields. The formula mentioned will provide a sufficient quantity for 5 acres of heavily infested land and should cost about 25 cents per acre for one application. If the infestation is not very heavy, the amount should be enough to treat 10 acres.

If the poisoned bait is scattered evenly, domestic animals and birds will not eat enough of it to harm them. The bait, however, should never be placed in heaps or scattered thickly about, and care should be taken to keep the poison out of the reach of children and domestic animals. It is best not to use the hands for mixing as the poison may be absorbed, although there are no known instances in which poisoning has followed the sowing of the wet bait barehanded.

tion. If the land is plowed to a depth of at least six inches early in the year, the eggs will be covered so deeply that the young cannot emerge after they have been hatched. It is desirable that this plowing should be finished as much before April 15 as possible.

Where the crop to be grown on the land does not require plowing, the eggs may be destroyed with little expense by stirring the ground to a depth of about two inches before March 1. This breaks and crushes many of the cylindrical capsules in which the eggs are cemented firmly together. Others are destroyed by exposure to the weather or from the attacks of natural enemies. In clean, soft ground a heavy harrow will stir the ground sufficiently to destroy the eggs. In heavy soils, weedy fields, alfalfa, or land in which patches of sod occur, the disk harrow is required. In treating alfalfa in this way care should be taken not to set the harrow deep enough to cut off the crowns of the plants. The

## WHAT KILLED YOUR POULTRY?

**Hawk Usually Carries Off Young Chicks, Leaving Larger Ones—Work of Weasel Differs.**

A hawk usually carries off the young chicks, but if they attack larger ones the bodies will be left. It will be found that death has been caused by a tear at the back of the neck. The skull will be torn open and the feathers scattered but not trailed.

If the chicken is found dead on its side, with its neck stretched out, and a small wound in the throat, it is the work of a weasel that has sucked its blood.

If a carcass is found with the head and breast devoured, it is the work of a cat.

As a rule, the rat does its deadly work at night, and the carcass often is found very badly mauled. The entrails generally are drawn out, but not eaten, and the carcass is bitten and gnawed in many places.

## SOME PESTS OF STRAWBERRY

**Plan to Have Land, Previous to Planting, in Some Crop Requiring Clean Cultivation.**

Weeds are bad enemies of the strawberry, and for this reason it is a good plan to have the land, previous to the time of planting, in some crop that requires clean cultivation. This will give a field practically free from weeds.

If the plants are to be set out in the spring, the ground should be fall plowed. Before planting, the ground should be worked thoroughly and put in fine condition.

## GEESE PICK MOST OF LIVING

**Fowls Are Generally Raised on Grass Land or Pasture—Good Mash for the Goslings.**

Geese are generally raised where they have a good grass range or pasture, as they are good grazers and usually pick most of their living, except during the winter months and the breeding season.

Goslings should be fed a mash of two parts shorts and one part corn meal by weight, changing at the end of three weeks to equal parts shorts and corn meal with 5 per cent each of beef scrap and grit.

A fattening ration may be made of a mash of one part shorts and two parts corn meal by weight with 5 per cent of beef scrap, fed in the morning, and a feed of corn at night.

## KILLING OUT FOXTAIL PEST

**Weed Should Be Hoed or Pulled So That Seed Will Not Shatter—Rotation Is Favored.**

Yellow foxtail which springs up in cultivated crops should be hoed or pulled out so that the seed will not shatter on the land. If seeds which shatter out are covered with the disk, they will germinate and then the plants can be destroyed by plowing or cultivating. Any mature seed should be removed from seed grain as much as possible. Foxtail may be eradicated by the use of short rotations and by giving thorough cultivations early in the season with the harrow.

## GOT IN WRONG EITHER WAY

**Mr. Homebody "Called Down" When He Took Notice, and "Roasted" When He Didn't.**

"Why are you looking at me like that?" Mrs. Homebody inquired of her husband, according to the Brooklyn Times.

"What have you been doing to your hair? It looks different," said Mr. Homebody, who had just come in.

His wife put down the book she had been reading, and released a sigh.

"Goodness gracious!" she exclaimed, "can't a body do a little thing like fixing hair without being starged out of countenance and put through the third degree? I haven't been doing a thing to my hair. I was simply in a hurry this afternoon and piled a little more or less on the sides; that's all. I didn't suppose it was conspicuous. Gracious! I'm all out of breath explaining. You notice every little thing."

Mr. Homebody extricated himself by saying it "looked nice" and let it go at that.

A week later Mrs. Homebody went to the hairdresser's, and when that deft person had finished with her she regarded herself in the mirror with justifiable satisfaction. That evening, at dinner, although the soft glow of the shaded light pleasantly enhanced the hairdresser's art, friend husband, sitting opposite, said never a word.

Mrs. Homebody stood it as long as she could.

"Of what use is it," she said finally, "to try to look one's best in this house? Ever since you sat down I've been waiting for you to say something, but I suppose I might wait till doomsday. Don't you notice my hair? Doesn't it look different?"

Mr. Homebody stopped eating and looked, but, manlike, he overdid it.

"Have you got to gaze at me as long as that to make sure?" asked Mrs. Homebody; "why, I should think you could have told in half a second. I really believe I could come to dinner in a powdered wig and you'd look squarely at me all through the meal and say nothing to show that you saw. You never notice a thing."

"I'm sorry, dear," said Mr. Homebody; "I did notice that your hair looked different, but—"

"But, if I hadn't spoken, you'd have kept it to yourself," was the way his wife finished the sentence. "Good gracious, don't you know that a woman likes a man to be observant and to tell her when he takes notice?"

## First Persian Newspaper.

The first copy of what purports to be the first Persian newspaper in the world has just been issued in New York under the title of the "Persian American Courier." The only cause for astonishment in this connection is that no such publication has appeared heretofore in the greater city. Practically every other nationality, language, and dialect is represented by the New York press, inclusive of Lettish, Finnish, Plattdeutsch, Slavonian, Slovene, Croat, and Arabic. The editor of this latest comer says that he has struggled with the four hundred and four small and four hundred and four capital letters of the Persian alphabet and reduced them to the dimensions of a linotype keyboard, which finally made his publication possible. Seeing that there are about six Arabic newspapers in town and that the Arabic and Persian alphabets are closely related, the editor, at any rate, had several models by following which his work must have been greatly expedited.—New York Evening Post.

## Too Popular.

The "Full" signs which are to be put on the Baltimore street cars recall the story told some years ago by a man of that city who visited Paris, but who was acquainted with no tongue but his own. He related to a friend how he made a point of going to all the points around the city, but one he never succeeded in getting to. He was the more determined to go because it was evidently a very popular place as every car going there was loaded to its capacity. But none would stop for him in spite of continued waiting and signaling. "And so," he concluded, "I never got there."

"What was the place?" asked the friend.

"The sign on the cars was 'Complete,'" replied the disappointed one, "but I've never seen Complete yet." And he understood why when his friend explained, after a somewhat explosive smile, that "Complete" signified only that the car was full, and was not allowed to take on more passengers.

## Opening for a Typesetter.

It will surprise some, but not those who know the craft, to be informed that among all the vast company that inhabit Sing Sing prison, one of New York's big penitentiaries, there is not a single Mergenthaler operator, or linotype of any other sort. This is more than could be said of a good many other trades—of even professions, for that matter—for Sing Sing is noted for its democratic atmosphere, and it forbids no one entrance within its walls because of the nature of his previous employment—Portland Oregonian.

## Fascination of Scarcity.

"I have no doubt that in a short time this country will have plenty of dyestuffs."

"I hope so," replied Mr. Growcher. "When the women find that dyestuffs are abundant, no doubt they'll discard this riot of colors and wear plain black and white."

## REAL LIFE ROMANCE

**FRANK OF FATE THAT RESULTED IN HAPPY MARRIAGE.**

**She Was the "Other Girl" and He the Only "Good Looker" in the Regiment Which Was Embarking for War.**

The scene of the first chapter of this romance is laid in a city on the western coast, a seaport from whose harbor there sailed during the year of the Spanish-American war many transports carrying to the Philippines troops of gay and gallant soldiers, most politely generous with their brass buttons.

On one of these occasions two young girls, thirsting for adventure, fared forth, armed with a kodak. Snapshots were taken of the soldiers marching down one of the principal streets from the train to the wharf, but a sad melancholy settled down upon the pair when they were forced to admit that these men were, Oh! so ordinary looking, not nearly so handsome as some of the regiments had been.

However, to vary the dull monotony which the whole episode was gradually assuming, they amused themselves while the men were boarding the ship in endeavoring to pick out the really good-looking one. And they did—one, and one only. But he, being by that time on the upper deck, was quite unattainable, so all the joy that could be extracted from an afternoon which had given such promise was the pleasure of waving good-by to him as the ship sailed away.

But what was their surprise when the snapshots of the marching soldiers were printed to discover that their "good-looking man" appeared in one of them. The pictures were soon pasted into a book and the incident apparently closed.

The scene of the second and closing chapter is now shifted to a town about ten years later.

One of the two girls was living in this town. She was a schoolteacher. At a social gathering she met a young man who afterward called on her.

In the course of conversation she gave the name of her former home, and the young man remarked that he had been in that city just twice, once when he embarked with his regiment bound for the Philippines and once when he was on his way back after the war.

Of course, the old book of kodak views was promptly unearthed, and the girl was not a little surprised when he greeted the picture of "the good-looking man," with the rapturous announcement that it was his old comrade, Jack —, who resided in that very town, but was at that time away on his vacation.

When he returned he would bring him around, if he might, to see the pictures, in which he was able to distinguish many of his former friends. Jack came, he saw, he conquered, with the usual happy ending. I am and was the other girl.—Chicago Tribune.

## Eye Protection at Movies.

Physicians are constantly advising patrons of the movies to protect their eyes. A writer in the Journal of the American Medical Association tells how it may be done.

"The progress made in the character of subjects presented in the movies today makes it desirable for all inquiring people to at least attend occasionally," he says, "Annoying after-effects on the eyes of many prevent them from enjoying the social diversion, and often the educational advantages, thus derived. The great majority of those who suffer from eye strain after watching moving pictures can find much, if not complete, relief in perfectly fitted glasses. The picture may not be quite so sharp, but this is more than compensated for by the increased comfort.

"For those with very sensitive eyes a colored glass, either amber, yellowish green or amethyst, may be necessary to give complete relief. There have been put on the market recently several varieties of colored glass, each of which has some advantages, so that some suitable color can usually be secured. A subdued light in the theater is much less irritating than when the only light visible comes from the screen. It is also advisable to avoid sitting in a place where it is necessary to look upward, as the additional strain becomes very tiresome, and frequently leaves a headache."

## Freeze Feet in Midsummer.

How 150 Italian infantrymen were invailed by freezing their feet in midsummer was told by a passenger arriving at New York on the French liner La Touraine.

The men were members of a battalion of Alpine infantry, and had gone to a point far above the snow line in an attempt to surprise an Austrian force that in no other manner could be opened from its position. They had been carefully drilled in walking on all fours and setting the parts of goats and sheep.

Two days after leaving camp remnants of the command began to return. They failed in their undertaking because of a terrific storm and because sharp pieces of ice tore their flannel leggings and exposed their feet.

## The Reason.

"Odd, isn't it, that age is a recommendation in wine and a drawback in women?"

"Not at all. You can put it down in the one, but you have to put up with it in the other."