# NOTICE TO

Positive Proof That Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Relieves Suffering.

Bridgeton, N.J. - "I cannot speak too highly of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for



inflammation and other weaknesses. I was very irregular and would have terrible pains so that I could hardly take a step. Sometimes I would be so miserable that I could not sweep a room. I doctored part of the time but felt no

change. I later took Lydia E. Pink-Vegetable Compound and soon felt a change for the better. I took it until I was in good healthy condition. I recommend the Pinkham remedies to all women as I have used them with such good results."—Mrs. MILFORD T. CUM-MINGS, 322 Harmony St., Penn's Grove,

Such testimony should be accepted by all women as convincing evidence of the excellence of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound as a remedy for the distressing ills of women such as displacements, inflammation, ulceration, backache, painful periods, nervousness and kindred ailments.

than S mallpox, Army capetience has demonstrates the almost miraculous efficacy, and harmlessness, of Anthyphoid Vaccination. Be vaccinated NOW by your physician, you and your family. It is more vital than house insurance. Ask your physician, druggist, or send for "Have you had Typhoid?" telling of Typhoid Vaccine, results from use, and danger from Typhoid Carriers. Producing Vaccines and Service under II. S. License. Producing Vaccines and Serums under U. S. Licensa





### NEW QUARTIER LATIN HERE

Greenwich Village in New York Becomes Bohemian Capital of World\* as Result of War.

The European war has left the famous Latin quarter of Paris almost deerfed; and a temporary paralysis lies. also, upon the art bohemias of Munich, London and Rome. In default of competition, New York's "Greenwich Vilhas thus suddenly become the new bohentian capital of the world, Charles Phelps Cushing writes in Cartoons Magazine.

We Inclose "Greenwich village" in quotation marks out of deference to part, are respectable Tammany Hall Irish-Americans and German-Amerians, plain Americans and American Italians-all, or nearly all, resigned to making their living by pretty much the same methods as the masses do anywhere else: "The bulk of the neighborhood," declares so reliable an authority as the director of Greenwich house (community center), "is made up of the tonservative American working class-the clerk, the factory worker, the longshoreman, the office cleaner, the teamster and the day laborer."

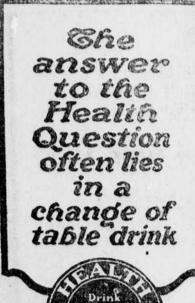
The Greenwich village of old was as famous for its dignity and quiet as the "village" of today is noted for its "pagan revels." The Greenwich of a hundred years ago was a rural retreat two miles north of New York city, and was a stronghold of fashion and respectability. Numerically, the conservatives are yet well in the majority. but the limelight of publicity in recent times has been trained only on the Bohemians. So "Greenwich Village" has come to stand for the very reverse of all that it meant a generation back.

His Resolve.

"Now they say our food influences

"I'll quit eating bluefish then." It is sometimes difficult for a girl to

find her ideal man, but she's nearly always willing to accept a substitute.



## The Man Who Forgot

A NOVEL

By JAMES HAY, JR.



GARDEN CITY NEW YORK DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & COMPANY

CHAPTER XXI (Continued).

"Father!" she cautioned sharpdidn't. And you know we're not cheerfulness.

amazement as she handed him his true! Besides, this happens to be different from Senator Mallon's, seem so," he said quietly, "but

engaged to him! The whole thing minutes. is preposterous! He's beneath con-

"It seems silly to say that he is them all!" nobody," she contradicted him evenly. "At his call thousands gently. upon thousands of people are coming here to compel congress to do ways do. a big thing. He is a great national figure -a wonderful man.'

Her memory of him the night before, the realization that others attacked him as her father was do- arrived. ing now, the thought that in many cases there was nobody to defend aroused in her a great longing to hight.' protect him, to help him.

looking at her father out of wide, laying their plans to make a scanutterly frank eyes, "I were his dal out of that!" wife today.

"Then you had that thing

the table with his fist, and, as he nothing about it. But, if they did, self. "I called up the office of the The drawl had gone from his did so, his knuckles, grazing the I wouldn't put it past them. They newspaper which printed that re-voice. saucer, tipped it over suddenly, would do anything now to hit port. Theard that Senator Mallon the table and to the floor. Wales, else gets hurt. hearing the noise, came into the

"Get out!" Mallon thundered puzzled her. at him, causing his instant retreat.

Edith spoke in sheer surprise. Mr. Smith She could not understand the bit-

·Father!"

you must have the common sense He had that story printed. the older villagers, who, for the most | not to talk this way to other peo- "Why?" Edith persisted. ple! I won't have it as long as you are my daughter and as long "But how?" them out of the newspapers!"

He left his chair and started to go from the room.

herself to calmness. "When you've finished yours,

when you've left the room!" "Oh, father," she begged, cu. "please, please, be more kind,

He stopped in the doorway.

are not engaged."

"Yes!" he exploded again. "And everybody else will know thing, this engagement-I mean, it it! I'm going to send word to the is too slightly, the effect of the de- drawled, his voice colored by the issue a denial of this absurd re- If it was cumulative, if it followed "what could you do, under the cir port. I want the reporters up here something else, or if there were cumstances? just as soon as I can get them. I'll something else to follow thishave the denial printed today, this He took his turn at reflection. afternoon. I won't stand this fool-

"Then," she said, her words hesitant, I'll have to-have to-" to itmerely a little piece of little take it up with the editor, obtain

"I don't know what to do. But if ing at straws. That's all." you send for the reporters, I think I shall send for Mr. Waller and denial of the engagement what and ask him to help us-me.

Her father sneered perceptibly. vised bitterly; "and a precious lot then?"

of good he'll do.'

of him. The senator flung himself out of uppleasant. the room.

She hurried upstairs to the telephone on her desk, but could not | wouldn't! speak to Waller until her father had finished calling up the Washthe house at once.

again and found Nellie Kane.

"Oh, Nellie," she said grately. "You know he didn't have this fully, "I'm so glad you're here!"

The senator regarded her with almost persuade me the story isn't cern. The anger, which was vastly offee.
"The idea of your thinking it girl—your girls. Remember the eyes glow. His face was very pale. Mallon's peace of mind was threatnecessary to tell me you're not wanting all sorts of help in a few And his physique, which always, ened. And, since that was true,

tempt—an upstart without fam- gotten about them, but I'm glad ures, was tensed. Waller, watch- ward the senator. 't seems to me ily, without position, without it's Thursday, and I hope - oh, ing him, noticed that his chest only fair, Senator Mallon," he Nellie, I do hope I can do lots for seemed deeper, and his arms, held said, "for you to let me know why

### CHAPTER XXII.

Mallon parlor when Cholliewollie

"Of course," he gave it as his him, the mental picture of his opinion, "it was just a coincidence swiftly catching up the rose she that this announcement was pubhad dropped at his feet-these lished the morning following the express the full measure of his asthings flashed through her mind, -ermeeting at my apartment last

"I only wish," she concluded, voiced her surprise, "that they're his attention.

"No," he drawled, "I don't." "Of course not!"

His tone was brutal. He struck "because I'm sure they knew crything for her, nothing for him- Simpson in the stuffy hotel room.

elear her mind of the things that sire—to say anything, to do any- lon tried to stop him,

The senator's eyes were bulg-asked, "what possible motive He wheeled, fiery and alert, to on to you. I've got the goods on ing. He was in a berserker rage, could anybody have had in inspir- Waller. ing the story of my engagement to

"That's as plain as day." he re-Now, I require this much of wrong in guessing that the estima-torted. you," he said, a little thickly: ble Albert Mitchell is back of it. The agitator turned again to

stand that thoroughly. If you have ton, " he explained, "this thing of -in this house, but I have just the senator again. You're a great these disgraceful ideas about this having something pleasant printed read the report. I did not stop to big man out in your state, you man, keep them to yourself. Keep about a man so that denial of it consider. I came because I am are! will make him look ridiculous."

"Oh," Edith said, greatly atrocious embarrassment should trie push button. His face was grieved, "my father already has be put upon you. "Aren't you going to cat your telephoned the afternoon newsbreakfast?" she asked, forcing papers to send reporters up here, of morning in her face.

He wants to deny the story. "There you are! The senator is all," she told him. doing the very thing they counted

Edith reflected a moment. "They think," she suggested terfering with your work.

that anything they can do to "You know," she added, "we make Mr. Smith look ridiculous will hurt what he stands for?"

"Oh, yes; but this is such a little could not speak.

Edith, tremendously distressed, waited for him to continue.

'Have to what?' he broke in, spite. That's all there can be to correction. She caught her lower lip be- it. They're in desperate plight,

tween her teeth for a moment to Miss Mallon, and they don't hesi- Waller answered, "corrections are hide the tremor that was upon it, tate to use you as a means of an- not of much value. Once put the tion, felt remorse, Almost, there were tears in her boying him and worrying him and little printed words before the making him appear ridiculous be- readers with their eggs and cof-"Oh," she answered helplessly, fore the country. They're grasp- fee in the morning, and not all the

"But when my father issues his men can ever recall them." then?

"Your father, feeling as he does smiled warmly. "Is it? him, naturally. He will make it and Waller saw that he exulted-

"If he only wouldn't!" she strength. said desperately. "If he only

Mrs. Kane came to the rescue. "Your father's in the library, men can be handled, and, partieu-| Senater Mallon.

said, when she had left the room, studied insolence.

You think it so important?" Not vitally, but I seem to be side 'Lipped' about Smith just now. I "If you will leave us, Miss Malhad rather see nothing come out to lon, for a moment," he said in a bother him in the slightest way. low tone. Think of what he's doing. Think "Would it be best?" she asked. of the responsibilities on him this whispering the question. very minute!

moments in silence.

"That is what has bothered me hall.

she said at last. "Why should | Mallon came farther into the t be thrust forward as an annoy- room, his star still fixed on Smith, ance to him at such a time?"

17 (Wales lifted the hangings at the you? coor and announced:

"Mr. Smith."

There was hurry in his stride as article printed. You know he Mrs. Kane knew the value of he stepped into the room. It was lence! apparent that he was almost be-"My dear," she bubbled, "you side himself with anger and con-self-control. in some strange manner, reflected nothing could have kept me "Oh," she breathed, "I had for his moods as surely as did his feat- away." He took a step swiftly toat a sharper angle from his body, you have assumed this attitude to Nellit patted her shoulder appeared more easily and more ward me, why you are so bitter.' gracefully swung in their sockets. "You, yourself, are the answer "My dear," she said, "you al- It was as if his body held itself to your own question," Mallon remarvellously ready to carry out plied. the impulses of his mind.

"I beg your pardon!" he said at Smith in real contempt. Some-The two women were in the abruptly, halting a few steps in- how, he failed in that.

side the room. "It is too bad!"

Edith said that involuntarily and held out her hand to him.
"What are you doing here!"

Waller made that exclamation asked again.

Smith came forward and shook "You don't think," Mrs. Kane hands with Edith. He paid her all know what you are. I'm'on to you

"I would not have come-would not have intruded, believe me," he might deny the engagement. I to you-you big four-flush!" Edith felt the burning desire to wished—it is my most ernest de-

ling, that might relieve you of "Tell me, Mr. Waller," she any shadow of embarrassment."

"What can I do?" he demanded.

"What on earth do you think of terness, the intensity, of his anger plied. "I don't think I'm far doing?" the newspaper man re-

Edith. "I am sure you understand," he "He wants to make mischiel." went on, his words a torrent of lemotion. "I remembered my posi-"It is an old game in Washing- tion-rather, my lack of position horrified, distressed, that such an

She looked at him; all the lights

"It doesn't embarrass me at |

"But it must!"

"If it does, it is because I do not like to think of anything in-

His perception of how thoroughly she had put him before herself checked him. For a second he his arm guided him. The news-

"My dear fellow." Waller papers right now that I want to mail and all that, to hurt anybody, affection he felt for the man,

"Tell me just that," Smith de manded. "What can I do?" "Absolutely nothing.

"Surely there must be some "Oh," he said, "there's nothing thing-some way in which I could

> As I told you once before, king's horses nor all the king's

Edith reminded him: "There is no reason to feel con-"But when my father issues his cerned for me. If it does not trou-"Do so, by all means," he ad-denial of the engagement—what ble you, let's forget it, please. It is by no means a tragedy." She

"At least, she said, "he's fond toward Mr. Smith, will not spare He looked at her steadfastly, as a strong man takes pride in his "But," Smith reminded her,

"there is the question of your senate?" father's denial of the story. "Ah-h!"

ington newspaper offices with the isn't he?" She rose quickly, "Well The three turned toward the request that reporters be sent to my deear, leave him to me. All music room. In the doorway stood to Mallon's mind.

When that was over and Waller larly, all old men can be handled "Ah-h!" he repeated, addresshad said he would come to her im- by young widows." She laughed ing Smith. "To what, may I ask, mediately, she went downstairs reasuringly. "I go to change his do we owe this unexpected hon- land and Belgium.

"I hope she succeeds," Waller. His voice was a triumph in

Cholliewollie stepped to Edith's

"Much," he answered. She contemplated that for a few She turned and went out through the door leading into the

"Will you tell me," he repeated, Like an answer to her question, "to what we owe this visit from

"It was not a visit to you," Smith answered him cooly.

"I never heard of such inso-The agitator strove to keep his

"It might seem so-it does

He lit'a eigar and tried to look

"Now," he ordered, "get out of my house and stay out!

Smith regarded hi mwith an expression like pity. "You will not tell me why?" he

"Oh, yes," the older man responded with elaborate carelessness, "if you want to know. I

-demagogue and faker." "One moment! Cholliewollie stepped between said with quick emphasis, the the two men and faced Mallon. His strength in his voice somehow ex- manner was such as it had been "I don't," he supplemented, pressing the fact that he felt ev- the night he had interrogated

"You see, senator," he said throwing the cup of coffee clear of Smith—and they don't care who had sent for reporters so that he curtly, without a smile, "I'm on

"Don't you dar to \_\_\_ Mal

"There's no daring about it. Waller assured him sternly, "I'm you. And I'm about to tell you where you get off.'

He turned to Smith with the quick query:

"You remember you said one day you'd like to know why the senato rt—siham nhree jwmtth enator-this man here-was so bitterly opposed to you, so personally hostile?" Smith nodder

Mallon started toward the elec-

purple, except for the thin line of white across the bridge of his nose. Waller caught him sharply by the "No, you don't!" he commanded Mallon. "You sit down

there! I'm about to tell you a little story. The senator, completely aghast, sank into the chair toward which Waller's commanding pressure on

paper man stood over him. "You're a great big man out in your state. You were a great big nan in business 15 years ago-a merchant prince. But merchant princes are like other people; they verreach themselves sometimes. It happened that, at the time when you found yourself facing financial ruin and the wiping out of vour business, some idiot developed the idea that your gifts and virtues entitled you to be governor of the state.

Smith, seeing the man's agita-"Is this necessary now and here,

Waller?" he asked.
"Very," Waller replied lacon-

ically, and proceeded with his story: "Who saved you from the business crash? Who, by that act, virtually made you governor and actually owned you in all your official acts?

He snapped his fingers and laughed harshly. His anger was apparent, a very personal thing.

Ah, these precious whisky interests look far ahead and invest their money well, don't they, senator? Who told you to run for the

He leaned forward and snapped his finigers again. He seemed to want to drive his questions home

(Continued Next Week.)

Vast supplies of cocoa have been smuggled into Germany by way of Hol-

#### +++++++++++++++++++ WHAT A BABE MAY DO FOR FRIEND AND FOE.

Edgar Von Schmidt-Paull, a Prusslan cavairy officer, who is on the western front, has written for the German newspapers the following remarkable incident which he and his men witnessed re-

"Donnerwetter-what a hellish noise! Above me shells are bursting and all around me is the rat-tat-tat of machine

around me is the ractact.

guns.

"It is just before dawn and the fog is so thick that one can scarcely see a yard ahead. All we know is that our troops during the night stormed and captured the French village over yonder. I want to see how our left wing it situated, and therefore ride to the village, where the enemy's bullets are falling as thick as helicious during a heavy thunderstorm. hallstones during a heavy thunderstorm. The for continues thick, but it is not

The fog continues thick, but it is not cold.

"I find a shelter where other cavalrymen are taking a little rest and at once proceed to get some needed sleep myself, ordering the lieutenant to rouse me in case of necessity.

"Suddenly I am awakened by a peculiar, uncomfortable stillness—as is the case often where a sleeper is awakened either by a sudden noise or the cessation of noise. As I emerge from the dugout, the lieutenant winks at me mischievously and points directly in front of him. Carefully I raise my head over the top of the trench to get a view of things.

"The sun has risen and the fog has disappeared. In front of us is a meadow, and there, midway between our trenches and those of the enemy, is—God, it is impossible, it must be a delusion—Fata Morgana; but no—there in the middle of the field, crawling on hands and knees, is a little baby. It appears perfectly happy and contented, and seems to be beard, not a shot is fired. Every man has become dumb from amazement.

"A child has fallen from heaven!" cries a soldier near me.

"Well, that is about the case, for where else could that child have come from?"

"Before my weary brain can summon up convincing reasons how that child got out there—whether some poor mother lost it in the panic due to the battle of the

Before my weary brain can summon up convincing reasons how that child got out there—whether some poor mother lost it in the panic due to the battle of the night before—a German soldier jumps out of the trench and runs to where the child is crawling. Absolute stilness prevails in the trenches, and only to our right, from which this extraordinary sight is hidden by a clump of trees, is the sound of gunfire heard.

"And this spot, which all through the night has been a veritable inferno of shot and shell, is now like some peaceful island or a cool, friendly oas's in a burning desert.

"Over there in the enemy's trenches we can see the helmets of the Frenchmen as they peer over the edges. No one is any longer thinking of the enemy or the war of danger. All eyes are on the tall soldier and the child which he is approaching. And as he picks up that little, frightened helpless piece of humanity and fondly takes it in his arms, a low, friendly laugh passes along our entire column. The laugh is infectious, and we can feel how it is going along the ranks over yonder. And suddenly—what, are they going to shoot?—mo, on the contrary, a great wave of applause with shouts of 'Bravo' from thousands of French throats breaks the stillness. Then, as the soldier jumps back into our trench with the child safely in his arms, our ranks burst into a triumphant shout which passes all along the line.

"Even for some time after not a shot is fired. It is an if we for the passes all along the line."

line.

"Even for some time after not a shot is fired. It is as if we felt ashamed of ourselves, and no one touched a gun while that child was in our midst.

"When the firing did start again it was desultory and indifferent, and there was nothing dangerous about it. The little-child had worked a wonderful change in the hearts of both friend and foe that morning.

When Russian Soldiers Sing.

big blond boys in long tan the flat caps sapped raidship yr. They drill in dozens of the cobblestoned space below St. Israe's—which suggests and Rome—and march the and night, singing their tre-ssian source.

ous Russian songs,
see or four files start the air, after
asure or two the next selection comes
ad so on down the street until presthe whole column is booming a sort
ound. The song, wild and melanwith tremendous basses, does down
street in 2 series of waves, and as
lescends in front of you another is the block. They march slowly, with a curious rolling of the shoulders and swinging of their long tan overcoats. Their feet go out and down with a snab-clop \* \* clop-n a sort of modified goose step, and to accent the rhythm they are taught to swing the free arm, the one hot carrying the rile, in a wide, slow are, almost up to the opposite shoulder and back again.

gain. And this slow, deliberate reaching for And this slow, deliberate reaching forward and setting down each foot—one recall's Kipling's "bear that walks like a man"—together with the long high swing of the closed fist, repeated by innumerable blond giants in long, swaying overcoats, is curious and impressive. There is something more than accident in this, or the drill sergeant's notions—something at once tremendous and qua'nt, something of the faith, heaviness, and slow, unconquerable power of Russia itself.

The Blind Follower.

The Blind Follower.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The sentry of the United States in the great war offered Austria-Hungary her first and probably her last opportunity for a favorable separate peace. Europe mas not forgotten and will not forget that it was the brutal cocksuredness of the dual empire that actually precipitated the war. Germany was ready, but Germany might have waited had not Austria determined to strike. Long accustomed to the piffling diplomacy of Sir Edward Grey, Austria believed that her iniquitous scheme for the assassination of Serbia would be carried through without interference. She called on the Prussian to show his teeth and rattle his sword. That would probably be sufficient to held Russia and France and Britain in awe while the outrage in Serbia was being consummated.

Since the beginning of the way Austria. Since the beginning of the war Austria

Since the beginning of the war Austria has fallen to a very subordinate position. The detestation of the world has been earned by Prussianism and there has been a certain amount of ply for the deluded bully that really started the war. Austria has suffered more than Germany. She has, perhaps, been punished enough. The entente, at the urging of the new ally in America, might have granted favorable terms to a nation willing to admit its error and express repentance.

Ey action only against Germany the pentance.

By action only against Germany the United States offered the goiden apportunity. It required an awful visit of the high masters of Pruss anism to Vienna to frighten Austria Into line. She has been frightened into line and she will continue to be the blind follower of Potsdam till both leader and follower come to the end of the thorny road of internitional out-lawry.

Use for Colonel Roosevelt.

From the Chicago Post.

We do not know the result of Colonel Roosevelt's talk with President Wilson. But we do know that a welf-ordered military plan would find a place for so useful an American and put him at work in it.

If we are to have a volunteer system, there is no one else in the United States who can draw volunteers to the colors as can Theodore Roosevelt.

If we are to send immediately a small expeditionary force to France for the sake of moral and sentimental effect, there is no one else who can add so greaty to that effect as can Theodore Roosevelt.

If no use is made of him, we shall simply be nerlecting, as in the case of foneral Wood, one of the reality valuable factors that lie readiest to band in an intricate situation.

cate situation.

Tempora Mutant.

From Candle.

Mr. Goodleigh—Her age really surprises
ue; she doesn't look 28, does she"
Miss Snappe—Not now, but I suppose
he did over

Breezy.

From the Yale Record.
"Gracious, how close it is in here. Let's "But, my dear, the orchestra will change the air in a minute."

Use for Colonel Roosevelt.