

## MADE A LIGHTNING CHANGE

Occasion When Lord Salisbury Waited 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. Lord Odo Russell, who long represented England at Berlin, told Count Vassili this amusing little anecdote in illustration of that characteristic:

"One evening," says the count, "Lord Odo and I were chatting about Lord Salisbury's attitude toward his personal appearance—not ill-dressed, for it is doubtful which of us had the greater admiration for the remarkable statesman in question—and Lord Odo laughingly mentioned to me his surprise when one day, after the dinner bell of the embassy had been rung, he found Lord Salisbury, who was living there, still busy at work in his study."

"He rushed out," said the ambassador, "and before I had time to put aside the papers on the table, literally in three minutes, was back again ready for dinner. Now in that time he could not even have washed his hands, yet there he was in evening clothes! I could not help asking him how he managed to dress so quickly."

"Oh, my dear Russell," he said, "any one can change his coat at once, and I had black trousers on already."—Youth's Companion.

**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."

The boss chuckled.

"Good. Now let me hear you spell essential."

The fair girl hesitated for the fraction of a second.

"There are three ways," she replied. "Which do you prefer?" And she got the job.

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

"It's a good speech."

"Yes. But it's clearly in violation of the eight-hour law."

**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."

## 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."

That meant one ceremony the less to be gone through, and was a relief. But the little lady was anxious to have all her guests understand it. So, as they gathered about the table, she explained:

"Mamma says that this is such an informal dinner that we need not have grace today!"

## 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."

"And he finally admitted that he was wrong?"

"Well, about the same thing. He said, 'Have your own way, Marie!'"

"Of course. But what was the argument about?"

"Oh, I haven't the slightest recollection; but it was the principle, you know."

## 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. But never had the boy's admiration for the colonel found such complete expression as when he remarked to a little playmate:

"Come on, Jimmy, let's play soldiers. You be Napoleon Bonaparte—I'll be Colonel Bingle!"

## Liked the Church, But—

Sweet Girl—Do you enjoy taking me to church?

Lover—Not so much as riding with you in a street car.

"Goodness? Why?"

"The sexton never yells. Sit closer, please."—New York Weekly.

## How the Misunderstanding Arose.

Belsazar saw the writing on the wall.

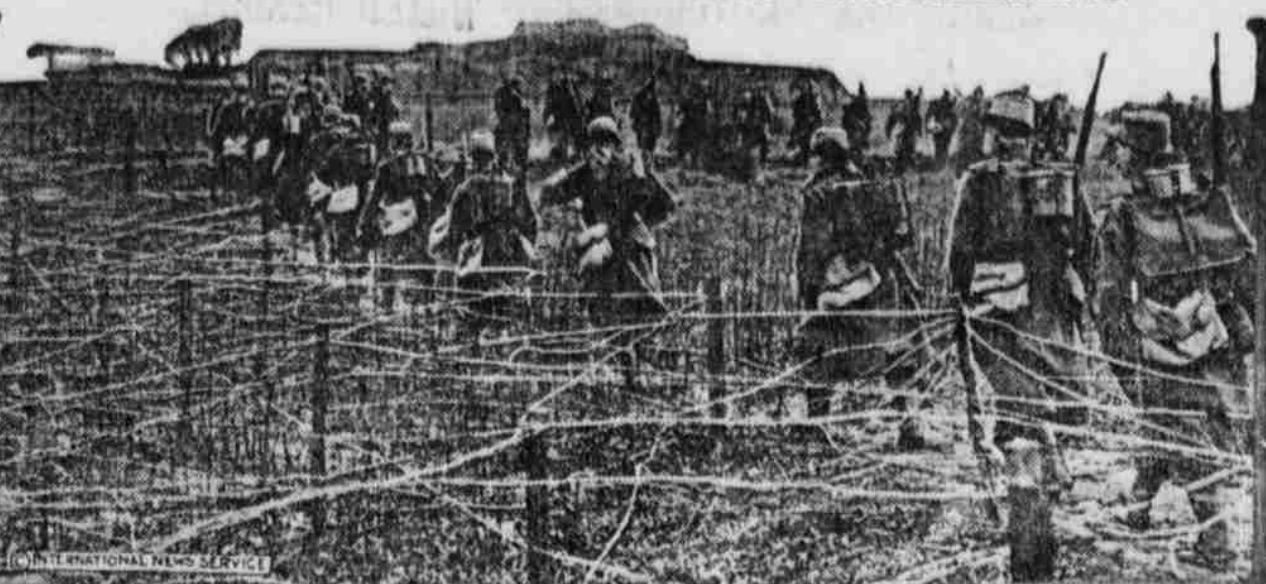
"I can't make head or tail or it," he cried, "it is evidently censored."

## On the Road.

"Has he reformed?"

"Not exactly. He's just flirting with conscience."—Judge.

## 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. Then, with the suddenness of a lightning stroke, he realized, as did hundreds of thousands of others, what "a nation in arms" means. Paul Oskar Hocker, novelist, playwright and lover of flowers, became overnight Captain Hocker at the head of a company in the first reserve, giving orders to other men, clothed all alike in the famous German field gray, men who the day before had been, one a painter, another a cook, another a sculptor, another a gravedigger.

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. That was when a young girl approached him as he was washing his face at one of the last German stations where the troop train stopped and blushingly asked:

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

Left His Autograph.

Captain Hocker nodded.

"Then, will you please give me your 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. A couple of days later Captain Hocker of the reserve was giving the order to a firing party to shoot down a Belgian accused of "sniping." A few weeks later he and the painter and the sculptor and the gravedigger got their baptism of fire near Lille. Then it was that Hocker had the narrowest possible escape from death. Shortly after that he burrowed into a trench and remained there for weeks without room to stand up or lie down, while countless shells screamed overhead and racked his nerves to the breaking point.

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. He wrote its various chapters in the hell of Belgium and northern France, sending them back to be published as fast as they were completed.

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. He and his men passed through Vise, near Liege, while it was still burning. Soon after amid clouds of suffocating smoke that blinded them and hid their roads, they tramped over the streets in the outskirts of another burning town—Louvain.

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!" After that came more uncomfortable night lodgings; then, just as a spate of variety, a night in a magnificent villa, a sleep in bed used in former years by King Leopold of Belgium. One woman, obliged to give the captain lodging for the night in her house pleasantly remarked to him: "Anything I can do for you? Anything I can get for you? Would you like me to send you a barber?"

Slowly, men, slowly."

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

His Flowers Calling.

If only I could have one more look at my b! garden. I'm a ch! of the city and I've learned to love flowers, so, and that little spot of earth.

Whee-e-e-e-e! There it goes again, screaming over our heads. 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.

"Slowly, men, slowly."

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

Onwards, onwards.

None of us know whither we are bound. Night falls. Somewhere or other a cavalry patrol tells us: "Some of our men are camping over in that fort."

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.

## 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.

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## 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 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 Colquitt Street, Danville, Va.

No woman suffering from any form of female trouble 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. Women everywhere bear willing testimony to the wonderful virtue of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

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.

A well-known druggist says everybody uses Wyeth'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 griping.

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 constipated waste, sour bile and undigested food passes out of the bowels, and you have a well, playful child again. When this 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 5-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 difficulty in breathing."

I started to use Dodd's Kidney Pills, I suffered ten months. I was treated by a physician, but found no relief until I started to use Dodd's Kidney Pills."

Dodd's Kidney Pills, 5c. per box at your dealer or Dodd's Medicine Co., Buffalo, N. Y. Write for Household Hints, also music 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 furaco," sighed Mrs. Blinks. "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.

DR. MAHER'S SLUMP 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 one local application and without the use of a knife. Our line of Veterinary Remedies include Dr. Maher's Barb Wire Cut Remedy, Dr. Maher's Horse Remedy, Dr. Maher's Cat Remedy, Dr. Maher's Dog Remedy, Dr. Maher's Bird Remedy, Dr. Maher's Fish Remedy, Dr. Maher's Rabbit Remedy, Dr. Maher's Sheep Remedy, Dr. Maher's Goat Remedy, Dr. Maher's Pig Remedy, Dr. Maher's Horse Remedy, Dr. Maher's Cat Remedy, Dr. Maher's Dog Remedy, Dr. Maher's Bird Remedy, Dr. Maher's Fish Remedy, Dr. Maher's Rabbit Remedy, Dr. Maher's Sheep Remedy, Dr. Maher's Goat Remedy, Dr. Maher's Pig Remedy, Dr. Maher's Horse Remedy, Dr. Maher's Cat Remedy, Dr. Maher's Dog Remedy, Dr. Maher's Bird Remedy, Dr. Maher's Fish Remedy, Dr. Maher's Rabbit Remedy, Dr. Maher's Sheep Remedy, Dr. Maher's Goat Remedy, Dr. Maher's Pig Remedy, Dr. Maher's Horse Remedy, Dr. Maher's Cat Remedy, Dr. Maher's Dog Remedy, Dr. Maher's Bird Remedy, Dr. Maher's Fish Remedy, Dr. Maher's Rabbit Remedy, Dr. Maher's Sheep Remedy, Dr. Maher's Goat Remedy, Dr. Maher's Pig Remedy, Dr. Maher's Horse Remedy, Dr. Maher's Cat Remedy, Dr. Maher's Dog Remedy, Dr. Maher's Bird Remedy, Dr. Maher's Fish Remedy, Dr. Maher's Rabbit Remedy, Dr. Maher's Sheep Remedy, Dr. Maher's