

THE FIRMINE RIVALS OF LAUREN STOUT

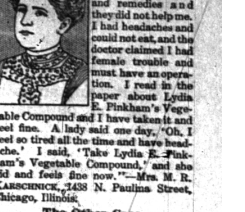
ALL ILLUSTRATIONS BY LAUREN STOUT

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FEET SENT TO TAMPICO

TWO WOMEN AVIATION OPERATIONS

By Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.



Chicago, Ill. — "I must thank you with all my heart for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I had had my feet so sore for so long that I could not walk. I used to go to my doctor for pills and medicine, but they did not help me. I had headaches and could not eat, and the doctor said I had female trouble and must have an operation. I read in the paper about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I have taken it and feel fine. A lady said, 'Oh, I feel so tired all the time and have headaches.' I said, 'Take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound,' and she said she felt fine. I am so glad I did and feel fine now." — Mrs. M. K. KASCHINSKY, 2438 N. Paulina Street, Chicago, Illinois.

Other Cases.
Dayton, Ohio. — "Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound relieved me of pains in my side that I had for years and which doctors' medicines failed to relieve. It has certainly saved me from an operation. I will be glad to assist you by a personal letter to any woman in the same condition." — Mrs. E. SHERER, 128 Cass St., Dayton, Ohio.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (Confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman, and held in strict confidence.

Neuralgia

Suffers find instant relief in Sloan's Liniment. It penetrates to the painful part—soothes and quiets the nerves. No rubbing—merely lay it on.

SLOAN'S LINIMENT

Kills Pain

For Neuralgia
"I would not without your Liniment and pain it to all who suffer from neuralgia, sciatica, rheumatism, etc." — Mrs. Mary B. Sloan, 1517 W. 12th St., Chicago, Ill.

Pain All Gone
"I suffered with quite a severe neuralgia for a month. I tried many other remedies, but your Liniment cured me in three days and I have not had it since." — Mrs. J. F. F. F.

Treatments for Colds and Croup
"A little girl, three years old, caught a cold. I used your Liniment on her throat and chest, and she was all right in a few days. I have used it on my own children and it has done me a great deal of good. I have used it on my children and it has done me a great deal of good." — Mrs. W. F. F. F.

All Well. Price 25c, 50c, and \$1.00.
Sloan's Book and Address Free.

DR. E. S. SLOAN, Inc., Boston, Mass.

Don't Persecute Your Bowels

Cut out cathartics and purgatives. They are brutal, harsh, and injurious. They are the cause of all the ailments of the bowels.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

Purely vegetable. Act gently on the bowels. They are the best of all cathartics. They are the best of all cathartics. They are the best of all cathartics.

Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price.

Genuine must bear Signature

Dr. J. C. Carter's Little Liver Pills

TELEGRAPHIC FLASHES

The 3-year-old son of Thomas H. Minors, who was drowned in the Fishon river near Caswell. The body was recovered.

Following the approval of the voters of Port Huron, of a proposal to give the state land on a plot of land, the state will be notified at once that work may proceed on the erection of a \$150,000 armory promised if a vote was provided.

Arthur Atkins, marshal of Onaway, has been arrested on a charge of manslaughter, in connection with the death of Benjamin D. Gallero, who died of a heart attack while confined in the city jail. His examination has been set for April 21. He is out on bail.

The supreme court has issued a writ of certiorari against Judge Gilday, of Monroe county, to review a writ of mandamus granted by the court to the city of Monroe, to compel the city to operate two more cars each day between Monroe and Detroit and between Monroe and Toledo Short Line railway to operate two more cars each day between Monroe and Detroit and between Monroe and Toledo.

The office of the Henry Stephens Co. at Waters burned Sunday night, with a loss of \$5,000. The postoffice was located in part of the building. All records were stored in a vault and were saved.

Have You a Bad Back?

Whenever you use your back, does a sharp pain hit you? Does your back ache constantly, feel sore and lame?

It is a sign of sick kidneys, especially if the kidney action is disordered. Doan's Kidney Pills which have cured thousands.

In neglect there is danger of dropsy, gravel or Bright's disease. The Doan's Kidney Pills which have cured thousands.

An Indians Case

They tell me that on Jan. 21, 1913, I was called to see a man who had a very bad back. He said he had a very bad back. He said he had a very bad back. He said he had a very bad back.

Doan's Kidney Pills

Get Doan's at Any Store, or a Box of Doan's Kidney Pills from the Doan's Kidney Pills Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

HUERTA GOVERNMENT WILL BE COMPELLED TO SALUTE THE FLAG.

MAY CAUSE INTERVENTION

Refusal of Mexicans to Obey Admiral Mayo's Demand Causes Grave Crisis in Affairs.

Washington — President Wilson, Tuesday ordered practically the entire Atlantic fleet to Mexican waters to force a public salute to the stars and stripes from the Huerta government, as an apology for the arrest of American bluejackets at Tampico last Thursday.

No ultimatum has been issued, that is, no specified time has been set within which the Huerta government must comply, but the naval demonstration has been ordered as a concrete evidence of the fixed determination of the United States to back up Rear Admiral Mayo's demand for a salute. Up to Tuesday night General Huerta had not made satisfactory response to that demand.

"Future developments depend on Huerta himself," was the way a high administration official close to the president summarized the situation. "The decision to send the fleet was reached after the president and Secretary Bryan had conferred for an hour and a half last night."

Immediately after the cabinet meeting adjourned, Secretary Daniels left the White House for the Atlantic fleet and wireless messages flashed up and down the Atlantic coast to put the fleet under steam for Tampico. It will be the largest fighting force the American government has assembled for any one action since the Spanish-American war. Forty-six warships and 15,000 men will comprise the force off Tampico.

Concord, N. H. — Harry K. Thaw's petition for a writ of habeas corpus was granted by Judge Edgar Aldrich.

The court said, however, that no order would be issued for the prisoner's discharge from custody until he had paid the \$100,000 bond. The case to the United States supreme court on appeal.

The Thaw's petition for admission to bail, the court left undisturbed, making the ground that it would be more appropriate for this to be passed upon by the supreme court.

"I am always following people he answered the judge, and he noted the slight modulation, with its slightly questioning accent, charmingly Southern. 'The possibilities of a motor for a negro who needs the train sometimes. I can send him if you like.' 'You're very good,' said Thaw, as he bowed and left. 'I'll be gratefully obliged. Oh—and if you see a white dog, don't be frightened if he barks.'"

Seven Killed by Boston Fire.

Boston — Seven persons had death and another is missing as the result of a fire which raged through the fashionable Hotel Helvin in Allston early Tuesday night.

The flames surged up through the 30 apartments and drove the occupants to the roof, where they were forced to wait for the fire department to reach the scene.

At a profit. That Albany cigar dealer has got a secret for reducing the price of his goods that incline to "go slow."

Diplomacy Needed.

Women were holding a market in a Columbus store when the supply of cottage cheese began to run short. The demand for the cheese was so great that the women worried because they could not buy it in a larger quantity. Finally one of them declared she could present a solution for the trouble. She seized a real egg and broke it into two halves. She then took a small amount of cottage cheese and put it in the shell of the egg. She then took a small amount of cottage cheese and put it in the shell of the egg. She then took a small amount of cottage cheese and put it in the shell of the egg.

lively here was the very day that he had elected poverty? Here was a fortification as pointed as the index-finger of a guide-post. "Every man has his fate," he repeated, "on a riband about his neck." Chum, do you believe in fate?

"For my answer, the bulldog, cocking an alert eye on his master, discontinued his occupation—a conscientious if unsuccessful mastication of the flatfish packet that had fallen from the folded desk—and with much soliloquy tail-wagging, brought the sodden thing in his mouth and put it into the outstretched hand.

"The master unrolled the pulp and extracted the object it had enclosed—an old-fashioned iron door-key."

After a time Vallant thrust the key into his pocket, and rising, went to a trunk that lay against the wall. Searching in a portfolio, he took out a photograph. He looked at it, much battered and soiled. It had been cut from a larger group and the name of the photographer had been erased. He looked at it for a moment, then he looked at the desk, and bending forward, looked long at the face it disclosed. It was the only picture he had ever possessed of his father.

He turned and looked into the glass above the dresser. The features were the same eyes, brow, lips, and strong nose. He looked at it for a moment, then he looked at the photograph, which had been one of himself, taken yesterday.

CHAPTER V.

On the Red Road.

The grin, which Vallant's afternoon was arched with a sky as blue as the tiles of the Temple of Heaven and steeped in a wash of sun-gold, was yellow with mirth. He looked at the spring landscape that looked warm and opalescent and inviting—except a tawny bull that from across a barred fence—came strutting and trotting in silence and glowered sullenly at the big motor halted motionless at the side of the twisting road.

"Chum, old man," said Vallant, with his arm about the bulldog's neck, "if those color-photographs I have had shown us this, we simply wouldn't have believed it, would we? Such scenery beats the roads we're used to. It's a real beauty. Nothing in all this choking grip in the scarf of the white neck, as a chipmunk chattered by on the low stone wall. 'No, you wouldn't believe it, would you? It's a real beauty. Nothing in all this choking grip in the scarf of the white neck, as a chipmunk chattered by on the low stone wall. 'No, you wouldn't believe it, would you? It's a real beauty. Nothing in all this choking grip in the scarf of the white neck, as a chipmunk chattered by on the low stone wall."

He filled his briar-wood pipe and lit it. He took a long, slow draw, and then he looked at Chum. "What a pity you don't smoke, Chum; you miss such a lot!" After a time he shook himself and knocked the red core from his pipe, and he looked at Chum. "What a pity you don't smoke, Chum; you miss such a lot!"

He clenched the self-starter. But there was only a protestant wobble; the car declined to budge. Climbing down, he crossed vigorously, and the motor turned over with a surly grunt of remonstrance and after a tentative throb-throb, coughed and stopped dead. "Something was wrong with the motor," he said, "but I don't know what it is. I'll have to call a mechanic. I'll have to call a mechanic. I'll have to call a mechanic."

At half past three the investigation had got as far as the investigation of the four o'clock bulldog had given it up and gone nosing ahead. At half past four John Vallant lay flat on his back, and the motor was still there, alternately tinkering with refractory valves and cursing the obstructive mechanism. A sharp stone gnawed frantically into the small of his back and just as he made a final vicious, something gave way and a prickling red-hot stab of pain lit up his back.

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GET THE PUBLIC INTERESTED

Salesman Who Can Do That, and Has the Right Goods, May Be Sure of Success.

"Attract the attention of the public," is the secret of salesmanship in virtually every line. Next comes the matter of the goods. The success of the sales depends whether the dealer holds the trade. Many ingenious methods are employed in salesmanship. The art becomes clearly related to human nature.

An Albany cigar dealer has demonstrated explicitly just how far the eye enters into the question. He discovered he was stocked with a brand of cigarettes that were proving unpopular. Instead of reducing the price and consequently losing money, or merely clearing at cost, he devised a new method. He ranged a half dozen boxes along the top of his counter. Each was inclosed in a glass case of its own. Naturally the attention of the customer was attracted by their individuality.

Those cigarettes were disposed of

In a paper, a newspaper clipping and a letter.

Puzzled he stroked the crackling thing in his hands. "Why," he said half aloud, "it's a deed made over to me." He overran a swiftly written page of an old Colony grant. "A plantation in Virginia, twelve hundred odd acres, given under the name of a vice-governor in the sixteenth century. I had no idea titles in the United States went back so far. His eye fixed to the end. "It was my father's! What could he have wanted of an estate in Virginia? It must have come into his hands in the course of business."

He picked up the newspaper clipping. It was worn and broken in the folds as if it had been carried for months in a pocket-book. "It will interest readers of this section of Virginia (the paragraph here) to learn, from a recent transcription of records at the County Clerk's office, that Damory Court was passed to Mr. John Vallant, minor—"

"John Vallant, minor, the son of the former owner."

There were few indeed who do not recall the tragedy with which in the public mind the estate is connected. The fact, moreover, that the old homestead has been left in its present state for months in a pocket-book, has remained with all its contents and furnishings untouched) to rest during so long a term of years unoccupied, could not, of course, fail to be commented on, and this circumstance alone has perhaps tended to keep alive a melancholy story which may well be forgotten.

He read the elaborate, rather stilted phraseology in the twenty-year-old paper with a wondering interest. "An old house, as well known, the house has remained with all its contents and furnishings untouched) to rest during so long a term of years unoccupied, could not, of course, fail to be commented on, and this circumstance alone has perhaps tended to keep alive a melancholy story which may well be forgotten."

"It was an off-set to the hall-bedroom. When any one came in, he would find it empty. 'It holds out an escape from the noble army of run-pawners. When my father's night-hundred years ago, I could live in there as a landed proprietor, and by the same mark an honorary colonel, and raise the cavalry. 'It holds out an escape from the noble army of run-pawners. When my father's night-hundred years ago, I could live in there as a landed proprietor, and by the same mark an honorary colonel, and raise the cavalry. 'It holds out an escape from the noble army of run-pawners. When my father's night-hundred years ago, I could live in there as a landed proprietor, and by the same mark an honorary colonel, and raise the cavalry."

He laughed whimsically. He, John Vallant of New York, was sitting in his theaters, half-flooded-well-net in his club corridors and welcome diner at any one of a hundred brilliant glass-and-silver-twinkling supper tables, and he was reading a newspaper clipping about a deed made over to him in the sixteenth century.

"What's in that, I wonder?" he said to himself, and then, with a smile at the unmaelicious speculation, opened the smaller envelope.

"Dear Sir," began the letter, in the most uncompromisingly conventional of typewriting:

"Enclosed please find, with title-deed, a memorandum opened in your name by the late John Vallant some years before his death. It was his desire that the services should be connected with this estate should continue till this date. We have your receipt for the check for one hundred and thirty-four dollars and twenty cents, the balance in your favor, for which please send receipt, and acknowledgment.

"Yours very truly, 'Emerson and Ball.'"

He turned to the memorandum. It allowed assailable initial deposit against which was entered a series of annual tax payments with minor disbursements credited to "insurance and care." The tax receipts were pinned to the account.

The larger wrapper contained an envelope, and he had just opened it when he reached the age of twenty-five. "That, then, had been written by his father, and he had just reached the age of twenty-five. "That, then, had been written by his father, and he had just reached the age of twenty-five. "That, then, had been written by his father, and he had just reached the age of twenty-five."

Cost of War During 1913

Many Converts Made to Peace Cause by the Fierce Struggle in the Balkans.

The Balkan war has had an immense influence on the peace cause, declares Frederick Loring in the "Review." It has revived the twentieth century conscience. It has made those who ask the question that Life asks in its famous picture, "Is it always so?" More men than ever have said: "Surely there must be some better way. Many are saying: 'Is that one gets worth the price paid for it?' This change of heart has been noticeable in the daily press, there has been a distinct trend toward the advocacy of judicial methods during the year. This has not all done in the exhibition of savage hatred in the Balkans, nor in the human atrocities perpetrated by all concerned, but it was partly come from the realization of the reality of it all. Hundreds and thousands of lives have been lost, thousands of homes are fatherless and poverty

STRIKEN, the nations are bankrupt and the resources for the future, for the 2 x hundred years taxes will be of abnormal proportions; to breed new men, no young men, to breed in a future race. It has caused a tendency to ask if there was accomplished anything in the long run that could not much better be accomplished by judicial and peaceable methods. I have a lurking suspicion, from what I heard in Italy last year, that many Italians feel the same about their war in Tripoli. Everywhere, in England and America, as well as in Germany, many have been asking the question: 'What is the use of war? Who advocates increase of armaments and big navies?' Yes, 'Who originates wars themselves?'

CHAPTER III.—Continued.

To be outside! All that light and color and comfort and pleasure would hum and sparkle on just the same though he was no longer within the circle of its effluence—slaving perils, he thought with a twisted smile, at some tardy occupation that called for no experience.

There was one way back. It lay through the hackneyed gateway of marriage. Youth, comeliness and fine lines, in the world he was sure of a fat exchange for wealth any day. "Cutlet" cutlet—the satiric phrase ran through his mind. Why not? There did not seem to be any harm in perhaps being no question of plain and spattered millions—there was Katharine Fargo!

In his heart John Vallant was aware, by those subtle signs which men and women alike distinguish, that while Katharine Fargo loved first and foremost her own wonderment, she had been an easy second in her regard.

John Vallant looked down at the bulldog squatted on the floor, his eyes shining in the dimness. A little hot ripple had run over him. "Not on your life, Chum, over him. 'Nagashunna' barrier. There are a lot of things besides money and social position in this doddering old world, after all. We're going to begin saving for ourselves. It's only raising cash cages! And we're going to stand it without any baby-aching—the nurse never held our noses when we were our castor-oil!"

It was folded down, that old bright page. Plain had been written to the blue-colored chapter. And the page told himself, he was conscious of a new rugged something that had been slowly dawning within him, a sense of courage, even of defiance. He had hated of the self-pity that had wrunched him even for a moment.

He turned from the window, picked up his letters, and followed by the dog, went slowly up another flight to his room.

He tore open the letters abstractedly: the usual dinner-card or two, a tailor's spring announcement, a notice from an advertisement in the marble-quarrying company, a quarterly statement of a club house-committee. The last two missives bore a nondescript look.

One was small, with the name of a legal firm in its corner. The other was large, corpulent and heavy, of that Manila paper and of that one side, a gaudy procession of postage stamps proclaiming that it had been registered.

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POSTAGE STAMPS.

The postage stamp first made its appearance in 1835. It is inventor was James Chalmers, a printer of Dundee, who died in 1855. England adopted the first stamps for the use of the public in 1840. A year later stamps were introduced into the United States and Sweden. The first stamp was introduced into their appearance in France, Belgium and Bavaria.