

KAISER'S THIRD SON LOVES AN AMERICAN

Prince Adalbert Is Quite Successful in His Love Affairs With Beautiful Women.

London, Special: There is some little mystery attached to the unexpected and exceedingly unobtrusive visit to London of the Kaiser's third son, Prince Adalbert. It is possible that another royal engagement is on the tapis?

Prince Adalbert is 29 years of age, and a favorite quarry of match-making mammans. In his time he has been affianced by Dame Rumor to quite a number of charming American—notably Princess Patricia of Connaught, the Princess Dagmar of Denmark, the czar's eldest daughter (the Grand Duchess Olga) and, only a few weeks ago, the Princess Olga of Cumberland. The rumor relating to Princess Patricia, who is three years the prince's junior, arose when her royal highness and the prince were guests together of the king of Sweden a few seasons ago, but apparently nothing came of the agreeable companionship between them which attracted attention at the time.

Women Work in Japan.

From the Century Magazine. Japan's inner life contains quite as many problems as that of any other country. One of the most serious is the relation of capital and labor, and herein woman takes an important part. In no other country in the world does a larger percentage of women participate in the wage-earning. In the United States, for every 86 male wage earners there are 14 female. In Great Britain it is 75 to 25, in Germany 80 to 22, while in Japan there are nearly twice as many women as men on the pay rolls of the country.

It is the testimony of all large employers that women are the industrial backbone of the country. The employment of women and children is the secret of the competitive power of the Japanese textile and other light handcraft industries, and it is for this reason that the possible operation of a law enforcing sanitary provisions and even the common decency of humanity in factory life is viewed with alarm by the manufacturers in their necessarily strenuous competition for foreign trade.

The new law limits hours of employment, forbids the use of children under certain ages and the employment of women at night and in dangerous occupations. It can be understood, therefore, whence comes the delay in even promulgating a law which will effect 15 years after its promulgation. The money classes and the "interests" necessarily control a legislative body like the Japanese diet, many members of which are elected by a most amazing and open system of corruption and vote buying—a system which puts to shame in its effrontery the worst days of ward politics in any gangrened city in the United States.

Do Moving Pictures Hurt Your Eyes?

Herbert Kaufman, in Woman's World. The corn crops may fall, Wall Street may go into bankruptcy, the high cost of living continue its star-climbing contest, the tariff plays ducks and drakes with industry, but so long as the moving pictures continue to show to five or 10 millions of men, women and children, there will be no decrease in the demand for eye glasses. We are not technical, therefore we cannot enter a scientific discourse as to the why and wherefore of the subject, but common sense tells us that nobody can regularly strain the sight following the screen drama without an appreciable weakening of vision. Emerging from a theater after witnessing a motion picture performance of several hours' duration, we found ourselves suffering from actual pain and felt the effects of the strain for hours after. It is therefore quite pertinent to warn parents against the disastrous effects of motion photography upon the eyesight of the young, especially of children who have already evidenced visual weakness.

FROCK OF WILLOW GREEN CREPE



This frock is made of willow green crepe. The skirt is made with a short plait on each side of the front, and is slightly full at the girdle and seamed in the center of the back. The seam is curved away on each side at the lower part. The corsage and sleeves are in one. The corsage is open in front, and the opening is partly filled in with dotted tulle. The collar is edged with plaited frills of willow green chiffon.

The MINISTER OF POLICE

By HENRY MONTJOY

Synopsis. "THE MINISTER OF POLICE," by Henry Montjoy, is a romance of Paris during the Louis XV reign, a period when Europe was in a condition of ferment and unrest, whether in the political or religious spheres of the shakles of religion; when Rousseau at the Cafe de Regence was plying the right to think, some near the throne, were preparing the great explosion of the revolution.

Monsieur de Lussac, an Austrian lady, after completing a simple mission to the French court, lingers on in Paris, enjoying the gay life there. De Sartines, the minister of police, thinks she has some other motive than pleasure in delaying her departure and surrounding her with spies and detectives, whether she is dabbling in state plots.

De Lussac is a noble of exceptional character of that period. Handsome, with all the elegance of a man of the court, there is still about him something that stamps him as a man apart, something of the Victorian idealism and the poet, rare in that age of animal lust, chilling wit and embittered brutality. He is, in fact, a man of the future, and his philosophy is in advance of his time. He is trying to put this philosophy into practice through his connection with the state. Before he has gone far enough to incriminate himself he falls in love with the beautiful Austrian.

As he leaves her house a fellow conspirator, his chief, joins him, says several of their members are arrested, and entrusts the secret articles of the association to him. He then explains to De Lussac that their only hope is to intimidate the minister of police. This can be accomplished only by obtaining an incriminating contract signed by the minister of police and in the possession and safe keeping of De Sartines. De Lussac agrees. With this contract in their possession they can dictate terms to the minister of police, obtain the release of the members who have been imprisoned and be safe themselves.

CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)

But from the royal palace to the bastille, and from the temple to Sainte Genevieve, across the river, then the houses were crowded, indeed; houses, roofs, shrill spires, weathercocks, domes and towers; 10,000 weathercocks, 100 spires, palace roofs and gilded domes; the blue Seine straddled by the quaintest bridges. What a sight was that old Paris, in a feast day, with the bells of Saint Merri answering the bells of Saint Eustache, the carillon of Notre Dame answering the carillon of Saint Roche; Saint Martin, Saint Paul, Saint Victor and Sainte Genevieve starting the blue sky, each with a spire and a sparkle of sound; the windmills of Petit Genilly beckoning to the windmills of Pincourt, and the blue Seine laughing through it all! How splendid, from a distance, it looked! But when he came into these streets where De Lussac was making his way, and the splendor vanished. The sky-piercing spires of the churches, the roofs of the palaces were forgotten. Here one saw squalor and meanness, the half-starved dog and the half-starved child; rags and tatters and human ruin were evident on every side; one saw the remnants of a people devoured by long generations of kings, nobles and priests. Here one saw the streets with nothing to eat, gilded virgins blessing the accursed, jeweled saints mocking the destitute, the king making thieves and De Sartines hanging the guilty. Every law, but the law of God, and the carriage of the Duc d'Alençon splashing the mud of the streets in the faces of the people.

But De Lussac had no eyes for the sights around him. He had left the heavy cloak in the carriage, retaining only the hat, and he now became aware that the hat, so wide and floppy and so ill matching his dress, was attracting the attention of the passers-by. The Rue Petit Versailles, for which he was aiming, lay across the river; to reach it he would have to cross the Isle des Cygnes, so, making his way from the narrow and dismal street wherein he was, he struck into the Rue des Fauconniers, passed the Hotel de Sens and by way of the Place Monnaie found the Pont Marie. He crossed the Isle des Cygnes, a veritable little town made up of nine huge blocks of houses, and by the Pont de la Tournelle found the left bank and the Port au Vin.

So far he had not been recognized, only stared at, and, after all, that did not matter, unless, as he thought, with renewed courage he took his way past the Fort de la Tournelle under the Porte St. Bernard and past the wine market; a long street of squalid houses brought him into the Rue Petit Versailles, known in the time of Louis XIII as the Rue Vautrin. Here, at an old house that seemed nodding forward with the weight of years, De Lussac stopped, pulled the bell and was admitted.

In five minutes he came out again, walking with a lighter step. He had got rid of his papers. The documents of the Society of the Middle were in safe keeping at last. Verily the fates were working with him, for not only had he got rid of the papers, but Monsieur Blanc had given him a piece of advice as to where he should go and with whom he should hide.

Unfortunately, Monsieur Blanc could not get him a hat as well, and it would be necessary to cross Paris in the hat he was wearing, thus drawing the attention of every eye. As he reached the Porte St. Bernard, the great clock of the Hotel de Bretonvillier, which was situated at the eastern angle of the Isle des Cygnes, began to strike the hour. Five heavy strokes sounded and died away. De Lussac paused. Would it be better for him to seek some hiding place till darkness made it possible for him to cross Paris without being observed? There were wood yards here, great empty spaces deserted by day, the camping ground of thieves by night; the place seemed prepared for him to hide in. Should he hide? Impossible! The four hours of inaction before darkness were not to be thought of; besides, the pursuit was not yet upon him; even should he be recognized by his friends, what did it matter, so long as he was recognized by none of De

De Lussac, on his knees, rendered what assistance he could. This comrade, instead of endeavoring to stanch the bleeding, which was inconsiderable, wisely contented himself with pillow-ing the wounded man's head on his coat.

Beauregard, who had closed his eyes, opened them again. "Mordieu!" muttered he. "You have finished me this time. Go, make your escape, but tell the watchman to send for help." He fainted, and De Lussac hastily putting on his coat, wiped his sword with some grass which he tore up from a patch close by, and returned it to its scabbard. As he did so, a paper protruding from Beauregard's belt drew his attention.

He took it and examined it. It was an order for the arrest of Louis Blanc, the man to whom he had entrusted the papers of the Society of the Middle.

Now, it was evident what Beauregard's business had been in the quarter of the town. Their meeting had been caused by that law which we might call the Regulation of Interests, and De Lussac, placing the paper in his pocket, and casting a last look at the strikers, turned and hurried to the place, giving orders to the watchman to fetch assistance. He hurriedly returned to the Rue Petit Versailles, warned Blanc to change his residence immediately, returned to the Port St. Bernard, and was crossing the Pont de la Tournelle when a heavy and sultry report shook the sky.

It was the voice of a bastille announcing the trick that had been played upon her.

CHAPTER IX.
LUCK AND DE LUSSAC.
The report of the cannon stopped De Lussac as though a wall had suddenly arisen before him. At that sound every agent in Paris would be on the alert; horsemen were no doubt now galloping to the Hotel de Sartines with the news. He would have returned and sought a hiding place in the wood yards, but that course was now blocked by Beauregard. The place would be swarmed with people, and there was nothing to be done but to go on a mad dash for the house where Monsieur Blanc had hidden himself; though to reach that house he would have to pass through many streets.

He crossed the Isle des Cygnes by the Rue des Deux Ponts, found the Place Monnaie on the opposite bank and just where the Rue des Armes entered the place saw a carriage standing, evidently in waiting for some one.

It was the very same carriage in which he had been driven to the bastille yesterday by Beauregard, but fortunately it was not driven by the same coachman. This man, who sat in the box, yawning and flicking at the flies with his whip, was younger-looking than the man of the preceding day and altogether different. De Lussac, almost amazed at his own audacity and resource, walked straight toward the carriage, taking, as he went, the order of arrest from Monsieur Blanc from his pocket.

The coachman eyed him as he came, then, seeing that he was coming toward the carriage, he sat up from his lounging attitude and assumed an air of attention.

PUT A KINK IN HIS PLANS

Awful Contingency Youth Had Not Foreseen in His Laying Out of the Future.

Eleven-year-old Tommy has quite decided opinions as to the duties of fathers to their little boys. The other day he was describing to his mother the sort of father he intends to be when he grows up.

"I'm going to be the best father to my boys. I'm going to play marbles with them and baseball and everything they want me to and I'll give them dimes 'most every day and tell them they can buy all the ice cream they want, and I'll get them each a pony, and well, my boys'll have lots of fun."

Tommy's mother with a twinkle in her eye said: "But, Tommy, what if you shouldn't have any little boys, what if your children are all girls?"

Such a possibility never entered Tommy's head. The suggestion was appalling. A look of blank dismay passed over the child's face.

ERUPTION ON ANKLE BURNED

Kingsville, Mo.—"My trouble began eighteen years ago. Nearly half of the time there were running sores around my ankle; sometimes it would be two years at a time before they were healed. There were many nights I did not sleep because of the great suffering. The sores were deep running ones and so sore that I could not bear for anything to touch them. They would burn all the time and sting like a lot of bees were confined around my ankle. I could not bear to scratch it, it was always so sensitive to the touch. I could not let my clothes touch it. The skin was very red. I made what I called a cap out of white felt, blotting paper and soft white cloth to hold it in shape. This I wore night and day.

"I tried many remedies for most of the eighteen years with no effect. Last summer I sent for some Cuticura Soap and Ointment. The very first time I used Cuticura Soap and Ointment I gained relief; they relieved the pain right then. It was three months from the time I commenced using Cuticura Soap and Ointment until the sores were entirely healed. I have not been troubled since and my ankle seems perfectly well." (Signed) Mrs. Charles E. Brooke, Oct. 22, 1912.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address postcard "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston."—Adv.

American Business Hustle. Here is an instance of the thoroughness with which England's commercial rivals do business. A leading municipality in the far east is ordering a large quantity of electrical material, and the head of the department concerned was authorized to visit Germany, Great Britain and the United States to inspect plants. He crossed to America first and found that the American agent from the city from which he came had notified every manufacturer of his visit and his mission, with the result that when he landed he received a sheaf of letters of invitation from manufacturers, and of offers of hospitality. As a result, he saw everything he wanted under exceptionally favorable conditions, and every courtesy was shown to him. The German representative is doing precisely the same, but nothing whatever has been done by or on behalf of the British manufacturer. If the representative wants to see anything in this country he has to dig it out for himself, for nobody seems to care for the business and nobody knows it.

Nest on a Sheep's Back.

An extraordinary story of a starling's nest on a sheep's back comes from Bideford, England, and is told by the Pall Mall Gazette. During sheep shearing operations on Gournwood farm one of the shearers cut into a fleshy substance, and examination showed that he had cut in half a young starling, which was in a nest that had been built in the sheep's wool, and which contained two other fledglings still alive. The nest was composed of moss and twigs. For some weeks previous to the shearing the sheep, with the others, had the run of three fields near the farm.

Puzzle.

"Dad, tell me one thing."
"What is it, my son?"
"If the fathers were to hold congresses to agree on what they wanted like the mothers, would they be 'pop' concerts?"

The man who first ate a lobster had nerve, but he who first manipulated a dish of chop-house hash was a hero.

Opponents of Revision Downward.

From the Kansas City Star. The country has shown emphatically that it favors tariff revision downward. It repudiates the pending tariff bill, whatever faults it may have, as embodying a sincere attempt to provide such revision. Business has adjusted itself to the impending changes and there is every reason to believe that as soon as the uncertainties are out of the way it will go forward with renewed vigor.

Made An Effort.

"I saw her once when she couldn't talk."
"How was that?"
"The dentist had a napkin in her mouth; also a wad of putty, a mirror, a roll of cotton and an electric drill. She couldn't talk, but she tried to."

It has been estimated that the number of recruits available for the French army was reduced from 238,000 in 1906 to 213,000 in 1911, owing to the diminution of the birth rate in France.

Its State.

"Don't you think the ideal of an Indian opera is original?"
"I should call it aboriginal!"

The Way of It.

"Miss May made a hit with Jack the first glance she gave him."
"I see—a sort of glancing blow."

Eloquence Appreciated.

"Does that man ever say anything worth listening to?" asked the cynical statesman.
"I should say so," replied Senator Sorghum. "You ought to go out with him and hear the way he can order a dinner."

Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Fletcher* In Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Compensation.

"I hear that young author sends you some very clever stuff."
"Yes," replied the editor, "but we always give him as good as he sends."

Her Brother's Voice.

Little Faith was possessed of a most friendly disposition, but had not yet reached the age where she could understand the silence that may wrap itself around a wordless intimacy. In fact, she demanded speech, frequent and loving.

Would Make It Right.

He was an ardent lover, an Irish lover and a practical penniless lover. It was St. Patrick's eve and in his hand he bore a pot of real Irish shamrock.

FEEL ALL USED UP?

Does your back ache constantly? Do you have sharp twinges when stooping or lifting? Do you feel all used up—as if you could just go no further?

Kidney weakness brings great discomfort. What with backache, headache, dizziness and urinary disturbances it is no wonder one feels all used up.

A South Dakota Case

Ray H. Chase, Alexandria, S. D., says: "Pains in my back nearly put me double. My system was filled with acid. My appetite left me and I lost weight. The kidney secretions were scanty and filled with waste substances. Doan's Kidney Pills helped me from the first and continued to cure me. The cure has been permanent."

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