

HUSBAND OBJECTS TO OPERATION

Wife Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Des Moines, Iowa.—"Four years ago I was very sick and my life was nearly spent. The doctors stated that I would never get well without an operation and that without it I would not live one year. My husband objected to any operation and got me some of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I took it and commenced

to get better and am now well, am stout and able to do my own housework. I can recommend the Vegetable Compound to any woman who is sick and run down as a wonderful strength and health restorer. My husband says I would have been in my grave ere this if it had not been for your Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. BLANCHE JEFFERSON, 703 Lyon St., Des Moines, Iowa.

Before submitting to a surgical operation it is wise to try to build up the female system and cure its derangements with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound; it has saved many women from surgical operations.

Write to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., for advice—it will be confidential.

Legal Day of Rest.

The New York court of appeals has given a decision sustaining the "one-day-rest-in-seven" law that meets the strong approval of progressively minded citizens. The following sentences are worth quoting: "We have no power of decision of the question whether it is the wisest and best way to offset these conditions and to give employees the protection which they need, even if we had any doubt on that subject. Our only inquiry must be whether the provision on its face seems reasonable, fair and appropriate, and whether it can fairly be believed that its natural consequences will be in the direction of the betterment of public health and welfare, and therefore that it is one which the state for its protection and advantage may enact and enforce."—Chicago Evening Post.

Yearful Note.

The Texas onion crop will be 187,220 bushels short of the 1915 crop, though there has been an increase of 12 per cent in acreage, according to the estimate of the department of agriculture just made public here. The department predicts that the state will produce 1,935,972 bushels this year, about 55 per cent of normal. The total acreage of the state in 1915 was 8,943 and this year is 10,057.

A man who thinks the world is growing worse imagines he is growing better.

Thousands Tell It

Why daily along with backache and kidney or bladder troubles? Thousands tell you how to find relief. Here's a case to guide you. And it's only one of thousands. Forty thousand American people are publicly praising Doan's Kidney Pills. Surely it is worth the while of any one who has a bad back, who feels tired, nervous and run-down, who endures distressing urinary disorders, to give Doan's Kidney Pills a trial.

A South Dakotan's Case

Mr. O. Hanson, 138 "Every Picture Tells a Story" Second St., Brookings, S. D., says: "For three or four years I had spells of kidney complaint and last fall I suffered the worst attack of any. There were two spots over my kidneys that throbbled and ached and I thought I could not stand any more. The kidney secretions were unnatural and caused me no end of annoyance. After trying everything I know of without avail, I heard of Doan's Kidney Pills. They improved my condition and continued use cured me. I don't suffer now."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box
DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

The Army of Constipation

Is Growing Smaller Every Day.
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are responsible—they hotly 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
Wm. Wood

CANCER
Tumors and Lupus successfully treated without knife or pain. All work guaranteed. Come, or write for free illustrated book Dr. WILLIAMS' SANATORIUM 2500 University Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

PILES IN A FEW DAYS CURED
No laying up—No hospital operation—No pay unless cured.
C. Y. Clewett, M. D., 535 Good Ely., Des Moines

RUSSIA CRIPPLED BY HYPHENATED CITIZENS

By Warlam Tcherkesoff, Special Correspondent of Chicago News.

Petrograd, Russia, Jan. 17.—The Russian and foreign press have mentioned lately the German intrigues that are carried on to induce Russia to make separate peace and special attention has been drawn to Mme. Vasilchikoff's mission from Vienna to Petrograd. In reality the arrival of this woman, who for the last 10 years has been living in Vienna was not very important and ended in a complete fiasco because she addressed herself to Rodzianko, the president of the duma, an enthusiastic supporter of the war, who promptly informed the police of her mission.

But Mme. Vasilchikoff and the persons behind her—the court of Berlin is said to be interested in her success as is the court of Vienna—did not wholly miscalculate, as in Russia, and especially in Petrograd, from the beginning of the war the officials and aristocrats, in close touch with the court and ministers, who all the time are pleading for an immediate and separate peace with Germany.

Russia Has 5,000,000 Germans. Without speaking of a few archaercharies and clericals whose direct influence on Russian business is not great, there is the powerful German nobility of Livonia and Courland, which for the last two centuries has played the greatest role in the bureaucratic and military organization of Russia. Besides, it must not be forgotten that Russia has nearly 5,000,000 Germans, who, with the exception of about 200,000 dissenters (Mennonites and others) in southern and southeastern Russia Transcaucasia, are all Germans in customs, language and sympathy.

These are even more pro-German and pro-fatherland than the Germans in the United States. The latter are citizens who in some towns and localities by their vote may have a certain influence and a few thousands may be ready to go to extreme measures to promote what they believe to be Germany's interests. But the American democracy is well able to deal with such cases.

Petrograd Under German Influence. Quite different is the condition in Russia. Since the second half of the reign of the Great, and especially from the Eighteenth century, the Russian court life, high officialdom and ministers have been preponderantly German. Minch, Kleinmichel, Totleben, Nesselrode, Giers, Bunge, Schwartz, Sabler, Seyn (Finland's present oppressive governor general), are some of the long list of German ministers.

A FIRE IS A GREAT EVENT IN JAPAN
Samuel G. Blythe, in the Saturday Evening Post.

A fire is a great event in Japan. One would think that, inasmuch as the flimsy construction of the Japanese houses and their packing together make fires of almost daily occurrence—the cities, at any rate, would have lost a portion of their novelty during the 19 or 15 centuries Japan has regularly been burning down. They have not, though. When the fire bell begins to toll the whole population goes to the street.

I was in a Jirikisha in Yokohama, on my way to the railroad station, when I heard the clangor of a bell, and the coolie who was drawing me shouted: "Kwaji! Kwaji!"—or that sounded like that—and displayed strong evidences of breaking into a gallop.

"Soro wa nani desu ka?" I inquired politely, remembering, from my phrase book—"What is that?"

"Kwaji!" he shouted—"Kwaji!" I had so it fell out that when I went to the fire—the coolie in the Jirikisha and myself—I did not have the words to stop him except a very uncertain "Tomaru!" And he did not choose to tarry.

The coolie galloped down one street and up another, and in 10 minutes I was in the midst of 20,000 people clad in every style of Japanese dress, and all running backward and forward. Not a man walked. All ran. They were so interested and excited that I thought they must be shareholders in the shanties which were burning.

A man dashed wildly to one end of the street, elbowing people out of his way, stepping on their feet, pushing against them; and then he stopped, amidst a wild "Kwaji!" or "Kwaji!" again. I saw one man did that; in reality a thousand did it on each side of the four sides of the block in which the fire was, unconcerned and in a casual and unhampered manner, demolishing some small houses.

This way thousands—many of them—ran a few steps and that way a few steps, and then they stopped. Not a man stood still except myself, and I soon got away, for the Japanese, frenzied with excitement, were bumping into me from all sides.

Presently the firemen came. They dashed in from all quarters of the city, dragging little hose carts painted red and white, and carrying buckets. The hydrants in Yokohama are in manholes below the surface of the street. The firemen joined in the milling throng. They ran back and forth after them. They were much shouting and gesticulating. Every fireman, whether regular or volunteer, seemed to be shouting. They all gave orders that nobody obeyed, like a volunteer fire outfit in a country village at home.

The Essential of Sovereignty.
From the Kansas City Star.
"You are no king at all," said the Earl of Salisbury to King Louis IX. of France, "since you cannot enforce justice."
The enforcement of justice has been regarded always as the hall mark of sovereignty. There is really no other function of organized society than to see that justice is done between man and man, and between man and the state. Certainly, the ideal of justice and the fact of justice vary with varying times and civilizations. But the sovereign power (which may be a pure democracy) lacks sovereignty in just measure in the hands of privately paid attorneys so that one man can get better service in "the king's courts" than some other man, than the sovereign power has been.

There are those who say that justice should be more free and open equally to all in allotment of food or the distribution of clothing and houses be free and be taken out of the field of individual effort. But these do not see that justice is the very breath of society, or its life

THE CLOVELINE

A Detective Story

By BURTON E. STEVENSON
Author of "The Holladay Case," "The Marathon Mystery," "The Mystery of the Boule Cabinet," etc.

CHAPTER XXVII (Continued.)

Godfrey walked to it, picked up a blotting book, which lay upon it, and turned over the leaves.
"Ah," he said, after a moment. "It was sure of it. Here is the final link. Here is a small hand mirror, Miss Vaughan's."

She brought one from her toilet table and handed it to him in evident astonishment.
"What do you see in the mirror?" he asked, and held a page of the blotting book at an angle in front of it.
Miss Vaughan uttered an exclamation of surprise, as she read the words reflected there.

Mr. Frederic Swain, 1010 Fifth Avenue, New York City.
If not at this address.

"I do not understand," she murmured.
"Don't you see," he pointed out, "the one question which we have been unable to answer up to this moment has been this: how did Silva know you were going to meet Swain? He had to know it, and know it several hours before the meeting, in order to have those finger prints ready. I concluded, at last, that there must be a blotting book—and there it is."

Miss Vaughan stared at him.
"You seem to be a very wonderful man!" she said.
Godfrey laughed.

"It is my every day business to reconstruct mysteries," he said. "Shall I reconstruct this one?"
"Please do!" she begged, and motioned us to be seated.

Godfrey's face was glowing with the sort of creative fire which, I imagine, illumines the poet's brow at the moment of inspiration.

"Where did you first meet Silva?" he asked.
"In Paris."
"What was he doing there?"
"He was practicing mysticism. My father went to consult him; he was much impressed by him, and they became very intimate."

"And Silva, of course, at once saw the possibilities of exploiting an imaginary rich old man, whose mind was falling. So he comes here as his instructor in orientalism; he does some very marvelous things, by continued hypnosis, he gets your father completely under his control. He secures a promise of this estate and a great enormous sum of money, if you consent to make a will in which these bequests are specially stated. Then he hesitates, for during his residence in this house, a new desire has been added to the old ones. It had not often been his fortune to be thrown in daily contact with an innocent and beautiful girl, and he ends by falling in love with you. He knows of your love for Swain. He has caused Swain to be forbidden the house; but he finds you still indifferent. At last, by means of his own entreaties and your father's, he secures your consent to become his disciple. He knows that, if once you consent to sit with him, he will, in the end, dominate you will also."

"But you ask for three days' delay, and this he grants. During every moment of those three days, he will keep you under his spells. Almost, I can make a will in which these bequests are specially stated. Then he hesitates, for during his residence in this house, a new desire has been added to the old ones. It had not often been his fortune to be thrown in daily contact with an innocent and beautiful girl, and he ends by falling in love with you. He knows of your love for Swain. He has caused Swain to be forbidden the house; but he finds you still indifferent. At last, by means of his own entreaties and your father's, he secures your consent to become his disciple. He knows that, if once you consent to sit with him, he will, in the end, dominate you will also."

The possibilities of exploiting an imaginary rich old man, whose mind was falling. So he comes here as his instructor in orientalism; he does some very marvelous things, by continued hypnosis, he gets your father completely under his control. He secures a promise of this estate and a great enormous sum of money, if you consent to make a will in which these bequests are specially stated. Then he hesitates, for during his residence in this house, a new desire has been added to the old ones. It had not often been his fortune to be thrown in daily contact with an innocent and beautiful girl, and he ends by falling in love with you. He knows of your love for Swain. He has caused Swain to be forbidden the house; but he finds you still indifferent. At last, by means of his own entreaties and your father's, he secures your consent to become his disciple. He knows that, if once you consent to sit with him, he will, in the end, dominate you will also."

"When he realizes that you are asking your lover's aid," Godfrey continued to Miss Vaughan, "a fiendish idea springs into his mind. If Swain answers the call, if he enters the grounds, he will suspect him from you on the way, he will guess at your plan, for you return to the house, you write a letter, and the moment you leave your room, he enters it and sees the impression on the blotter. He follows you into the grounds, he sees you throw the letter over the wall, and suspects that you are calling Swain to your aid. More than that, Lester," he added, turning to me, "he saw you in the tree, and so kept up his midnight fireworks, on the off chance that you might be watching."

"Yes; that explains that, too," I agreed thoughtfully.
"When he realizes that you are asking your lover's aid," Godfrey continued to Miss Vaughan, "a fiendish idea springs into his mind. If Swain answers the call, if he enters the grounds, he will suspect him from you on the way, he will guess at your plan, for you return to the house, you write a letter, and the moment you leave your room, he enters it and sees the impression on the blotter. He follows you into the grounds, he sees you throw the letter over the wall, and suspects that you are calling Swain to your aid. More than that, Lester," he added, turning to me, "he saw you in the tree, and so kept up his midnight fireworks, on the off chance that you might be watching."

"He hurries to the house and tells your father of the rendezvous. Your father rushes out and brings you back, after a bitter quarrel with Swain, which Silva has, of course, foreseen. You come up to your room; your father flings himself into his chair again. It is Silva who has followed you—who has purposely made a noise in order that you might think it was Swain. And he carries in his hand the blood soaked handkerchief which Swain dropped when he fled from the arbor."

"Up to this point," Godfrey went on, "every detail fits every other detail perfectly. But, in the next step of the tragedy, one detail is uncertain—whose hand was it drew the cord around your father's throat? I am inclined to think it was Mahub's. If Silva had done the deed, he would probably have chosen a method less oriental; but Mahub, even under hypnotic suggestion, would kill only in the way to which he was accustomed—with a noose. Then he dropped the handkerchief beside his chair. Then he returned softly to his room, closed the door, put away the glove, cleaned his hands, made sure that Mahub was in his closet, took his place upon the divan, and waited. I think he knew the rest. At that moment, Lester," he added, turning to me, "we would better be getting to town. Remember, Swain is still in the Tombs."

"You are right," I said, and rose to take my leave, but Miss Vaughan, her eyes shining, stopped me with a hand upon the sleeve.
"I should like to go with you, Mr. Lester," she said. "May I?"
The color deepened in her cheeks as she gazed at me, and I understood what was in her heart. So did Godfrey.
"I'll have my car around in 10 minutes," he said, and hastened away.
"I have only to put on my hat," said Miss Vaughan, and I found her waiting for me in the library, when I entered it after arranging with Slimmons and Goldberger to appear with me in the Tombs court and join in asking for Swain's release.
Godfrey's car came up the drive a moment later, and we were off.

The hour that followed was a silent one. Godfrey was soon sufficiently occupied guiding the car through the tangle of traffic. Miss Vaughan leaned back in a corner of the tonneau lost in thought. It was just six days since I had seen her first, but those six days had left their mark upon her. Perfection of happiness would banish that shadow from her eyes, and that tremulousness from her lips. Every battle leaves its mark, even on the victor; and the battle she had fought had been a desperate one. But, as I looked at her, she seemed more complete, more desirable than she had ever been; I could only hope that Swain would measure up to her.
At last, we drew up before the grey stone building, whose barred windows and high wall marked the prison.
"Here we are," I said, and helped her to alight.

Godfrey greeted the door keeper as an old friend, and after a whispered word, we were allowed to pass. A guard showed us into the bare waiting room, and Godfrey hastened away to explain our errand to the warden.
"Won't you sit down?" I asked, but my companion shook her head, with a frightened little smile, and paced nervously up and down, her hands against her heart. How riotously it was beating I could guess—with what hope, what fear.
There was a quick step in the corridor, and she stood as if turned to stone.
Then the door was flung open, and, with radiant face, she walked straight into the outstretched arms of the man who stood there. I heard her muffled sob, as the arms closed about her and she hid her face against his shoulder; then a hand was laid upon my sleeve.
"Come along, Lester," said Godfrey, softly. "This case is ended!"
(The End.)

Look and Feel Clean, Sweet and Fresh Every Day

Drink a glass of real hot water before breakfast to wash out poisons.

Life is not merely to live, but to live well, eat well, digest well, work well, sleep well, look well. What a glorious condition to attain, and yet how very easy it is if one will only adopt the morning inside bath.

Folks who are accustomed to feel dull and heavy when they arise, splitting headache, stuffy from a cold, foul tongue, nasty breath, acid stomach, can, instead, feel as fresh as a daisy by opening the sluices of the system each morning and flushing out the whole of the internal poisonous stagnant matter.

Everyone, whether ailing, sick or well, should, each morning, before breakfast, drink a glass of real hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it to wash from the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels the previous day's indigestible waste, sour bile and poisonous toxins; thus cleansing, sweetening and purifying the entire alimentary tract before putting more food into the stomach. The action of hot water and limestone phosphate on an empty stomach is wonderfully invigorating. It cleans out all the sour fermentations, gases, waste and acidity and gives one a splendid appetite for breakfast. While you are enjoying your breakfast the water and phosphate is quietly extracting a large volume of water from the blood and getting ready for a thorough flushing of all the inside organs.

The millions of people who are bothered with constipation, bilious spells, stomach trouble, rheumatism; others who have sallow skins, blood disorders and sickly complexions are urged to get a quarter pound of limestone phosphate from any store that handles drugs which will cost very little, but is sufficient to make anyone a pronounced crank on the subject of internal sanitation.—Adv.

Statistics on Baths.

In kinship to godliness, the Bronx leads. In estrangement from cleanliness, Manhattan goes farthest. So stated the reports of the sanitary bureau, submitted to the board of health. An inspection of all lodging houses except the municipal lodging house, where baths—alas for Manhattan lodgers—are compulsory, revealed the fact that Bronx lodgers faithfully take their daily baths; Brooklyn lodgers take one in five days; and Manhattan lodgers take one in eight days. There were 3,000 inspections.—New York Times.

How the Submarine Fails.

Arthur H. Pollen, in the North American Review.
The most questionable element in the American program is the very large provision of submarines. Fifty fleet submarines and 85 coast submarines, which are to cost in all nearly \$30,000,000 make a vast hole in the half billion that it is proposed to spend. As it is in many respects the most striking, so in another it is the most difficult item to criticize.

Essentially the submarine is a variant of the destroyer. Once within attacking range of an enemy it has what the destroyer has not, the power of delivering a daylight attack, remaining itself almost unseen. But its invisibility does give it a function new to naval warfare. It has the capacity to pass through waters which are absolutely commanded by surface ships—because it can pass them submerged and unseen.

The use of nets, of mines and of patrols—especially when assisted by aircraft—these at any focal point which submarines coming or going must pass, can do much to obstruct their free passage.
The highest submerged speed does not exceed the half-power speed of the slowest warship.

The point is that if the ship is armed the submarine must keep submerged, and if it keeps submerged its maneuvering speed is low, its capacity to get within striking distance is very limited, and its weapon very uncertain. The best ship it intends to strike is both at speed and accompanied by destroyers or fast craft, the area of danger of the submarine and the intensity of the vigilance are increased, and the danger from submarines becomes altogether negligible.

"Distance Makes Heart Grow Fonder."

In the Woman's Home Companion appears an account of a husband who recently spent \$375 in travel. From the standpoint of culture the travel probably did not do him any good, but from it he gained one thing of importance—better appreciation of his home. Following is an extract from the article.
"He and she had reached that state of mutual boredom that comes sometimes to people who have lived too close together and known each other too well. It seemed before he left as though they could not get on together, and she saw him leave without regret. But to her surprise the place seemed very lonesome after he had gone; and to his surprise he found himself roaming hotel corridors, restlessly, vaguely yearning for the companionship that had so long been his life. And when at last he came home it was to discover that his home was the neatest, her cooking the finest, and she herself the most beautiful woman in the world."

"We sometimes wish that the position of traveling salesman were not conferred on one man for life, but could be passed around, so that the lawyer, the doctor, and the preacher who have lived at home forever might each be separated from home a least once in a while. I would give a wonderful freshness and zest to the comforts that too often become commonplace."

"Freedom of Seas" In Baltic.

From the Springfield Republican.
One exasperation we have been spared because of distance is the mining of our coast. To appreciate the feelings of European neutrals we should imagine a fleet of mine sweepers having to go out from New York every day to clear the channels for shipping. Sweden has just undertaken this dangerous task in order to clear the outlet of the Baltic from the mine laid by the German navy, which have blown up several Swedish ships, one of them in territorial Swedish waters.

Exporters of flour have little trouble with their English customers, because they live up to their contracts, but exporters of what are in hot water at Liverpool because much of their grain has been below contract grade.

"S. L. WALLACE."
N4723 Crestline, Spokane.—Advertisement.
The leap-year girl who proposes to a wine bibber wins if she loses.