

## WOMAN SICK TWO YEARS

Could Do No Work.  
Now Strong as a  
Man.

Chicago, Ill.—"For about two years I suffered from a female trouble so I was unable to walk or do any of my own work. I read about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in the newspapers and determined to try it. It brought almost immediate relief. My weakness has entirely disappeared and I never had better health. I weigh 165 pounds and am as strong as a man. I think money is well spent which purchases Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. J. O'BRYAN, 1765 Newport Ave., Chicago, Ill.

The success of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, is unparalleled. It may be used with perfect confidence by women who suffer from displacements, inflammation, ulceration, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness, and nervous prostration. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the standard remedy for female ills.

After a man has kept you awake all night by his snoring he usually tells you that he didn't sleep a wink.

### THE 3 D'S IN DODD'S

Mr. Robert W. Ferguson, Hingham, Mass., writes: "I suffered from kidney disorder for years. Had incessant backache and trouble. Nearly died from it at one time while in Vancouver, but overcame it by a persistent use of Dodd's Kidney Pills. Finally I was completely cured. I occasionally use the remedy now in order to keep the kidneys regulated. I have the highest praise for Dodd's. Be sure to get 'DODD'S,' the name with the three D's for damaged, disordered, diseased kidneys, just as Mr. Ferguson did. No similar named article will do.—Ad.

**Life Preservers Improved.**  
Submarine warfare has resulted in numerous improvements in life preservers and the buoys. The passengers on any ship that sails the Atlantic today are likely to find themselves bobbing about in the icy water with no support but a cork jacket. Some time ago a number of sailors on a torpedoed ship saved their lives at night by signalling to the rescuers with little electric flash lamps. This principle has now been incorporated into the latest life buoy by an attachment which carries electric flash lamps as a part of its equipment. The lamps burn steadily as soon as the buoy hits the water, and serve to indicate the position of the person supported to any boat that may be searching for survivors.

**Solicitude.**  
"Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Terkins, "I want you to promise that if you decide to enlist you will tell me all about it without delay."  
"What for?"  
"I want to speak to the general, so that he won't let you forget your over-shoes and eat things that disagree with you. You know, Charley, you are so careless!"

**Needs a Guardian.**  
Host—That pianist has no control over himself.  
Guest—No; he plays whenever he is asked.

**HEALTHY POSTUM**  
FIRST

Scientific facts prove the drug, caffeine, in coffee is harmful to many, while the pure food-drink—  
**POSTUM**  
is not only free from drugs, but is economical, delicious and nourishing.  
Made of wheat and a bit of wholesome molasses. Postum is highly recommended by physicians for those with whom coffee disagrees.  
Postum is especially suitable for children.  
"There's a Reason"  
Sold by Grocers.

## The Man Who Forgot

A NOVEL

By JAMES HAY, JR.



GARDEN CITY NEW YORK  
DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & COMPANY  
1915

### CHAPTER XIX.—(Continued).

Cholliewollie paused before he made any comment on that. She fancied that he looked a little worried.

"Surely," she said, "you don't object to that?"

"Oh, no."  
He began on his salad.

"Tell me," she persisted, "what are you thinking?"

"Tell me," he countered, "is this meeting a necessity? You know, this is the last day of November. There are only 10 days before the big affair."

"I don't know that it is a necessity. I do know that Edith is very anxious for it—and she must have a reason. What possible harm could it do?"

"Probably none," he admitted, the drawl in his words making them sound reluctant; "possibly much. I don't believe in his taking any chances. I don't believe in his doing anything from now until then except work on this demonstration."

"Tell me what you mean—and don't, please, talk so much like a Chinese puzzle!"

"He is being so closely watched, so bitterly attacked; that is what I mean. And a clandestine meeting—oh, I know this could not be misconstrued by people in their right senses, but not all are in their right senses now. And politics turns out some incredibly clever liars, Mrs. Kane. I would not, for anything, have it known that he and she had met anywhere but in her own home—just now."

"She thought of that," Mrs. Kane explained, fortifying herself.

"That is why we picked out your apartment as the ideal place. Nobody would ever suspect her of going there. She and I would go together. Later you and he could come in. Besides, she says she must see him."

"Perhaps," he agreed after another period of thought, "it can be arranged—safely."

"Why are you worried?" she came back to her question. "I thought you considered him imprudent in this thing."

"No man in public life is imprudent against sudden and treacherous attack," he said gravely. "Calumny and slander can work terrific injustice in a few days, and require weeks for retribution."

"Explain it to me."  
He pushed aside the salad and lit a cigarette, so absorbed in the subject that he forgot to ask her permission.

"In a movement of this sort, Mrs. Kane," he said gravely, "which affects everybody in the country more or less, which affects most people tremendously one way or the other, there are bound to be two parties, two sides. As things stand today, Smith has the majority, with him. His cause itself, his picturesqueness, his marvelous ability, and his indomitable will have made that sure. Already the march to Washington has begun. You can look around this cafe and see at some of the tables people who have been brought here by him. They are the vanguard of the greatest thing in the history of this country. His name is on everybody's lips."

"Of course," she assented; "on everybody's lips."

"Exactly. But how? Many bless him and praise him and admire him. But there are those who sneer and revile him. You must realize that. Not only the whisky interests fight him, but all the other interests allied with whisky—you can realize what they are—against him. This formidable array, enlarged by the ranks of the stupid, would like nothing better than to see him fall, to hear of his being discredited. More than that, they would do anything on earth to bring it about. They'd lie, steal, even murder, to put him down and out tomorrow morning. They go, as I have told him, on the theory that, if they can hurt him, they can hurt his cause."

"But do you believe that?"  
His answer was very slow.

"Mrs. Kane, there's nobody on earth who can tell how the American public will receive a fact or even a bare assertion of a fact. Here in Washington we learn that

—if we learn anything—that nobody can foretell what the public will or will not do to a man for this or for that."

Mrs. Kane's cheery fluffiness was submerged in solemnity.

"You mean," she asked, "if they could discredit him, this demonstration, this parade, all that it means, might fall through?"

"I mean just that," he replied with great earnestness. "I mean it's entirely within the realm of possibility that, if anything were brought out tomorrow—whether it were the truth or a lie, makes no difference—to create the impression that John Smith was an unworthy man, the whole business would crumble up, fall flat, and the crusaders would never crusade. I say it is possible."

"I wouldn't have believed it."  
"Nowadays," he elaborated, "the people look once at the platform and twice at the leader. It may be unreasonable, but it is their habit—which we cannot change."

Mrs. Kane went back to her mission.

"But Edith insists that she must see him."

"Very well," he said. As you suggested, nobody would ever think of their meeting at my apartment. Besides, there will be four of us."

Mrs. Kane laughed.

"Your acceptance of the situation, after your gloomy forebodings, amuses me," she explained.

He produced another cigaret and regarded her closely.

"May I confide in you—absolutely?" he asked, the drawl going out of his voice.

"Absolutely," she assured him, somewhat surprised by his solemnity.

"The thing that keeps me terrified all the time, utterly frightened," he said, "is my belief that they've got something on him now."

"Got something on him now? What do you mean?"

"That they know something about this blessed, mysterious past of his, about which we know nothing, and that they're going to spring it on him."

"When?" she inquired in big-eyed amazement.

"Whenever it suits them, whenever they think it's the psychological moment."

"What do you think it is?"  
"I don't know what it is," he confessed; "but I believe they've got something—something real. Honestly, Mrs. Kane, I believe they've got something true. I don't want to believe it, but I do."

Cholliewollie looked sad, actually grieved. If he had stopped to try, he could have counted up how many years it had been since he had allowed himself to feel sorry for a public man. His boredom and base emotions were failing him. Mrs. Kane, watching his face attentively, thought he seemed tired.

"Oh, Mr. Waller!" she said, feeling some of his uneasiness.

"I wish the 10 days were over—that's all," he replied a little petulantly. "It's enough to cut the heart out of a giant—the suspense. Here we are now at a point where we can hear the gathering of this extraordinary army. The reports are coming in every day of the last preparations for the departures from the little towns, for the meetings of the delegations at the central points, for the special trains, the brigades of children, the singing clubs. Why, it's like turning the whole country upside down. That's what it is! Washington is the goal of everybody who can travel! Nobody ever saw anything like it before. The hum of it, the stir of it, the thrill of it is already here, in the hotels, in the streets, in the corridors of the capital! And all because a man with fire leaping through his veins has sprung to the head of a tremendous movement—has made the movement."

He smiled at her half whimsically.

"And here I am scared half to death! Why he isn't, I can't understand."

Mrs. Kane struck the tablecloth with her chubby fist.

"Why won't he tell us?" she demanded in desperation. "Why won't he tell you? Why won't he tell Edith about himself?"

"That's what I don't understand again," he admitted, "why he doesn't tell Miss Mallon."

Mrs. Kane had an inspiration. "He may tonight!" she exclaimed.

"I wonder," Waller said slowly, "if that is why she wants to see him."

They made their plans for the evening. Waller would have Smith there by 7 o'clock, and Nellie and Edith were to come in at 8. The apartment house was a small one on an unimportant street. It seemed simple enough.

For the remainder of the afternoon Waller worried not about the meeting that evening but about the general outlook. He could not shake off his belief that the other side knew something that would hurt the agitator. And, when he considered that, he thought also of the minority of haters which might become overnight a majority.

"The public," he concluded gloomily, "is a fool. I ought to know. I've been writing for it long enough. But if they throw this thing down now, they're crazier even than I thought—which is going some."

### CHAPTER TWENTY.

All of it was done so quickly, with such deftness and skill, by Mrs. Kane that Edith found herself alone in the room with the man she loved before she quite knew how it had been brought about. She had come in with Nellie and had spoken to both the men, and immediately Nellie, explaining that she must see the tapestries Waller kept in his "showroom" and talking glibly and uninterruptedly all the while, had whisked Waller out with her, closing the door behind her.

A long, high backed couch was set before the open wood fire, and behind the couch was the table bearing the reading light. The glow from the flames was almost as great as that from the lamp. The room, with its medley of colors, its conglomeration of furniture and ornaments from all parts of the world, was in itself a curious expression of isolation, silence, withdrawal from other people. He felt somehow that never before had he been so entirely alone with her.

They were standing, facing each other, in front of the fire. As the door closed behind the others she looked at him and smiled. He stood tense and erect, as if he tried to comprehend something greater and more gorgeous than he possibly could have expected.

"I'm afraid you're thinking," she hazarded, a little uncertainly, "that I was very silly—to want to see you here—or anywhere."

He took her hand and led her a step to the couch, arranging the cushions for her comfort as she leaned against them.

"I was marvelling," he answered her gravely, "that the human heart could feel such happiness as mine does now."

She indicated with a wave of her hand the place near her.

"Sit here, beside me," she invited.

He sat down, turning so that he might face her and watch the play of the firelight on her hair and features.

She was looking into the fire, her beauty softened and made more exquisite by her expression of sweet solemnity.

"Waller told me," he suggested, "that there was something very important."

She did not answer.

"Is there?" he asked after a pause.

She turned to him and smiled slowly and brilliantly. All of a sudden he was tremendously aware of her charm, her loveliness, the fragrance of her, the mystery lights of her eyes, the sweetness that was hers.

"Very important," she replied, the words coming through the smile. "I think, Mr. John Smith, it is merely another case of a woman pursuing a man."

Her eyes, smiling, held his gaze. There was a little catch in her voice.

"My Lady Bountiful!" he managed to say.

She turned from him and looked into the flames.

"There are only 10 days left," she began with wonderful directness, "and I knew you would—might want to know that the woman you—love—that her spirit is with you—always."

She fell silent, the reflection of the fire stealing under her lowered lids and making new lights in her eyes.

A red rose dropped from her corsage and slid from her knee to

the floor. He picked it up swiftly and slipped it into the breast pocket of his coat.

"I wish," he said, his voice breaking, "I could tell you that I love you—how much I love you, my—My Lady Bountiful."

"And I understand," she murmured. "You cannot."

"No; I cannot."

She looked at him, turning her head with a quick, imperious motion. He saw that there was in her eyes the hint of tears.

"But," she said, "that doesn't make the slightest difference to me. Some day you can."

"Do you feel that?"  
"I know it," she answered, her trust absolute.

"I wonder sometimes," he said, "why we do feel so sure of—of the future."

For an instant she laid her left hand, light and tremulous, on his coat sleeve.

"Tell me," she asked, "what your attitude about it is—exactly."

He laughed.

"All I can think of now," he protested, "is the wonder of your love for me—your acceptance of me on trust. I did not know, I could not realize, there was such heroism in woman."

"It is not heroism," she denied. "It is merely that I love you—and that you love me. That, also, is why we both know that ultimately happiness must come to us."

"Yes; that is why." He looked at her as religious devotees look at sacred things, from afar, or as lovers of the beautiful at a work of art. "Somehow, I am convinced that the doing of the work before me will bring its reward. That reward is you. I—both of us—try to serve others. Surely that is the only real way in which we can serve ourselves."

She started, remembering what Vetter had said—almost the same thing.

"If you will listen, if it will not tire you," he went on, "I shall tell you a story, my own story of my idea of what this life, this service, must mean in the end."

She recognized the growing ardor in him, the enthusiasms coming to the surface, the breaking forth of his peculiar strength under the influence of what she had said to him.

"Ah," she breathed, "do tell me."

She leaned far back in the cushions, sometimes screening her face from the flames with her uplifted hand, now and then flashing to him a look of understanding or appreciation, while he talked, his voice vibrant, low, more musical than she ever had heard it.

This is the fanciful, beautiful story to which she listened:

The young man who travelled the Happy Highway wore on a finger of his left hand a ring of gold, wonderfully wrought and set with a pale, translucent emerald. All his apparel was like that of a king's son. And the sunshine, creeping into the ringlets of his hair, became wavy, vibrant gold.

The smile of the young man was the most beautiful the other pilgrims on the Happy Highway ever had seen. Since nothing in his conscience reproached him, it was unblemished by grief; and, since he had found nothing to fear in all the world, it welcomed everybody who approached him; and, because he had nothing to conceal from the gaze of men, it was radiant with delight.

"He is not only beautiful," said a bent old man; "he is the best-natured young man who ever has trod the Happy Highway!"

"He is so," agreed an old woman in a funny little treble voice. "And all of us must keep him happy forever."

Thus it came about that the young man's days and nights were perfect, for all the joyous company heeded the old woman's advice. Care never came near him, and pain could not touch him.

As he strolled along the highway, men and women of all ages brought him wonderful gifts and did him service and pleased him. They arranged it so that the purple plumes of lilacs shaded him always from the noonday sun, and, as he walked, red roses, the reddest roses that bloomed, swayed forward from each side, and, moved by unseen hands, washed the air with their fragrance.

At night somebody—anybody he chose—fanned him with fans made of the leaves of blue-purple poppies, for sleep. Always, when he slept, he was housed in sumptuous places, and his pillows were so soft that, as he rested his head upon them, they did not disturb the lovely ringlets of his hair.

(Continued Next Week.)

Cinnamon is mentioned in Exodus xxx, 23, as one of the component parts of the holy anointing oil which Moses was directed to prepare. In Revelations xviii, 13, it is enumerated among the merchandise of the great Babylon.

## 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 foul, constipated waste, sour bile and undigested food passes out of the bowels, and you have a well, playful child again. When its 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 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has directions for babies, children of all ages and grown-ups printed on the bottle. Adv.

**He Explains.**  
"You were mumbling in your sleep about Augusta. Now, who is this Augusta?"

"A city, my dear. I may have to go there on a business trip."

## GREEN'S AUGUST FLOWER

Used All Over the Civilized World for More Than 50 Years.

Stomach troubles seem to be almost universal the last few years; I mean indigestion in many forms, internal nervousness, caused by incompatible food fermentation, coming up of food, sour stomach, headache, apparent palpitation of the heart, habitual constipation, intestinal indigestion, caused by a torpid liver, and a general breakdown with low spirits and depressed feeling. Green's August Flower was introduced in this and foreign countries fifty years ago with wonderful success in relieving the above complaints. Sold by dealers everywhere at 25c trial bottles or 75c family size. Sole manufacturer, G. Green, Woodbury, N. J., U. S. A., Australia and Toronto, Canada.—Adv.

**Explains.**  
"What made you so bowlegged?"  
"Father was a charter member of the 'Prevention of Disease association.'"  
"Well?"  
"He used to swat flies on my head."

## GIRLS! GIRLS! TRY IT, BEAUTIFY YOUR HAIR

Make It Thick, Glossy, Wavy, Luxuriant and Remove Dandruff—Real Surprise for You.

Your hair becomes light, wavy, fluffy, abundant and appears as soft, lustrous and beautiful as a young girl's after a "Dandierine hair cleanse." Just try this—moisten a cloth with a little Dandierine and carefully draw it through your hair, taking one small strand at a time. This will cleanse the hair of dust, dirt and excessive oil and in just a few moments you have doubled the beauty of your hair.

Besides beautifying the hair at once, Dandierine dissolves every particle of dandruff; cleanses, purifies and invigorates the scalp, forever stopping itching and falling hair.

But what will please you most will be after a few weeks' use when you will actually see new hair—fine and downy at first—yes—but really new hair—growing all over the scalp. If you care for pretty, soft-hair and lots of it, surely get a 25-cent bottle of Knowlton's Dandierine from any store and just try it. Adv.

**No Doubt About That.**  
"What! Paid fifty dollars for a hat. Woman, are you mad?"  
"No, but it's plain to be seen that you are."

## FRECKLES

Now is the Time to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots.  
There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as the prescription ointment—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots. Simply get an ounce of ointment—double strength—from your druggist, and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom more than one ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful clear complexion.  
Be sure to ask for the double strength ointment, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.—Adv.

Man's greatest responsibility is woman—and she never lets him shirk it.

**When Your Eyes Need Care Try Murine Eye Remedy**  
No Smarting—Just Eye Comfort. 50 CENTS at Druggists or mail. Write for Free Eye Book. MURINE EYE REMEDY CO., CHICAGO