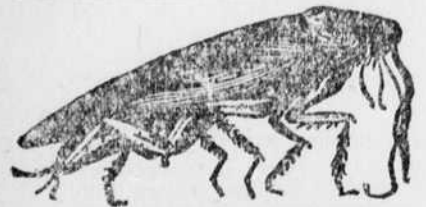


BROKEN DOWN IN HEALTH

Woman Tells How \$5 Worth
of Pinkham's Compound
Made Her Well.

Lima, Ohio.—"I was all broken down in health from a displacement. One of my lady friends came to see me and she advised me to commence taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and took \$5.00 worth and in two months was a well woman after three doctors said I never would stand up straight again. I was a midwife for seven years and I recommended the Vegetable Compound to every woman to take before birth and afterwards, and they all got along so nicely that it surely is a godsend to suffering women. If women wish to write to me I will be delighted to answer them."
—Mrs. JENNIE MOYER, 342 E. North St., Lima, Ohio.

Women who suffer from displacements, weakness, irregularities, nervousness, backache, or bearing-down pains, need the tonic properties of the roots and herbs contained in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.



COCKROACHES
are easily killed by using
Stearns' Electric Paste
Full directions in 15 languages
Sold everywhere—25c and \$1.00
U. S. Government Buys It

Arras Before the War.
Tapestries are no longer woven in Arras, but the city was a thriving industrial community at the outbreak of the war, its chief articles of manufacture being hosiery, ironware, oil products, best sugar and agricultural supplements.

In the Petite place and the Grand place Arras boasts some curious architectural relics of the period of Spanish occupation in the seventeenth century—houses of heavy stone whose upper stories project beyond the foundation walls and are supported by pillars which form arcades over the sidewalks. Beneath the streets are huge cellars or magazines which were originally quarries. The Hotel de Ville is an interesting sixteenth century building with a belfry 245 feet high, in which hangs a great nine-ton bell called "Joyeuse."

Not So.
"Oh, grandma," exclaimed little Margaret, who had been rummaging through an old bureau drawer in the attic. "What a curious old key this is!"

"Yes, dear," replied her grandmother. "That was your grandfather's hatchkey."

"And you keep it in memory of the old days?"

"No, my dear. In memory of the old nights."

True, True!
Hain Actor—"Tis bitter cold with-out."
Boob—"Without what?"
Parche Proteau—"Those undergarments."

There is no harm in a man's posing as a genius if he is self-supporting.

Economy!
Flavor!
Nutrition!
Grape-Nuts
FOOD
FOR
Breakfast
Lunch
or
Supper

The Man Who Forgot

A NOVEL

By JAMES HAY, JR.



GARDEN CITY NEW YORK
DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & COMPANY
1915

CHAPTER XXII (Continued).

"Who financed your campaign? Who sent you to the Senate? Who owns your senatorship now?" He laughed again. "Who told you to forbid John Smith this house? Who ordered you to do it?"

The senator moistened his lips with his tongue.

"Young man," he said, attempting the insolent tone, "you are crazy, insane!"

Waller laughed again.

"Don't say that to me," he commanded. "I tell you I've got the goods on you. Whiffen McNeary did the work—the great and sublime Whiffen McNeary! You and he made the political bargains after you and Whiffen, and Silas Unterby, and Horace Gardon, and Larry Demonet held the conference that saved you from bankruptcy. If you want more, I'll give it to you, the details—Silas Unterby, the distiller; Horace Gardon, the bottler; Larry Demonet, another distiller, and Whiffen—oh, the sweet scented Whiffen—their jack-of-all-trades in crooked work—Whiffen, the man who could buy a vote or steal a legislature as remorselessly and as quickly as he could starve a child or send a widow into the street!"

Mallon protested:

"Nothing but a string of names! It's all gibberish and stuff!"

Cholliewollie snapped his fingers and drove his right fist into the palm of his left hand with a resounding thwack.

"Oh, you big four-flush!" he said harshly. "You hypocrite—blood sucker in the dark—sinner in secret places—drinker of vile waters—eater of unclean food! Owned, body and soul, by the whisky trust! People throw up their hands in holy horror and ask how whisky keeps itself entrenched. You're the answer to that. They do it through men, through things, like you. They go out into the state and buy you, buy you where they please, buy you like cattle on the hoof, and then they pack you up and keep you in cold storage until they need you, until they dress you up in the clownish costume of a would-be statesman and send you to Washington! They buy you and use you, use you until you haven't a backbone left! Bah! You, you—old man Mallon—are the worst of all of them. You cap them all. You strike against your daughter's happiness when they call! A senator, a statesman! That's enough to make the gods laugh!"

The senator started to rise, but Waller thrust him back into the chair.

"Now listen to me!" The young man's tone was matter-of-fact, cold as steel. "From now on, your attitude toward the relations—whatever those relations may be—between your daughter and Mr. John Smith undergoes a complete reversal of form."

It was evident that Mallon saw the futility of resistance.

"What do you ask?" he inquired, his voice shaky.

"I'm not asking anything," Waller replied. "I am telling you things. Some day, when I have the time, I may print a list of the members of congress polluted by this whisky ownership. But, for the present, I merely tell you that you are to cease interfering with John Smith. And today you will give out no denial of this reported engagement. Does that go?"

"Oh," Mallon evaded. "I don't want any argument here about—"

"The society reporters, Miss Whiting and Miss Hubbard," announced Wales, holding aside the hangings to admit the two women.

At the same moment Edith and Mrs. Kane entered through the music room door. Smith turned to speak to them.

"Step into the music room, Mr. Smith. We can't have a scene here," Mrs. Kane suggested quickly.

Smith, without a moment's hesitation, followed her advice. He made his exit without having been seen by the reporters.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Miss Whiting and Miss Hubbard made what might have been

termed a breezy entrance—this, in spite of their physiques. Miss Whiting was tall and thin, and she had a restless, mechanical smile. Her manner was one of forced effusiveness, a nervous, ineffective pretence of great energy, which made her seem birdlike in the way in which she moved and darted about. Each of her gestures was a sharp, stabbing motion. Miss Hubbard was a trifle thinner than Miss Whiting, and seemed, with the exception of an expression of complete resignation to an unkind world, a pale likeness of her companion.

"This is Senator Mallon?" Miss Whiting began the conversation with a group of people who, because of the sweeping emotions they were then enduring, thought of nothing to say. "And Miss Mallon?" She bowed to Edith. "How very, very nice! How very nice!"

Mallon murmured something about being glad to see Miss Whiting and Miss Hubbard.

"We came to get the denial of the engagement story," Miss Whiting's words flowed from her bird-like throat. "You see, in a story like this, the young lady, the heroine, becomes the most interesting personage in modern life. She is discussed over the teacups and across the wine glass. And details are essential."

"So very essential, Myrtle," Miss Hubbard agreed with her friend.

"Yes. If she likes immortelles better than roses, for instance, or if she had a favorite rag doll when she was a baby, or if she believes onions quiet the nerves—anything of that sort, senator, is absolutely essential."

"If you will permit me, Miss Whiting," Waller stepped forward, prepared to make a suggestion.

"Just one moment, Mr. Waller, please," she went on, again devoting her attention to the senator. "It would so improve the story if we knew Miss Mallon's views on marriage. Has she ever read any books on trial marriage, for instance, or does she admire the feminist movement? You know, they say the feminists don't believe in the marriage ceremony. It's quite shocking, I know, but in these days things have to be shocking in order to be interesting. And details are so essential for—"

The two reporters had been standing near the door through which they had entered. Miss Whiting's frantic fishing for details was ended, necessarily, when the hanging were lifted once more by Wales.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Mallon," he said. "But Miss Mary Leslie wishes to see you—one of the Thursday young ladies."

"Oh, I had forgotten," Edith reproached herself. "Tell her to wait a moment in—"

But the visitor evidently had thought she was to follow Wales. She came past him slowly, almost timidly, and, when she saw the group in the room, stood, a fearful, shrinking figure clothed in black, just a step over the threshold. Wales dropped the hangings behind her and disappeared.

"I—I wanted to see Miss Mallon," she said in a colorless, uncertain tone.

"I am Miss Mallon," Edith told her, and started toward her with the intention of asking her to wait in another room.

But the newcomer hurried to meet her and clasped her hand.

"Oh," she said, sobbing a little. "I'm so glad! So glad!"

Edith felt that the girl's hands trembled. Her plain, felt sailor hat was rusty on the edges of the brim, and her black suit was shabby, ill-fitting. But she was not a girl. She was a woman of 27 or, possibly, 28. That was evident in the pale face, a face which had in it too many lines, as if the years had been far more heavy than happy. Her black hair was done in exaggeration of the prevailing mode. Her eyes, Edith thought afterward, were unneary. They looked old and very worn, as if they had seen many places and many different kinds of men and women. And yet, for all their wisdom, they looked, also, like depths

of sorrow. The wisdom she had gained was not such as to quiet the sobs in her throat or to make her hands cease trembling.

For a moment Edith forgot the others around her.

"Ah," she said kindly, "you are troubled, aren't you? Come with me, won't you?"

As the two women turned toward the door into the hall, the change in positions made Mary Leslie face the music room.

Her eyes rested on somebody beyond the doorway. The click in her throat was audible to everybody in the room. It sounded as if her leaping heart had crowded the breath from her body. For an instant she stood, her face blank from sheer incredulity. Even her wise looking eyes were blank, as if they had been curtained. She slipped both her hands from Edith's grasp and let them fall, limp, at her sides. Her lips shaped a slow smile, and light came back to her eyes. She leaned toward the music room and held out her hands. They trembled. Every bit of her trembled.

To the others the thing was big, crushing, grim. All of them—even the society reporters—knew that they looked on a tremendous scene, something vital, stark. In the dead silence they almost could hear the footfall of tragedy, so entirely did the emotion of the shabby looking, black clad woman dominate their minds.

Her thin, white hands trembled oddly before her for a few moments before she let them drop again to her sides. She still leaned toward the music room.

"Why," she said in an awed, wondering voice hardly above a whisper, "there's Jack!"

The smile stayed on her lips and went up into her eyes.

Mrs. Kane was the first to find voice. Edith's fascinated gaze was, like the strange woman's toward the music room.

"What did you say?" Nellie asked, her voice strained.

"There he is—in there," Mary Leslie answered. She did not shift her gaze, but she brought both her hands up to her chest and folded them there. The gesture looked like mute prayer.

Mallon, appreciating at last what the scene meant, took one step toward the doorway through which the woman's steady gaze went.

"Mr. Smith!" he called out loudly.

There was a brief pause, during which the others could see that Mary's and Edith's eyes followed the progress of some one toward the doorway.

The suspense, cruelly heavy, hung on all of them.

Smith appeared in the doorway and came into the room. His expression was one of curiosity. He looked first at Edith, then at Mary Leslie. Evidently, he had not heard what Mary had said about him.

Mallon turned to Miss Leslie.

"Well?" he questioned her a little sharply.

She held out her hands toward the agitator again, supplicating him.

"It is Jack!" she said, music in her voice for the first time, like the whisper of happiness. Her eyes had never left him.

He looked at her gravely. It was apparent that he was utterly bewildered.

"My name is John," he answered firmly.

Her hands were still toward him, trembling, white, and thin.

"And I am Mary," she said simply.

He answered her with two slow words.

"Mary who?"

The smile gradually faded from her face. It was as if a brutal, irresistible hand slowly dragged down into the mud a beautiful thing.

"You don't know me?"

She said that in a curious, frightened way. She seemed to view the thing in some strange, detached manner, as if she mechanically calculated the degrees of her own sorrow. There was in her question so much panic, and at the same time so much flat disappointment, that she might have been a musician testing a few mournful notes on a flute. There was in her tone all the flutes of fear.

"No," Smith replied very quietly. "I don't think I do."

"But you must!"

She made the words a lamentation.

A little pallor came into his face.

"But I don't—really," he contradicted her again.

She let her hands fall again, slowly, making the gesture eloquent of complete surrender, and ceasing to stare at him, surveyed the others a little blindly.

"He says he doesn't know me!"

she mourned, addressing nobody definitely.

Smith, quiet and dignified, looked at her intently.

"That is true," he told her gently. "I do not know you. I do not, I assure you."

She returned his intent gaze, but she seemed to be trying to look within herself, to examine her own processes of reasoning, to assure herself of her own sanity. There was in her glance incredulity, distrust of herself and of him.

"Do you mean to say," she wondered in a low voice, "you don't remember me—you don't remember Shanghai—the time we were there six years ago?"

Smith drew himself more erect. Waller thought he braced himself, like a man facing bravely a great and unexpected torture.

"I do not," he repeated.

Waller stepped forward and addressed Mary Leslie.

"May I suggest, madam," he said firmly, "that this is hardly the place for a discussion of this sort?"

She took no note of him.

"Jack, you do remember," she said to Smith, her voice raised.

"You must remember!" Entreaty was strong in her words. "If you don't, I'll remind you." She took one short, timid, creeping step toward him. "You remember Charlie's place—and Josie the Spaniard—and the boats down on the river in the moonlight—her voice broke on that—"You remember the boats down on the river, don't you?"

He stared at her, and paused before he could find words with which to express some of the things that went whirling through his brain. His gaze was enough to explore her very soul.

Waller turned to him.

"Oh, come, old man!" he implored. "This won't do at all. Why listen to such a thing?"

Mallon contradicted the suggestion.

"We'd better listen," he said roughly.

"It won't do at all!" Mary acknowledged Waller finally. "Well it won't!" Her anger was for Waller, not for Smith. That was quite evident. "I've found this man again, and you say it won't do!" Scorn and contempt made her words quick, strong. "He ran away from me—ran away!" She struck her thin, white fists together.

"Do you know what that means? I tell you I am his wife—I was—"

She turned suddenly to Smith and implored him with outstretched hands.

"Why do you stand there and pretend that what I say is not true?" She sobbed once. "Oh, why?"

To that he made no answer. For the moment his mind was busy with Edith, who stood back of the other woman, her hands clenched in front of her, her face a colorless model for grief.

"You can't deny it, can you?" Mary Leslie challenged him, personal anger against him lively in her voice at last. "Why don't you speak?"

He stared at her fixedly. His nostrils dilated with the rapidity of his breathing. His features twitched as if the gray fingers of the pallor that was upon him twisted them sharply.

"Tell me!" she begged, seeing his suffering. "Don't you know me?"

He answered her with a great effort.

"I don't know," he said, hoarseness in his throat.

He heard the half audible cry from Edith, and, without looking at her, saw that she winced as if she had been struck. A smile of derision was on Mallon's face. The two reporters stirred slightly, anticipating even a greater sensation than that which they had just witnessed. Mrs. Kane went close to Edith and put an arm about her waist.

Mary Leslie fell back from Smith a step and wailed:

"You don't know?"

They watched him as he stood, drawn to his full height like a man facing execution.

Waller broke in again.

"This is a frame-up!" he declared angrily. "That's what it is—a frame-up! Old man, don't fall for it!"

Smith did not answer him.

"What do you mean?" Mary's thin, wailing voice tried to break Smith's silence. "What do you mean—you don't know?"

Waller grasped his shoulder.

"Don't pay any attention to her!" he begged. "This is a frame-up, I tell you. Come with me!"

"Don't!" the plaintive voice persisted. "Don't! Don't run away from me again!"

(Continued Next Week.)

GERMANS SHIP DEAD TO OIL REFINERIES

Bodies Sent From Front to Factory, Where Fertilizers Are Made From Fats.

Cable to the New York Sun.
London.—That the Germans are systematically collecting the corpses of their dead and shipping them to rendering plants where they are subjected to a process for recovering the oils and fats for use as fertilizers, seems incontrovertibly borne out by the latest information.

When such stories were first published they were generally disbelieved. American consuls formerly in Germany who arrived here after their recall said the Germans were distilling nitrocellulose from the corpses and so obtaining the essentials of explosives.

It now appears that the German consuls are allowing the German papers to print accounts of and even to boast about the efficiency which allows nothing to be wasted. The Belgian newspaper, L'Independence Belge, of April 10 prints an account of the industry in which it says:

"We have long known that the Germans stripped their dead behind the firing line, fastened them into bundles of three or four bodies with iron wire and then dispatched these bundles to the rear. Until recently these bundles with the dead were sent to town near Liege and a point near Brussels. Much surprise was caused by the fact that of late this traffic has proceeded in the direction of Gerolstein, and that on each wagon was written D. A. V. G. (German Efficiency), responsible for the idea of the formation of the Deutsche Abfalls Verwertungsgesellschaft, or German Official Utilization company, limited, a dividend earning company with a capital of \$240,000. The chief factory has been constructed 1,000 yards from the railway, consisting of St. Yth, near the Belgian frontier, with Gerolstein, in the lonely and little frequented Eifel district southwest of Coblenz.

Guarded By Live Wires.

"The factory deals especially with the dead from the western front. If the results are as good as the company hopes, another will be established on the eastern front. The factory is invisible from the railway and is deep in the forest country. Electrically guarded wires surround it. A special double track leads to it. The works are about 200 feet long, 110 feet broad and the railway runs completely around them.

"The trains arrive full of bodies which are unloaded by workers who live at the works. The men wear oil-skin overalls and masks with mica eyecaps and are equipped with long hooked poles. They push the bundles of bodies to an endless chain which picks them up by means of hooks at intervals of two feet. The bodies are transported on an endless chain into a long, narrow compartment, where they pass through a large hopper which bins them. They go through a drying chamber and are automatically carried to a great cauldron into which they are dropped by an apparatus which detaches them from the chain.

"They remain six to eight hours in the cauldron, where they are treated by steam, which breaks them up while they are slowly stirred by machinery. The fats are broken into stearine, a form of tallow and oils which require to be redistilled before they can be used. Distillation is conducted out by boiling the oil with carbonate of soda and some part of the byproducts resulting is used by the soap makers. The refined oil is sent out in small casks like those used for petroleum and is yellowish brown.

Refuse Goes Into Sewer.

"The fumes are exhausted from the building by electric fans and are sucked through a great pipe to the northeastern corner, where they are condensed and the refuse resulting is discharged into a sewer. There is no high chimney, as the boiler furnaces are supplied with air by electric fans.

"There is a laboratory and in charge of the works is a chief chemist with two assistants and 78 men. All the employees are soldiers attached to the Eighth Army corps. There is a sanatorium near the works, and under no pretext is any man permitted to leave. They are guarded as prisoners at this appalling work."

"The London Times reproduced the foregoing account Monday, but it was so horrible that it seemed unbelievable. The Times today presents evidence to prove its truth, a complete photographic record of a news article in the Berlin Lokalezeitung of April 10 which referred to the 'corpse exploitation establishment' (Kadaververwertungsbetrieb). It says:

"The fats here are turned into lubricating oils and everything else is ground down in the mill, the bones into powder, which is used for mixing with pig's food and as manure. Nothing can be permitted to go to waste."

"The case seems completely established by American, Belgian, Dutch and finally by German testimony. The London and Paris newspapers all accept the story as true after careful investigation and print editorials on it.

This Changing World.

From the Chicago News.
Soon after his arrival in Washington Mr. Balfour, British secretary of foreign affairs and head of the commission now visiting the United States, said with respect to the transfer of the world's war: "I doubt if you can foresee what fundamental changes the war will bring into your ordinary life. We in England look back with amazement at the vital changes during our last 20 months of mobilization, and imagine that many of the changes we have gone through, salutary even for themselves alone, will be repeated here."

"The world has changed much since the opening of the war at the beginning of August, 1914. Its institutions doubtless will be modified even more as a result of developments following the outbreak of the conflict. The trend of events due to the efforts of the men who will direct the governing policies during the approaching period of national and international reorganization is likely to have a powerful influence on the human race for centuries to come.

"Now if ever is a time for men of vision and high purpose to strive after rational ideas in government, seeking thus to neutralize the terrible heritage of selfishness, suspicion and hatred from which mankind long has suffered and still suffers."

The Hint That Failed.

From the Boston Transcript.
Caller (waiting for an invitation)—Two o'clock! I fear I am keeping you from your dinner.
Hostess—No, no; but I fear that we are keeping you from yours.

Got His Number.

From the Pitt Courier.
Pittsburgh Man (telephoning to Long Island from New York)—Ten cents? Why, in Pittsburgh we can telephone to Hades for a nickel.
Central—But this is a long distance call.

Vegetable silk, which, like silk, cotton, is valuable only for stuffing, is made from the seeds of a Brazilian tree.