HOW MRS. BEAN MET THE CRISIS

Carried Safely Through Change of Life by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Nashville, Tenn.-"When I was going through the Change of Life I had a tumor as large as a child's head. The

doctor said it was three years coming and gave me medicine for it until I was called away from the city for some time. Of course I could not go to him then, so my sister-in-law told ne that she thought

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Com-pound would cure it. It helped both the Change of Life and the tumor and when I got home I did not need the doctor. I took the Pinkham remedies until the tumor was gone, the doctor said, and I have not felt it since. I tell every one how I was cured. If this letter will help others you are welcome to use it." Mrs. E. H. BEAN, 525 Joseph Avenue, Nashville, Tenn.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, a pure remedy containing the extractive properties of good old fashioned roots and herbs, meets the needs of woman's system at this critical period of her life. Try it.

If there is any symptom in your case which puzzles you, write to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicino Co., Lynn, Mass.

Splitting His Face. Senator Penrose was discussing a

turbulent element in the Republican convention.

"These men," he said, "were animated by the same spirit that possessed Pat.

"l'at, a road mender, was observed by a mate to be holding his heavy sledge motionless high above his head, ready to be brought down the minute the boss looked at him.

"'What the dickens are ye doin', Pat?' his mate asked.

'Pst!' said Pat, in a low, reproachful voice. 'Can't ye let a chap rest a minute when the boss' back is turned?

Improved.

"The clam chowder is very fine to day, sir," suggested the waiter. "I had some of that yesterday," said

the guest, "and I didn't think much of

"You'll find it better today, sir, They've put another clam in."

Restful.

"Who is that chap riding on the hearse with the driver?"

"That's smiley, the professional hu morist. He's on his vacation."

That Knife-Like Pain and night? Do you feel sharp pains after stooping? Are the kidneys sore? Is their action irregular? Do you have headaches, backaches, rheumatic pains,—feel tired, nervous, all worn-out? Use Doan's Kidney Pills-the medicine recommended by so many people in this locality. Read the experience that

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J. H. McFarland,
907 Hazel St., Atlantic, Iowa, says:
"For five or six
years I had attacks
of pain in the small
of my back and sides
t h a t were almost
unbearable. The re
w a s an extreme
lameness across my
hips and I could
hardly turn in bed.
The doctor's medicine relieved me only temporarily and
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Doan's Kidney Pills.,
I used them. They removed the pain
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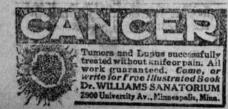
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THE LONE STAR RANGER

A ROMANCE OF THE BORDER

ZANE GREY

Author of "The Light of Western Stars," "Riders of the Purple Sage," etc.

HARPER & BROTHERS PUBLISHERS **NEW YORK AND LONDON** MCMXV

CHAPTER XV .- (Continued).

Miss Longstreth reeled and might have fallen nad Duane not supported her. It was only a few steps to a couch, to which he half led, half car-ried her. Then he rushed out of the room, across the patto, through the bar to the yard. Nevertheless, he was cau-tious. In the gloom stood a saddled horse, probably the one belonging to the fellow he had shot. His comrade had escaped. Returning to the sitting room, Duane found a condition approaching pandemonium. The innkeeper rushed in, pitchfork in

hands. Evidently he had been out at credit, but Duane could not under-the barn. He was now shouting to find stand. Longstreth had not appeared to out what had happened. Joel, the stage see danger for his daughter, even out what had happened. Joel, the stage driver, was trying to quiet the men who had been robbed. The woman, wife of one of the men, had come in, and she had hysterics. The girls were still and white. The robber Bill lay where he had fallen, and Duane guessed he had made a fair shot, after all. And, lastly, the thing that struck Duane most of all was Longstreth's rage. He never saw such passion. Like a caged never saw such passion. Like a caged lion Longstreth stalked and roared.

"I ought to kill you anyhow!" re

plied Longstreth. And his voice now astounded Duane, it was so full of

Upon examination, Duane found that his bullet had furrowed the robber's temple, torn a great piece out of his scalp, and, as Duane had guessed, had glanced. He was not seriously injured, and already showed signs of returning consciousness.

"Drag him out of here!" ordered Longstreth; and he turned to his daughter.

Before the innkeeper reached the

robber, Duane had secured the money and gun taken from him; and presently recovered the property of the other men. Joel helped the innkeeper carry the injured man somewhere outside.

Miss Longstreth was sitting, white but composed, upon the couch, where lay Miss Ruth, who evidently had been carried there by the colonel. Duane did not think she had wholly lost consciousness, and now she lay very still, with eyes dark and shadowy, her face pallid and wet. The colonel, now that he finally remembered his womenfolk, seemed to be gentle and kind. He talked the injured man somewhere outside.

I'd have fought. Surely my life was in

"Did you kill him?" asked Miss Ruth,

"Did you kill him?" asked Miss Ruth, who lay listening.

"Oh, no. He's not badly hurt."

"I'm very glad he's alive," said Miss Longstreth, shuddering.

"My intention was bad enough," Duane went on. "It was a ticklish place for me. You see, he was half drunk, and I was afraid his gun might go off. Fool careless he was!"

"Yet you say you didn't save me."

go off. Fool careless he was:

"Yet you say you didn't save me,"
Miss Longstreth returned, quickly.

"Well, let it go at that," Duane responded. "I saved you something."

"Tell me about it?" asked Miss Ruth, ho was fast recovering. Rather embarrassed, Duane briefly

with your hands up thinking of noth-boys who were riding after stock, and ing—watching for nothing except a the third at a small cluster of adobe

little moment when you might draw your gun?" asked Miss Ruth.
"I guess that's about it," he replied "Cousin," said Miss Longstreth, thoughtfully, "it was fortunate for us this gentleman happened to be Papa scouts—laughs at danger. He seemed to think there was no dan-

r. Yet he raved after it came."
"Co with us all the way to Fairdale please?" asked Miss Ruth, sweetly of-fering her hand. "I am Ruth Herbert. this is my cousin, Ray Long-

reth."
"I'm traveling that way," replied
"I'm grent confusion. He did not Duane in great confusion. He diknow how to meet the situation. Colonel Longstreth returned then

after bidding Duane a good night which seemed rather curt by contrast to the graciousness of the girls, he led them away.

Effore going to bed Duane went outside to ask him a few questions. To
Duane's surprise, he was gone, and so
was his horse. The innkeeper was
dumfounded. He said that he left the
fellow on the floor in the barroom.
"Had he come to?" inquired Duane.
"Sure. He asked for whisky."
"Did he say anything else?"

"Did he say anything else?"
"Not to me. I heard him talkin' to

the father of them girls."
"You mean Colonel Longstreth?" "You mean Colonel Longstreth:
"I reckon. He sure was some riled,
wasn't he? Jest as if I was to blame
for that two-bit of a holdup!"
"What did you make of the old gent's
rage?" asked Duane, watching the innkeeper. He scratched his head dubi-

ously. He was sincere, and Duane be-lieved in his honesty.

"Wal, I'm doggoned if I know what make of it. But I reckon he's either razy or got more nerve than most "More nerve, maybe," Duane replied.

"More nerve, maybe," Duane replied. Show me a bed now, innkeeper."
Once in bed in the dark, Duane composed himself to think over the several events of the evening. He called up the details of the holdup and carefully revolved them in mind. The colonel's wrath, under circumstances where almost any Texan would have been cool, nonplussed Duane, and he put it down to a choleric temperament. He pondered long on the action of the robber when Longstreth's bellow of rage burst in upon him. This ruffian, as bold in the dark of the lad about Fair-dale and gradually drew to the subject most in mind.
"Colonel Longstreth has a big outfit, the?"

"Reckon he has," replied the lad. "Doan know how many cowboys. They're always comin' and goin'. I ain't acquainted with half of them."

"Much movement of stock these days?"

"Stock's always movin'," he replied, with a queer look.

ber lowered his gun and stood para-lyzed at sight and sound of the mayor of Fairdale? This was not answerable. There might have been a number of reasons, all to Colonel Longstreth's daughter. Why? That likewise Duane could not answer. Then his rage, Duane concluded, had been solely at the idea of his daughter being assaulted by a robber. This deduction was indeal at the same of There came a quieter moment, in which the innkeeper shrilly protested:

"Man, what're you ravin' aboot? Nobody's hurt, an' thet's lucky. I swear to God I hadn't nothin' to do with them

put it aside to crystallize and for more careful consideration.

Next morning Duane found that the little town was called Sanderson. It was larger than he had at first supposed. He walked up the main street and back again. Just as he arrived some horsemen rode up to the inn and dismounted. And at this juncture the Longstreth party came out. Duane heard Colonel Longstreth utter an excelamation. Then he saw him shake hands with a tall man. Longstreth looked surprised and angry, and he hands with a tall man. Longstreth looked surprised and angry, and he spoke with force; but Duane could not hear what it was he said. The follow laughed, yet somehow he struck Duane as sullen, until suddenly he espied Miss Longstreth. Then his face changed, and he removed his sombrero. Duane want claser

and he removed his sombrero. Duane went closer.

"Floyd, did you come with the teams?" asked Longstreth, sharply.

"Not me. I rode a horse, good and hard," was the reply.

"Humph! I'll have a word to say to you later." Then Longstreth turned to his daughter. "Ray, here's the cousin I've told you about. You used to play with him 10 years ago—Floyd Lawson. Floyd, my daughter—and my niece, Ruth Herbert."

Duane always scrutinized every one

and his niece in the advent of this cousin. Something hinged on this meeting. Duane grew intensely curious, but, as the stage appeared ready for the journey, he had no further opportunity to gratify it.

CHAPTER XVI.

Duane followed the stage through the town, out into the open, on to a wide, hard packed road showing years of travel. It headed northwest. To the left rose a range of low, bleak mountains he had noted yesterday, and to the right sloped the mesquite patched sweep of ridge and flat. The driver pushed his team to a fast trot, which gait surely covered ground rap-

The stage made three stops in the told the incident from his point of view.

"Then you stood there all the time horses could be watered, the second at a chick wagon belonging to cowand stone houses constituting a hamlet the driver called Longstreth, named after the colonel. From that point on to Fairdale there were only ranches, each one controlling great

Early in the afternoon from a ridge top Duane sighted Fairdale, a green patch in the mass of gray. For the barrens of Texas it was indeed a fair But he was more concerned with its remoteness from civilization than its beauty. At that time, in the early '70s, when the vast western third of Texas was a wilderness, the pioneer had done worders had done wonders to settle there and

establish places like Fairdale.

It needed on'v a glance for Duane to pick out Colonel Longstreth's ranch. The house was situated on the only elevation around Fairdale, and it was not high, nor more than a few minutes' walk from the edge of the town. It was a low, flat roofed structure made of red adobe bricks, and covered what appeared to be fully an acre of ground. All was green about it, ex-cept where the fenced corrals and nuground merous barns or sheds showed gray

and red.

Duane soon reached the shady outskirts of Fairdale, and entered the town with mingled feelings of curiosity, eagerness and expectation. The street he rode down was a solid row of saloons, resorts, hotels. Saddled horses stood hitched all along the sidewalk in two long lines, with a buckboard and team here and there breaking the continuity. This block was busy and

From all outside appearances Fair-ale was no different from other frontler towns, and Duane's expectations were scarcely realized. As the afternoon was waning he halted at a little inn. A boy took charge of his horse. Duane questioned the lad about Fair-

"Rustlers?"
But he did not follow up that look with the affirmative Duane expected.
"Lively place, I hear—Fairdale is?"

"Ain't so lively as Sanderson, but s bigger." Yes, I heard it was. Fellow down

there was talking about two cowboys who were arrested." "Sure. I heered all about that. Joe Bean an' Brick Higgins—they belong

After getting supper Duane strolled up and down the main street. When darkness set in he went into a hotel, bought cigars, sat around and watched. Then he passed out and went into the next place. This was of rough crude exterior, but the inside was comparatively pretentious and ablaze with lights. It was full of men coming and about the training and t going—a dusty booted crowd that smelled of horses and smoke. Duane sat down for a while, with wide eyes and open ears. Then he hunted up the bar, where most of the guests had been and mean a type as Duane had ever encountered, had, from some cause or other, been startled. From whatever point Duane viewed the man's strange indecision—his start, his check, his fear had been that of recognition. Duane compared this effect with the suddenly acquired sense he had gotten of Colonel Longstreth's powerful perdiction. Such as the color of the guests had been or were going. He found a great square room lighted by six huge lamps, a bar at one side, and all the floor space taken up by tables and chairs. This was the only gambling place of any size in southern Texas in which he had noted the absence of Mexicans. There was some card playing going on at this was some card playing going on at this moment. Duane stayed in there for a while, and knew that strangers were too common in Fairdale to be conspicuous. Then he returned to the inn

where he had engaged a room.

Duane sat down on the steps of the dingy little restaurant. Two men were conversing inside, and they had not noticed Duane. noticed Duane.

"Laramie, what's the stranger's name?" asked one.
"He didn't say," replied the other.
"Sure was a strappin' big man.
Struck me a little odd, he did. No cattleman, him. How'd you size him?"
"Well like one of them cool easy. "Well, like one of them cool, easy, quiet Texans who's been lookin' for a man for years—to kill him when he

found him.' "Right you are, Laramie; and, between you an' me, I hope he's lookin' for Long—"
"S-sh!" interrupted Laramie. "You

must be half drunk, to go talkin' that

Thereafter they conversed in too low a tone for Duane to hear, and presently Laramie's visitor left. Duane went in-side and, making himself agreeable, began to ask casual questions about Fair-dale. Laramie was not communicative. Duane went to his room in a thought-

ful frame of mind. Had Laramie's visitor meant he hoped some one had come to kill Longstreth? Duane inferred just that from the interrupted remark. There was something wrong about the mayor of Fairdale. Duane felt it. And he felt also, if there was a crooked and dangerous man, it was this Floyd Lawson. The innkeeper Laramie would be worth cultivating. And last in Duane's thoughts that night was Miss Longstreth. He could not help thinking of her—how strangely the meeting with her had affected him. It made him remember that long past time when girls had been a part of his life. What a sad and dark and endless void lay between that past and the present! He had no right even to dream of a beautiful woman like Ray Longstreth. That conviction, however,

cith eyes dark and snadowy, recall and wet. The colonel, now that it finally remembered his womenfolk, seemed to be gentle and kind. He talked soothingly to Miss Ruth, made light of the adventure, said she must learn to have nerve out here where things happened.

"Cen I be of any service?" asked Duane, solicitously.

"Thanks; I guess there's nothing you can do. Talk to these frightened girls while I go see what's to be done with that thick skulled robber," he replied, and, telling the girls that there was no more danger, he went out.

Miss Longstreth sat with one hand, telling the girls that there was no more danger, he went out.

Miss Longstreth sat with one hand bitter, and a square chinar holding her torn waist in place: the other she extended to Duane. He took it awkwardly, and he felt a strange in each on his mellow voice. Duane and hold on that he, like many a young man, had dirifted out the might have struck you, hurt you, but might have struck you, hurt you, but might have struck you, hurt you, but the share the pleasure of his daughter and my struck and the felt a strange in the pleasure of his daughter and my struck and the felt a strange in the final pleasure of his daughter and my struck and the felt a strange in the final pleasure of his daughter and my struck and the felt a strange in the final pleasure of his daughter and my struck and the felt a strange in the final pleasure of his daughter and my struck and the felt a strange in the final pleasure of his daughter and my struck and the felt a strange in the final pleasure of his daughter and my struck and now with a danger on the met, and now with a danger on this pleasure of his daughter and my struck and now with a danger on the prevented to make her grow make her grow more fascing that was like a pang in his breast. Next day he lounged about the inn. Her sorty to annoy you. I'd prefer to have your permission. A ruffinal has the apparent with the struck and the strange in the felt was made and the strange in the first was a strange. Unaccounta

mie, but he found the idlers on the corners and in front of the stores unsuspicious and willing to talk. It did not take him long to find out that Fairdale stood parallel with Huntsville for Lawson, and now he grew livid. Evigance with the stores unsuspicious and willing to talk. It did not take him long to find out that Fairdale with Huntsville for Lawson, and now he grew livid. Evigance with the stores unsuspicious and store with the stores unsuspicious and will be able to find Snecker quicker than I could." take him long to find out that Fair-dale stood parallel with Huntsville for gambling, drinking and fighting. The street was always lined with dusty, saddled horses, the town full of strangers. Money appeared more abundant than in any place Duane had ever visited; and it was spent with the abandon that spoke forcibly of easy and crooked acquirement. Duane decided that Sanderson, Bradford and Ord were but notorious outposts to this Fairdale, which was a secret center of rustlers and outlaws. And what struck Duane strangest of all was the fact that Longdaily. Duane knew intuitively, before a chance remark gave him proof, that this court was a sham, a farce. And he wondered if it were not a blind. This he wondered if it were not a blind. This product of his was equivalent to sussender of his was equivalent to was mayor here and held court Duane knew intuitively, before ane reproached himself. Then he re-alized that the reproach was because of the daughter. Inquiry had brought him the fact that Ray Longstreth had just come to live with her father. Longstreth had originally been a planter in Louisiana, where his family had remained after his advent in the west. He was a rich rancher; he owned half

of Fairdale; he was a cattle buyer on a large scale. Floyd Lawson was his lieutenant and associate in deals. On the afternoon of the fifth day of buane's stay in Fairdale he returned to the inn from his usual stroll, and apon entering was amazed to have rough looking young fellow rush by him out of the door. Inside, Laramie was lying on the floor, with a bloody bruise on his face. He did not appear to be dangerously hurt.

"Be Snecker! He hit me and went often the case drawer" said Laramie.

after the cash drawer," said Laramle, laboring to his feet. "Are you hurt much?" queried Du-

ane.
"I guess not. But Bo needn't to have soaked me. I've been robbed before without that." Well. I'll take a look after Bo," re-

He went out and glanced down the street toward the center of the town. He did not see any one he could take for the innkeeper's assailant. Then he looked up the street, and he saw the young fellow about a block away, hur-

into a run. Then Duane set out to overhaul him. There were two motives could tell him much. Duane was light on his feet, and he

had a giant stride. He gained rapidly upon Snecker, who, turning this way and that, could not get out of sight. Then he took to the oren country and ran straight for the green hill where Longstreth's house stood. Duane had almost caught Snecker when he reached the shrubbery and trees and there eluded him. But Duane kept him in sight in the shade, on the paths, and up the road into the courtyard, and he saw Snecker go straight for Longstreth's

Duane was not to be turned back by esty.

that, singular as it was. He did not stop to consider. It seemed enough to know that fate had directed him to the path of this rancher Longstreth. Du-ane entered the first open door on that side of the court. It opened into a corridor which led into a plaza. It had wide, smooth stone porches, and flowers and shrubbery in the center. Duane hurried through to burst into the pres-

Bean an' Brick Higgins—they belong heah, but they ain't heah much. Longstreth's boys."

Duane did not want to appear over inquisitive, so he turned the talk into other channels.

After getting supper Duane strolled up and down the main street. When amazement, consternation, then

In the quick ensuing silence Miss Longstreth rose white as her dress. The young women present stared in astonishment, if they were not equally perturbed. There were cowboys present who suddenly grew intent and still. But these things Duane gathered that his appearance must be disconcerting. He was panting. He were no hat or coat. His big gun-sheath showed plainly at his hip. Sight of Miss Longstreth had an un-

accountable effect upon Duane. He was plunged into confusion. For the moment he saw no one but her.
"Miss Longstreth—I came—to search your house," panted Duane. He hardly knew what he was

ing, yet the instant he spoke he realized that that should have been the last thing for him to say. He had blundered. But he was not used to women, and this dark-eyed girl made him thrill and his heart beat thickly and his wits go scattering.

and his wits go scattering.

"Search my house!" exclaimed Miss'
Longstreth; and red succeeded the
white in her cheeks. She appeared astonished and angry. "What for? Why,
how dare you. This is unwarrantable."

"A man—Bo Snecker—assaulted and,
robbed Jim Laramie," replied Duane,
hurriedly. "I chased Snecker here—
saw him run into the house."

saw him run into the house."
"Here? Oh, sir, you must be mistaken. We have seen no one. In the absence of my father I'm mistress here.

absence of my father I'm mistress here. I'll not permit you to search."

Lawson appeared to come out of his astonishment. He stepped forward.

"Ray. don't be bothered now," he said, to his cousin. "This fellow's making a bluff. "'I settle him. See here, Mister, you clear out."

"I want Snecker, He's here, and I'm, going to get him," replied Duane, quietly.

quietly.

"Bah! That's all a bluff," sneered
Lawson, "I'm on to your game. You just wanted an excuse to break in here—to see my cousin again. When you saw the company you invented that excuse. Now, be off, or it 'll be the worse for you."

Duane felt his face burn with a tide of hot blood. Almost he felt that he was guilty of such motive. Had he not been unable to put this Ray Longstreth out of his mind? There seemed to be scorn in her eyes now. And somehow that checked his embarrassment. "Miss Longstreth, will you let me search the house?" he asked.

"Then-I regret to say-I'll do so without your permission."
"You'll not dare!" she flashed. She stood erect, her bosom swelling.

"Pardon me—yes, I will."
"Who are you?" she demanded, sul-

"Don't quarrel, said Miss Long-streth. "Floyd, you go with him. Please hurry. I'll be nervous till—the man's found or you're sure there's not

They started with several cowbovs to search the house. They went through the rooms searching, calling out, peering into dark places. It struck Duane more than forcibly that Lawson did all the calling. He was hurried, too, tried to keep in the lead. Duane wondered if he knew his voice

slim, dark-faced youth, wearing sombrero, blouse and trousers. Duane collared him before any of the others could move and held the gun close enough to make him shrink. But he did not impress Duane as being frightened just then; nevertheless, he had a clammy face, the pallid look of a man who had just gotten over a shock. He peered into Duane's face, then into that of the cowboy next to him, then into Lawson's, and if ever in Duane's life he beheld relief it was then. That was

all Duane needed to know, but he meant to find out more if he could.
"Who 're you?" asked Duane, quietly.
"Bo Snecker," he said.
"What 'd you hide here for?"

He appeared to grow sullen. "Reckoned I'd be as safe in Longstreth's as anywheres. "Ranger, what 'll you do with him?" Lawson queried, as if uncertain, now

the capture was made.
"I'll see to that,' replied Duane, and he pushed Snecker in front of him out into the court.

Duane had suddally conceived the

idea of taking Snecker before Mayor Longstreth in the court. When Duane arrived at the hall where court was held there were other men there, a dozen or more, and all men there, a dozen or more, and an seemed excited; evidently, news of Duane had preceded him. Longstreth sat at a table up on a platform. Near him sat a thick-set grizzled man, with deep eyes, and this was Hanford Owens, county judge. To the right rying along and gazing back.

Duane yelled for him to stop and started to go after him. Snecker broke

him sat a thick-set griz deep eyes, and this owns, county judge. stood a tall, angular, yellow-faced felow with a drooping sandy mustache In Duane's action—one of anger, and the other a desire to make a friend of this man Laramie, who Duane believed of Longstreth's sheriffs. There were of Longstrein's sherins. There were four other men whom Duane knew by sight, several whose faces were fa-miliar, and half a dozen strangers, all

(Continued Next Week.)

From the Lawrence, Kan., Gazette. William Jennings Bryan says that the peace treaties he negotiated while he was secretary of state will keep this country out of war for the next 1,000 years. Which emphasizes the fact that the chief characteristic of Mr. Bryan is his modesty.

**************** USE OF FURS

Denver.-Says Practically Every Modish Garment Will Show Touch of Fur.-Furs of every description in the greatest quantities will be used on practically every garment of milady's wardrobe this winter, according to H. L. MacWhirter, of a Denver dry goods L. Macwinter, of a Denver dry goods store. Instead of confining themselves to a few bands of narrow fur of various kinds for trimming, the style makers (he predicts) will use fur of all widths, even up to 12 and 15 inches, and in a number of new ways this fall.

The very new broad bandings, owing the basic extreme cost will be used only

to their extreme cost, will be used only for edging coats, or about the bottom of skirts. The narrow bands, however, will be used on gowns, on waists and on the new neckwear. Beaver, seal, coney, new neckwear. Beaver, seal, coney, mink, skunk and sable opossum. blue fox mole, wolf, French seal, squirrel, ermine and lynx are a few of the countless varieties which are being shown. The narrowest bandings are a half inch wide. Practically no imitation furs will be shown by MacWhirter. Closed Season for Seal Has Reestab-lished Great American Industry.—Hugh

Smith, in the National Geographic

Magazine, says:

"The bureau of fisheries is the official custodian of the most valuable herd of animals that any government of the world possesses. This is the herd of fur seals which roam over the eastern side of the porth Pacific ocean and return of the north Pacific ocean and return for breeding purposes to the Pribilof Islands

"After being sadly decimated by in-discriminate slaughter at sea, the herd has been rapidly recuperating under the influence of an international agreement, and soon the fur seals may be as numcrous as when they came into the pos-session of the United States govern-

ment with the purchase of Alaska.
"The fact that the only land to which these animals ever resort is two islets in Bering sea belonging to the United States gives our government a claim to possession such as is exercised over no other wild creatures of water, land, or air This governmental ownership or jurisdiction is the only reason why the fur seal has not long ago succumbed to

the fate that it rapidly overtaking all the other large marine animals. "In the summer of 1916 more than 100,000 young seals will have been added to the Alaskan seal herd, whose total strength will then be upward of 400,000 individuals of all classes. For some years only a limited number of seals have been utilized for the food purposes of the natives; but after the present close time law expires, in 1917 there will be available for commercia use many young male seals, which add nothing to the reproductive capacity of the herd and may properly be utilized for their skins and other products. "In fact, the seal herd may be man-

aged after the manner of a herd of cattle or sheep, and if handled in a strictly scientific way will add to the federal treasury a very handsome reve-nue, which will increase yearly as long as the existing international arrange-ment continues.

Meanwhile a revolution will have oc-

curred in the world's fur seal trade, for the department of commerce has changed the old order of things, and, for the first time, this American product, belonging to the American public and most largely used by American women, will be sold in an American market, in-stead of being sent abroad for sale, and the peculiar dressing and dyeing pro-cess, which is necessary to bring out the beautiful qualities of the Alaskan sealskin, will likewise have been brought from abroad and established in

Submarines Soberly Considered.

From the New York Times. From the New York Times.

Over in England they affect, somewhat laboriously, to feel, with regard to the voyage of the Deutschland, only indifference tinged with amusement. That, of course, is much to underestimate the importance of Captain Koenig's achievement, but it is not so far from the truth, perhaps, as are the comments to those who see in his exploit not only the breaking of an undersea commerce that is to assume large proportions after the return ing of an undersea commerce that is to assume large proportions after the return of peace to the world and its seven seas. As a matter of fact, the blockade is not broken; what has been done only shows that in this blockade, as in all others that ever were established, holes and cracks can be found and utilized to a greater or less degree. Just that is what the Germans have done, and they deserve full credit for their ingenuity and courage. But the talk about undersea commerce, at least with boats at all like this one, is mostly nonsense. Nobody would dream of using such craft for the carrying of either freight or passengers, except in conditions precisely like those now existing for the Germans. dently he was a man of fierce quick

tions precisely like those now existing for the Germans.

For a merchantman, there is only one known advantage in the ability to submerge and run under water. That ability would enable her to escape destruction or capture by enemy vessels on the surface, stronger and better armed than a submarine can possibly be. The single advantage, however, is secured at a cost there would be no thought of paying except in time of war, for it involves the loss, but for a mere remnant, of the power to meet any demand of ocean traffic.

Just now there is an opportunity for a German submarine to make a lot of money by carrying back and forth a small quantity of goods so much needed that aimost any price will be paid for them. With the return to peace, the sorriest old tramp steamer could scorn the rivalry of the Deutschland and all her kind—could carry freight far more cheaply and safely, and no matter how poor her "accommoditions" for passengers might be, they would

and no matter how poor her "accommoda-tions" for passengers might be, they would surpass those of a submarine.

After all, the submarine is not an under-

sea boat that can come to the surface; it is a surface-going boat that in case of necessity can disappear from sight. It wisely travels, when it can safely do so, precisely where other boats travel. Women Under Fire In Present War. War nowadays is not just an occupation for men, says a writer in the Woman's Home Companion. Once a young fellow could go and enlist with some duke or king, and travel abroad and have all the fighting he wanted—leaving his wife, mother and kids safe at home in the castle. Now the war

comes straight home to women. great war now going on, town after town has been destroyed; women have been in range of the big guns all the time, and in range of something worse than the guns. War will never be a civilized thing; it is more horrible now than it has ever been, and more women are exposed to its horrors than ever before.

Jane, Her Books. Edward W. Barnard, in Pulitzer's Review.

(1816)
Wisdom in staidest of prose,
Maxims serenely profound;
Wit—just the smartest bonmots Strangely familiar in sound; Verses that (some of them) scan, All with a scriptural bent; Counsel respecting a man
(Man in the abstract is meant).
Recipes page after page,
Jane must have been a good cook!
(Jane doesn't mention her age!)
This is her commonplace book.

Binding and paper and type
All in the very best style;
Inside a tale of a stripe,
Summed in the words, "not worth
while!"
Liasons bootless and bold,
People that cought to be short

People that ought to be shot!
Platitudes centuries old
Fearful involvement of plot.
Spoiled by friends far too polite,
Jane rivals Tennyson's brook;
Jane has a call (sic) to write—
This is her commonplace book!