The Secrets of the Hohenzollerns

STARTLING EXPOSURE OF INNER LIFE OF KAISER AND CROWN PRINCE AS TOLD BY COUNT ERNST VON HELTZENDORFF TO WILLIAM LEQUEUX

EDITORIAL NOTE. - William Le-Queux, who here chronicles for his friend. Count Ernst von Heltzendorff. the intier's revelations of the inner life of the imperial German court, has long been recognized throughout Eu-

The English "Who's Who" says of him: "He has intimate knowledge of the secret service of Continental countries and is considered by the government (of Great Britain) an authority on such matters." Another authority says: "Few people have been more closely as-sociated with or know more of the astounding inner machinery of Germeny than he."

Lequeux probably has more sources of secret information at his command than any contemporary in civil life, and for the last six years the British Goverament has made valuable use of his vast store of secret information through a specially organized department with which Lequeux works as a voluntary

count von Heltzendorff became an in-timate of Lequeux several years prior to the outbreak of the war; he has been living in retirement in France since August, 1914, and it was there that Le-Queux received from the crown prince's inte personal adjutant permission to make public these revelations of the inner life of the Hohensollerns—that the democracies of the world might come to know the real, but heretofore hidden, personnlities of the two domi-nant members of the autocracy they are

Another Victim of the Crown Prince

ATE on the night of November 18, 1912, I was busily at work in the crown prince's room at the Marble palace at Potsdam. I, as his imperial highness' personal adjutant, had been traveling all day with him from Cologne to Berlin. We had done a tour of military inspections in Westphalia, and, as usual, "Willie's" conduct had not been exactly exemplary

On the night in question much had happened. The emperer had, a month before, returned from a visit to England, where he had been engaged by speeches and handshakes, public and private, blowing a narcotic dust in the nostrils of your dear but too confiding paper.

"Heltzendorff!" exclaimed the crown prince, as he suddenly entered the ing off the splendid necklet of diaroom where I was busy attending to a pile of papers. "Do get through all those letters and things. Burn them all if you can. What do they mat-

"Many of them are matters of grave importance. Here, for instance, is a led her out of the room and along the report of the chief of military intelligence in Washington."

"Oh, old Friesch! Tear it up! He is but an old fossil at best. And yet, Heltzendorff, he is designed to be of considerable use," he added. "His malesty told me tonight that after his visit to England he has conceived the idea to establish an official movement for the improvement of better relations between Britain and Germany. The dear British are always ready to receive such movements with open arms. At Carlton House terrace they strongly inderse the emperor's ideas, and he tells me that the movement should first arise in commercial and shipping circles. Herr Ballin will generate the idea in his offices in London and the various British ports, while his majesty has Von Gessler, the exambassador at Washington, in view as the man to bring forth the suggestion publicly. Indeed, tonight from the Wilhelmstrasse there has been sent a message to his schloss on the Mosel commanding him to consult with his majesty. Von Bernstorff took his place at Washington a few months ago."

"But Von Gessler is an inveterate enemy of Britain," I exclaimed in surprise, still seated at my table. "The world does not know that. The

whole scheme is based upon Britain's ignorance of our intentions. We bring Von Gessler forward as the dear, good, Anglophile friend with his hand outstretched from the Wilhelmstrasse. Oh, Heltzendorff!" he laughed. "It is really intensely amusing, is it not?"

I was silent. I knew that the deeply laid plot against Great Britain was proceeding apace. "Get through all that-tonight if

you can. Heltzendorff," the crown princess leaves for Treseburg, in the Harz, tomorrow, and in the evening we go to Nice.'

"To Nice!" I exclaimed. "Yes," he said. "I have a friend

A friend there! I reflected. I could only suppose that the attraction in

Nice was of the feminine gender. "Then the lady is in Nice!" I remarked, for sometimes I was permitted, on account of my long service with the emperor, to speak familiarly.

"Lady, no!" he retorted. "It is a man. And I want to get to Nice at the enricest moment. So get through those infernal documents. Burn them all. They are better out of the way," he haughed.

The Trip to Nice.

Just before eleven o'clock on the following night we left the Marmor palace. His imperial highness traveled incognito as he always did when visiting France, assuming the name of Count von Grunau. With us was his privately signaled, because within half personal valet, Schuler, the military secretary, Major Lentze, and Eckardt, Lijas a short, stout old Frenchman, the commissioner of secret police for his highness' personal protection.

After a restless night-for there were many stoppages-I spent next day with the crown prince in long and tiring discussions on military affairs. I endeavored to obtain from him some renson why we were proceeding to Nice, but to all my inquiries he was

smilingly dumb. a quarrel with his wife.

"Cilli is a fool!" he had declared openly to me, after she had left the room in anger.

We had been busy arranging a program of official visits in eastern Germany, when suddenly the crown princess entered, pale with anger and demanded fiercely an explanation of a certain anonymous letter which she held in her hand.

"Kindly read that!" she said haughtilly, "and explain what it means."

The crown prince grinned, that cold sinister expression overspreading his countenance, a look which is such a marked characteristic of his.

Then, almost snatching the letter from his young wife's fingers, he read it through, and with a sudden movement tore it up and flung it upon the carpet, saving:

"I refuse to discuss any unsigned letter! Really, if we were to notice every letter written by the common scum we should, indeed, have sufficient to do.'

His wife's arched brows narrowed Her face betrayed fiercest anger.

"I happen to have inquired, and I now know that those allegations are correct!" she cried. "This dark-haired singer-woman, Irene Speroni, has obtained great success on the variety stage in Italy. She is the star of the Sala Margherita in Rome."

"Well?" he asked in defiance. "And what of it, pray?"

"That letter you have destroyed tells me the truth. I received it a few days ago, and sent an agent to Italy in order to learn the truth. He has returned tonight. See!" And suddealy she produced a crumpled snapshot photograph of the crown prince in his polo-playing garb, and with him smartly-dressed young woman,

whose features were in the shadow. "Yes," she cried bitterly. "You refuse, of course, to look upon this piece went to Wiesbaden. The woman was the bill for them!"

And again she produced a slip of

The scene ended in the poor woman. in a frantic paroxysm of despair, tearmonds at her throat-his present to her on their marriage-and casting it full into his face.

Then, realizing that the scene had become too tragic, I took her small hand, and, with a word of sympathy,

corridor. As I left her she burst into a sudden was then that his imperial highness France."

declared to me: "Cilli is a fool!"

"Listen, Heltzendorff," his highness exclaimed suddenly. "In Nice I may disappear for a day or two. I may be missing. But if I am, please don't raise a fuss about it. I'm incognito, and nobody will know. I may be absent for seven days. If I am not back by that time then you may make in-

"But the Commissary of Police Eckardt! He will surely know?" I remarked in surprise.

"No. He won't know. I shall evade him as I've often done before," replied his imperial highness. "I tell you of my intentions so that you may curb the activities of our most estima ble friend. Tell him not to worry, and he will be paid a thousand marks on the day Count von Grunau reappears."

I smiled, for I saw the influence of

the eternal feminine. "No, Heltzendorff. You are quite mistaken," he said, reading my thoughts. "There is no lady in this no account of where she lived. case. I am out here for secret purposes of my own. For that reason I than that unnecessary inquiry should ably do not know the true reason of be made and some of those infernal his visit here to Nice?" journalists get hold of the fact that the Count von Grunau and the crown prince are one and the same person. I senger, I know, but," he laughed, "this is really comfortable and, after all. what do we care what the world thinks

are already in our hands." His words mystified me, but I became even more mystified by his ac-

tions a few days later. I was in ignorance that a fortnight before Hermann Hardt, one of his highness' couriers, had left Potsdam and on arrival at Nice had rented for

three months the fine Villa Lilas. We soon settled there and on the evening of our arrival I accompanied the crown prince down into the town to the Jetee promenade.

We smoked together and chatted, as we often did when his imperial highness became bored. I was still mystified why we had come to the Riviera | France?" so early in the season.

Yet our coming had, no doubt been an hour of our arrival at the Villa with white, bristly hair-who I af- so that steps may be taken, perhaps, terward found out was Monsieur Paul | to avoid the secret of Germany's diplo-Bavouzet, the newly appointed prefect | macy from leaking out to her eneof the department of Alpes-Maritimes | mies." -called, to leave his card, upon the Count von Grunau.

The imperial incognito only means that the public are to be deluded. Officialdom never is. They know the ruse. and support it all the world over. His Only a fortnight before he had had highness the crown prince was paying alone," was her answer, his annual visit to Nice, and the presi- "If his highness will he

A LETTER FROM THE CROWN PRINCE'S PERSONAL ADJUTANT TO WILLIAM LEQUEUX, POSSESSOR OF THE SECRETS OF EUROPE.

> Veneux Nadon par Moret-sur-Loing, Seine-et-Marne.

I have just finished reading the proofs of your articles describing my life as an official at the imperial court at Potsdam, and the two or three small errors you made I have duly corrected.

The gross scandals and wily intrigues which I have related to you

were many of them known to yourself, for, as the intimate friend of Luisa, the ex-crown princess of Saxony, you were, before the war, closely associated with many of those at court whose names appear in these articles.

The revelations which I have made, and which you have recorded here, are but a tithe of the disclosures which I could make, and if the world desires more, I shall be pleased to furnish you with other and even more startling details, which you may also put into print.

My service as personal adjutant to the German crown prince is, hap-

pily, at an end, and now, with the treachery of Germany against civili-sation glaringly revealed, I feel, in my retirement, no compunction in exposing all I know concerning the secrets of the kaiser and his son With most cordial greetings from Your sincere friend.

(Signed) ERNST VON HELTZENDORFF.

little prefect.

As I departed from the crown prince, leaking out." who yawned and declared that he was tired, he said:

"Ah! Heltzendorff. How good it is to get a breath of soft air from the Mediterranean! We shall have a port | think it best if you show him this." on this pleasant sea one day-if we live as long-eh?"

That remark showed the trend of events. It showed how, hand in hand with the emperor, he was urging preparations for war-a war that had for the powers which, when the volcano erupted, united as allies.

The Mysterious Lady.

After we had been at the Villa Lilas about ten days I was one afternoon seated outside the popular Cafe de l'Opera, in the Place Massena, when a of evidence! I now know why you lady, dressed in deep mourning and wearing the heavy veil in French style, singing there, and you gave her a pair passed along the pavement, glanced at of emerald and diamond earrings me, and then, hesitating, she turned, which you purchased from Vollgold and, coming back, advanced to the litin Unter den Linden. See! Here is the table in the corner whereat I was

"May I be permitted to have a word with you, monsieur?" she asked in French, in a low, refined voice.

"Certainly," was my reply, and, I rose and drew a chair for her. She glanced round quickly, as

though to satisfy herself that she dark-haired, with well-cut features.

"I know, monsieur, that I am a complete stranger to you," she exclaimed tograph in my hand. with a smile, 'but to me you are quite torrent of tears; yet when I returned | many times in Berlin and in Potsdam, | after seven o'clock. again to the crown prince I found his and I know that you are Count von treated his wife's natural resentment highness the crown prince-or Count and indignation as a huge joke, and it von Grunau, as he is known here in haired young woman in black. He be-

"You know that!" I exclaimed.

"Yes. I-well, I happen to be a

friend of his highness." I held my breath. So this pretty young Frenchwoman was one of my imperial master's friends!

"The fact is," she went on, "I have traveled a considerable distance to see you. I said that I was one of the crown prince's friends. Please do not misunderstand me. I know that he light. has a good many friends, but I have never been introduced to him, and he does not know me. I am his friend because of a certain friendliness toward him."

"Really, madame, I don't quite understand." I said.

"Of course not," she answered, and then, glancing round, she added: "This place is a little too public. Cannot we go across the garden youder?" I rose and walked with her to a

quiet spot in the gardens-She told me that her name was Julie de Rouville, but she would give

"I have ventured to approach you because I cannot approach the crown take you into my confidence rather prince," she said presently. "You prob-

"No." I said. "I admit

not. Why is he here?" "It is a secret of his own. But. I press. was a fool to take this salon. I ought am aware of the reason, and that is prise you if I told you that in a cerdays, be known that the German em--eh? Surely we can afford to laugh peror is establishing a movement for at it when all the honors of the game an entente between Germany and Britain, and that the whole affair is based upon a fraud? The emperor wants no entente, but only war with France and with Britain. The whole plot will be

> exposed in a few days!" "From what source have you derived this knowledge?" I asked, look-

ing at her in amazement. and said:

prove to you that I am in possession of certain facts known to but few peo-

"You evidently are," I said. "But never mentioned her. who intends to betray the truth to "I regret, count, that I cannot an-

swer your question." "If you are, as you say, the crown prince's friend, it would surely be a friendly act to let us know the truth,

"All I can tell you, count, is that the matter is one of the gravest impor-

"But will you not speak openly, and give us the actual facts?" "I will-but to his imperial high

dent had sent his compliments through | an interview, then I will reveal all I his representative, the bristly-haired know, and, further, will suggest a means of preventing the truth from

"But you are French," I said. "I have told you so," she laughed. "But probably his highness will refuse to see Julie de Rouville, therefore, I

From her little gold chain-purse she produced a small, unmounted photograph of herself, and handed it to me.

"When he recognizes who wishes to see him he will understand," she said, in a quiet, refined voice. "A letter adits primary object the destruction of dressed to Julie de Rouville at the Post Restante at Marseilles will quickly find me. I do not wish the letter to be sent to me here. From Marseilles I shall duly receive it." I was silent for a few moments.

> "I confess," I exclaimed at last. "I confess I do not exactly see the necessity for an interview with his highness, when whatever you tell me-as his personal adjutant-will be regarded as strictly in confidence."

> "I have already said, Count von Heltzendorff, that I am his highness' friend, and wish to approach him with motives of friendship."

"You wish for no payment for this half believing that she might be a secret agent of France.

"Payment-of course not!" she answered, half indignantly. "Show that would not be overheard. I saw that photograph to the crown prince, and she was about twenty-four, handsome, | tell him that I apply for an interview." Then, rather abruptly, she rose and walked away, leaving me with her pho-

amiliar by sight. I have passed you and did not get back to the villa until

As soon as I heard of his return I manner had entirely changed. He Heltzendorff, personal adjutant to his went to his room and recounted my strange adventure with the darkcame keenly interested, and the more so when I told him of her secret She smiled mysteriously, replying: knowledge of the kniser's intended establishment of a bogus entente with

Great Britain "She wishes to see you," I said. "And she told me to give you her pho-

tograph.' I handed it to him.

At sight of it his face instantay changed. He held his breath and then examined the photograph beneath the

Next second, however, he had recovered his self-possession and said: "Yes, of course, I know her. She wants me to write to Julie de Rouville at the Post Restante at Marseilles, eh?

H'm-I'll think it over." Late in the afternoon, two days later, his highness, who had been walking alone, returned to the villa with a stranger, a tall, rather thin, fairhaired man, undoubtedly a German, and the pair were closeted together, holding counsel evidently for a considerable time. Where his highness met

him I knew not, but when later on I

entered the room I saw that the pair were on quite friendly terms . His highness addressed him as Herr Schafer, and when he had left he told me that he was from the Wilhelmstrasse and had been attached to the embassy at Washington, and afterwards in London, "for affairs of the

Whatever was in progress was a arrived at Nice and, further, that two to have traveled as an ordinary pas- why I have sought you. Would it sur- strict secret between the pair. The more I saw of Hans Schafer the more | habit of calling upon her. One was a tain quarter in France it will, in a few I disliked him. He had cruel eyes and I could see that he was a very

clever and cunning person. For a full fortnight the crown prince and the man Schafer were almost in- that it was none other than Herr Schaseparable. Was it for the purpose of | fer. meeting Schafer that he had gone to Nice? The man had been back from

learnt, been lately living in Paris. One evening while strolling along the tree-lined Promenade des Anglais But she again smiled mysteriously, I suddenly encountered Julie de Rouville, dressed in mourning, a quiet, pa- her, and she called him Hans. He ac-

> I instantly recollected that since the evening when I had given her photograph to the crown prince he had "Ah, count!" she cried. "This is

two days." "I've been staying over at Cannes," was my reply. "Well?" "I have to thank you for giving my

photograph and message to his highness," she said. "I trust that the crown prince has written you-eh?"

"Well, no-" was her rather vague reply. "Then how are you aware that I gave your message?"

She shook her head and smiled. "I had my own means of discovery. By certain signs I knew you had carried out your promise," she said. "But

deliver another message-a very urgent | had, unknown to him, opened his disone. Tell him I must see him, for I patch box and from some secret correthe Quai d'Orsay."

"Certainly," was my reply. "I will deliver your message this evening."

himself." she urged. "But, forgive me," I said, "I cannot see why you should interest yourself | troduced her to a young French marin the crown prince if he declines to quis, de Vienne by name, who pestered ommunicate with you."

zendorff," was her rather haughty reply. "Please tell him that the matter will not brook further delay."

I had seen in the London newspapers during the past week how eagerly the English journalists, with the dust cast into their eyes, were blindly advocating that the British public should welcome the great German national lieved movement, headed by Baron von Gessler, supported by Ballin, Delbruck and Von Wedel, with the hearty co-operation of the emperor and the imperi- tity. al chancellor-the movement to establish better relations with Great Bri-

I knew that the secret should at all hazards be kept, and that night I told the crown prince of my second meeting with the pretty woman in black and her urgent request.

He laughed, but made no remark. Yet I knew by his tone that he was not so easy in his mind as he desired me to

It also seemed strange why, if the young Frenchwoman was so desirous of meeting him, she did not call at the

About a week later it suddenly occurred to me to endeavor to discover the real identity of the lady in black, but as I was not certain whether she actually lived in Nice it was rather difficult. Nevertheless, by invoking the aid of my friend Belabre, inspector of the Surete of Nice, and after waiting a few days I made an astounding discovery, namely, that the lady who called herself De Rouville was an Italian cafe concert singer named Irene Speroni-the woman who had aroused information, eh? I asked suspiciously, the jealousy of the crown princess! And she knew that important state secret of Germany!

The situation was a most serious one. I felt it my duty to mention my discovery to his highness, when, to my

He merely said: the crown princess declared—that I sic masterpiece: "But Pickwick, gen- An amusing story is told at Strat-The crown prince was out motoring, went to Wiesbaden and that I gave tlemen, Pickwick, the ruthless destroythe woman a pair of emerald earrings But there was no reason for jealousy. I saw the woman and gave her the present in the hope of closing her

In a moment I understood. pretty variety artiste was endeavoring to levy blackmail. But how could she, in her position, have learned the secret of the emperor's intentions?

She was, I found, living as Signorina Speroni, with her maid, at the Hotel Bristol over at Beaulieu, just across the blue bay of Villefranche, and as the days went on I realized the imminent danger of exposure, and wondered if

the kaiser knew of it. I made a remark to that effect to his highness one morning, whereupon he

replied: "Don't disturb yourself, my dear Heltzendorff! I have not overlooked the matter, for it is one that closely concerns both the emperor and myself. The woman obtained the secret by opening the dispatch box of one who believed her to be his friend, and then she attempted to use her knowledge in what's these little boxes of cheese order to drag me into her net. But I worth?" "Oh," says the grocer, "those do not think I am very likely to be are just advertising samples. Help caught-eh?"

At that moment Herr Schafer entered the room, therefore further dis-

cussion was out of the question. From inquiries I made later on found that the concert singer had sud- "Well, mister, your crackers was a-all denly left the hotel, therefore I went over to Beaulieu and had an instructive chat with the hall porter, a Ger- News. man, of course. From him I learned that the signorina had been staving there ever since the date when we had gentlemen had been frequently in the a motor car and the other was a German. From the description of the latter I at once came to the conclusion

"The one gentleman did not know of the other's visits," said the bearded London about two months and had, I porter, with a laugh. "The signorina always impressed silence upon me, because she thought one would be jeal- often either neglected or fruitless .ous of the other. The German gentleman seemed very deeply in love with "I merely tell you this in order to thetic figure, just as we had last met. companied her when she left here for San Remo.'

night she had been seen by two peas- short now," said Jane. ants walking along the sea road near San Lorenzo, accompanied by a tall, thin man, who seemed greatly excited, and was talking in German. It was at what his wife says? believed by the Italian police that the unknown German, in a fit of jealousy, threw her into the sea.

From facts I gathered some months later I realized that the whole plot had been most cunningly conceived. Schafer, after his return from Ameri- love it, and are always ready to guard ca, had met the woman Speroni, who and defend it.-Daniel Webster.

dread daily lest the truth of the spondence had learned the real truth kaiser's real intentions be known at regarding the proposed entente which the emperor contemplated.

Schafer, alarmed at the woman's knowledge, and yet fascinated by her "Tell him that my sole desire is to charms, had gone to the crown prince, act in the interests of the emperor and and he, in turn, had seen the woman in Wiesbaden. Finding her so dangerous to the emperor's plans he first inher with his attentions, and followed "I have my reasons, Count von Helt- her to Beaulieu. Having so far succeeded, the crown prince went to Nice and played upon Schafer's love for the woman, pointing out that she was playing a double game and urging him to watch.

He did so and discovered the truth. Then there occurred the tragedy of jealousy, exactly as the police be-

Herr Schafer had, however, escaped to Germany, and the police of San Remo are still in ignorance of his iden-

(Copyright, 1917, William LeQueux.)

Death From Superstition. A superstitious Buddhist caused a

man's death in Mura, Japan. A dealer in clogs went mad, owing to money troubles. His wife and his sister consulted a Buddhist. The ignorant devotee, believing that the man was possessed by a fox, advised them to take him to Nose temple. In accordance with the request of the man's relatives the devotee took the lunatic to Nose temple, where he threw him in a pool beneath a waterfall known as Shintaki. holding him fast there with ropes. He repeated the process for a few days. Needless to say the lunatic's health suffered considerably by this extraordinary treatment. A few days later, at about 4 a. m., the zealot threw the lunatic in the basin of the waterfall as usual and left him there for a few hours. Before he returned the man died from exhaustion and cold. Amazed at this result the ignorant bigot buried the body in a temple known as Takusonji in the same village, and rested the man.

Dickens' Forensic Masterpiece. Dickens' lawyers are legion, but

none of them has a stronger hold on Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. L, surprise, he was not in the least angry. the memory of his readers than Ser- Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv. geant Buzfuz, whose peroration in "It is true, Heltzendorff-true what Bardell vs. Pickwick ranks as a forenmato sauce and warming pans-Pick- Pherson was standing up for his Bobby wick still rears his head with unblush- Burns. ing effrontery and gazes without a sigh on the ruin he has made. Damages, imminent when a self-confident little gentlemen, heavy damages, is the only punishment with which you can visit him—the only recompense you can award to my client. And for those damages she now appeals to an enlightened, a high-minded, a right-feeling, a conscientious, a dispassionate, a graph. sympathizing, a contemplative jury of her civilized countrymen."

Rotten.

A colored man, working near the outskirts of the city, went to a nearby grocery at the noon hour and bought 5 cents worth of crackers for his lunch. As he started to leave the store he noticed some neat looking boxes that contained samples of axle grease. "Say, mister," he called to the grocer, yourself to one if you like." The next day he appeared at the store again and was asked by the groceryman how he liked his lunch of yesterday. Scratching his head dubiously he said: right, but, sa-a-ay, boss, that cheese was sure 'ransom.' " - Indianapolis

Beware of Closed Mind. Beware of the closed mind. This

sounds like a paradox when addressed to young men, yet it will, I think, bear examination. It is a truism to say smart young Frenchman who came in that the danger of maturity, and especially of age, is the closing of the mind to new ideas. Habit, most powerful of influences, hard experience the very passage of the years, all alike tend to stiffen the muscles and to harden the arteries of the mind as they do those of the body. It is a misfortune with which advancing age must struggle, and the effort is severe and too Senator Henry Cabot Lodge.

In Style.

Jane went shopping with her mother to buy some dresses. One which I reported this to his highness, but particularly took Jane's fancy was too he made no remark. A week later small and could not be had in a larger some fishermen found upon the brown | size. Jane, not understanding why she rocks near Capo Verde, beyond San was denied that dress, was persistent indeed, a welcome meeting! I have Remo, the body of a woman, fully in her entreaties for it, so her mothbeen looking out for you for the past dressed, afterwards identified as that er, to convince the child, tried the of Irene Speroni, the singer so popu- dress on and said: Don't you see how short it is?" "But mother, all the It was proved that on the previous ladies are wearing their dresses very

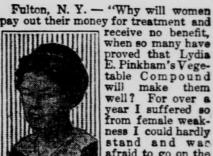
> Reversion of Type. Wigg-How is it he kicks so much Wagg-Maybe it's because she persists in calling him a mule.-Town

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Topics.

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will make them well? For over a year I suffered so from female weakness I could hardly stand and was afraid to go on the street alone. Doctors said medicines were useless and only an operation would help me, but Lydia E. Pinkham's

Vegetable Compound has proved it otherwise. I am now perfectly well and can do any kind of work."—Mrs. NELLIE PHELPS, care of R. A. Rider, R.F.D. No. 5, Fulton, N. Y. We wish every woman who suffers from female troubles, nervousness,

backache or the blues could see the letters written by women made well by Ly-dia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. If you have bad symptoms and do not understand the cause, write to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. Lynn, Mass., for helpful advice given free.

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"I guess that is so."

The Real Difference. "I can't see why that man is boss over me. I do most of the work around here."

ness than he does. Whenever he wants to know anything about what's going on he comes to me to find out." "That's usually the way.

"It is. I know more about the busi-

"I'm the fellow that ought to be the "A lot of men think that way, and yet there's one big difference. He

knows something that you don't know." "What is it?" "He knows enough to hire good men like you to do the work. If you knew that you'd be the boss and he'd be in

your place.'

CUTICURA KILLS DANDRUFF The Cause of Dry, Thin and Falling Hair and Does It Quickly-Trial Free.

Anoint spots of dandruff, itching and made out that the lunatic had died frritation with Cuticura Ointment. Folfrom a sudden illness. The police, low at once by a hot shampoo with however, heard of the affair and ar- Cuticura Soap, if a man, and next morning if a woman. When Dandruff goes the hair comes. Use Cuticura

Soap daily for the toilet. Free sample each by mail with Book.

He Settled It. er of this domestic oasis in the desert of a hotel a few years ago an Englishwhich I ordered from old Vollgold. of Goswell street-Pickwick, who has man and a Scotchman engaged in a choked up the well and thrown ashes heated argument. John Bull was deon the sward-Pickwick who comes claring William Shakespeare to be the before you today with his heartless to- only poet of the world, and Sandy Mc-

> Words ran high and blows seemed commercial traveler determined to

throw oil on the troubled waters. "Gentlemen." he said, stepping between the heated disputants, "let me settle this amicably. Who is this Shakespeare-Burns?" - London Tele-

Why, you haven't any children!

and scented soap by the wholesale.

Boosting Business. The Traveling Salesman-You boosted for the school committee to bring a pretty schoolma'am from Chicago.

I have an eve for business. As soon as the pretty teacher showed up all the big boys began sneaking down to my store to buy hair oil, clean collars

The Boomton Storekeeper-No: but

cut off from the rest of the battalion, hopelessly outnumbered, and surrounded on every side; what would you do?

Gloomy Outlook.

The Brigadier-Now, Captain Wil-

Captain Wilson-By Jove, sir, you

son, suppose you found your company

are a pessimist.-Cassell's Saturday Fix Many of Us Are In. Footpad-Your money or your life! Mr. Lanks-My friend, as I am trying to support a family of six per-

sons on fifty dollar a month, I have

INSTANT POSTUM

as coffee's successor on the family table makes for better health and more comfort. Preferred by

Thousands

"There's a Reason"