

SUFFERED PAIN FOR YEARS

Mrs. Jahr Finally Relieved by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Howard Lake, Minnesota.—"I write to let you know that I have taken several bottles of your medicine in the last three months, and found it to be very good. I had pains and other troubles women have and was not able to do my work. Seeing your 'Ad.' in the paper, I thought of giving Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial. I got good results from it and feel able to do my housework now. I used to have lots of pains, but after taking the medicine am relieved from pains that I had suffered from for years. I recommend the Vegetable Compound to my friends, and hope this letter will be satisfactory for you to publish."—Mrs. JENNIE JAHR, R. F. No. 2, Box 51, Howard Lake, Minn.

Free upon Request Lydia E. Pinkham's Private Text-Book upon "Ailments Peculiar to Women" will be sent you free, upon request. Write to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Massachusetts. This book contains valuable information that every woman should have.

Canadian Musk Oxen

The musk ox, which makes its home in the northern part of Canada, is a connecting link between wild cattle and sheep. Its horns are similar to the Cape buffalo, and its flesh tastes like beef. It has next its body a dense coat of soft, clean, woolly hair, and through this grows a rain coat of very long, straight brown hair like that of the Tibetan yak. It has a tall so short and small that the animal seems tailless. Their horns meet in a broad base over the top of the skull, drop far down, then sharply curve upward for several inches, terminating in sharp points. They are specially designed for puncturing the vitals of wolves and polar bears. The musk ox lives and thrives even up to the farthest north for hoofed animals.

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

GIVES REST AND COMFORT TO TIRED, ACHING FEET After you have walked all day in shoes that pinch or with corns and bunions that make you cringe with pain, or in shoes that make your feet nervous, hot and swollen, you will get instant, soothing relief from using some ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE in your foot-bath and gently rubbing the sore spots. When shaken into the shoes, ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE takes the friction from the shoes, makes walking or dancing a delight and takes the sting out of corns and bunions, hot, tired, aching, swollen, tender feet. Sold everywhere. For FREE Trial Package and a Foot-Ease Walking Doll, address ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE, LeRoy, N. Y.

FOR OVER 200 YEARS

Haarlem oil has been a world-wide remedy for kidney, liver and bladder disorders, rheumatism, lumbago and uric acid conditions.

GOLD MEDAL HAARLEM OIL

correct internal troubles, stimulate vital organs. Three sizes. All druggists. Insist on the original genuine GOLD MEDAL.

Grafted New Eyelids

A remarkable feat in surgery was recently performed in Liverpool, England, when eyelids were grafted on an American chemist, the skin being taken from his arm. A chemical explosion in a laboratory during the war cost the patient the loss of his eyelids and sight. Now, however, he can see and even eyelashes are growing across his new lids.

So Fresh

Motorist—I'd like a dozen eggs, please. Farmer—I haven't a dozen; I got only ten. Motorist—Well, are they fresh? Farmer—They're so fresh the hen didn't have time to finish the dozen.—Williams Purple Cow.

Resentment that does not show is too deep to be healthy.

Sure Relief FOR INDIGESTION



25¢ AND 75¢ PACKAGES EVERYWHERE

Kill All Flies! THEY SPREAD DISEASE. Use any brand, DARTY FLY KILLER attracts and kills all flies, house flies, stable flies, etc. Kills all on contact. No harm to anything. Guaranteed. FLY KILLER. 5¢ PER BOTTLE. HAROLD BOLLES, 10 De Kalb Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

The RAGGED EDGE

by Harold MacGrath

That she would not take offence at anything so long as it was in the form of explanation. On the other hand, there was a subconscious impression that she would be able to read instantly anything unclear in a man's eye. All her questions would have as a background the idea of future defence.

are bought and sold until their original indebtedness is paid. A father is in debt, we'll say. He sells his daughter to a geisha or a sing-song master, and the girl is rented out until the debt is paid. Then the work is optional; they go on their own. There are sing-song girls in Hong-Kong and Shanghai who are famous and wealthy. Sometimes they marry well. If they become bad it is through inclination, not necessity."

Again Ruth nodded. "To go a little further. Morality is a point of view. It is an Occidental point of view. The Oriental has no equivalent. What you would look upon as immorality is here merely an established custom, three thousand years older than Christianity, accepted with no more ado than that which would accompany you should you become a clerk in a shop."

"That is what I wanted to know," said Ruth gravely. "The poor things!"

The manager laughed. "Your sympathy is being wasted. They are the only happy women in the Orient."

"Do you suppose he knew?" "He? Oh, you mean Mr. Taber?" He wondered if this crystal being was interested in that blundering fool who had gone recklessly into the city. "I don't know what his idea was."

"Will there be any danger?" "To Mr. Taber? There is a possibility. Canton at night is as much China as the border town of Lan-Chow-fu. A white man takes his life in his hands. But Ah Cum is widely known for his luck. Besides," he added cynically, "it is said that God watches over fools and drunken men."

This expression was old in Ruth's ears. She had heard the trader utter it many times.

"Thank you," she said, and left the office.

The manager stared at the empty doorway for a space, shrugged, and returned to his ledgers. The uncanny directness of those gray eyes, the absence of diffidence, the beauty of the face in profile (full, it seemed a little too broad to make for perfect beauty), the mellow voice that came full and free, without hesitance, all combined to mark her as the most unusual young woman he had ever met. He was certain that those lips of hers had never known the natural and pardonable simper of youth.

Was she interested in that young ass who was risking his bones over there in the city? They had come up on the same boat. Still, one never could tell. The young fellow was almost as odd in his way as the girl was in hers. He seldom spoke, and drank with a persistence that was sinister. He was never drunk in the accepted meaning of the word; rather he walked in a kind of stupefaction. Supposing Ah Cum's luck failed for once!

The manager made a gesture of dismissal, and added up the bill for the Misses Jedson, who were returning to Hong-Kong in the morning.

CHAPTER VI

Sidney Carton, thought Ruth, in pursuit of a sing-song girl! The idea was so incongruous that a cold little smile parted her lips. It seemed as if each time her imagination reached out investigatively, an invisible lash beat it back. Still, she knew instinctively that all of Sidney Carton's life had not been put upon the printed page. But to go courting a slave-girl, at the risk of physical hurt! A shudder of distaste wrinkled her shoulders.

Perhaps an hour passed before she opened the window, for

the night was mild, and sat on the floor with her chin resting upon the window-sill. Even the stars were strangers. Where was this kindly world she had drawn so rosy in fancy? Disillusion everywhere. The spinsters were not kind; they were only curious because she was odd and wore a dress thirty years out of date. Later, when they returned home, she would serve as the topic of many conversations. Everybody looked askance at everybody else. To escape one phase of loneliness she had plunged into another, so vast that her courage sometimes faltered.

She recalled how she had stretched out her arms toward the magic blue horizon. Just beyond there would be her heart's desire. And in these crowded four weeks, what had she learned? That all horizons were lies: that smiles and handshakes and goodbyes and welcomes were lies: that there were really no to-morrows, only a treadmill of to-days: and that out of these lies and mirages she had plucked a bitter truth—she was alone.

She turned her cheek to the cold sill; and by and by the sill grew warm and wet with tears. She wanted to stay where she was; but tears were dangerous; the more she wept, the weaker she would become defensively. She rose briskly, turned on the light, and opened Les Miserables to the episode of the dark forest: where Jean Valjean reaches out and takes Cosette's frightful pail from her clapped little hands.

There must be persons tender and loving in this world. There must be real Valjeans else how could authors write about them? Supposing some day she met one of these astonishing creators, who could make one cry and laugh and forget, who could thrill one with love and anger and tenderness!

Most of us have witnessed carnivals. Here are all our harlequins and columbines of the spoken and written drama. They flash to and fro, they thrill us with expectancy. Then, presto! What a dreary lot they are when the revellers lay aside the motley!

Ruth had come from a far South Sea isle. The world had not passed by but had gone around it in a tremendous half-circle. Many things were only words, sounds; she could not construct these words and sounds into objects; or, if she did, invariably missed the mark. Her education was remarkable in that it was overdeveloped here and underdeveloped there: the woman of thirty and the child of ten were always getting in each other's way. Until she had left her island, what she heard and what she saw were truths. And now she was discovering that even Nature was something of a liar, with her mirages and her horizons.

At the present moment she was living in a world of her own creation, a carnival of brave men and fair women, characters out of the tales she had so newly read for the first time. She could not resist enduring persons she met with the noble attributes of the fictional characters. We all did that in our youth, when first we came upon a fine story; else we were worthless metal indeed. So, step by step, and hurt by hurt, Ruth was learning that John Smith was John Smith and nobody else.

Presently she was again in that dreadful tavern of the Thenardiers. That was the wonder of these stories; one lived in them. Cosette sat under the table, still as a mouse, fondling her pitiful doll. Dolls. Ruth's gaze wandered from the printed page. She had never had a doll. Instinct had forced her to create something out of rags to satisfy a mysterious craving. But a doll that rolled its eyes and had flaxen hair! Except for the manual labour—there had been natives to fetch and carry—she and Cosette were sisters in loneliness.

Perhaps an hour passed before she laid aside the book. A bob-

bing lantern, crossing the bridge—for she had drawn the curtain—attracted her attention. She turned off the light and approached the window. She saw a pole-chair; that would be this Mr. Taber returning. Evidently Ah Cum's luck had held good.

As she stared her eyes grew accustomed to the night; and she discovered five persons instead of four. She remembered Taber's hat. (What was the name he had given her that day?) He was walking beside the chair upon which appeared to be a bundle of colours. She could not see clearly. All at once her heart began to patter queerly. He was bringing the sing-song girl to the hotel!

The strange cortege presently vanished below the window-sill. Curiosity to see what a sing-song girl was like took possession of Ruth's thoughts. She fought the inclination for a while, then surrendered. She was still fully dressed; so all she had to do was to pause before the mirror and give her hair a few pats.

Mirrors. Prior to the great adventure, her mirrors had been the still pools in the rocks after the ebb. She had never been able to discover where her father had hidden his shaving mirror.

When she entered the office a strange scene was presented to her startled gaze. The sing-song girl, her fiddle broken, was beating her forehead upon the floor and wailing: Ai, ai! Ai, ai! Spurlock—or Taber, as he called himself—sat slumped in a chair, staring with glazed eyes at nothing, absolutely uninterested in the confusion for which he was primarily accountable. The hotel manager was expostulating and Ah Cum was replying by a series of expressive shrugs.

"What has happened?" Ruth asked.

"A drunken idea," said Ah Cum, taking his hands out of his sleeves. "I could not make make him understand."

"She cannot stay here," the manager declared.

"Why does she weep?" Ruth wanted to know.

Ah Cum explained. "She considers her future blasted beyond hope. Mr. Taber did not leave all his money in the office. He insisted on buying this girl for two hundred mex. He now tells her that she is free, no longer a slave. She doesn't understand; she believes he has taken a sudden dislike to her. Free, there is nothing left to her but the canal. Until two hours ago she was as contented and as happy as a linnet. If she returns to the house from which we took her, her companions will laugh at her and smother her with ridicule. On this side of the canal she has no place to go. Her people live in Heng-Chow, in the Huanan province. It is all very complex. It is the old story of a Westerner meddling with an Eastern custom."

"But why didn't you oppose him?"

"I had to let him have his way, else he might not have returned safely. One cannot successfully argue with a drunken man."

The object of this discussion sat motionless. The voices went into his ears but left no impression of their import. There was, in fact, only one clear thought in his fevered brain: he had reached the hotel without falling down.

The sing-song girl, seeing Ruth, extended her hands and began to chatter rapidly. Ruth made a little gesture, of infinite pity; and this was quickly seized upon by the slant-eyed Chinese girl. She crawled over and caught at the skirts of this white woman who understood.

"What is she saying to me?" Ah Cum shrugged.

Ruth stared into the painted face, now sundrily cracked by the coursing tears. "But she is saying something to me! What is it?"

The hotel manager, who spoke Cantonese with facility, interpreted. He knew that he could translate literally. "She is saying that you, a woman, will readily understand the position in which she finds herself. She addresses you as the Flower of the Lotus, as the Resplendent Moonbeam."

"Just to give her her freedom?" said Ruth, turning to Ah Cum.

"Precisely. The chair is in the veranda. I will take her back. But of course the money will not be refunded."

"Then take her back," said the manager. "You knew better

than to bring her here under the circumstances."

"Well," said Ah Cum, amiably, "when I argued against the venture, he threatened to go wandering about alone, I was most concerned in bringing him back unhurt."

He then spoke authoritatively to the girl. He appeared to thunder dire happenings if she did not obey him without further ado. He picked up the broken fiddle and beckoned. The sing-song girl rose and meekly pattered out of the office into the night.

Ruth crossed over to the dramatist of this tragic-comedy and put a hand on his shoulder. "I understand," she said. Her faith in human beings revived. "You tried to do something that was fine, and . . . and civilization would not let you."

Spurlock turned his dull eyes and tried to focus hers. Suddenly he burst into wild laughter; but equally as suddenly something strangled the sound in his throat. He reached out a hand gropingly, sagged, and toppled out of the chair to the floor, where he lay very still.

CHAPTER VII

The astonishing collapse of Spurlock created a tableau of short duration. Then the hotel manager struck his palms together sharply, and two Chinese "boys" came pattering in from the dining room. With a gesture which was without any kind of emotional expression, the manager indicated the silent crumpled figure on the floor and gave the room number. The Chinamen raised the limp body and carried it to the hall staircase, up which they mounted laboriously.

"A doctor at once!" cried Ruth excitedly.

"A doctor? What he needs is a good jolt of aromatic spirits of ammonia. I can get that at the bar," the manager said, curtly. He was not particularly grateful for the present situation.

"I warn you, if you do not send for a doctor immediately, you will have cause to regret it," Ruth declared vigorously. "Something more than whiskey did that. Why did you let him have it?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Nationalism in India.

Taraknath Day, Indian author and scholar, in Current History Magazine. Indian Nationalism, as it looks backward, may truly be said to be able to measure the extent of its achievement by the distance it has come. From the first beginnings in 1857 through the period of reforms of Lord Morley to the establishment of the Legislative Assembly at Simla, and on up to the present, with Gandhi's star dimmed, but with the home rule movement still vital, India's way to freedom has been a thorny one, beset with formidable obstacles.

In 1884 began the period of the Indian National Congress, which until 1905 carried on a program of constitutional agitation and appeal to the good-will of the government and people of England. But after twenty years of "begging," which produced no substantial results, a new spirit and a new extremist party came into being, coincident with the administration of Lord Curzon. Autonomy and "self-help" were the visions of this younger group, encouraged by the resurgence of Asiatic self-consciousness which followed Japan's triumph over Russia. The difficulties encountered by the British in subduing the tiny Boer nation also did much to stimulate the extremists, who, after 1905, became militant in their efforts to secure control of the congress and change its policy. Following the extremists' failure to get control of the congress held at Surat in 1905, the next seven years saw a series of attempts to bring about a rapprochement between the less radical extremists and the radicals of the conservative All-India National Congress. The Left Wing extremists, however, remained apart, carrying out their revolutionary program, which at times went so far as the use of bombs.

Beauty Marred by Betel Nut.

H. M. Tomlinson in Harper's Magazine. The country folk (of Java) themselves, conscious of their ornate setting, were dressed for the part. A group of those women, moving in a musical comedy, would give a theatrical manager complete assurance in the matter of his box office receipts. They are so modest and polite that they never stare at a stranger; though with such figures, eyes, and coloring, I doubt whether he would object greatly if they did. Their manners are perfect, except that most of them chew betel nut, and casually make railway platforms and foot-paths distressing with red maculations.

It is shocking to see a beautiful woman laugh, when her opened mouths look as though a savage blow had just seriously wounded it.

Artificial Wood.

From Thrift Magazine. Leaves, twigs, small branches of trees, waste from the cutting of saw-logs and timbers, sawdust and other wood waste, that heretofore has been thrown away as useless in being changed as by magic into boards, beams, moldings and all forms in which lumber usually appears and many forms in which wood has never before been used, says the New York State College of Forestry at Syracuse.

MEREDITH GETS 26 VOTES FROM HAWKEYE STATE

New York Forces Launch Big Drive to Crowd Californian Out

BY JAMES R. NOURSE, Universal Service Correspondent. Convention Hall, New York, July 7. —A terrific drive by the anti-McAdoo forces sent the California candidate for the democratic nomination into second place Monday night and put Governor Smith of New York in the lead.

Smith passed McAdoo on the 86th ballot, the third taken at the night session of the convention. He retained his lead on the 87th, with 25 votes more than McAdoo.

Iowa deserted McAdoo on the 86th ballot, casting its 25 votes for Edwin T. Meredith, a resident of that state, who was secretary of agriculture in the Wilson cabinet. Iowa had been voting under the unit rule for McAdoo on practically every roll call. Its desertion was a severe loss to the McAdoo managers.

The standing of the leaders on the 17th ballot was: Smith 26 1/2; McAdoo 23 3/4; Ralston 23; John W. Davis 6 3/4; Glass 7 1/2; Underwood 23; Just before adjournment until 10:30 o'clock Tuesday morning was taken a new proposal for conference committee to be composed of one delegate from each state to consider methods of ending the deadlock, was laid before the convention by Senator Jones of New Mexico. It was permitted to lie on the table for consideration Tuesday.

The convention adjourned at 11:45 o'clock out of respect for the sorrow of President and Mrs. Coolidge. Chairman Walsh made the announcement of the death of Calvin Coolidge, Jr., and an audible sigh swept over the great audience, thus expressing the universal sympathy of all those present over the sad ending of the youth's illness.

McAdoo Chiefs Worried. Smith's advancement over the McAdoo breakthrough was received by McAdoo's managers with visible signs of chagrin. They had learned during the dinner hour that the drive was on to break down the McAdoo delegations, but felt confident of being able to hold their own against the attacks.

David Ladd Rockwell and others of the McAdoo management stood in the aisles and watched as the allies took delegation after delegation away from them. They tried to stem the tide that had set in against their candidate, but were unable to make any headway.

McAdoo was "listening in" on the radio across the street. Mrs. McAdoo was occupying the box of Thomas L. Chadbourne at the rear of the hall. Her sister, Margaret Wilson, was with her.

McAdoo Confident. There was a hasty call from McAdoo to his managers to meet him in conference. They went to his room and conferred with him, after which McAdoo announced that he was not alarmed.

"They will all come back," he said, referring to the deserting delegations. "I am away up in G."

But the scenes in the convention hall belied McAdoo's confidence. His vote on the 86th ballot was 353 1-2, and on the 87th, it slumped to 286 1-2. Smith had 360 on the 86th and 361 1-2 on 87th.

Announcement of the result of the 86th ballot, sent the Smith followers into a wild demonstration when they realized their candidate had been forced into first place. The McAdoo followers heard the announcement in silence.

Applaud Proposal. Senator Jones' proposal for a conference to end the deadlock was accompanied by a brief statement in which he said it was desirable to expedite the work of the convention and bring about the selection of a ticket. It provided that in all deliberations each state representative should have the same number of votes as are cast by the respective delegations.

Introduction of the resolution provoked some applause, as most of the delegates are anxiously looking forward to some solution which will enable them to get home.

McAdoo's loss of first position was brought about by a slow crumbling process engineered by the anti-McAdoo allies.

Many Go to Ralston. It was a sure and steady process. One by one, with steady progress, state delegations were taken away from McAdoo and distributed elsewhere among the other candidates. Most of them were given to Senator Ralston, upon whom the allied managers had centered their strategy for the night attack upon the McAdoo stronghold. The plan of attack was decided upon during the recess. George E. Brennan, Illinois leader, had an important part in it, but the principal factor was Senator Pat Harrison of Mississippi, who delivered the 20 votes of his own state to Ralston when the proper time came.

Officers Begin Search For Missing Wayne Man

Wayne, Neb., July 7. (Special)—Officers here are starting a wide search for W. C. Hall, son of E. Hall, florist, who disappeared from his home Sunday. His automobile was found wrecked between Emerson and Sioux City, and it is feared that he might be a victim of foul play or that, being injured in the wreck, he is still wandering in a faze condition. It was reported that a man answering his description had been seen in Sioux City.