Read Mrs. Corley's Letter and Benefit by Her Experience Edmund, S.C.-"I was run down with nervousness and female trouble and suf-

CANNOT WORK

WOMEN WHO



fered every month. I was not able to do any work and tried a lot of medicine, but got no relief. I saw your medicine advertised in a little book that was thrown in my door, and I had nottaken twobottlei of Lydia E. Pink-ham's Vegetable Compound before 1 could see it was help-ning house now and

ing me. I am keeping house now and am able to do all of my work. I cannot ing me. I am ke say enough for your medicine. It has done more for me than any doctor. I done more for me than any doctor. I have not paper enough to tell you how much it has done for me and for my friends. You may print this letter if you wish." - ELIZABETH C. CORLEY, care of A. P. Corley, Edmund, S. C. Ability to stand the strain of work is the privilege of the strong and healthy, but how our hearts ache for the weak and sicily women struggling with their

and sickly women struggling with their daily rounds of household duties, with backaches, headaches, nervousness and almost every movement brings a new pain. Why will not the mass of letters pain. Why will not the mass of letters from women all over this country, which we have been publishing, convince such women that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vege-table Compound will help them just as surely as it did Mrs. Corley?

Helping Out.

Mrs. Kerr (to Bob, who is sharpening his knife)-Be careful with that, I can't see what you want the nasty thing for.

Bob-Oh, father wys we must cut down expenses, and you said baby is an expense, and so-



petition." "I suppose the Blitherbys took the hint?

"No, indeed. They sent for an ambulance."



Shirley sat down at the typewriter as she had been directed and began to write mechanically. Mr. Graham touched the bell on his desk, and told the office boy who answered to send in Mr.

THE

Kremnitz and his companion. Shirley was so seated that she could get occasional glimpses of the men without being noticed, and she was especially interested in the twinkle that shone in the bright blue eyes of the elder Graham as he surveyed the men who thought he was their dupe. Her heart warmed to him. His kindly, merry face, his hearty, unconventional speech, all showed him to be a big, warm hearted man without a bit of snobbishness about him.

The son came in, and talk began just as if the matter of the mine were going on. Mr. Kremnitz produced some papers which he evidently expected to be signed at once, and sat complacently answering questions; keen questions Shirley saw they were afterwards, and in the light of the revelation she had overheard in Mr. Barnard's office Kremnitz perjured himself hopelessly by his answers. Presently the office-boy announced the arrival of some one in the next room. Shirley had taken down minutely a great deal of valuable information which the Grahams had together drawn from their victim. She was surprised at the list of wealthy business men who were to have been involved in the scheme.

Then suddenly the quiet scene changed. The elder Graham gave a signal to his office boy, which looked merely like waving him away, and the door was flung open, revealing four officers of the law, who stepped into the room without further word. Graham arose and faced his two startled callers, his hand firmly planted on the papers on his desk which he had been supposed to

sign. "Mr. Kremnitz," he said, and even in the midst of this serious business Shirley fancied there was a half-comic drawl to his words. He simply could not help letting his sense of humor come on top. "Mr. Kremnitz, it is not going to be possible for me to sign these papers this morning, as you expected. I do not feel satisfied that all things are as you have represented. In fact, I have the best evidence to the contrary. Officer, these are the gentlemen you have come to arrest," and he stepped back and waved his hand toward the two conspirators, who sat with startled eyes and blanched faces. appalled at the sudden developments where they had thought all was moving happily toward their desired end. "Arrest! Who? On what charge?" flashed the little gaudy Kremnitz, angrily springing to his feet and making a dash toward the door, while his companion slid furtively toward the other end of the room, evidently hoping to gain young Graham's office before he was noticed. But two officers blocked their way and the handcuffs clanked in the hands of the other two policemen. "Why, arrest you, my friend," said Graham Senior, as if he rather enjoyed the little man's discomfiture. "And for trying to perpetrate the biggest swindle that has been attempted for 10 years. I must say for you that you've worked hard, and done the trick rather neatly, but you made one unfortunate slip that saved all us poor rich men. It seems a pity that so much elaborate lying should have brought you two nothing but those brace-lets you're wearing-they don't seem to match well with your oth-er jewels-but that's the way things go in this world. Now, take them away, officer. I've no more time to waste on them this morning!" and he turned and walked over by Shirley's desk, while the curtain fell over the brief drama. "Do you know how much money you've saved for us, little girl-just plain saved? I'll tell you. A clean \$100,000! That's what I was going to put into this affair! And as for other men, I expected to influence a lot of other men to put in a good deal also. Now, little girl, I don't know what you think about it, but I want to shake hands." He put out his hand and Shirley laid her own timid one in it. smiling

and blushing rosily, and saying softly with what excited breath she had, "Oh, I'm so glad I got you in time!" Then she was aware that the man had gone on talking. "I don't know what you think about it," he repeated, 'but I feel you saved me a clean \$100,000, and I say that a good percentage of that belongs to you as a reward of your quickness and keenness.

ENCHANTED BARN

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But Shirley drew away her hand and stepped back, her face white, her head up, her chin tilted proudly, her eyes very dark with excitement and determination. She spoke clearly and earnestly.

"No, Mr. Graham, nothing whatever belongs to me. I don't want any reward. I couldn't think of taking it. It is utterly out of the question !"

"Well, well, well!" said the elder Graham, sitting down on the edge of his desk, watching her in undisguised admiration. "Now that's a new kind of girl that won't take what she's earned-what rightly belongs to her.'

"Mr. Graham, it was a very little thing I did—anybody would have done it-and it was just in the way of simple duty. Please don't say anything more about it. I am only too glad to have had opportunity to give a little help to people who have helped me so much. I feel that I am under deep obligation to your son for making it possible for us to live in the country, where my mother is getting well,"

"Well, now I shall have to inquire into this business. I haven't heard anything about obligations, and for my part I feel a big one just now. Perhaps you think it was a very little thing you did, but suppose you hadn't done it. Suppose you'd been too busy, or it hadn't occurred to you to take down that conversation until it was too late; or suppose you hadn't had the brains to see what it would mean to us. Why, then it would have become a very big thing indeed, and we should have been willing, if we had known, to pay a mighty big sum to get that evidence. You see \$100,000 isn't exactly a very little thing when you're swindled out of it. It's the swindling that hurts more than the loss of the money. And you saved us from that. Now, young lady, I consider myself under obligation to you, and I intend to discharge it somehow. one way I shall do it l can't another, but in the meantime I'm deeply grateful, and please accept our thanks. If you are willing to add one more to your kindness, I shall be glad if you will make a carbon copy of those shorthand notes you took. I may need them for evidence. And, by the way, you will probably be called upon to testify in court. I'm sorry. That may be unpleas-ant, but I guess it can't be helped, so you see before you get through you may not think you did so very small a thing after all. Sid, I think you better escort this young lady to her office and explain to Barnard. He's probably been on the verge of being buncoed also. You said Kremnitz was waiting for him when the conversation took place? I guess you better go with Miss Hollister and clear the whole thing up. Say, child, have you had your lunch yet? No, of course not. Sidney, you take her to get some lunch before she goes back to the office. She's had an exciting morning. Now, goodby, little girl. I sha'n't forget what you've done for us, and I'm coming to see you pretty soon

some judiciously applied dye had settled the matter of color, and a trifling manipulation on her head while the hat was still wet had made the shape not only exceedingly stylish but becoming. The chic little rosette and strictly tailored band which were its sole trimming were made from a much soiled waist ribbon, washed and stretched around a bottle of hot water to dry it, and teased into the latest thing in rosettes by Shirley's witching fingers. The simple linen dress she wore fitted well and at a distance could not have been told from something better, and neither were gloves and shoes near enough to be inspected critically, so Miss Hale was puzzled, and jealousy watched the pretty color come and go in Shirley's cheek, and the simple grace of

her movements. Fortunately, Shirley did not see Miss Hale, and would not have recognized her if she had from that one brief glimpse she had of her picture on the society page of the newspaper. So she ate her delectable lunch, ordered by Graham, in terms that she knew not, about dishes that she had never seen before. She ate and enjoyed herself so intensely that it seemed to her she would never be able to make the rest of her life measure up to the privileges of the hour.

For Shirley was a normal girl. She could not help being pleased to be doing just for once exactly as other more favored girls did constantly. To be lunching at Blanco's with one of the most sought after men in the upper set, to be treated like a queen, and to be talking beautiful things about travels and pictures and books, it was all too beautiful to be real. Shirley began to feel that if it didn't get over pretty soon and find her back in the office addressing the rest of those envelopes she would think she had died in the midst of a dream and gone to heaven.

There was something else too that brought an undertone of beauty, which she was not acknowledging even to her inmost self. That was the way Graham looked at her, as if she were some fine beautiful angel dropped down from above that he loved to look at; as if he really cared what she thought and did; as if there were somehow a soulharmony between them that set them apart this day from others, and put them into tune with one another; as if he were glad, glad to see her once more after the absence! All through her being it thrilled like a song that brings tears to the throat and gladness to the eyes, and makes one feel strong and pure. That was how it seemed when she thought about it afterward. At the time she deeply grateful on his own account that Shirley had acted as she had, for he had been on the verge of investing a large trust fund that was in his keeping in the new mining operation, and it would have meant absolute failure for him.

When Shirley left the office that night she was almost too tired to see which trolley was coming, but some one touched her on the arm, and there was Sidney Graham waiting for her beside his car-a little two-passenger affair that she had never seen before and that went like the wind. They took a road they had not travelled together before, and Shirley got in joyously, her heart all in a tumult of doubts and joys and questions.

CHAPTER XVIII.

What that ride was to Shirley she hardly dared let herself think afterwards. Sitting cozily beside Graham in the little racing car, gliding through the better part. of town all the tall, imposing houses slept with drawn blinds, and dust-covered shutters proclaimed that their owners were far away from heat and toil. Out through wide roads and green hedged lanes, where stately mansions set in flowers and mimic landscapes loomed far back from road in dignified seclusion. Passing now and then a car of people who recognized Graham and bowed in the same deferential way as they had done in the tea room. And all the time his eyes were upon her, admiring, delighting; and his care about her, solicitous for her comfort.

Once he halted the car and pointed off against the sunset, where wide gables and battlemented towers stood gray amidst a setting of green shrubbery and trees, and velvety lawns reached far, to high, trim hedges arched in places for an entrance to the beautiful estate.

"That is my home over there," he said, and watched her widen-ing eyes. "I wish I had time to take you over tonight, but I know you are tired and ought to get home and rest. Another time we'll go around that way." And her heart leaped up as the car went forward again. There was to be another time, then! Ah! But she must not allow it. Her heart was far too foolish already. Yet she would enjoy this ride, now she was started.

(To Be Continued Next Weet) Mr. Bryan at Baltimore.

Mr. Bryan at Baltimore. From the New York Times. It is a persistent political legend that Mr. W. J. Bryan was the chief instru-ment in bringing about the nomination of Woodrow Wilson at the Baltimore convention of 1912. This may be true in the sense that Mr. Bryan flung him-self against the candidacy of Champ Clark, and so made another choice pos-sible. Buft that he really desired and sincerely worked for the nomination of Mr. Wilson has always been open to doubt. The doubt is now strongly re-inforcement by the latest instalment of

Miss Woolley as a Delegate. From the Hartford Times.

Why shouldn't there be a woman on the list of representatives of the United States to the so-called disarmament con-ference which will meet in Washington in November? The report that the presi-dent has intimated that a woman will be named is one which can be believed, be named is one which can be believed, for surely the mothers and sisters and daughters, to say nothing of the grand-mothers, wives and aunts of the men who do the fighting have sed direct in-terest in the establishment of perma-nent peace and the reduction of taxa-tion as the men have.

tion as the men have. We have in mind a woman who we be-lieve would be an ideal selection for a Neve would be an ideal selection in a place among the American delegates. We do not know whether she is repub-lican or democrat, but we do know her as a level-headed, highly intelligent, earnest humanitarian and student. We nominate Miss Mary E. Woolley, presi-dent of Mount Holyoke college. Surely she would ably represent the Womanshe would ably represent the woman-hood of America, with honor to them and to herself.

Answered.

From the Kansas City Star. Women employes of the federal gov-ernment would like somebody to tell them why they don't get as much pay as men employes get in the same classi-fications of the civil service. Well, it's this way. Men have a natural genius for government while very faw women for government, while very few women are able to sit with their feet on a desk and smoke a cigar with any genu-ine appearance of being busy. Any other questions?

Wonderful Prospects. From the New York Sun. "How is your daughter progressing at the conservatory, Mrs. Knowtall?" "Fine. We have great hopes of her developing into a belladonna.

The Major Knew.

From American Legion Weekly. It was officers' mess on the transport going over, and the shiny young second lieutenant was getting pointers from the

lleutenant was getting pointers from the grizzled old major. "Tell me, major," he asked anxiously, "what does it feel like when one is un-der fire for the first time?" "Well," said the major, "it feels like one wanted to be a baby again-back in the state-and a girl baby at that."

Why He Worried. From the Sydney Bulletin. "And when I kissed her I smelled to-

baceo." "You object to a woman who smokes?" "No, but she doesn't smoke."

Early Signs. From the Louisville Courier-Journal. "I think the baby is going to be a "Why so?"

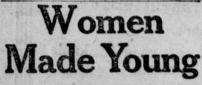
"She keeps examining her toes."

Disarmament and the Pacific.

From the Japan Times and Mall. Time after time we have been told, by statesmen, politicians, commercial lead-ers, and others, that Japan's troubles with the United States and in China are due to the fact that she is not under-tood and that her motives are not an due to the fact that she is not under-stood and that her motives are not ap-preciated. Missions, official and unoffi-cial, have crossed the Pacific from both shores to help secure this desired un-derstanding. The result of the Vander-lip mission was a suggestion that a Pa-cific conference be held between reprecinc conference be held between repre-sentatives of Japan and America. It has been repeated over and over again that Japan wants, more than anything else, a chance to explain herself and thus to remove the doubts and fears entertained in respect to her moves in China, Siberla, and the South seas, and in re-gard to her difficulties with the Cali-forlans.

Now that opportunity is offered her, the opportunity she has long desired, coming from the ones with whom she wishes most to clear away misunder-standings, and at the instance of the ones who have been her closest friends and allies. There should be no missive and allies. There should be no misgiv-ings in Japan, but a general gratifica-tion that the opportunity long sought is at last at hand, with all the surrounding circumstances most propitious.

The Canadian government took



Bright eyes, a clear skin and a body full of youth and health may be yours if you will keep your system in order by regularly taking



The world's standard remedy for kidney, liver, bladder and uric acid troubles, the enemies of life and looks. In use since 1596. All druggists, three sizes.

Lock for the name Gold Medal on ev

and get things squared up." So that was how it came about that in spite of her protests Mr. Sidney Graham escorted Shirley Hollister into one of the most exclusive tea rooms of the city, and seated her at a little round table set for two, while off at a short distance Miss Harriet Hale sat with her mother, eating her lunch and trying in vain to 'place'' the pretty girl she did not recognize.

It never occurred to her for a moment that Sidney Graham's companion might be a stenographer, for Shirley had a knack about her clothes that made her always seem well dressed. That hat she wore had seen service for three summers, and was now a wholly different shape and color from what it had been when it began life. A scrub in hot water had removed the dust of toil,

was just living it in wonder and thanksgiving.

At another time her sordid worldliness and pride might have risen nad swelled with haughtiness of spirit over the number of people who eyed her enviously as they went out together; over the many bows and salutations her escort received from people of evident consequence, for she had the normal human pride somewhere in her nature as we all have. But just then her heart was too humble with a new, strange happiness to feel it or take it in, and she walked with unconscious grace beside him, feeling only the joy of being there.

Later, in the quiet of her chamber, her mother's warning came to her, and her cheeks burned with shame in the dark that her heart had dared make so much of a common little lunchean, just a common little luncheon, just been able to do a favor. Yet through it all Shirley knew there was something fine and true there that belonged just to her, and presently she would rise above everything and grasp it and keep it hers forever.

She felt the distinction of her escort anew when she entered Barnard & Clegg's in his company, and saw Mr. Clegg spring to open the door and to set a chair for his young guest, saw even Mr. Barnard rise and greet him with almost reverence. And this honor she knew was being paid to money, the great demagogue. It was not the man that she admired to whom they were paying deference, it was to his money! She smiled to herself. It was the man she admired, not his money.

All that afternoon she worked with flying fingers, turning off the work at marvelous speed, amused when she heard the new note of respect in Mr. Barnard's voice as he gave her a direction. Mr. Barnard had been greatly impressed with the story Graham had 'old him, and was also

inforcement by the latest instalment of the autobiography of the late Mr. Mccombs.

Mr. Bryan's attitude in the final crists of the long-drawn-out Baltimore Wil-son at Baltimore, and was afterward chairman of the national democratic committee. He was in broken health and a disappointed man when he wrote down his recollections, and personal bias may have entered into some of his impressions of men and events. But it is not an impression, it is a record, with time and place noted and lan-guage cited, which he gave respecting Mr. Bryan's attitude in the final crists of the long-drawn-out Baltimore con-vention. Mr. Bryan sent for Mr. Mc-Combs, said to him that Governor Wil-son could not possibly be nominated, and added: "You should turn your forces to a progressive democrat like Mr. McCombs was manager for Wilforces to a progressive democrat like Unless the accuracy of this can be

Unless the accuracy of this can be disproved or Mr. McCombs' veracity successfully impeached, it ought to help set judgments right about events in 1912 and subsequently. Of course, the whole story is not told in these postwhole story is not told in these post-humously printed pages of Mr. Mc-Combs, but if what has been quoted is, so far as it goes, the truth of history, it is something which Mr. Bryan's future biographic context of the story future blographer cannot overlook and will have to try to explain.

Fight Among Relatives.

From "The New World of Islam" (Scrib-

From "The New World of Islam" (Scrib-ner's.) The late war is very generally re-garded as having been one of "race." The idea certainly lent to the struggle much of its bitterness and uncompro-mising fury. And yet, from the genuine racial standpoint, it was nothing of the kind. Ethnologists have proved conclu-sively that, apart from certain palaeo-lithic survivals and a few historically recent Aslatic intruders, Europe is in-habited by only three stocks: (1) The blond, long-headed "Nordic" race, (2) the medium-complexioned, round-headed "Alpine" race, (3) the brunet, long-headed "Mediterranean" race. These races are so dispersed and intermingled that every European nation is built of at least two of these stocks, while most are compounded of all three. Strictly speaking, therefore, the European war speaking, therefore, the European war was not a race war at all, but a domestic struggle between closely knit bloodelatives.

Now all this was known to most well educated Europeans long before 1914. And yet it did not make the slightest And yet it did not make the slightest difference. The reason is that, in spite of everything, the vast majority of Euro-peans still believe that they fit into an entirely different race category. They think they belong to the "Teutonic" race, the "Latin" race, the "Slav" race, or the "Anglo-Saxon" race. The fact is these so-called "races" simply do not exist but are really historical differ-entiations, based on language and cul-ture, which cut sublimely across genu-line race lines. ine race lines.

Discovered.

"They needed a Songbird in heaven, so God took Caruso away." O, death, there is thy sting!

over the Grand Trunk railway, and an arbitration board announces that nothing need be paid stockholders, as all stock is worthless. All the juice was squeezed out by manipulators. Likewise, the government of the United States would get nothing but dry lemons if it found it necessary to take over some American railroads. The financiers see to that.

Because of his appointment as a disarmament delegate, Senator Lodge may be deposed as Senate leader, it is reported. Senator James E. Watson, of Indiana, is talked of as his successor. Lodge is a poor enough leader, but may we be protected from the leadership of "Jim" Watson, erstwhile professional lobbyist.

The house on the snores of Sebago lake in which Nathaniel Hawthorne lived as a boy and where he made his home when he was attending Bowdoin college, is to be preserved as a com-munity house. At the request of his uncle, the boy Hawthorne kept a dlary while he lived here and these volumes are now in the possession of Rev. Wil-liam C. Norris, of Willimantic, Conn., who is vice president of the new corporation. They will be donated to the community house.

The New York Times criticises the at-torney general, Mr. Daugherty, because he asks congress to change the statute of limitations and let him, Daugherty, reach out for profiteers that robbed the reach out for profiteers that robbed the government in war. Before long they would all be safe under the statute of limitations, free to spend their stolen money in peace. The Times objects to the attorney general's request for a change in the law. WHY? If Mr. Daugherty were trying to catch a thief that had stolen a \$2.50 dog from the Times, the Times would be all for Mr. Daugherty. Why the sympathy for profiteers? They can hire good lawyers.

profiteers? They can hire good lawyers. The statutes of limitations are intended to protect the weak against trumped up evidence later on. Profiteers do not need such statutes, ought not to have then

It is to be regretted that President Harding has decided not to include a veteran of the war among the four or five chief delegates to the disarmament conference. Surely the men who did the actual fighting are entitled to be represented. Why is it that they are continually pushed aside for politicians?

Half of the liquor seized by the government for violation of the prohibition law has been seized in three states: New York. Pennsylvania and Maryland.

