Body Terribly Swollen

Mr. Madara's Condition Was Critical Until Doan's Were Used. Health Was Restored.

"For six months I couldn't walk, I was so swollen as the result of kidney trouble," says Geo. T. Madara, 15 Mt. Vernon Ave., Pitman Grove, Camden, N. J. "Backache drove me nearly wild and big lumps formed over each kidney. Bloated until I weighed 407 pounds, and I was a sight to behold. The water in my system pressed around my heart and I sometimes felt as if I was being strangled. The kidney secretions were scanty and contained a thick sediment.

Mr. Madara

"No one can imagine how I suffered. I finally went to the hospital, but when an operation was suggested I would not consent and came home.

"I heard how Doan's Kidney Pills had helped others, so I discarded all the other medicines and started taking them. The second day I began to improve and as I continued, my back stopped paining and the swelling went down. The other kidney troubles left, too, and I was soon as well as ever."

Sworn to before me,
Philip Schmitz, Notary Public.

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

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

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

Rapid Spread of Rice Business.

The growth in California of the rice business has been phenomenal. In the spring of 1909 the office of cereal investigations of the United States department of agriculture began tests of varieties of rice near Biggs. Similar tests were made at places in the San Joaquin and Sacramento valleys. In 1912 the first commercial crop of rice, 1,400 acres, was planted on adobe soil near Biggs. The results were so satisfactory that 6,000 acres were planted the succeeding year. From that the rice area grew to 16,000 acres in 1914; 28,000 acres in 1915; 70,000 acres in 1916, and 100,000 acres in 1917. The total value of this year's crop is estimated at $11,000,000.

RECIPE FOR GRAY HAIR.

To half pint of water add 1 oz. Bay Rum, a small box of Barbo Compound, and ¼ oz. of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it at home at very little cost. Full directions for making and use come in each box of Barbo Compound. It will gradually darken streaked, faded gray hair, and make it soft and glossy. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off. Adv.

More Conservation.

"In times like these when food is so high," remarked the Observer of Events and Things, "a man thinks twice before 'casting his bread upon the water.'"

Piles Cured in 6 to 14 Days
Druggists refund money if PAZO OINTMENT fails to cure Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles. First application gives relief. 50c.

Try to live right and don't worry about how you are going to die.

Perhaps if your head were as clear as a whistle, it would not ache—

Try Kondon's for your headache

(at no cost to you)

50,000,000 have used this 29-year-old remedy. For chronic catarrh, sore nose, coughs, colds, sneezing, nose bleed, etc. Write us for complimentary can, or buy tube at druggist's. It will benefit you a hundred times more than it costs, or we pay money back. For trial can free write to KONDON MFG. CO., Montreal, Can.

KONDON'S CATARRHAL JELLY

CHILDREN WHO ARE SICKLY

Mothers who value the health of their children should never be without **MOTHER GRAY'S SWEET POWDERS FOR CHILDREN**, for use when needed. They tend to Break up Colds, Relieve Feverishness, Worms, Constipation, Headache, Teething disorders and Stomach Troubles. *Used by Mothers for 37 years.* Sold by Druggists everywhere. 25 cts. Trial package FREE. Address A. S. OLMSTED, LE ROY, N. Y.

TRADE MARK

Don't accept any Substitute.

WHEN

You feel so "blue" that even the sky looks yellow, you need

BEECHAM'S PILLS

A sluggish liver and poorly acting kidneys fail to destroy foul poisons, which affect the mind as well as body.

Largest Sale of Any Medicine in the World. Sold everywhere. In boxes, 10c., 25c.

GIRLS Clear Your Skin Save Your Hair With Cuticura

Soap 25c. Ointment 25 and 50c.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

A toilet preparation of merit. Helps to eradicate dandruff. For Restoring Color and Beautifying the Hair. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists.

STOP YOUR COUGHING

No need to let that cough persist. Stop the irritation, and remove tickling and hoarseness, by relieving the inflamed throat with

PISO'S

"CONTRABAND"

By RANDALL PARRISH

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A Thrilling War Story of the North Atlantic

HOLLIS LEARNS VERA'S IDENTITY AND FOR BASCOM'S SAKE THEY AGREE TO TAKE THE SHIP TO ITS DESTINATION

Synopsis—Robert Hollis, who tells the story, is a guest on Girard Carrington's yacht, Esmeralda. It is supposed to be a "stag" party, and Hollis is surprised on discovering a woman, who evidently wishes to remain unknown, aboard. She merely tells him her name is Vera. Carrington tells his guests of the coming war, and that he is engineering a copper pool. The yacht is sunk in a collision and Hollis saves McCann, millionaire, and one of the party. Hollis and McCann rescue Vera and leave the ship in a small boat. McCann refuses to submit to the authority of Hollis, and the latter enforces obedience. The castaways are sighted by a ship, the Indian Chief, which takes them aboard. The vessel is badly storm damaged. All officers are dead. Bascom, the owner, says he is taking a cargo of ammunition to Germany. Hollis consents to take charge of the ship and continue the voyage. McCann tries to corrupt the crew and Hollis locks him up.

CHAPTER XIII—(Continued.)

—9—

"Amidship."

"Petty officers' quarters. Well, I prefer having you aft. There is a vacant stateroom below. Walk ahead of me to the cabin, and go down the steps."

"You'll pay for this in the morning."

"Do not worry about the morning, my man. Trust me to take care of your friends forward when the time comes. This is not my first voyage. Move on!"

Sullenly he left the rail, and crossed the deck to the companion, with me trailing a step behind. I was aware that Olson was leaning out over the poop-rail watching our dim figures, wondering, no doubt, what was occurring below. I did not venture to glance upward, or remove my eyes from the prisoner.

"Below there," the mate called, gruffly, "what's going on?"

"It is all right, Mr. Olson," I answered, speaking quietly. "I'll explain later. Open the door, McCann, and go straight down."

He must have realized the utter futility of resistance, for he never even turned his head, marching before me down the stairs, and across the deserted cabin. I threw open the door next to Bascom's stateroom, switched on the light, and glanced within, keeping my grasp hard on McCann's arm.

His eyes met mine, black with a coward's hatred.

"By God! if you wasn't armed—"

I swung him about in sudden disgust, flinging him forward, and he fell sprawling on the deck, overturning the stool. The next instant I had closed the door and locked it, dropping the key into my jacket pocket. There had been little noise, scarcely enough to arouse the sleepers below, and it was with a feeling of decided relief, that I returned to the open deck.

I climbed the ladder, joining Olson at the port rail. Two men were at the wheel, which backed sufficiently to keep them busy.

"You are off a couple of points, lads," I said. "Can't you hold her any closer?"

"Not the way the sea is running, sir," answered a voice I recognized as Simms', "unless we raise a bit more jib, and the mate thought it best not to risk the canvas."

"Right, no doubt, but hold her down the best you can."

"Aye, aye, sir."

The response was cheerful enough, and I crossed the deck to where Olson stood, in somewhat better frame of mind.

"You are not exactly holding to the course, Mr. Olson," I said, but not unkindly, "and Simms tells me you thought it best not to shake out another reef in the jib."

"It would only strain the old hooker to buck these seas, sir," he replied, "and as you had no observation, I hardly thought a point or two would make much difference."

"Nor does it; only I prefer to be consulted on such matters hereafter. You must have had some other reason?"

He glanced about to make sure of our distance from the men at the wheel.

"Well, in a way I suppose I did, sir," he admitted slowly. "The watch forward is sullen, an' I had no desire to stir them up unless there was some real need. It's Liverpool's turn on deck, Mr. Hollis, an' he an' I never was no friends. If I was to give an order, and then had to go forward to make 'em hold, it might start up quite a row, sir."

"Quite a sensible decision. It may interest you to know that I have just cut Liverpool's claws—his friend McCann is below, safely locked up."

"Exactly, sir. That was what occurred on the main deck just now? He was very quiet about it, sir. Is it true what I hear that he is a real New York millionaire? And you are not a real sailor, Mr. Hollis, but just a yachtsman?"

"Has McCann been circulating that yarn forward?"

"He has, sir. Simms just told me the story at the wheel."

"Well, then, listen to me, Mr. Olson, and then see to it that the word gets to the crew. I was a member of a yachting party when we suffered shipwreck, but I'm no yachtsman. I've served before the mast, Mr. Olson, and won every grade up to a captaincy in the old Atlas line. I know the sea and its way from forecastle to after cabin, and any time those lads forward there want to take my measure, the chance is wide open. You understand?"

"I do, sir," and I thought there was more respect in the tone.

"Good; there will be no trouble to-night?"

"I think not, sir; but by morning they will begin to wonder what has become of this man McCann, and may grow uppy."

"We can handle them by daylight. It is darkness which gives them an advantage. I'll return to the main deck, Mr. Olson, and leave you in charge here."

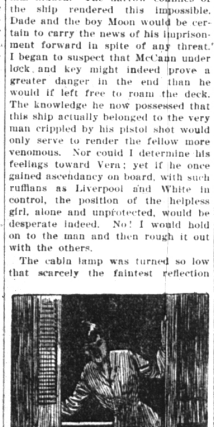
CHAPTER XIV.

Vera Strengthens My Resolve.

I believed I had effectually spiked the guns of the conspiracy—at least for the present. I did not underestimate the feeling of dissatisfaction forward, or the influence of Liverpool Red and his more intimate associates; but McCann and his money were, after all, the main incentive to open mutiny, and as long as I could keep that individual securely locked up aft, there remained a good chance of controlling the others.

Once we succeeded in discovering the hidden store of liquor and getting it overboard, and with McCann safely secured, the danger element would certainly be greatly reduced. But was McCann really secured? I could never hope to convert the fellow, to keep him hidden. The narrow confines of the ship rendered this impossible. Dade and the boy Moon would be certain to carry the news of his imprisonment forward in spite of any threat. I began to suspect that McCann under loose and key might indeed prove a greater danger in the end than he would if left free to roam the deck. The knowledge he now possessed that this ship actually belonged to the very man crippled by his pistol shot would only serve to render the fellow more venomous. Nor could I determine his feelings toward Vera; yet if he once gained ascendancy on board, with such ruffians as Liverpool and White in control, the position of the helpless girl, alone and unprotected, would be desperate indeed. No! I would hold on to the man and then rough it out with the others.

The cabin lamp was turned so low that scarcely the faintest reflection



"Is This Mr. Hollis?"

streamed through the glass of the companion, and I was so deeply engrossed in these reflections as to not even notice the opening of the door. Her voice at my side aroused me with a sudden thrill.

"Is this Mr. Hollis?"

"It certainly is," I answered, aware now of the dark outline beside me, and even dimly distinguishing the contour of her uplifted face. "It is some time since I have enjoyed the pleasure of your presence on deck in the night."

"Why refer to that now?" reproachfully. "It is not so delightful a memory."

"The shipwreck—no; but the first evening we met I cannot forget. But you promised to make the mystery of your presence on board the Esmeralda clear?"

"Has it not revealed itself?"

"Not to me."

"But has not Philip Bascom told you who I am?"

I shook my head, not altogether happy at this introduction of his name, but unable to resent it.

"But you knew he recognized me; that we had been friends."

"All the more reason why I should remain silent. As long as you evidently preferred that I should not know—"

"Oh, but I didn't, Mr. Hollis," she interrupted. "It never once occurred to me that you were still in doubt as to my identity. Of course at first I thought it safer to guard my secret; I—I did not know you at all then, only by name; you were merely a guest on board my father's yacht."

"Your father's yacht! Why, of course—how stupid of me. Vera, Vera, why the name had a strangely familiar sound from the very first, but I could not recall the association; you are Gerald Carrington's daughter?"

"I am Vera Carrington."

"But I supposed you to be in Europe?"

"Did papa say so? You must have misunderstood. Mother would have taken me with her, but I had so much I wanted to do in New York. It is strange you should not have suspected; that no one should have told you. Why, both Mr. Bascom and Mr. McCann knew me."

"Not McCann, surely?"

"Why not? We have met socially in New York. It seems hardly possible, now that I realize the true character of the man. But probably you never asked; never discussed me between you?"

"That is the truth. Of course it was quite impossible for me to question McCann, and I have seen very little of Bascom. Besides, you rather threw yourself on my honor."

"On the Esmeralda—yes. It was necessary then, for I simply had to keep my presence a secret until we were a safe distance at sea. There were several on board who would have recognized me at once, and would have told papa. Mr. Hollis, I realize far more than you can, all that has occurred through the mad whim of a girl. But for me you would not be here on this unlucky ship. You would be with those others rescued from the Esmeralda safely in New York. Mr. Hollis, tell me, is there real trouble on board? Is there doubt of your being able to take the Indian Chief into port?"

"Why do you ask?"

"Because—well, I have heard things; not much, but enough to arouse suspicion. Then you had some trouble just now, and locked a man up in one of the staterooms. It was to ask you about this that I came on deck. Who was the man, and what had he done?"

"Our old friend, Fergus McCann," I answered, deciding to be frank with her. "It was not so much what he had done, as what he proposed doing. He was attempting to corrupt the crew forward by the use of money, and unfortunately, there are some scamps aboard only too willing to make trouble. I felt it safer to nip the scheme early."

"But what—what does Mr. McCann seek? Why should he endeavor to buy up the men? What is his purpose?"

"To have the Indian Chief returned to an American port. I'll do him the credit of saying that, until I told him a while ago, he possessed no knowledge whatever that Bascom owned the vessel, or was on board. He hates Bascom yet, and will be only too glad to ruin him. And he hates me, because of what occurred in the boat. This is what underlies his action, no doubt; then he believes money will accomplish anything, and he has found sailormen forward ready enough to do the dirty work, if he will only pay well for it."

"You know them?"

"The two most prominent are Jim White and a fellow known aboard as Liverpool Red, both typical forecastle bullies. I know how to deal with their sort."

"You—you have decided what to do, then?"

"I have decided to fight it out, at least. I gave you my promise, Miss Vera, to take this ship to Hamburg if it was possible to get there."

"And there is no other way of saving the investment in this vessel and cargo?"

"I know of none."

"Then we must go on, must we not? I—I hope you will, Captain Hollis."

Before I could stop her, or add another word, she was gone, and I was apparently alone on deck.

I remained on deck the greater part of the night, but nothing of any alarming nature took place. The crew remained quiet, and the watch on duty obeyed orders promptly enough to give those of us aft a new feeling of confidence.

The sky cleared, although the wind remained fresh and the sea heavy enough to keep the two men at the wheel. The Indian Chief made good weather of it, however, and I possessed faith in Lenyord's seamanship. For an hour, perhaps, I loitered about on deck, but all remained so quiet that finally, with a word to the mate to have me called at the slightest sign of need, I went below, and turned in.

I did not remove my clothes, and the new day was barely reddening the east when I was aroused by a trampling of feet on the deck overhead. There was no call, nothing the sailor enough to comprehend what was going on above—the watch was about to be changed, and Lenyord was using all hands in cleaning ship. The activity, the quietly spoken orders, the low chant of a song as the men hauled at a rope, were evidence that my presence was not required, and I felt it would please both officers to be left alone in charge. I opened the port and looked out at the glorious morning. It was a lonely ocean scene, yet wildly beautiful. Everywhere was the wild desolation of the sea, nothing on which the eye could rest except the restless waves, the constant shifting of colors. Satisfied that no other vessel was within range of vision, I lay down again.

I do not think I ever relished a meal as I did that first breakfast that morning. All were in excellent humor, and no premonition of trouble entered our minds. The night had passed quietly, both officers reporting the crew docile and cheerful.

Olson was on watch, but Masters joined us at table, and reported all well in the engine room, and together we drank a toast to a pleasant voyage, almost convinced that before us were only the ordinary vicissitudes of the sea. It was not until the men left the table that I was reminded of our prisoner in the nearby stateroom.

"Mr. Bascom seldom takes any breakfast?" I said to Dade, who was polishing the stair rail.

"No, sir; I have orders to take him a cup of coffee at nine o'clock."

"And how about McCann?"

"The gentleman in number six, sir? He's locked in, and I haven't the key."

"That's true; I'd forgotten. I'll look in on the man; and you get his breakfast ready to serve."

I unlocked and opened the door. McCann was seated on the edge of his bunk facing me, and, it was plainly evident at first view that he was in no pleasant humor.

"McCann," I said, as he failed to speak, "let's have an understanding. It is no desire of mine to hold you a prisoner here for the next month. I'll accept your pledge not to interfere with the working of this vessel."

"On what other terms?"

"That you stop holding communications with the crew, and consider yourself a passenger until the end of the voyage. Give me your word to that, and you may have the freedom of this cabin, and the after deck."

"What is the voyage?"

"To Hamburg."

He laughed, and there was an ugly sound to it.

"Pshaw, do you think you ever will get there?" he asked, glaring at me, but making no effort to rise. "Are you fool enough, Hollis, to imagine that the English fleet will ever permit this ship to pass through the Channel? Why, your whole damn cargo, they tell me, is contraband."

"Who tells you?"

"Never mind who. It's the truth, isn't it?"

"Yes, you might as well know—mostly munitions of war, but contracted for months before war was declared. However, that is nothing to do with your status on board. It is nothing to you, is it, who gets the cargo, or where it is finally landed?"

"It is something to me whether I'm safe in New York, or rotting in an English, or French prison," he said sullenly. "Besides, there's not any I've got a deal on there that means more than a million dollars! I can't afford to drift about here on this rotten tramp."

"The saving of this boat and cargo means more to Bascom than your million dollar trade does to you."

"What's Bascom's affairs to me?" he sneered. "He took his figure, didn't he? You seem to think I owe the man something. I suppose he told you, or else the girl did, that I crippled him for life. Well, he deserved all he got. I pay my debts, let me tell you, and I've got some against you not settled yet. Don't preach Philip Bascom to me. It's not for his sake you are hanging on here, and trying to get this ship to Hamburg. I'm not so blind as all that."

"What do you mean?"

"Mean? Why that is Carrington's girl, isn't it, you and I pulled out of the yacht? Lord, I knew her when the first streak of daylight came, and I saw your little game, too. There's money enough coming to her to make this a mighty profitable voyage if you can land her in your net before she gets ashore again. By God! I might have done it myself if I hadn't gone crazy in the boat. Now all the part there is left me to play is the villain."

I did not move, or take my eyes from him, and slowly the grin on his face seemed to smooth out, as his sense of humor departed.

"Well," he snarled, "isn't that about the way of it?"

"If the picture satisfies you, Mr. McCann," I said, "you are perfectly welcome to it. You've said enough to cause me to withdraw my offer of parole. I will accept no pledge you may make."

"You intend holding me a prisoner as long as I am aboard?"

"You have left me no other choice."

He got to his feet angrily. "Well now see here, Hollis, I'm blamed if I have any use for you, or any of your oath; I wouldn't give you my word even if you agreed to accept it. You are going to discover before you are through with me that Fergus McCann is not quite as big a fool as you take him to be. I'll give you odds that you never take this ship to Hamburg; I'll give you odds you never get the girl; yes, d—— you! I'll make the same proposition, that

"Is That All, Sir?"

you'll never hold me prisoner twenty-four hours. Are you sport enough to take me?"

I glanced across my shoulder, only to see reflected in a mirror, Vera Carrington, standing in the half-opened door of her stateroom, as though suddenly arrested by the sound of our voices. No one else was visible in the cabin.

"Dade?"

"Aye, aye, sir," his voice coming from out the forward passage.

"Bring Mr. McCann's breakfast, if it is ready."

"Yes, sir; all ready, sir."

He came forward with it on a tray, and I stepped aside to permit him to pass through the door, carefully keeping my back turned toward the motionless girl, and my eyes fastened on McCann.

"Leave the tray there on the stool, Dade—yes, that's all; you may go back to your work."

He backed out, but stood hesitating, while I closed and locked the door, dropping the key into my pocket.

"Is—is that all, sir?" he asked nervously.

"I told you it was. When I want those dishes removed, I'll come down, and unlock the door for you. No one—not even you—are to speak with the prisoner."

"Yes, sir."

"Now go forward, about your work."

I watched until he vanished in the passage, not altogether satisfied. The fellow had been outwardly respectful enough, but there was something indefinite about his manner which aroused my doubt. I turned, and confronted the young woman, wondering vaguely how long she had been there, and how much of our conversation she had overheard.

The crew begins to show "bad blood," fearing the trip to Europe, and Hollis and Vera find they are in serious trouble. The next installment describes a thrilling incident.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Julius Anderson Writes, Wouldn't Be Without Dodd's Kidney Pills

Read what Mr. Anderson of Lake City, Minn., says about Dodd's Kidney Pills:

"I received your sample and Dodd's Pills. The Pills I highly recommend and I write this letter not to get another box, but because they are good and worth to the every cent that are invested in them. I take them almost regularly and find them very handy for keeping in the house and feel that I cannot be without them. They have done me much good, which I highly appreciate and will recommend them to my friends."

Wise persons, like Mr. Anderson, accept no substitute for the old genuine Dodd's Kidney Pills; their remedial qualities are too well known to thousands of users who have saved themselves from the ravages of Bright's Disease for the timely use of this famous old remedy.

The Great Joker.

Frederick W. Vanderbilt, at a dinner in Poughkeepsie, praised the production of his own garden.

"If I told you all that my war garden has produced," he said, "you wouldn't believe me. You'd think it was as mendacious a joker as Mark Twain.

"A young girl once asked Mark Twain to write in her autograph album. She said it must be something she could show her mother. The great humorist dipped his pen in the ink and wrote:

"'Never tell a lie.'

"Beautiful," said the girl, in a slightly disappointed voice; but Mark wasn't done yet. He dipped his pen in the ink again and added:

"'Except to keep in practice.'"

A DAGGER IN THE BACK

That's the woman's dread when she gets up in the morning to start the day's work. "Oh! how my back aches." GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules taken today cause the backache of tomorrow—taken every day ends the backache for all time. Don't delay. Wrack the use of suffering? Begin taking GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules today and be relieved tomorrow. Take three or four every day and be permanently free from wrenching, distressing back pain. But be sure to get GOLD MEDAL. Since 1696 GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil has been the National Remedy of Holland, the Government of the Netherlands having granted a special charter authorizing its preparation and sale. The housewife of Holland would almost as soon be without bread as she would without her "Real Dutch Drops," as she quaintly calls GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules. This is the one reason why you will find the women and children of Holland so sturdy and robust.

GOLD MEDAL are the pure, original Haarlem Oil Capsules imported direct from the laboratories of Haarlem, Holland. But be sure to get GOLD MEDAL. Look for the name on every box. Sold by reliable druggists in sealed packages, three sizes. Money refunded if they do not help you. Accept only the GOLD MEDAL. All others are imitations. Adv.

Hustling Town.

Lord Northcliffe, at a farewell dinner, expressed his admiration for American hustle.

"On a train the other day," he said, "I heard a dialogue that brought out your hustling qualities beautifully.

"'I'm from Ashton,' said a man. 'Finest little town in the middle West.'

"'Ashton?' sneered another man. 'I don't think much of Ashton.'

"'You don't? When were you there last?' said the first man.

"'Two weeks ago.'

"'Oh, well,' said the Ashtonian, 'you ought to see her now!'"

Air Raid Costumes.

In the West end there was a very smart display, I am told, of Zeppelin costumes. These are usually made of silk or satin, warmly lined, of the nature of a dressing gown, but often trimmed with fur, with a cap to match. On likely nights they are laid out near the bed so that the lady can in a few minutes be ready for the street or the cellar. The caps are particularly smart, and solve the difficulty of arranging the hair. Vacuum flasks and electric torches are part of the outfit.—Manchester Guardian.

Indirection.

"My dear, we can't afford to keep Pfff and the cook."

"Do you think I will give up my precious poodle?"

"Certainly not. That was merely my diplomatic way of saying we'll have to discharge the cook."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Were it not for the fools the wise ones would have to turn their hands to honest labor.

It's easy to swear off and generally it is good for a body, too.

FRIENDSHIPS BRED BY WAR

Man's Inherent Instinct for Comradeship Revealed by the Stress of the Great Conflict.

One of the most affecting and inspiring side issues of the war is the revival of man's inherent instinct for comradeship and all that that implies in its more fundamental aspects. We make friends even under our luxurious civilization. But what is that compared to the sense of comradeship developed under the fire of great guns, gas bombs and all the destructive engines of warfare? Have more than ancient legends of sacrifice of friend for friend are made real among men in whom the primitive virtues were stifled not so long ago by the materialistic impulses of an unheroic period. In a very mild way this is illustrated by this seemingly morose extract from a letter to the Vigilantes, apropos of Miss Lynch's trip to the French front:

"Our chauffeur, gray-haired and heavily built, had been mobilized for this employment. At the hottest point of very hot ground, with the sun in the zenith, the dust choking remonstrances, of course the tire burst. He put himself to work, the perspiration, according to scriptural injunction literally pouring in rivers from his face and head. The sigh with which he accomplished his work was more expressive than any Anglo-Saxon sigh I ever listened to. A half mile or so further along we came up with a car that had proudly passed us, also with a punctured tire. Hopping from his seat our chauffeur put on the second tire and when he came back to us explained that he did it because his companion chauffeur had a little touch of heart trouble. If he were hot and tired he felt, imagine his plight after this second effort, but not a word of complaint. Just the smile of 'camaraderie' and we who had been inclined to grumble a bit at this felt suddenly ashamed and relapsed into an admiring silence."—From the Vigilantes.

Argue but Don't Wrangle.

In ordinary life friction is something to be avoided. Argument that deserves the name is too difficult a thing for daily practice, calling as it does for skin painstaking care in the expressing exactly of one's ideas to avoid their being misunderstood. For such patience to listen, to wait one's turn, to keep one's temper.

Dependent upon all these things for its very existence, argument simply cannot be entered upon carelessly without degenerating into mere wrangling.

If you have the fatal habit of turning conversation into argument you are nothing more or less than a wrangler.

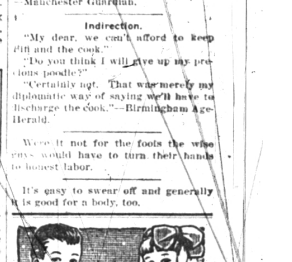
Cold Congregations.

Billy Sunday told a story at a Brooklyn luncheon about an apathetic Missourian congregation.

"This bunch's preacher," he said, "has wrangled among 'em for thirty-seven years, and never an encouraging word but one has he got in all that time.

"He told me about it with tears in his eyes. He said he was on the way home to dinner when a deacon hailed him. The deacon shook him by the hand and then actually said:

"'Ah, parson, that was a beautiful text your preached from Sunday evening!'"



There is no purer or more healthful food for children than Grape-Nuts

Its natural sweetness appeases the child's appetite for added sugar, and the quanity of milk or cream needed is about half that required for the ordinary cereal.

GRAPE-NUTS IS AN ECONOMICAL FOOD