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Carter's Little Liver Pills
will set you right over night.
 Purely Vegetable
 Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price

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Didn't Need Them.
 While a traveler was waiting for an opportunity to show his samples to a merchant a customer came in and bought a couple of nightshirts. Afterward a long, lank laborer, with his trousers tied below the knees, said to the merchant:
 "What was them things that chap bought?"
 "Nightshirts. Can I sell you one or two?"
 "No. I should think not. I don't sit about much o' nights."

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 Soothed and Healed by Cuticura—Sample Each Free by Mail.

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Not a Bit of Use.
 There was some speculation as to whether the instrument would benefit the old gentleman or not. One was holding the ear trumpet, while another was explaining its use and showing old Mr. Shortcush how to hold it to his ear.

"Say something to him through it, Blinks," said one to the other.
 Now Blinks had long waited for an opportunity to reach Mr. Shortcush's ear, so, speaking very distinctly into the trumpet he said:
 "You've not paid me five dollars you owe me yet, Mr. Shortcush."

But the old gentleman put the instrument down with disappointment on his face, and they could see it was a failure even before he had time to say:
 "That thing's not a bit of use to me."

And he sighed, but his sigh was not so deep as that which came from Blinks.

Easily Explained.
 "Roland," said the mother, "you were very fidgety and annoying during the sermon today. What on earth was the matter with you? Didn't you notice how quiet papa was? Why didn't you act like him?"
 "Well, mamam," explained Roland, "you see, I wasn't sleepy like he was."

The chap who steals a woman's purse is apt to get a lot of trash.
 Few people would be satisfied if their dreams came true.



THERE'S NO DOUBT ABOUT POSTUM AS A HEALTH IMPROVEMENT OVER COFFEE

The DESTROYER

By BURTON E. STEVENSON

CHAPTER XVII—(CONTINUED)

His eyes were shining, and the prince, looking at him, felt himself shaken by a strange emotion. But across Pachmann's lips flitted an ironical smile, as of one who disdained heroics.
 "For the decision as to La Liberté," he said, "I assume full responsibility. It was I who suggested it; it was I who showed that no other proof could be conclusive; it was I who arranged for it. I have no regrets. You have your part of the bargain accomplished, Mr. Vard," he added. "His highness and myself are here to discuss the details of the treaty."
 "I think that first, perhaps, I should look at your credentials," Vard suggested.
 "That is just," and Pachmann, getting out his pocketbook, took from it the envelope sealed with the black seal, and handed it to Vard.

Vard took it, glanced at the seal, and hesitated, just as the captain of the Ottilie had done.
 "I am to open it?" he asked.
 Pachmann nodded.
 "It contains my credentials," he said.

A careful inspection of the seal would have disclosed the fact that the envelope had already been opened once—perhaps more than once—but Vard made no such inspection. Instead, he broke the seal with nervous fingers, and drew out the stiff sheet blazing with the royal insignia. This is the English of what he read:

Herewith do I grant to the bearer of this paper, Admiral H. Pachmann, power extraordinary as my representative, to enter into agreements, to make treaties, and to sign the same; and I do further declare that I shall consider myself bound by such agreements and signatures as though I myself had made them; and, finally, I command all members of my family, all officers of my army and navy, all members of my diplomatic corps, and all good Germans generally, to yield to him the same obedience they would yield to me; all this for the good of my empire.
 (Signed) William, R. I. Wilhelmshohe, September 21, 1911.

Vard re-read this extraordinary paper, then replaced it in its envelope and silently returned it to its owner. Again that ironical smile flashed across Pachmann's lips, as he restored it to his pocketbook.

"You find it ample, do you not?" he asked.
 Vard nodded, and glanced curiously at the prince, wondering if that young man was aware of the exact wording of this remarkable document, especially of the clause, "all members of my family."

"And now," proceeded Pachmann, adjusting himself to an easier posture, "we shall be glad to hear the further details of your proposal."
 Vard paused for a moment to collect his thoughts.

"There is one thing I would understand first," he said. "From that paper, I infer that the emperor alone is concerned in this—that his cabinet is not aware of it."

"No member of the cabinet except one—whom I will not name," assented Pachmann. "I will not conceal from you that the emperor is desirous of reaping for himself the full glory of this achievement. He realizes that the man who brings about world peace will be the most famous man in history. He has his ambitions, as you doubtless know."

"Yes, I have heard so," said Vard, with an ironical smile. "Well, let him have the glory—I do not object; besides, he will deserve it. And now for my proposal. It is this: the nations of the world, with Germany and Russia as the first signatories, shall enter into a treaty providing for the immediate disbanding of their armies, dismantling of their forts, and disintegrating of their fleets. Only such troops shall be retained as are needed to provide garrisons for such outposts as may be necessary to protect the Christian world from the incursion of barbarous or nomadic tribes, and only such warships as are needed to assist in this work. The exact number each nation shall maintain will be decided by a general court of adjudication, and all such troops and warships shall be in common; and all expenditures for what are usually known as military purposes shall be in common, apportioned by the same court of ad-

judication among the nations which ate party to the agreement. Under no circumstances may any nation maintain any force privately or for its own use."

"I am interested to know," put in Pachmann, smoothly, "in what manner you propose to secure the consent of the various nations to this scheme. The smaller ones will doubtless be glad to fall into line; but you surely do not expect England and France, for example, to agree merely because we ask it?"
 "To those who do not consent," Vard answered calmly, "we will give a demonstration of the necessity for doing so."
 "Some such demonstration as that of Monday?"
 "Yes.—greater ones, if need be."

Pachmann considered this thoughtfully.
 "It might do," he said, at last. "A few such demonstrations would no doubt be convincing. Yet there might be one or two which would be obdurate."
 "I think, in the end, we can convince them."
 "You will go to any lengths to do so?"
 "To any necessary lengths."

Pachmann nodded.
 "I was desirous of getting a clear expression from you upon that point," he said. "Pray continue."
 "I do not believe there will be many such nations," Vard went on. "You have spoken of France and England. I believe France will consent, for she is a nation of idealists. I should have chosen her to lead the movement, but for the fact that her army and navy are inferior to yours, and so she might seem to be acting from fear or from self interest. Should you refuse—should we be unable to agree—it will be to France I shall go next. As for England, she also fears you—she will be glad to escape from the burden of her armaments and from the shadow of your great power. In fact all nations in whose governments the people have a voice will be eager for disarmament. And the people everywhere must be allowed to speak. If those in power seek to crush them, to restrain them, we must assist them to throw off the yoke of tyranny and decide for themselves."

"Ah," said Pachmann, very quietly. "Socialism—I see!"
 "The rule of the people," said Vard, calmly. "The freedom of the people—call it what you will. That is what I labor for. The people of each nation must be free to choose by whom and in what manner they will be governed. That evolution will, of course, take many years; but it must not be cramped or retarded. At the very outset, it will make two considerable changes in the map of Europe. Poland will be reconstituted and Alsace-Lorraine restored to France."

Pachmann started violently, and a wave of angry red swept over his face.
 "Impossible!" he cried. "Impossible! To that we can never consent!"
 Vard smiled at his emotion.
 "Why not?" he asked, ironically.

"Because," shouted Pachmann, "Elsass and Lorraine are German—they were stolen from Germany by France two centuries ago."
 "They were not German—they were independent states; and they are not German now. They are French. However, I am quite willing to leave the final decision to the people of those provinces. You cannot object to that!"
 Pachmann lifted his cigar from one corner of his mouth to the other. His face was livid.

"Beware that you do not attempt too much, my dear sir," he said, and there was in his voice a covert threat not to be disguised. "I warn you. But, in this connection, some other questions occur to me. What of Ireland?"
 "The Irish shall decide."
 "South Africa?"
 "Most of it belongs to the Boers."
 "That, at least, is a grain of comfort. But India, Egypt?"
 "I cannot answer that. India and Egypt must be made the subjects of careful study and the government given them which will be best for their peoples, and which will not drain them of their

wealth, as England does. There will be many such problems, and the best minds of the world must study them. My answers to your questions are but suggestions. All such problems must be settled by an international court, which shall proceed upon the theory that all peoples capable of self government shall have absolute freedom, and all other peoples shall be made capable of governing themselves as rapidly as possible. Each people shall be free to decide for itself as to its form of government, but shall be required to pledge itself to the principle of universal peace. That pledge will be necessary only at first—after 50 years of peace, no nation will ever think of war! I know that, for a generation or two, there will be difficulties. We have grown suspicious of each other; we have become hardened by hatred and injustice. But time will change all that. Let us lay down our arms, disband our armies, restore what we have stolen, and, instead of hatred, we shall find love in our hearts. Instead of oppression, we shall have justice, tempered with mercy. Each man will have his work to do, and none who works will go hungry; and we will end by becoming citizens, not of Germany, France, or of any other country, but of the world! I tell you, sir, that our great-grandchildren, looking back at us from a world at peace and united in a brotherhood, will wonder at us—we shall seem to them blind savages, murderers, lunatics!"

It was evident enough that the prince was moved. He was young, he had always been something of a dreamer. Rigid training at his father's hands had gone far to dispel the dreams, but they were not quite rooted out. Now, at the words of this supreme idealist, this inspired dreamer, they revived again. He sat regarding the speaker with misty eyes, his mouth a little open, his hands gripped in front of him. Pachmann, glancing at him, passed his hands before his lips to wipe away a sneer.

"All most interesting," commented the admiral, in his ironical voice. "I think that we understand your proposal fully. There is only one point upon which you have not made yourself quite clear. Should we be unable to agree, what will be your next step?"
 "I thought I had already told you," answered Vard, impatiently. "Should we disagree, I shall offer France the same opportunity which I now offer Germany."
 "You will find France skeptical."

"Then I shall offer her the same proof I offered you." That will be best, will it not?" and Vard looked straight into Pachmann's eyes.
 Pachmann sprang from his chair his mouth working, his eyes suffused.
 "You will destroy one of our ships?" he demanded his voice hoarse.

"For a ship or a fort—it shall be for France to choose."
 Pachmann's fingers were twitching visibly to be at the other's throat. But by a mighty effort he controlled himself, flung himself again into his chair and poured himself out a glass of brandy from the bottle at his elbow.
 "Will you drink?" he asked over his shoulder.
 "No, thank you," answered Vard.

The prince sat without moving, still staring at the inventor. Meeting his eyes, Vard smiled slightly. Pachmann set down his glass, and turned back to them.
 "I must ask you to pardon me," he said. "I lost my self control—a thing I do not often do—but your suggestions seemed to me insupportable. However, I can perceive that there is another side to them. I think we understand your proposal now, most thoroughly. There are certain details which the prince and I must discuss together, before we can submit an answer. In a matter of such moment, we must proceed with the greatest care. This is Thursday. I think we can be ready by Saturday evening."
 "Very well," agreed Vard, rising. "The same hour, in this room?"
 "If that pleases you."
 "It does."
 He bowed coldly to Pachmann; then, with a sudden gesture, held out his hand to the prince. But Pachmann interposed before the prince could take it.

"That I cannot permit," he said grimly, and he opened the door. A barefooted sailor, clad in white duck, standing on the deck outside, saluted. Pachmann stood for a moment staring after Vard's retreating figure; then he turned back into the room. The Prince was helping himself to a drink,

and Pachmann joined him.
 "Yes," he said, "this is what we need, after all that raving."
 "Would you call it that?" asked the prince.
 "Raving? Yes, it was precisely that! The man is mad, my prince; absolutely mad. No one but a madman would speak as he does—of citizens of the world, the brotherhood of man, and all that folly!"
 The prince drained his glass.
 "I fear you are right," he said, as he set it down. "Yes, I fear you are right, and that it is only folly!"

"There is one thing you must not forget," added Pachmann, his hand on the door; "since he is mad, it is as a madman he must be treated!" and he led the way out upon the deck.

Somewhere in the dim hours of the night, Dan Webster was awakened by a glare of light in his eyes. He opened them to find that the electric lamp beside the was stand was burning. Peering over the edge of his berth, he beheld a curious sight. Chevril was sitting on his berth, half undressed, examining tenderly one of his toes, and swearing softly to himself. He glanced up, met Dan's astonished eyes, and laughed.

"Man is a ridiculous animal," he said. "The feet with which he has been provided are absurd—no doubt because they were really intended to be hands. They are too sensitive, too undefended. Blundering around here in the darkness, I have injured one of my toes, and it hurt devilishly. Pardon for awaking you, my friend. Good night!"

He turned off the light, and Dan lay back upon his pillow, with strange thoughts whirling in his head.

CHAPTER XVIII. THE SUBSTITUTE SENTRY.

Admiral Pachmann turned into his berth, that night, extremely well satisfied with himself, for he was convinced that the cards were in his hands and the game as good as won. And what a game! For his king, world empire; for himself—but the admiral did not permit himself to name the reward. He knew well that he would not be forgotten when the moment came for the distribution of honors.

Was not the whole plan his? Had he not worked it out to its minutest detail? Had he not carried it through? And how adroitly, how triumphantly! Even the emperor would have to acknowledge that! Let us do the admiral justice; he loved his country, he was ready at any moment to lay down his life for her, he would have labored just as earnestly without hope of other reward than the sight of her aggrandisement; but, just the same, when the honors came, he was not one to refuse them! World empire would mean governorships, suzerainties . . .

He was lying in his berth next morning, half dozing, smiling to himself as all this passed before his mind in august and glittering procession, when there came a tap at the door. He got up, opened it, and a sealed note was handed in. A glance at the other berth showed that the prince had already risen. Pachmann tore open the note and read its contents with some astonishment. It was from the captain, and asked for an immediate conference on a matter of great importance.

Pachmann dressed hastily, and, as he did so, considered whether he should hunt up the prince and summon him, also, to this conference. He decided against it. He foresaw that in this affair there would be many things which it would be unwise for the prince to know—he had sat staring like an idiot, last night, while the mad Pole raved about love and mercy and universal brotherhood; he was too young, too easily impressed, too soft of heart. He had agreed that victory must be won at any price, but Pachmann very well knew that he had no idea of how terrible that price was almost certain to be. No; the prince must be kept as much as possible on the borders of this affair! So, having finished dressing, the admiral went forward alone to the captain's cabin.

He found the captain sitting at his desk, and his face was so grave that it gave Pachmann a little start.
 He rose and greeted the admiral, and then glanced over the latter's shoulder, as though expecting to see some one else.
 "You did not bring the prince?" he asked.

"Do you think it necessary?" retorted Pachmann, tartly.
 Hausmann hesitated.
 "I am not, of course, aware of your relative position in this affair," he said finally.

(Continued next week.)

A HIDDEN MOTOR.
 From the American Boy.
 In every one of us is a hidden motor. Some of us never find it. Some of us do find it—and then why a few of us rise superior to the rest. All of us have wills. These ordinary, everyday wills are good enough for most of the work of life, but there come times when they are not enough; when we need to turn on our secret motors to give us added horsepower. For instance: We believe every man is afraid. There are things which make him fear. His ordinary will carries him through his work, bears him up against temptations, but sometimes along comes a duty to do a thing he fears to do, to face a danger to which his work-a-day will refuses to carry him. Then, if he knows about his hidden motor, he turns it on. It is a grip which he never had and says to it, "I'm boss here. You do this thing. I know you are afraid. I know your knees are trembling. But I'm boss here. I'm there and do what I tell you." It will never fail. Some day a task may lie before you. It is a hard task, but to do it will be worth all it costs. Your will weakens; you tell yourself you can slide out of it—and you can slide out of it. That is where some boys get their men turn on their reserve motors which says to their wills, "Here you sit there right where you are. You might as well get it now and have it over, for I won't let you up till you are through. And you will do the thing, because I'm boss here. You have it, each one of you. It will bear you up whenever you ask it. Try it and see."

"Taking 'Em Off."
 From the Chicago Post.
 Humans are not the only ones of Nature's children who "take 'em off" in spring and "put 'em on" in winter. When the grays come into the September landscape and the northeast winds in the leaves crackle like the epidemics of the delectable roast pig of the essay, some of the birds begin to think of how they are dressing according to season, and so they take 'em off and put others of 'em on.
 A week or two who but the knowing ones will recognize our Beau Brummel gold finch in his solemn winter attire? Time and again the unseeing say, "The goldfinches no need to change their plumage, but only in a little more than a twinkling have taken 'em off to put 'em on." The gold of this nugget of a finch goes into nature's old clothes garret in the fall to be replaced by a robe that has not so much as a silver sheen to it. The goldfinch changes into a dun finch in the fall and braves the rigors of winter "in waistcoat gray."
 The scarlet tanager takes off his flaming garb as soon as the winds blow cold. Why no one knows, because, unlike the goldfinch, the tanager does not stay in the regions of the bare forests and the banked snow. He needs to change his plumage to be in keeping with his surroundings, for every fall he goes to the land of eternal summer, where his scarlet dress is as appropriate as it is and the burnings of a July in the northland.

Other birds take 'em off and put 'em on in fall and spring. In some cases it is easy to guess why the change is made. It is probable that protective coloration may have something to do with it, but in many cases there is no reason why the color scheme of summer should not serve as the color scheme of winter.

In a French Submarine.
 Gertrude Lynch, of the Vigilantes.
 Paris—In a retired part of the busy harbor of Calais, a French submarine which was waiting there for orders. Shut into that iron box—with only the open disc of the well and a round of blue above to show out to the world—was a world—I turned to the young lieutenant who was showing me about, and asked the question that spring into my mind. "What is the thing you do in a submarine is struck?" I wanted to know.
 "Very quietly he answered me. "There is nothing to do, it is struck in a vital spot. It is all over."
 The work of the French submarines is, generally speaking, defensive rather than offensive. Their work is to guard the part of this great patrol and police work of the channel, the vigilance which makes possible passage for the troops and supplies of the allied forces. They have the advantage of being near a friendly coast where they can get help if it is needed.

The French submarines are named after the revolutions of the French Republic, Germinal, Florial, etc. They differ from our submarines in some details, I understand. To investigate I descended down the companionway and reached a slippery deck where there were two tanks, ready to be filled with water when the boat plunged. When the boat is submerged, the water enters through a flat deck it usually goes down at a slight angle—five degrees. This one carried two torpedoes at each side, two behind the other. Somewhere I found a portfolio kitchen which looked like a big flat iron, with elongated edges rising to a height of two and a half or three feet. These fold over when the kitchen is not in use, and if the submarine plunges while food is being prepared the water puts the fire out automatically.

The "Capitalistic" Press.
 From the New York World.
 Since in his frequent references to the subject Senator La Follette never takes the trouble to explain precisely what he means by the "capitalistic" press, we are inclined to supply his necessary definition. The capitalistic press embraces all those abandoned newspapers that adhere to the government and people. It includes the States and denounce conspirators and copperheads, whether they are German spies or German senators.

There is another press, not capitalistic, which engages in no such reprehensible practices. Some of its conductors are under indictment for a series of crimes which are known to have German money in their pockets, and practically all of them are in agreement with the Wisconsin senator that this is a capitalistic war carrying plan that the army and navy are capitalistic and that we are to fight solely in the interest of capital, with no excuse better than a technicality.

Accepting Senator La Follette's plain meaning, therefore, we are to understand that aside from the German-American alliance the Friends of Irish Freedom, the People's Peace council and their various journalistic and political agents, everybody in America is a bloodthirsty capitalist inspired with a hellish purpose to overthrow that grand old democrat and friend of the people, William Howard Taft. Does the senator himself really believe it?

Cheap Fish in Canada.
 United States Consular Report.
 The Canada government's venture to supply the public with fish at a reasonable price has proved a success. A refrigerator service from Nova Scotia to Ontario was provided, and the government's scheme was advertised. In one week there were three cars carrying approximately 60,000 pounds of fish, as against normal shipments of 5,000 pounds. The varieties sold under the government plan, which provides that the buyer take the whole fish, are haddock and market cod. These were the only ones available in quantities to satisfy the experiment. Haddock is well known; market cod is practically a newcomer.

At the fish stores, in what is normally a dull month, there were many buyers calling for some of the "government fish." It is planned now to broaden the distribution of the cheap fish to the whole of Ontario. Large handlers will be able to order direct, while small dealers may order through large city houses at prices set by the Canadian government.

That \$2.20 Wheat Price.
 From the Syracuse Post-Standard.
 The farmers of the west are dissatisfied with the price the Garfield board has fixed for wheat, \$2.20 at Chicago and \$2.17 at Minneapolis. There has been no government intervention, they claim they would have received \$3.
 The farmers do not grasp the purpose of government price fixing. It is not designed exclusively in their interest. The consumer is also entitled to consideration. The farmer can make a profit of about \$2.20 wheat, and the American working man may also eat white bread. Which is as it should be.