

DURING THE SHOPPING.



Maude—Men are getting so deceitful, you can't trust your best friend.
Percy—And what's worse, you can't get your best friend to trust you.

A man who needs advice is apt to get the kind he doesn't want.

HER PHYSICIAN ADVISED

Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Columbus, Ohio.—"I have taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound during change of life. My doctor told me it was good, and since taking it I feel so much better that I can do all my work again. I think Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a fine remedy for all women's troubles, and I never forget to tell my friends what it has done for me."
—Mrs. E. HANSON, 304 East Long St., Columbus, Ohio.

Another Woman Helped.
Graniteville, Vt.—"I was passing through the Change of Life and suffered from nervousness and other annoying symptoms. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound restored my health and strength, and proved worth mountains of gold to me. For the sake of other suffering women I am willing you should publish my letter."
—Mrs. CHARLES BARCLAY, R.F.D., Graniteville, Vt.

Women who are passing through this critical period or who are suffering from any of those distressing ills peculiar to their sex should not lose sight of the fact that for thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which is made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills. In almost every community you will find women who have been restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Bad Breath.

A well-known physician, who undoubtedly knows, declares that bad breath has broken off more matches than bad temper.

There are ardent lovers who must sometimes wish their sweethearts presented sweeter mouths to be kissed. Good teeth cannot prevent bad breath when the stomach is disordered.

The best cure for bad breath is a cleansing out of the body by use of

Lane's Family Medicine

(called also Lane's Tea)

the tonic laxative. This is a herb medicine, sold in 25c. and 50c. packages by druggists. It saves doctor bills. It cures headache, backache, indigestion, constipation and skin diseases. 25c. at druggists.

SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Heavy Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Specially Vegetable.

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. PURE PRICE.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature. *Brewer's Blood* REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

ACTIVE AGENTS MAKE \$25 TO \$100 WEEKLY
Selling the famous new 8 1/2 typewriter. The standard two-hand keyboard, visible writing, portable typewriter cost for \$25.00. Now work like \$100 machines. Couldn't be better at any price. Everybody wants one. Big profits, easy sale, exclusive territory. Write for full particulars to-day to *Junior Typewriter Co., Dept. B, 321 Broadway, N.Y. City.*

PISO'S
Stop Coughing!
Nothing breaks down the health so quickly and positively as a persistent cough. If you have a cough give it attention now. You can relieve it quickly with PISO'S CURE. Famous for half a century as the reliable remedy for coughs, colds, hoarseness, bronchitis, asthma and kindred ailments. Fine for children. At all druggists, 25 cts.



THE VANISHING FLEETS

ILLUSTRATED BY A. WEIL BY ROY NORTON

SYNOPSIS.
"Vanishing Fleets," a story of "what might have happened," opens in Washington with the United States and Japan near war. Guy Hillier, secretary of the British embassy, and Miss Norma Roberts, chief aide of inventor Roberts, are introduced as lovers. Japan declares war and takes the Philippines. Guy Hillier starts for England. Norma Roberts leaves Washington for the Florida coast. Hawaii is captured by the Japs. All ports are closed. Tokyo hears of missing Japanese fleet and whole world becomes convinced that United States has powerful war agency. England decides to send a fleet to American waters as a Canadian protection against what the British suppose is a terrible submarine flotilla. Hillier is sent with a message. Fleet mysteriously disappears. The Kaiser is missing. King Edward of England is confronted by Admiral Bevin of the United States. The Dreadnought, biggest of England's warships, is discovered at an impassable point in the Thames. The story now goes back to a time many months before the war breaks out, and inventor Roberts visits the president and cabinet, telling of and exhibiting a metal production. This overcomes friction when electrified and is to be applied to vessels to increase speed to over 50 miles an hour. A city for the manufacture of the mysterious discovery is built on the coast of Florida. Dr. Roberts' first attempt to electrify plates proves a failure. In a second effort Norma is knocked unconscious, but the mystery of true levitation is solved, making the most important discovery of centuries. Roberts evolves a great flying machine, rendering warships useless. The cabinet is taken for a visit and plans for a radioplane war against Japanese are started. The first radioplane is christened "Norma," in honor of the inventor's daughter. The start for the scene of conflict with a large fleet of monster airships is made with Norma in command.

CHAPTER XVII.—Continued.
And what a difference there was between this fleet and those to which the men aboard were accustomed! On those battleships of the seas were magnificent forces of men trained to fight, which were numbered by thousands; but here each crew consisted of a bare half-dozen. In the hulls of those vessels of the sea strove a small army, watching over and driving huge engines, and supplying them with steam; here were only one man and an assistant standing before levers, switches and buttons, which did their work instantaneously and with no noise. In those destroyers of the waters throbbed mighty engines considered the modern triumph of speed; here was a craft that by a finger's pressure could almost run abreast the sun. Those ships bristled with mighty guns; here were no frowning muzzles or unwieldy turrets. Science was bringing an end to brute force, and the last battle against barbarism was at hand.

For the first time since its birth the great plant was silent and idle and the men who had created it and by its means built this new fleet of the air were at rest. They had done all they could, and now gathered silently round the radioplanes, which stood in orderly array with portlike doors yawning wide to receive their crews. "Fighting" Bevin stood by his flag-craft, the Norma, and looked at the force under his command. Captains who had handled hundreds of men and driven their great floating crafts of steel, and engineers who had learned new callings waited attentively for his last instructions.

The battle-scarred veteran addressed them in a voice that needed no high pitch to be audible to all his hearers. "Gentlemen," he said, "I have nothing more to say to you. You are going out to fight what will probably be the last great battle in history. You are active participants in the final chapter of international war. The time is approaching when our profession will be useless, and I for one shall gladly turn to ways of peace."

Norma, who had left the bedside of the sleeping inventor, joined the officers, and Bevin stopped and saluted her. "With us," he continued, "is a girl who has laid all her talents on the altar of country, and is now prepared to jeopardize her life for victory. We can do no less. It may be that some of us will not return—the hazards of war can never be foreseen. You have been put in a strange position, and are even robbed of the sailor's right to send a last message to your homes; but that, too, has been for the country's good. To my personal knowledge you have all passed your lives in trying to do what was right, and have given the best that was in you to the flag. You will do no less now."

In the glare of the arc lights he took one last look at his comrades in arms, and then, as if once more at sea, loudly ordered: "Board ship, all!"

He uncovered and stood aside in an attitude of the greatest respect while Norma passed and entered the flag-ship bearing her name. With steady precision the other officers saluted, took possession of their radioplanes, and as the doors clanged shut behind them a mighty cheer burst from those outside. Before it had subsided the dynamo in the strange collection were humming and droning with unleashed energy, and the unshuttered ports stared out into the gloom like eyes of fire suddenly opened from sleep.

From the Norma there shot up into the sky swiftly alternating streaks of red, white and blue, the night signal asking if all was ready. From the other monsters came flashing answers of acquiescence. There was an instant's pause. The flag-ship gave a slight upward shock and lifted slowly into the air. Immediately behind it

stately upward sweep followed another radioplane, and in quick succession, like gigantic birds of the night, they took flight in a great swinging circle until they reached a common altitude. The cheer below had died away, and all was still.

Then, as if answering the call of a baton swung by a god, the palpitant air was riven by a mighty chorus from beneath. Mounting upward there penetrated to them, quivering with terrific fervor, the cry of invincibility voiced in the majestic words of that death-like song of battle:

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fatal lightning of his terrible swift sword;
His truth is marching on.

Out to the west, over sleeping cities and homes, across mountain and plain, chasing the long set sun, they went to meet the fleet of an enemy which was steadily sailing to its doom. The sword of a nation's vengeance was cleaving the night skies in its deliverance of an overwhelming blow.

CHAPTER XVIII. The Battle.

It was in the long gray dawn of the summer morning, and the wide reaching ocean, slate colored in the early light, seemed asleep in its quietude save where it was disturbed by moving fancied security, knowing that not



He Gazed in the Direction Indicated by the Sailor.

those terrible adversaries to the outer edge of the aerial formation, and through their glasses they saw thrown out to the winds of the morning, whipping and writhing, the flag of the nation they had come to conquer; the oldest banner in the world, and the one they had been taught through months of consideration to despise. Stars on a field of blue, fit emblem for warriors of the clouds! And then ere the first flag had straightened out its heavy folds, the colors fluttered from each birdlike craft, a challenge to battle in which the odds were against them.

Aloft in that fleet of the air, where all was quiet, there was no sudden call of excitement. For hours they had watched and waited for the appearance of the enemy, and when he was sighted far below in the murk of the dawn each man took his post without words; but the martial spirit which sends men to battle burned clear and high. The supreme test was at hand, and the wait and preparation were at an end. The issue was in the lap of the gods.

The Norma had been the first to decry the oncoming fleet, and Fighting Bevin with his own hand had signaled his followers to reduce speed. Now he stood at the transparent ports, heard the sudden booming alarm, witnessed the excitement on the decks, and smiled with grim joy. By his side stood Norma, and not even he, trained to strife and accustomed from early manhood to scenes of carnage, was more cool or determined. He looked at her questioningly, wondering

whether or no he should read in her eyes a sign of regret or weakness, and turned from her with a glow of admiration.

"Who is going to handle her?" he queried, glancing at the hood.
"I am," she replied, as quietly as if answering a query of no moment.
He held out his hand and shook hers warmly.

From away in the outer distance, where the angle was not too sharp to prevent its elevation, came the sullen report of a gun, and a shell flew past at such close range that its screaming came to them through the thickness of their plate and the open upper ports, sounding its challenge and defiance above the droning hum of the dynamos. The girl glanced apprehensively upward, but the admiral continued his calm inspection of the Japanese fleet.

Again from a vessel closer at hand came a series of sharp reports. The radioplane felt a shivering impact, and careened slightly in answer to its force. The admiral was hurled against her metal side, and one of the engineers seized a rail to prevent being thrown headlong against the machinery.

"They're trying four-inch shells on us! are they?" shouted Bevin. "Well, we'll put an end to that right now!"

He sprang to the signal box, and Norma, reading his intention, hurried to her post in the hood. He ordered the other craft to increase speed and traverse circles till he should notify them which war vessels of the fleet beneath were to be their individual prey. Now the small shells were fairly rending the air around them. The sharp clang of metal against metal and quick explosion told that hits were being made, and through the ports the radioplanes which suffered could be seen to rock convulsively when struck. The air seemed whining with death which was clamoring for admission to its prey. Shot and shell swept through space; but higher and higher soared the radioplanes, while the old war dog studied the formation of the fleet below.

"My God! Seventeen is hit! Seventeen is hit!" screamed the lookout, and the admiral and Norma stared through a side port.

In long, weird, dizzy circles, like a wounded man striving to recover his balance, a radioplane was dropping slowly down toward the waters, ineffectually fighting to regain its balance. The four-inch shells had done no damage; but the far outlying cruiser had made an accidental hit with a heavy gun. Zigzagging here and there in erratic swoops the radioplane continued to plunge. From the waters below came the sounds of exultant cheering. The enemy were gaining heart. They had found what they believed to be a chance for hope and an invulnerable spot in the American's armor. Norma started back to her levers; but the admiral called excitedly:

"Look, look! Good boy, Nineteen! Good boy!"

Again she looked through the port, and was transfixed with the daring attempt of another radioplane. Nineteen, with its big white letters blazing in the light, had taken a swift downward shoot.

"It's Jenkins! It's Jenkins!" Norma called in excitement, knowing that the little scientist was manning the hood of that craft.

Then before she could say more, Nineteen's object was made plain. The great radioplane shot to a lower altitude than that of its crippled fellow, dove here and there like a bat, caught a simultaneous speed, and rounding upward in a deft swoop poised itself firmly beneath the lower plate of Seventeen. For an instant the two, locked together and overweighted, slid slowly downward through the air, and then Nineteen seemed to gather itself, came to a stop, hesitated for a moment, and began a steady upward movement.

As if divining its purpose, two other radioplanes swooped down toward the stricken monster till their sides touched, and then, like a group of warriors carrying a wounded comrade from the field, assisted the ascent into the upper void. Focusing their fire on the group, the Japanese made it a target, and the scream of shot and shell broke into a pandemonium until the air around was churned as by a demon's wrath.

Up-up they went till they were mere specks against the dome of the heavens, where they were beyond range and in the profound silence of solitude. The others of the fleet, led by the Norma, hastened to soar toward them; but before they could get within speaking distance the wireless brought to all radioplanes this message:

"Seventeen was struck by a ten-inch shell directly below her dynamo. The jar caused a temporary break which cut off the current for a short time. This is nearly repaired. No damage of consequence has been done, and she will report for duty within two minutes."

Bevin and Norma looked at each other with a great relief. "Thank God for that!" the admiral said, and it was echoed by his subordinate.

They turned again to the port, as they did so they saw the speck above disintegrate, and in a few moments Seventeen, repaired, and again capable, was in line of battle. The cheering below ceased; but from the doomed battle ships and cruisers a continuous hail of ineffectual shots was fired, while the admiral of the aerial fleet, his plans formed, was calmly sending orders.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Antwerp Ivory Market First.
The ivory market at Antwerp, organized but a decade ago, has become the largest one in the world—larger than the two other great markets—those of London and Liverpool.

A NURSE'S EXPERIENCE.

Backache, Pains in the Kidneys, Bloating, Etc., Overcome.

A nurse is expected to know what to do for common ailments, and women who suffer backache, constant languor, and other common symptoms of kidney complaint, should be grateful to Mrs. Minnie Turner, of E. B. St., Anadarko, Okla., for pointing out the way to find quick relief. Mrs. Turner used Doan's Kidney Pills for a run-down condition, backache, pains in the sides and kidneys, bloated limbs, etc. "The way they have built me up is simply marvelous," says Mrs. Turner, who is a nurse. "My health improved rapidly. Five boxes did so much for me I am telling everybody about it."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

TROUBLES OF JUNGLE DENTIST.



Dentist—I wonder does he really want that tooth pulled, or is he scheming for a breakfast?

Why There Was a Funeral.
"That looks like a newly made grave—that little hummock over there on the desert," said the traveler from the east.

"That's just what it is, neighbor," answered Arizona Al. "The editor of the Weekly Cactus Spine was buried over there last week."

"What was his complaint?"
"He didn't have none. It was Coyote Cal that had the complaint. You see, there was a baby born up to Cal's house a spell ago, and the editor wrote an item about it, sayin' a tow-headed little girl had come to make Cal and his woman happy, but it 'pears that the printer got the letters mixed some how. Leastways it said in the paper when Cal read it that it was a two-headed baby, and him bein' an impulsive cuss, there wasn't nothin' to do but hold the funeral the next day but one."

Less Majesty.
A teacher in one of the schools of Berlin has given to the papers of that city a composition written by one of the pupils in his school on the subject, "The Kaiser." In the course of which the young author says: "Prince Wilhelm was born on the Kaiser's birthday. From the dome of the castle 101 salute shots were fired. The old grandfather and old Wrangel hopped into a cab and went to the Schloss, and old Wrangel said: 'The boy is all right,' and the father made a bow from the balcony, and it was awful cold. And when the boy was baptized his father held his watch in front of the little fellow's nose, and he grabbed it and never let go again, because he is a Hohenzollern."

Truthful Bessie.
There had been a lovers' quarrel and it was his first visit in two weeks. "I guess you know there was a difference between your sister and myself?" he ventured, trying to pump the little sister.
"Yes, indeed," responded the latter without hesitation.
"Well—er—do you think Clara will make up when she comes down?"
"Little Bessie leaned over nearer and whispered:
"She ought to, Mr. Bilkins. She is upstairs making up now."

CONGENIAL WORK
And Strength to Perform It.

A person in good health is likely to have a genial disposition, ambition, and enjoy work.

On the other hand, if the digestive organs have been upset by wrong food, work becomes drudgery.

"Until recently," writes a Washington girl, "I was a railroad stenographer, which means full work every day."
"Like many other girls alone in a large city, I lived at a boarding house. For breakfast it was mush, greasy meat, soggy cakes, black coffee, etc."

"After a few months of this diet I used to feel sleepy and heavy in the mornings. My work seemed a terrible effort, and I thought the work was to blame—too arduous."
"At home I had heard my father speak of a young fellow who went long distances in the cold on Grape-Nuts and cream and nothing more for breakfast."

"I concluded if it would tide him over a morning's heavy work, it might help me, so on my way home one night I bought a package and next morning I had Grape-Nuts and milk for breakfast."

"I stuck to Grape-Nuts, and in less than two weeks I noticed improvement. I can't just tell how well I felt, but I remember I used to walk the 12 blocks to business and know how good it was simply to live."
"As to my work—well, did you ever feel the delight of having congenial work and the strength to perform it? That's how I felt. I truly believe there's life and vigor in every grain of Grape-Nuts."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pgs. "There's a Reason."
Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.