

MADE A LIGHTNING CHANGE

Occasion When Lord Salisbury Waxed Little Time in Getting into Dinner Costume.

The late Lord Salisbury, says Count Paul Vassili in his book, "Behind the Veil at the Russian Court," shared with the rest of his family the defect of being rather careless in his dress and general appearance.

Explanation to Her Guests.

A little girl gave a children's party the other day to certain of her young friends. She was very anxious that everything should be done properly, and just before the arrival of the guests was discussing matters with her mother.

"Mamma," she asked, "shall we say grace?" "No," said mamma; "it will be a very informal dinner, and I think you need not do that."

Adamantine.

"I never saw any one so obstinate and set as John is." "You surprise me!" "Yes, indeed. Why, only this morning we had a dispute, but I stood firm and told him he might move the pyramids, but he couldn't move me when my mind was made up."

Napoleon Outdone.

In a small town there was a veteran of the Civil War who was called Colonel Bingle. He was stored full of anecdotes about his life as a soldier, which had won him the unbounded admiration of a certain little boy in the town who was of a martial cast of mind.

Presence of Mind.

"What did you learn at the school?" the boss asked the fair young applicant for the stenographer's job. "I learned," she replied, "that spelling is essential to a stenographer."

Taking Chances.

"I'm afraid that filibustering speech I've been making will subject me to a great deal of criticism," exclaimed Senator Sorghum.

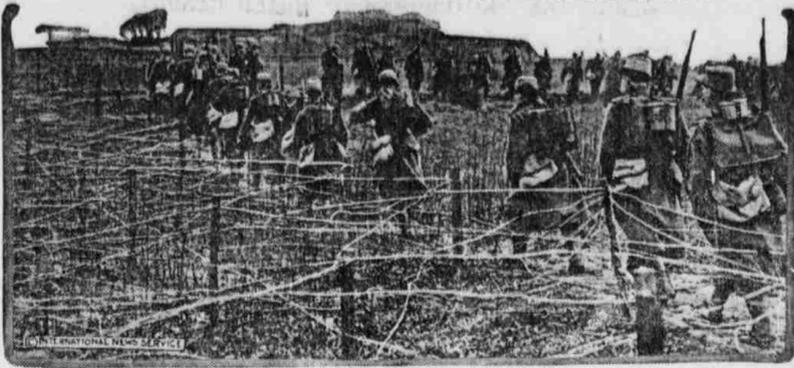
Taking Wing.

"Airships are very expensive, are they not?" "Well, they make the money fly."

Heredity.

"How did your son get that stay-up-late habit?" "Acquired it in babyhood."

MARCHING THROUGH BARBED WIRE ENTANGLEMENTS



French troops advancing to a new position through the elaborate barbed wire entanglements erected by the Germans in northern France.

WARRIOR-WRITER GIVES TO WORLD HIS GRIM STORY

Makes Lightning Change From Novel Writer to Leader of Men in Battle.

STRAIN WHITENS HIS HAIR

War's Wild Drama Holds No Further Thrills for Oskar Hocker—Ages of Experience Crowded into His One Short Tour of Trench Duty.

Berlin.—Until a certain day last summer Paul Oskar Hocker, one of Germany's leading "best seller" writers, divided his time between writing novels and plays and admiring the roses in his little garden close to Berlin.

With hundreds of others they piled into a troop train and headed for Belgium. Exactly once more, the last time for many months, was Hocker reminded of the life he had left behind him.

"They—they tell me you are Hocker, the famous novelist? Is it true?" "Left His Autograph."

While the warning whistle of the train announced its speedy departure, Paul Oskar Hocker, novelist, wrote down his autograph and received the girl's smiling words of gratitude.

Writes in Rain of Fire. All this Hocker has set down in a little book of his war experience called "At the Head of My Company," which has just appeared in Berlin, one of the most graphic and convincing pieces of writing to come out of the war.

Hocker's company was one of hundreds upon hundreds that marched through Belgium in the wake of that German army that almost smashed its way into Paris last September.

One night the captain was quartered in a filthy stable; on another he sat comfortably with the young vicar of a Belgian village on whom he was quartered and talked not of war and its atrocities, but of "Preraphaelites, Turkish dialects and new kinds of roses!"

IS CHAMPION RUNAWAY PONY Little Sorrel, Methuselah of Horses, Will Be Cherished Until Death by Owner.

Oconto, Wis.—"His name is Captain, but I'm calculating to change it to Methuselah," said W. H. Phillips, owner of a lively stable, speaking of a little horse which has given him service for more than twenty years.

The captain said politely that he happened to possess a safety razor.

"The idea of being shaved by a Belgian didn't appeal to me at all," he grimly remarks. Just as they crossed the French frontier a packet of letters from home arrived, giving Hocker the news that a play by him dealing with the wars in Germany 100 years ago had just been performed in Berlin.

From such duties Captain Hocker and his men moved southward into the real fighting zone and got their baptism of fire with a vengeance in the outskirts of Lille, strolling along narrow alleys amid the whistling of bullets from roofs and windows, creeping on all fours through the ditch lining a high road, charging into burning villages while unseen enemies poured shot and shell at them.

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When we were young men, we learned nothing of this new form of war. History, it seems, kept it for this most difficult and bitterest of campaigns. To stick it out under the earth until one's time comes—until the enemy dares advance and we must thrust him back or until the command reaches us from the rear: "Forward! Attack!"

Order from the commander of our brigade: "Company must fall back slowly." A man in the squad which has advanced to the highroad passes the order along to me.

It is passed all along the line. A couple of men start to stand up. I call out to them: "Down! Lie Down! Crawl!"

But already the movement has been seen from over across there; shrapnel strikes close beside us. With bent back, faces ground into the earth, all of us lie there.

My fieldglass is covered with sweat and earth. I put it down. Shells drive clouds of dust into my eyes. I close them.

I am unable to utter a word. I crawl along for about five hundred yards. My revolver grinds into my left side. My fieldglass presses against my stomach.

For a moment this thought rushes through my mind: What would you, being an officer, do if attacked in front by artillery, on the left by infantry, on the right by artillery?

What would you do? Answer: I would give this order: "Helmets off for prayer!"

Helmets off for prayer! Yes, there is no hope for us now. All we have to do is die like men.

"Don't run!" "The road which we must take is showered with shot. I climb a hillock. Yes, nothing matters now. If only I do not fall into their hands alive. To die. I strike out over a field. For a few seconds, unconsciousness. Then, once more, the tack-tack-tack of the machine guns. God, please, please, let me die an honorable soldier's death. And without long suffering. Now, God, now at once, please. If only my men don't start running."

I can go no farther. "Off with you, youngsters!" Greetings to my people. God be with you. You have behaved well.

We go there. Soldiers on bicycles meet us. They tell us that nobody expected one of us to come out alive from that hellhole.

My orderly runs to me, with wet eyes: "Captain, my captain!" I shake many hands. I warm myself at the camp-fire. Light rain is falling. Someone brings me a half bottle of champagne. The men get red wine from the baggage train and and rice soup.

My lips are still black with earth. I gulp it down with the first swallow of foaming wine.

"Greetings, life! Greetings, earth!" After a period of comparative peace and luxury in the conquered city of Lille, Captain Hocker marched his company out to the vicinity of Messines, where some of the most desperate fighting of the war has taken place.

Our trench is not three meters long, a full meter deep, with a frontage 40 centimeters high. It is 80 centimeters wide. The entrance consists of three narrow steps. As the trench has a roof you must crawl into it backward.

You cannot stand inside, scarcely kneel even, without striking your head against the roof. All there is to do is to lie down, first a bit on the left side, then a bit on the right, then on your back—before each change you must warn your trenchmate.

You lie and wait. You lie and listen. You lie and think. Is it fear of death that creeps upon you? Is it discouragement? Oh, if only we could rush forward to the attack, that would be quite another matter. That would be just up and at 'em, and in a couple of hours fate would decide.

His Hair Grown White. When we were young men, we learned nothing of this new form of war. History, it seems, kept it for this most difficult and bitterest of campaigns.

Meanwhile, there we lie. And, over our heads, horror shrieks. The roaring, cracking, spattering, thundering, growling, crashing goes on endlessly. Always, always. Every shot may bring the end; the end of one of those who wait.

Oh, if I could only accompany my slender little daughter just a little bit further into life. . . . And my wife, who has struggled and fought by my side for the length of a human life—could I but look again into her eyes and speak a loving farewell to her. . . .

It is that way with all of us. Oh, do not believe that any one of us is crouching here under the earth callous and without feelings, that through the narrow slit he sees merely the same stretch of clayish soil. Callousness is not courage.

You lie and wait. You lie and listen. You lie and think. Then, after days and days and days of this, comes the order: You are relieved. You have two days for rest. A South German detachment relieves Hocker's men. He writes:

I could not ride. I found I had to learn over again how to use my limbs. On foot I led my company away. I looked into a mirror. I had to smile. The bit of hair which I still possess has, during these last ten days, turned white!

SOLDIER HAS 139 WOUNDS

Reservist Survives Awful Injuries and Now Travels About on Crutches.

Paris.—The record of 79 wounds received by an army surgeon has been broken by Rene Vidal, reservist, of Raincy. While in the trenches a shell exploded immediately behind him and the lower part of his body and limbs were riddled with shrapnel.

From eight o'clock in the morning until evening he lay in the trench without even first aid. When he arrived at the auxiliary hospital a thorough examination showed traces of 139 separate and distinct wounds. His case was considered desperate, as he had lost an extraordinary quantity of blood, but he is now able to get about on crutches.

Belgians Save the Peas. London.—American relief commissioners are obliged to have peas cooked before they distribute them to the Belgians. When they were lasted raw the Belgians hoarded them for future planting, declaring that their size and taste are superior to the native article.

WHAT \$10 DID FOR THIS WOMAN

The Price She Paid for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Which Brought Good Health.

Danville, Va.—"I have only spent ten dollars on your medicine and I feel so much better than I did when the doctor was treating me. I don't suffer any bearing down pains at all now and I sleep well. I cannot say enough for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Liver Pills as they have done so much for me. I am enjoying good health now and owe it all to your remedies. I take pleasure in telling my friends and neighbors about them."—Mrs. MATTIE HALEY, 601 Colquhoun Street, Danville, Va.



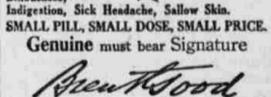
No woman suffering from any form of female troubles should lose hope until she has given Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a fair trial.

This famous remedy, the medicinal ingredients of which are derived from native roots and herbs, has for forty years proved to be a most valuable tonic and invigorator of the female organism.

If you have the slightest doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you, write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass., for advice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

The Army of Constipation

Is Growing Smaller Every Day. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are responsible—they not only give relief—they permanently cure Constipation. Millions use them for Biliousness, Indigestion, Sick Headache, Sallow Skin, SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature.



In the Wrong Place. "They made me pay ten cents for bread and butter at that hotel and then I had to tip the waiter 50 cents." "What did you have to eat?" "Bread and butter. I only had 60 cents."

All Boys and Girls should write to Wm. Wrigley Jr. Co., 1304 Kesner Bldg., Chicago, Ill., for beautiful "Mother Goose Jingle Book" in colors sent free to all readers of this paper.—Adv.

To Be Expected. "The other day a young man went to get a marriage license and the blundering clerk gave him a dog license." "What did the prospective bridegroom do?" "I understand he emitted a howl."

A simple remedy against coughs and all throat irritations are Best's Mentholated Cough Drops—5c at all good Druggists.

Many a fellow is a good-hearted fool, but the trouble is we don't do our thinking with our hearts.

Sprains, Bruises, Stiff Muscles Sloan's Liniment will save hours of suffering. For bruise or sprain it gives instant relief. It arrests inflammation and thus prevents more serious troubles developing. No need to rub it in—it acts at once, instantly relieving the pain, however severe it may be.

Here's Proof Charles Johnson, P. O. Box 105, Lawton Station, N. J., writes: "I sprained my ankle and dislocated my left hip by falling out of a third story window six months ago. I went on crutches for four months. Then I started to use some of your Liniment, according to your directions, and I must say that it is helping me wonderfully. I shrew my crutches away. Only used two bottles of your Liniment and now I am walking quite well with one cane. I never will be without Sloan's Liniment!"

All Dealers, 25c. Send four cents in stamps for a TRIAL BOTTLE.

Dr. Earl S. Sloan, Inc. Dept. B. Philadelphia, Pa.

SLOAN'S LINIMENT Kills Pain



DR. MAHER'S LUMP JAW REMEDY AND DEHORNER, \$1.00 and \$2.00 The \$1.00 size contains enough to cure from 2 to 4 head, \$2.00 from 5 to 8 head. It is the only remedy that cures with one local application and without the use of a knife. Our line of Veterinary Remedies includes: Dr. Maher's Lump Jaw Remedy, \$1.00; Liniment, 75c; Disting Powder, 50c; Gall Remedy, 50c; Spavin Remedy, \$1.50; Liniment, 75c; Colic Remedy, \$1.50; Thrush Remedy, 50c; Anti-Septic, 50c; Tonic Powder, 50c. If your druggist does not have these remedies, send a trial order to Dr. MAHER VETERINARY REMEDY COMPANY, BERTSFORD, SO. DAKOTA.

Table Manners. The small daughter of the house was busily setting the table for expected company when her mother called to her: "Put down three forks at each place, dear." Having made some observations on her own account when the expected guest had dined with her mother before, she inquired thoughtfully: "Shall I give Uncle John three knives?"

To Herd Sheep With Aero. Stanley Smith arrived here today, bound for New York, where he expects to buy an airship to round up the sheep on his 75,000-acre ranch at the foot of Crazy mountains in Montana.

Smith lives at Martinsdale, which has 40 inhabitants, each of whom has an automobile. He said he had used autos to round up his stock, but expects the airship to reduce the cost and expedite the speed about 25 per cent.

He has decided on a dirigible—Chicago Dispatch to New York Herald.

IF HAIR IS TURNING GRAY, USE SAGE TEA

Don't Look Old! Try Grandmother's Recipe to Darken and Beautify Gray, Faded, Lifeless Hair.

Grandmother kept her hair beautifully darkened, glossy and abundant with a brew of Sage Tea and Sulphur. Whenever her hair fell out or took on that dull, faded or streaked appearance, this simple mixture was applied with wonderful effect. By asking at any drug store for "Weyth's Sage and Sulphur Hair Remedy," you will get a large bottle of this old-time recipe, ready to use, for about 60 cents. This simple mixture can be depended upon to restore natural color and beauty to the hair and is splendid for dandruff, dry, itchy scalp and falling hair.

A well-known druggist says everybody uses Weyth's Sage and Sulphur, because it darkens so naturally and evenly that nobody can tell it has been applied—it's so easy to use, too. You simply dampen a comb or soft brush and draw it through your hair, taking one strand at a time. By morning the gray hair disappears; after another application or two, it is restored to its natural color and looks glossy, soft and abundant. Adv.

Skeptical. "What have we here?" "A series of sketches from the front headed, 'The Humane Side of War.'" "Stuff and nonsense! There's no more a humane side to war than there is a fifth side to a parallelogram."

FRUIT LAXATIVE FOR SICK CHILD

"California Syrup of Figs" can't harm tender stomach, liver and bowels.

Every mother realizes, after giving her children "California Syrup of Figs" that this is their ideal laxative, because they love its pleasant taste and it thoroughly cleanses the tender little stomach, liver and bowels without gripping.

When cross, irritable, feverish, or breath is bad, stomach sour, look at the tongue, mother! If coated, give a teaspoonful of this harmless "fruit laxative," and in a few hours all the foul, constipated waste, sour bile and undigested food passes out of the bowels, and you have a well, playful child again. When its little system is full of cold, throat sore, has stomach-ache, diarrhoea, indigestion, colic—remember, a good "inside cleaning" should always be the first treatment given.

Millions of mothers keep "California Syrup of Figs" handy; they know a teaspoonful today saves a sick child tomorrow. Ask at the store for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has directions for babies, children of all ages and grown-ups printed on the bottle. Adv.

Business Proposals. "I hinted to Miss Gladys that I was in the matrimonial market." "Did she take the hint?" "In a way. She said I would have to go to par before she would take any stock in my declaration."

OVERWORK AND KIDNEY TROUBLE

Mr. James McDaniel, Oakley, Ky., writes: "I overworked and strained myself, which brought on Kidney and Bladder Disease. My symptoms were Backache and burning in the stem of the bladder, which was sore and had a constant hurting all the time—broken sleep, tired feeling, nervousness, puffing and swollen eyes, shortness of breath and I suffered ten months. I was treated by a physician, but found no relief until I started to use Dodd's Kidney Pills. I now feel that I am permanently cured by the use of Dodd's Kidney Pills."

Dodd's Kidney Pills, 50c. per box at your dealer or Dodd's Medicine Co., Buffalo, N. Y. Write for Household Hints, also Metric of National Anthem (English and German words) and recipes for dainty dishes. All 3 sent free.—Adv.

Just Like Him. "My husband is just like our furnace," sighed Mrs. Blanks. "All day he smokes and at night he goes out."

The man who leaves footprints on the sands of time isn't always the fellow who carries the heavier load.



Why Try to Fool Your Stomach?

Some folks have an idea that if they eat big meals, their brains and bodies will be strong.

Strength and energy don't come from gorging the stomach, but depend upon eating the right kind of food.

For nourishment of brain and body, Nature abundantly supplies in her field grains the elements needed.

The famous wheat and barley food

Grape-Nuts

contains in splendid proportion all the nutriment of the grains, retaining the mineral salts—phosphate of potash, etc., stored under their outer coat, and which are especially necessary for keeping brain, nerves and muscle in working trim.

Grape-Nuts food is in the form of crisp, nut-like granules—delicious with cream or good milk—easy to digest—economical—

The perfect food for sound nourishment!

"There's a Reason"—sold by Grocers everywhere.