Diese Abteilung ist für die Familienglieder, welche am liebsten Deutsch lesen.

Vom Schauplatze des europäischen Völker-Krieges

Ueber die Art und Weise, wie Deutschland den Krieg gegen die mit Uebermacht von allen Seiten andringenden Feinden führt, werden wir neben dem bisherigen Verlauf desselben durch die Worte des Kaisers belehrt, der nämlich derjenige Krieger sein wird, der die stärksten Nerven hat. Das soll heißen, wer den Krieg in militärischer und wirthschaftlicher Hinsicht am längsten aushält.

Wenn uns auch über die Lage und Verwendung bestimmte Mittheilungen der deutschen Heeresleitung nicht zugehen, so können wir doch aus den Worten unseres Kaisers, wie auch aus den Nachrichten der eigenartigen deutschen Kriegführung voll würdigen.

Wir sind durch die früheren Kriege Preußens und Deutschlands, sowie durch die stattgefundenen Uebungen darüber belehrt worden, daß im Beginn eines Krieges etwas verwohnt werden, vergessen aber gar zu leicht, daß noch nie ein Reich gegen eine solche lange vorbereitete und wohlgerüstete Uebermacht zu kämpfen hatte. Nachdem die Gegner sich kontraktlich verpflichtet haben, nicht einzeln Frieden zu schließen, sondern stets zum Letzten Ende gemeinsam zu kämpfen, wurde es ohne Zweifel als Vortheil erkannt werden müssen, die deutschen Truppen in Frankreich einzurichten und in den gewohnten stammlichen Verwendungsbezirken große Corps einigen ohne nennenswerte Verluste, nämlich Franzosen, Engländer und Belgier, sich an den deutschen Friedbefestigungen und den deutschen Widerstandskraft die Schädel einrennen, umso besser für die deutsche Sache.

Ebenso verhält es sich auf dem östlichen Kriegsschauplatz, wo jedoch der Umstand in Betracht gezogen werden muß, daß die Entschlüsse der deutschen Heeresleitung durch die Erfolge oder Mißerfolge der österreich-ungarischen Truppen in gewissem Sinne beeinflußt werden. Daraus ergeben sich die mit einem wunderbaren Geschick und seltener Strategie durchgeführten Offensiv-, Defensiv- und Rückzugsmanöver der vereinigten deutsch-österreichisch-ungarischen Armeen unter der energischen Oberleitung des Russenfressers Hindenburg nebst seinem genialen Generalstabschef von Ludendorff.

Der von den Alliierten so sehnlichst erwartete Vormarsch der russischen Scharen auf Berlin ist an dem deutschen Grenzschutz zerschellt. Die Verluste Rußlands an Mannschaften und Kriegsmaterial sind ins Ungeheure gestiegen, sodaß selbst diese scheinbar unerschöpflichen Vorräte zu Ende zu gehen drohen.

Ein weiteres Eindringen der Deutschen in das ausgedehnte russische Reich liegt sicherlich nicht in der Absicht der deutschen Heeresleitung. Viel besser steht sie sich, wenn sie wie bisher die Russen als Angreifer hier ankommen und ihre Kräfte an deutscher Widerstandskraft, ebenso wie im Westen die Franzosen, zerschellen läßt. Sollte wenn es Hindenburg nicht gelingen sollte, jetzt schon Warschau zu nehmen, so sind seine Erfolge gegen die Russen von weittragender Bedeutung, indem, wie der offizielle deutsche Bericht lautete; die Gefahr eines Einbruches der russischen Horden in Deutschland beseitigt ist und gleichzeitig Oesterreich in Galizien von dem russischen Drucke befreit wurde.

Deutschland beschränkt sich also gegen Frankreich, und Rußland mit wohlüberlegter Absicht auf den Vertheidigungskrieg, den es aber so geschickt zu führen weiß, daß sich derselbe ganz auf feindlichem Boden abspielt. Dem eigenen Lande wußte die deutsche Heeresleitung gleichfalls den Schrecken des Krieges fern zu halten. Das wirthschaftliche, industrielle und geschäftliche Leben im deutschen Reiche geht fast seinen gewohnten Gang und in Friedenszeiten. Dazu kommt nun noch, daß die deutsche Heeresleitung infolge ihres äußerst vorzüglichen Bahnweges große Truppenmassen in kürzester Zeit von einem Schauplatze auf den anderen werfen kann, was zur Niederwerfung der Gegner wesentlich beiträgt. Ebenso wie die prompte Verfrachtung der Truppen mit allem Bedarf an Kriegsmaterial und allem Nothwendigen wegen der Stütze durch die nahe Operationsbasis eine vollkommene ist.

Anders verhält es sich mit der Stellung der deutschen Kriegführung gegen die englischen Inseln. Immer wieder verlautet, daß Calais am englischen Kanal das Ziel der deutschen Truppen sei. Damit kann zugleich Boritsch gegen England gemeint sein. Ob es sich nun in dem Vorgehen gegen diese wichtige französische Küstenfestung nur darum handelt, die Herrschaft am Kanal den Engländern streitig zu machen oder ob wirklich eine Invasion des britischen Inselreiches geplant ist, läßt sich nicht mit Bestimmtheit sagen. Möglich wäre immerhin das, was sonst bisher gerade die Engländer für unmöglich gehalten haben, die Ausbungerung Englands, wie es Admiral von Tirpitz angedeutet hat. Wenn es gelingt, den englischen Inseln die Zufuhr abzuschneiden und deutsche Flotte im Verein mit den Mittel- Strandbatterien und den Zeppelingeschwad gefährliche Gegner — ist England verloren; es ist in der Tat gelungen, die es für Deutschland gefährlich ist.

Unter Umständ auf so vorzügliche Kriegsführung, auf die Unerschütterliche Stärke des Landes kann Deutschland getrost und zuversichtlich der Zukunft entgegensehen. Es hat die Feinde zu Wasser und zu Land besiegt, sodaß Frieden und Sieg erringen.

In England hat man bereits von Monat Streit, also schon vor den großen deutschen Siegen in Russisch Polen erfunden gehabt, daß man sich in der auf Rußland gesetzten Hoffnung getäuscht hat.

Der liberale „Manchester Guardian" schreibt: „Zu Anfang hielt man den ganzen Krieg für ein Wettrennen zwischen dem Vormarsch der Deutschen der Russen gegen Berlin, und als wir unsere Leser warnten, den Tatsachen Rechnung zu tragen, daß die Schlachten statt. Die Niederlage Hindenburg in Ostpreußen war eine größere Affäre als selbst die Schlacht bei Mukden. Die Russen verloren bei Mukden etwas über 100,000 Mann, verloren aber bei Tannenberg dieselbe Zahl allein an Gefangenen zwei andere ernsthafte Niederlagen folgten bei Insterburg und bei Lyck. Die an Zahl stärkste Armee kann Niederlagen von solcher Größe nicht ertragen, ohne, erschüttert zu werden. Ein Wunder ist nicht, daß die Russen Gelände verloren, sondern daß sie überhaupt weiter, es so schnell zurückzugewinnen. . . . Das Wort hielt die russischen Aufdichter, auf Sieg an der Weichsel für uns fast aber, es müsse die Tatsache konstatiert werden, daß die Russen zurückgingen und daß ein Einmarsch in Schlesien nicht in Frage komme.

Seitdem das geschrieben ward, hat sich das Blättchen ganz entschieden zu Gunsten Deutschlands und Oesterreichs gewandt, so daß der „Manchester Guardian" heute noch viel trostloser mitteilen muß über die entsetzlichen Hoffnungen, als zur Zeit der Abfassung des Artikels, aus dem wir die angeführten Sätze ausgezogen haben.

* * *

„Wie man in England über die Vernichtung") der Engländer denkt, geht daraus hervor, daß 2000 Polizisten und über 1000 Mann Soldaten dazu waren, um Asquith und Genossen in Dublin zu schützen, als sie dort die große Rekrutierungs-Versammlung hielten! Allein 100 Bewaffnete hielten das Hotel besetzt, in dem die Herrlichkeiten wohnten, und dabei besaß der Fenier die Unverschämtheit, nach Amerika zu berichten: Dublin bot wehrte sein gewaltiges Willkommen Asquith und Redmond in ihrer Aufmerksamkeit Kanonenpaque entgegen." — Redmond und seine Anhänger im Parlament, die sich zu Werbern geworden sind, haben die Unterstützung ihrer ernstesten Anhänger verloren; die „Irish World", das treueste Organ Redmond's in den Ver. Staaten, hat sich offen von ihm abgewandt, nennt ihn einen Verräter an der Sache Irlands, und veröffentlicht allmächtlich eine ganze Serie von Briefen in denen Irländer über Empörung über Redmond's verächtliches Tun aussprechen.

Streifzug britischer Kriegsschiffe gegen deutsche Küste.

Das deutsche Marineamt macht Mitteilung von einem Streifzug britischer Kriegsschiffe gegen die deutsche Küste. Das Ziel der Engländer scheint Zuerst waren, an der Küste Ostfriesland gewesen zu sein. Acht Schiffe und eine Anzahl von Booten planten waren an der Sache beteiligt. An Einzelheiten wird nur angegeben, daß die Hydroplane den Flug über Cuxhaven und die Flußmündungen, wahrscheinlich sind die Mündungen der Elbe und Weser gemeint, machten und Bomben herabwarfen, die keinen Schaden anrichteten. Deutsche Flieger machten sich auf die Verfolgung auf und trafen mit ihren Bomben zwei britische Torpedobootszerstörer und ein Begleitschiff. Letzteres geriet in Brand. Dichter Nebel, schließt die Depesche, verhinderte einen weiteren Kampf. Die Briten wollten offenbar auf diese Art den Streifzug deutscher Kriegsschiffe gegen die englische Küste rächen, was ihnen aber schlecht gelungen zu sein scheint.

Das schlimmste Leiden der Alliierten ist — Neid.

FINE FEATHERS

Novelized from Eugene Walter's Drama by the same name

BY WEBSTER DENISON

ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS OF SCENES FROM THE PLAY

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CHAPTER XVIII—Continued.

"Wait a minute," he said quietly. "That isn't all. I thank you, Brand, for your solicitous care for me." He emphasized the word pointedly. "But I have been doing some thinking of my own in the last half hour and my plans don't seem to go on at all where yours leave off. It might interest you to know, before you go, that I am going to stay right here and tell the truth from first to last—from the time you came to Staten Island, until Mrs. Reynolds received a letter from you the other day showing that you had voluntarily squared a criminal transaction for me at the bank."

As he finished Bob's fist came down on the little center table and almost shattered it. There was the vigor and determination that Brand had had to respect once before when he had loosed his wives on a more gullible recipient. But now, in this crisis, he had not even considered the chance of opposition to his will. First astonished, then thoughtful, his florid features now revealed their old cunning.

"You play the game big, Reynolds," he said at last. "Either this is a bolder right, or you have gone clear crazy."

"All right. Have all you want to, Brand. It can't do any harm now. I told you last week there were two ways to get out of it all. One was money and the other was to make a clean breast of it. One can't have all he wants all the time. You had your chance ten days ago and you threw it away. I gave you my terms and you took advantage of my helplessness and ignored them. You stayed away and paid that paltry $10,000 at the bank. You thought you would frighten my wife; that your magnanimity, in releasing us from immediate peril would impress her and that in the end she would welcome the release you offered. Well, you succeeded with her but not with me. For her sake I was almost inclined to let matters drop, but this terrible affair has changed it all. We have taken human life, and a lot of it, and some one has got to pay, so if anyone is going to take the Lusitania, you're the man who had better hurry and pack his grip."

Brand stepped quickly to Reynolds, a tower of indignant rage. Trapped or cornered he was always Brand; always ready to put his back to the wall and fight—In the open if he couldn't fight underhanded. Reynolds almost beaten now, he quivered in his wrath and shook a threatening fist straight in Reynolds' face.

"You're a big, blasted baby and an imbecile!" he cried. "You play the quitter now and I'll make you regret it to the last day of your life. I'll fight and I'll win as I always have. You can't keep a man with money in jail. Those three words can't be grouped in the same language." But what's the use of talking," he added disgustedly. "You can't lay down now if you want to. You haven't got the nerve to send that girl there to the penitentiary for six or eight or ten years, to come out a broken woman—not enough of her left to suggest who she was. Do you know what prison does to men, Reynolds? Breaks 'em—body, mind and soul! Well, what will it do to a woman, then? To your wife? For if we go she goes with us. I've told you that and I mean it, so I guess my bluff's about as strong as yours."

He turned partly to Dick and, as if to clinch his threat, added:

"And I'm not sure but that our virtuous friend here will be keeping us company. That's law and you know it."

"Bob," cried his wife, creeping to his side and cuddling against him as if she saw in Brand some hybrid monster whom she really feared, "I'll go. Anything you say, dear! I'm not afraid—not afraid." Weeping softly, in obvious contradiction to her courageous stand, she nestled closer to his side.

We stand upon the brink of a high precipice and looking down are obsessed with a strange desire to jump. The thought of life has vanished in a vale of endless depths—the hold on it is infinitesimal. A bird flying overhead, startled by the strange intruder in his realms, drops a twig in a carrying to his nest. The tiny bit of wood flutters to the mountain top and at the precise moment that we have all but signed our passport to other worlds the twig falls at our feet. The sound of it is scarcely audible, but slight as it is we hear it, turn, and the spell of self-absorption and abandon is broken. We lose no time in climbing back to terra firma.

So Reynolds, possessed with the idea of self-sacrifice—self-destruction, if necessary—anything to bring justice the man he blamed for all his wrongs and for the awful climax that had just come, grew stronger in his purpose, more fascinated in the purport of it, with every word that Brand used to, dissuade him. Even Brand's pleading concerning Jane had only lost its power, but the sound of her voice came to him like the sound of the falling twig. It restored not the instinct of self-preservation for self, alone, but the sense of duty to her. He, the one man had sworn to protect her, was the only one who could protect her now. If he failed her and mollified the sting of conscience by confession he would only shift the burden of his sin from his own shoulders to others not meant to bear it. Involuntarily his arm closed about her as he drew her to him. In the mingled look of love, pity and protection he gave ben Brand read the sign of surrender and tried to clinch his cause.

"You've got to think of your wife, Reynolds," Brand urged, "even if you don't of yourself. The thing's done—you can't undo it. Besides, we believed the dam was strong enough. Only the most extraordinary conditions brought about its collapse. That lets us out. If we act sensibly we'll come good and clear."

But hope of immunity such as could be bought with Brand's power was not Reynolds' goal and the millionaire's expatiations on the possibility of it served only to irritate him the more.

"Money and lawyers and pull won't square murder, Brand," he said contemptuously, "and that's just what we committed. We have killed men, women and children for a few dirty dollars to which we had no right and some one has got to pay."

"My God!" the millionaire exclaimed impatiently. "You'd preach your life and liberty away—and that of your wife, too—for the sake of hearing yourself talk. Men—women—and—children—a handful of Dagoes and Polacks that the world's better off without. A few brats who couldn't fill a useful position if they did live to be men and women. How do you know it wasn't an act of God? He brought the water there, I didn't. Big that's enough. I want to know what you're going to do? If you're going to talk I want to get ready for you. Now come on. Do you go or do you lay down?"

Reynolds surveyed him coolly.

"I'll let you know, Brand, just what I'm going to do. Before you leave here tonight you'll have no doubt about your course, but now I want a word with my wife alone. If you don't mind, you and Dick step up to my den and I'll let you know when I'm ready. It'll be only a minute or two."

When they had gone he led her to the divan.

"Just a second, dear," he said tenderly. "I'll be right back and then we'll talk it over for the final solution."

As he passed into the adjoining room the telephone rang and Jane went to it apprehensive of the worst. It was a news association inquiring for Reynolds.

"He's—not in," she faltered. "No, I don't know when he will be. Going away? No, I think not. You will have to see him yourself. In the morning? Yes, that will be a good time. Not tonight. That's all I can say. Good-by."

She hung up the receiver with a little gasp of relief. It had not been as bad as she had expected. But it was only a matter of time. She knew that. Already the newspapers had connected him with the catastrophe and there would be no end to the interviewing and dreadful questioning.

Bob returning, she met beside her. He had heard a part of her talk over the phone and surmised the meaning of it, but he made no mention of it.

"Jane, dear," he said softly as he took her hand, "you have been sorry you married me, have you?"

"Why, Bob," she replied startled, "what are you saying? You know I haven't and never could be."

"But, darling, I have made an awful mess of it—of our life, I mean, for no man could have asked for a better wife. I have always loved you more than anything in life. Perhaps—perhaps," he continued haltingly, "I have loved you too much—that is, too much for your own good. That is not impossible, you know Jane. Love is always first, but there are times when we must temper it with reason and resolve. You must understand me, sweetheart, for after this I want you to know and feel that everything I've done and everything I do is for you."

Some strange note of fatality in his low tones alarmed her. Her startled eyes searched his and she pressed closer to his side.

"Why, even when you had taken a stand with Brand and I felt so—so much on the outside," he went on, "I loved you as I never thought it was possible for a man to love a woman."

"I never felt that way, dear," she interrupted. "I mean, that I was standing with Brand. Bob, you know that, don't you?" she cried appealingly, and the tears of self-condemnation started from her eyes while she begged—almost demanded the extenuation that she knew was not rightfully hers.

"Yes, I know it," he answered gently. "And you see, sweetheart, I was right when I said I was to blame. Just me. No one else. I have been at fault since the first day back there in the bungalow when you and Mrs. Collins went to the matinee and you came home with the new hat, I told you it didn't matter about the butcher—that everything would come out all right. Since that day we have been piling up these things—these strings, dearest—yes, crimes. I knew it all the time. And I knew it as well as I knew that I loved you, that sometime the day would come when we—when I—would have to settle. But I kept you in ignorance. Afraid to spoil your happiness, afraid of losing your love, and I let things go on until now, out there in that valley, whole families—just as dear to each other as you and I—just as important in the world as you and I, are gone—wiped out. I promised to protect you and all I have done is to lead you blindly from every decent thought—"

"No, no, Bob," she interrupted vehemently. "It was I who did the leading, not you. You simply followed me."

"But when a man does that, Jane, it is he who must pay the penalty, if there is one to pay. He should be stronger—the thing that she should lean upon. It has always been that way. Her sin is his sin, if he makes no protest when he knows, or makes no determined effort to right things, and I have not done that. Jane, dearest, I've decided one thing. The time has not come, nor will it ever come, when it will be right for you to ruin the rest of your life up—" He stumbled for a word, for he could not bear to use the real one—prison. "You must be spared the misery and degradation of that horrible thing and I've found a way but of it for both of us. I am going to take it and in time you will believe it was the only way. But always," he murmured, pressing her to him, "no matter where we are we'll always love each other—always."

"No matter where we are?" she echoed, answering his look that seemed to penetrate her very soul. "No matter where we are? What do you mean, Bob? Are you going away and leave me?"

"Yes, darling. For a while at least, we must separate. I cannot bear to have you a fugitive, chasing about all corners of the earth with the fear of guilt in your heart and the dread of capture ever at your door. You must have liberty—a way to live your life out in all the sweetness that must come into it after all this suffering. And you will know that I am always with you, loving you and guarding you the best way God will let me."

The infinite tenderness of his voice now unnerved her completely so that, though she saw or felt some dire omen in his words, she was helpless to protest them. She sank into his arms and they were clasped together in one long passionate embrace.

The lights of the room danced before her eyes as their lips parted. She could scarcely see him as he gently drew away from her and stepped lightly toward the telephone. She called a number that was strange and meaningless to her.

"Hello," he said, "police headquarters? Connect me with the Ninety-seventh, please." A pause— "Hello!

"I've Found a Way Out of It for Both of Us."

Ninety-seventh? Send a man to four—two—six Marion road— Yes, immediately. It's a suicide."

For an instant she was stunned, but as she sprang toward him her cry of horror mingled with the report of a pistol. She caught his arm as he fell and they sank to the floor together. But she was too late. Reynolds had paid the price and paid alone.

Dick cleared the half dozen steps from the first landing at a bound and Brand came stumbling after him. The reporter knelt quickly beside them.

"He be gone?" the millionaire panted breathlessly.

The reporter's eyes swept over the lifeless body of his friend and his hand went lightly to his heart.

"Yes, he's dead," he answered softly. "I think he's been planning it a long time and he knew just how."

"It was the best thing he could do," Brand said coolly. "The best for himself, for Jane—for me. Stolidge's a confession and that lets us out. I'm going to get out of here, Meade. Take care of the police and the papers."

Brand stepped quickly to the door and passed out into the night.

A low moan, the cry of a broken soul, announced returning consciousness to the stricken wife.

"Jane," whispered Dick as he bent over her and lifted her gently to her feet, "shall I telephone?"

"No," she answered hoarsely. "He did."

"To whom?"

"The police."

"Then they'll be here at once." He helped her back to the divan. "Listen, Jane," he announced with an air of command, "I'll do the talking. I was a witness; ill health, you know, a collapse from overwork. They may know me."

She made no reply and a ring at the doorbell told him that the moment had come for the supreme effort on behalf of the friend he also loved.

"Remember, Jane," he cautioned again, "not a word."

He stepped to the door and opened it to the police.

* * * * * * *

Remorse is more endurable than suspense. We approach the scaffold with stouter hearts than we await the verdict that may sound our doom. We look more resignedly upon the dying one. Crushed and bowed down as she was by her husband's tragic death Jane found a new place in the very exquisiteness of his grief. The sacrifice he had made for her was complete. To the world at large—to all save her and Brand and Dick, Reynolds' suicide was but one of those every-day sordid affairs of modern life—the symbol of failure and a weakling's surrender. But to those who knew the truth the act was invested with the dignity of a martyr's. It had saved her from the shame and horror of an expose that might have come at any time; he had paid in full the price of her folly.

Reynolds gone, Brand stifled all investigations of the dam's collapse with a certainty he could never have employed with Reynolds living. The engineers and chemists who now examined the shattered cement pronounced it of the proper quality and the man who passed it at the time of the construction was dead. Like all investigations of the kind there was much outcry and clamor at the start, but with delays and court continuances and lack of specific charges the matter waned and was soon forgotten. Brand took good care that the press learned of the dead man's financial dissolution and to the public mind this accounted for his self-destruction.

So, Jane saw Brand immune and unruffled while she had only the memory of a better man's love to help her drown the voice of conscience. In the bitterness of her sorrow and self-abhorrence there came times when she was moved to risk any fate for herself that she might believe it was the only way." To open now the pages he had sealed forever would be but poor recompense for his sacrifice. No, she must go on and bear in silence.

(THE END.)

JUST THE SAME KIND OF GIRL

Modern Maid, in All Essentials, Is a Worthy Copy of Her Mother and Grandmother.

Every now and again somebody asks, in print, this question: "What has become of the old-fashioned girl that helped her mother wash the dishes?" Probably the same question has been asked since the time of Noah and will be asked until the end.

Mary Lyon, when she provided for the establishment of Mount Holyoke college for girls, stipulated that all the household work in it should be done by the students. That rule was enforced rigidly up to a recent date, when the directors and faculty, feeling that the practice might have become outworn, made the domestic tasks of the institution optional for the undergraduates.

But when the girls of Mount Holyoke were requested to announce their wishes on the subject, 748 of the 800 elected to continue in the tasks of sweeping corridors, washing dishes, setting tables and making up beds.

There is no need to worry about the American girl, even if she does wear gowns the sight of which seems to preclude all idea of work on her part. She isn't saying much about it, but she is essentials the same kind of girl our mothers and grandmothers were.

Heart Needs Care.

Acute heart strain is practically impossible in the young, healthy and well-nourished adult, but quite likely in all others. Once it occurs the heart is incapable of extra work and fails when called upon to do it. The doctor argues, therefore, that one cannot be too careful to economise in the work laid upon this organ.

According to one physician, he who retires to bed at ten instead of twelve saves the heart 876,000 foot pounds a year. Lying down a half-hour lessens its labors in the same period by 219,000 foot pounds. If our Sundays were spent in bed the yearly relief to our hearts would amount to nearly one million foot pounds.

He does not venture to even estimate the relief that would come were we to abstain from violent emotions, especially anger.

LONG RECORDS OF SERVICE

English Firm Has Fifty Workpeople Who Have Been in Their Employ More Than Fifty Years.

It is hard for Canadians, born and bred in a country where opportunity and incentive to change are almost ever present, to realise completely the conditions that obtain in older countries where employment is not so plentiful that a man can afford to leave a firm with which he has secured a position, remarks the Winnipeg Tribune. Some knowledge of the situation may be gained, however, from the facts contained in a letter sent to the London Mail by the manager of a famous biscuit firm. The letter dealing with the periods of employment of the various members of the staff says:

"We have on our books 50 workpeople who have each completed more than fifty years of continuous employment with us, as follows:

"One over 60 years, eight over 57 years, two over 55 years, 13 over 54 years, 15 over 51 years, two over 50 years. Total, 50.

"Of our clerical staff:

"One man has completed 56 years with us.

"One man has completed 53 years with us.

"One man has completed 53 years with us.

"Among our factory workpeople and our clerical staff combined we have exactly 1,000 men who have each completed at least 30 years' continuous service with us. They range from 30 to nearly 60 years of service."

Precocious Childhood.

"Now, my child," said the kind old judge, "which parent do you prefer to go with?"

"That depends," answered the fashionable child, "Is mother going to get large alimony?"

"Yes."

"Large enough to embarrass father financially?"

"Yes."

Rest Rooms Out of Date.

"Have you a rest room in your establishment?" "We used to have them in the old days," said the manager of the department store, "but there has been no demand for such things for many months. We have turned all our rest rooms into tango parlors."

Finest tobaccos, skillfully blended—that's the source of that rare flavor which has made FATIMA CIGARETTES famous.

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Cyprus in History.

The island of Cyprus has been a bone of contention among the nations ever since it was taken over by the Romans (B. C.), but especially during the last few decades have quarrels centered around it. England has exercised a kind of protectorate, and by dividing the courts of justice and giving the various elements of the population their own courts, something like peace has been established. Here is a case, however, one of the earliest of the Christian churches, the patriarchate of Cyprus, having been recognized by the council of Ephesus as early as 431.

CARE FOR YOUR HAIR

By Frequent Shampoos With Cuticura Soap. Trial Free.

Precede shampoos by touches of Cuticura Ointment if needed to spots of dandruff, itching and irritation of the scalp. Nothing better for the complexion, hair, hands or skin than these fragrant supercreamy emollients. Also as preparations for the toilet.

Sample each free by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. XY, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

Suspected.

York County Farmer (bursting into the village inn)—What d'ye think, Silas? The bones of a prehistoric man have been found on Jim White's farm!

Innkeeper—Great gosh! I hope poor Jim'll be able to prove the date of the coroner's inquest.—Penn State Froth.

Always proud to show white clothes. Red Cross Ball Blue does make them white. All grocers. Adv.

That flim company that made 1,000 per cent profit evidently had a manager who was a mover.

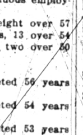
Backache Warns You

Backache is one of Nature's warnings of kidney weakness. Kidney disease kills thousands every year.

Don't neglect a bad back. If your back is lame—if it hurts to stoop or lift—if there is irregularity of the kidney secretions suspect your kidneys. If you suffer headaches, dizziness and are tired, nervous and worn-out, you have kidney trouble.

Use Doan's Kidney Pills, a fine medicine for bad backs and weak kidneys.

A Michigan Case



Mrs. A. W. Burger, R. F. D. No. 4, Jackson, Mich., says: "The pains in the small of my back were almost constant and I was tired, sick and nervous through my loins. I was hardly able to move around and when I stooped I was all upset. It was a task to straighten. I had dizzy spells and my housework was a burden. The first box of Doan's Kidney Pills proved just wonderful and as I continued using them, the backache left me and I have felt well ever since. I am glad to recommend Doan's Kidney Pills."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 60c a Box

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Your Liver Is Clogged Up

That's Why You're Tired—Out of Sorts—Have No Appetite.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS will put you right in a few days. They do their duty. Cure Constipation, Biliousness, Indigestion and Sick Headache.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.

Genuine must bear Signature

Don't Cut Out A SHOE BOIL, CAPPED HOCK OR BURSITIS FOR ABSORBINE

will remove them and leave no blemishes. Reduces any soft or yielding. Does not blister or remove the hair, and horse can be worked. $2 a bottle delivered. Book 6 K free.

ABSORBINE, JR., the antiseptic liniment for mankind. Pain Remedy for Sprains, Bruises, Weak Veins, Varicocele, Allays Pain. Price $1 and $2 a bottle or druggists or delivered. Will tell you more if you write.

W. F. YOUNG, P. D. F., 310 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.

DR. J. D. KELLOGG'S ASTHMA

Remedy for the prompt relief of Asthma and Hay Fever. Ask Your druggist for it. Write for FREE BOOKLET. NORTHRUP & LYMAN CO., LM., BUFFALO, N.Y.