

"Oh, they talk about drink ! The !

only thing that really matters is held him trembling before her what it does to women! You see was irresistible.

what it does to women! You see ""You were dotty about flowers. what it's done to me! Anyway, he took me. And we met Jack Garland there. We didn't go to very nice places. That's how we met him." She indicated Smith "Oh, that awful country! There are 10,000 different kinds of flowers there--and 10,000,000 different kinds of sins."

Edith brought her back to the story

"Oh, tell me! Tell me about Mr. Smith."

"His name's Garland," she said, as if she made a clumy ef- that was terrible to hear.

fort to keep the record straight. going to work and get enough money to come back. And he did -he did!"

Her voice broke shrilly. Some how, they all knew that, when she had said that, she had put words on the great tragedy, the poignant grief, of all her life.

"What's the use of putting on all this stuff?" Simpson spoke uneasily. "All three of us were-"Be quiet!" Smith silenced him sternly.

The agitator had stood leaning slightly forward, his lips a little ture stood out on his forehead. He was making a terrific effort to rethrew all his strength. If a real curtain had hung behind him, he a hymn from 1,000 throats. could have put out his hand and torn it apart. He wondered in a dizzy, whirling way why he could not make his brain obey him in the same manner, compel it to go He went to her in one swift while braad, or rye.

again. A great sob choked her. velvet crusted with dandelion gold. You said that the morning at Moscopol. you left us in Charlie's place. You said you wanted to go back and walk barefooted through the powdered gold. You said you had

exclamation a note of anguish

They-the Leslie woman and "And one morning, down there in the others--watched him. He the opium joint, Charlie's place- erouched farther forward, his the House with the Red-lacquered eyes closed. His right arm shot Balcony, on the Foochow road— out from his side at right angles he climbed out of his horrid bunk, and he left us. But, before he left, be talked to us. He said anybody tried to lean on something. His he talked to us. He said anybody tried to lean on something. His in this vein: who wanted to go to ruin on opium left arm went up slowly, crooked, could do it, but he was through and hid his face. For a long mowith it. He said he would drink ment he kept that position. Then, army that mistreated you: then until whisky. He said he knew what very slowly, he lifted his head, a whisky would do to him, but no- fraction of an inch at a time, until body could tell what opium would only his forehead and his eyes, do? And he begged us to come open now, were visible above the back to America. He said he was forearm that screened his face.

There was in his eyes a look of wonder-wonder which just escaped being fear.

"I think," he said hoarsely, "I think I shall see."

He swept the circle of their faces with his glace. Edith's eyes caught his gaze and held it.

"The barefoot boy!" he whispered, the wonder still in his eyes. 'How clean he is-how marvellous!'

He stood erect, his arms dropping to his sides, his ardent gaze parted, his eyes always on the Les-lie woman. Little beads of mois-derly. And, suddenly, he stood authorities, the Skipetar government is before them again as they had preparing to develop copper and from ore deposits, declared by engineers to known him, with all his power, all member-a conscious, directed, his strength, all the charm of his systematic effort into which he brilliant personality full upon him. Outside there was the sound of

"I do," he said, his voice clear

They walked to the window and

"My soul has come back to me,"

"And it is a beautiful soul,

She leaned closer to him, so that

"There is nothing," he an-

The voice of the crowd could be

Cholliewollie, jubilant, wild

and catapulted himself into the

"We've won! We've won!" he

ribbon up the fiagpole! Two-third

The agitator smiled brilliantly.

He stopped abruptly.

"And everything-

" she be-

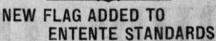
He stopped abruptly. "Say," he concluded a little imely, "what's up?" The agitator smiled brilliantly. "Old fellow," he answered af-

he caught the fragrance of her

The others left the room.

fectionately, "we've won both fights."

Edith held out her hand. "Congratulate us," she invited. We're going to take a trip. We want to find a field powdered with dandelion gold." THE END.



Koritza, Albania. - (Correspondence of the Associated Press) .- A new flag. the flag of the new "Republic of the Skipetars" has made its appearance among the standards of the entente al-lies along the Albanian-Macedonian front. It is the old standard of the Scandenbergs, of red with a black two-25 Scandenbergs, of red with a black two-headed eagle and the little army of 750 men of the republic of the Spiketars, composed of six companies are fight-

a sharp attack by Albanian tribes oper-ating with the Austrian regular troops

Thus far the new republic includes only the city of Koritza with a popu-lation of 38,000 and the surrounding region, comprising altogether about 90,000 inhabitants. It is located in that part of Albania in which the longing done that when you were a bare-footed boy." "Ah!" The agitator made the exclamation a note of anguish

mary and primitive means of adminis-tration and justice are taking to re-publican ideas and the parliamentary regime, and considerable unsuspected oratorical talent has been discovered in this land where powder only has talked heretofore. The idea of forming the Skipetar re-

"Skipetars, my friends, until December 1912 you suffered under Turkish regime; in May, 1913, it was the Greek March 1914, you became familiar with the inconveniences of Greek civil ad ministration; in July, 1914, it was the noxious buffoonery of Prince de Wied that was imposed upon you; in Decem-ber, 1915, it was again the Greek mili-tary occupation; in October, 1916, it was the Greek royalist civil adminis-tration, and in November, 1916, the Venezelist, followed in December by the French military occupation with the French military occupation with Greek civil authorities. You ought to have enough of all these experiments, and I have a very simple suggestion to make to you. Why don't you govern yourselves? You are Albanians. He Al-banians, then, and nothing else. Cease all intrigues and occupy yourselves with your own self government. French with your own self government. French troops are here to defend the terri-tory, that's all. Be honest men, I'll be the gendarme." the

the gendarme." This plain talk appealed to the Skipetars, who at once formed a re-public with a parliament of 14 mem-bers and a president whose tenure of

office is a fortnight. Prosperity has come in with the be rich and extensive.

Johnnycake!

From the Madison State Journal. We're eatin' Johnnycake these days several times a week; and Oh, Boy!

But Not at Home.

The man next door was repairing a chewed-up inner tube belonging to his auto tire equipment. George was watching him. The man laboriously pumped and sweated and fumed and fretted as he worked. He was glad of one thing. He was not out on some lonely, dusty, country road. At last he was through.

"George," he asked, as he rested in the "shade of the old apple tree," "does your father ever have any old tire trouble?'

"Yes," answered honest George, "but he never fixes any of them at home."

CUTICURA HEALS SORE HANDS

That Itch, Burn, Crack, Chap and Bleed-Trial Free.

In a wonderfully short time in most cases these fragrant, super-creamy emollients succeed. Soak hands on retiring in the hot suds of Cuticura Soap, dry and rub Cuticura Ointment into the hands for some time. Remove surplus Ointment with soft tissue paper. Free sample each by mail with Book.

Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston. Sold everywhere.--Adv.

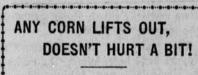
Willing to Be Good. Albert Chevalier tells the follow-

ing: "One night," remarked the famous comedian, "in a certain music hall where there was a notoriously bad orchestra, the manager suddenly appeared on the stage and apologized for the absence of a favorite comic singer whose name was a great feature.

"The manager explained that he had every reason to believe that the artist in question would positively appear later on; and then, by way of throwing oil on troubled waters, suggested, in order to avoid a wait, that the audience should be favored with a little music

"As he announced this, a pathetic voice in the gallery was heard: "Oh, I soy, Mr. Manager, we'll be

good if yer don't let the band play!"



No foolishness! Lift your corns and calluses off with fingers-

It's like magic!

Sore corns, hard corns, soft corns or any kind of a corn, can harmlessly be lifted right out with the fingers if you

apply upon the corn a few drops of freezone, says a Cincinnati authority. will be destroyed by a shell. He al-For little cost one can get a small bottle of freezone at any drug store, which will positively rid one's feet of

his own personal safety. This simple drug dries the moment it is applied and does not even irritate the surrounding skin while ap-

many of our readers. If your druggist hasn't any freezone tell him to surely get a small bottle for you from his wholesale drug house .- adv.

Mrs Way



Many Women in this Condition Regain Health by Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Convincing Proof of This Fact.

Ridgway, Penn. - "I suffered from female trouble with backache and pain in my side for over seven months so I could not do any of my work. I was treated by three different doctors and was getting discouraged when my sister-in-law told me how Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound had helped her. I decided to try it, and it restored my health, so I now do all of my housework which is not light as I have a little boy three years old." - Mrs. O. M. RHINES, Ridgway, Penn.

Mrs. Lindsey Now Keeps House For Seven.

Tennille, Ga.-"I want to tell you how much I have been benefited by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. About eight years ago I got in such a low state of health I was unable to keep house for three in the family. I had dull, tired, dizzy feelings, cold feet and hands nearly all the time and could scarcely sleep at all. The doctor said I had a severe case of ulceration and without an operation I would always be an invalid, but I told him I wanted to wait awhile. Our druggist advised my husband to get Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and it has entirely cured me. Now I keep house for seven and work in the garden some, too. I am so thankful I got this medicine. I feel as though it saved my life and have recommended it to others and they have been benefited " .- - Mrs. W. E. LINDSEY, R. R. 3, Tennille, Ga.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

Swedish Drill.

They were in the squad under training at a certain military center who furnished a contrast not uncommon these days. One was tall and wiry, the other short and puffy, and an hour of Swedish drill had set the lesser of the two to blowing hard.

"I can't stand much of this," he always dreads that his charcoal fire whispered. "I'm simply all out," and at that moment the drill sergeant inways places the burner in the most timated that he would give them anprotected part of the trench, but reother spell before they dismissed. mains quite indifferent in regard to

This was too much. The podgy patriot felt it was time to protest. Another extraordinary fear of a sol-

"I'm really awfully sorry to seem unmilitary in addressing you, sir," he said. "but this Swedish drill is more than I can face in my present condition; besides," he added, dolefully, "I never knew we were at war with Sweden.'

Point of Ownership. "Let me drive a while. Half of this

"Didn't you agree to take the rear

every corn or callus without pain.

plying it or afterwards. This announcement will interest

Complex.

he will trip over them and break his

dier at the front is that of having his bootlaces untied. Nothing else has terrors for him. from bayonet fighting to asphyxiating gases. But he is quite certain that if his bootlaces are loose

> neck. He always examines his laces to see if they are properly fastened. Another soldier who has been through the thick of the fighting is terribly

CURIOUS FEARS OF SOLDIERS

One Dreads That His Charcoal Burner Will Be Destroyed Although Indifferent as to Himself. It is extraordinary what curious fears some soldiers have. One fighter

the same manner, compel it to go through the curtain of darkness that hid his past from him. The plash of the fountain in the court and the singing of the thous-ands came through the open win-

dow.

"Go on!" Edith urged Mary and strong. For him, the others did not exist. "And I am glad I again.

'And afterward we came remember. Do - you - under back," the slow, flat voice went stand ?"

back," the slow, flat voice went on. She indicated Simpson. "He ran against him in some charity house somewhere in the west and recognized him—but Jack Gar-land, Mr. Smith, couldn't recog-ing awrhedr. He'd lost his mem-staring up to him. "Didn't you get it? One zero, nize anybody. He'd lost his mem- staring up to him. "It's all right, Mary," he said ory. Then Simpson-you people call him Simpson — lost sight of gently. "You have been very kind -very kind." him until we happened to come to Washington. And they-they of-He turned again to Edith.

"There is," he said, caressing her with the words, "so much I fered us money to do --- what we did do. I think he-Simpsonfixed it up, and they accepted it." have to tell you.'

"Garland - Charlie's place -Virginia," Smith repeated the looked out at the fountain. The words, oblivious to the presence of roar from the crowd was louder. others. They could see how he There was in it a new note, like exsearched the chambers of his mind, ultation. how he tried to overleap the things that shut off the corridors of his memory. His whole body he said, taking both her hands in was tensed, like that of a man his. about to spring forward. His clenched hands were thrust hard isn't it?" she whispered. against his thighs. He looked always at the Leslie woman. "I he ca don't-I can't remember," he hair. said.

swered, drawing her closer still, At last she raised her eyes to 'to keep me from you." meet his.

"You used to talk a lot about | your home," she said. "You used mistaken no longer. The thous-to say lovely things," Her un- ands were exulting! measured bitterness twisted her lips again. "You told me once that gan, but did not finish the senmy hair was blacker than a night tence. unshot by a single star. And you used to talk about when your with joy, had flung open the door mother died."

"My mother is dead?" he asked, room. dazed. He was letting each idea that she gave him play with all its shouted. "They've run the white possible force on his mentality.

"And about the perfume of the majority-and a lot to spare-!" roses-the red roses.

Whether she had wished it or "Say," he conclude not, she was governed by a desire lamely, "what's up?" to help him. The suffering that drew him up to his tiptoes and

Phoney Stuff. "Hello! Give me Main, one, tripple

"I beg pardon?" "Didn't you get it? One zero, zero, zero,

Style get her new Easter hat?

Mrs. Blase-That's a problem. She bought it with the money which her than half a mile through it. He has husband borrowed from her uncle, who won it in a poker game from her brother, to whom she had loaned it shortly after her mother had taken it from her father's pockets and given it to her for a birthday present.-Life.

Some kinds of love may grow cold, in every pocket, giving his name and but the kind a man has for himself regiment, so that his body may be recnever does.

frightened of going through a wood, and would rather walk miles round it the fear that some day a tree will suddenly fall and crush him,

Many soldiers have a horror of losing their identity disks, or of being the right to drive all the time." unidentified if they are killed, and buried in a nameless grave. One man is known to carry little scraps of paper

ognized if he is killed.

half and let me have the front half?". "Yes.' "Well?"

"Well, the steering wheel belongs to the front half, and that gives me

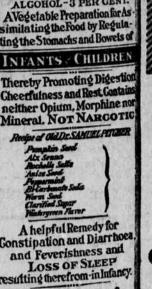
Its Style.

"The anti-trust laws of the future will have teeth."

"Humph! You must mean that for biting sarcasm."

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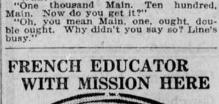
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Capt. Robert Dupouey.

Capt. Robert Dupouey, secretar of the allies' scientific commission which has just reached this country, was professor of romance language.

