IRLS! LOTS OF BEAUTIFUL HAIR

small bottle of "Danderine" makes hair thick, glossy and wavy.

Removes all dandruff, stops itching scalp and falling hair.



To be possessed of a head of heavy, eautiful hair; soft, lustrous, fluffy, avy and free from dandruff is merely matter of using a little Danderine.

It is easy and inexpensive to have ce, soft hair and lots of it. Just get a nall bottle of Knowlton's Danderine ow—it costs but a few cents—all drug s recommend it—apply a little as hin ten minutes there arance of abundance, ss and an incompara- ustre, and try as you ot find a trace of dandruff air; but your real surprise after about two weeks' use, you will see new hair—fine and y at first—yes—but really new hair—sprouting out all over your scalp —Danderine is, we believe, the only sure hair grower, destroyer of dandruff and cure for itchy scalp, and it never fa to stop falling hair at once.

If yo want to prove how pretty and really is, moisten a cloth Danderine and carefully gh your hair—taking one at a time. Your hair will ossy and beautiful in just ew moments—a delightful surprise aits everyone who tries this. Adv.

Young Idea at Target Practice.

The word graminivorous had somow slipped into the reading lesson. ittle Willie knew he was doomed as ais turn was next. His kneecaps ratled as he stood up for the struggle.

"J-j-j—ram, jram," he began.

"No, no, Willie; the G is hard," sugested the teacher.

"I know it, ma'am," replied William s he slipped back into his seat. "The hole doggone word is hard."

OOK AT CHILD'S TONGUE IF SICK, CROSS, FEVERISH

H RY, MOTHER! REMOVE POI- NS FROM LITTLE STOMACH, LIVER, BOWELS.

GIVE CALIFORNIA SYRUP OF FIGS AT ONCE IF BILIOUS OR CONSTIPATED.



Lo at the tongue, mother! If it is a sure sign that your little s stomach, liver and bowels a gentle, thorough cleansing at

en peevish, cross, listless, pale, t sleep, doesn't eat or act natuor is feverish, stomach sour, h bad; has stomach-ache, sore t, diarrhœa, full of cold, give a oonful of "California Syrup of " and in a few hours all the foul, ipated waste, undigested food our bile gently moves out of the bowels without griping, and you a well, playful child again.

needn't coax sick children to as harmless "fruit laxative;" ve its delicious taste, and it s makes them feel splendid.

your druggist for a bottle of fornia Syrup of Figs," which has tions for babies, children of all and for grown-ups plainly on the . Beware of counterfeits sold To be sure you get the genuine, to see that it is made by the "Cali'a Fig Syrup Company." Refuse other kind with contempt.—Adv.

Exactly.

g George gave a wagonload of to the Red Cross."

ow that shows the real spirit."

ep your liver active, your bowels clean & g Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets and you healthy wealthy and wise. Adv.

len do less than they ought u y do all that they can.—Carl.

BRIDE of BATTLE

A Romance of the American Army Fighting on the Battlefields of France

By VICTOR ROUSSEAU

(Copyright, by W. G. Chapman.)

FOREWORD

Intrigue, mystery, chivalry, love, feats of bravery on the field of honor—all these elements are interwoven in this story, which has been well described as the first up-to-the-minute novel of America in the great war for humanity and world freedom. It is a gripping story of a man who "came back" and fought on the battlefields of France for the honor of the army that had discarded him. Victor Rousseau has written many excellent stories but none that excels "Bride of Battle."

CHAPTER I.

—1—

Lieutenant Mark Wallace of the Seventieth New York regiment came to an abrupt standstill. He was alone in the jungle, upon the blazing hillside before Santiago, in the month of June, 1898.

Through the branches of the trees the Mauser bullets still whipped and whistled, and the prolonged screech of shells and distant shouting indicated that the battle, which had raged all day, had not yet reached its end. But within the short radius of Wallace's vision nothing stirred, not even the palmetto boughs that rustled with the least breeze like the sound of the sea.

Wallace had only the most confused and incoherent knowledge of what was happening on that historic day. There had been an advance in the cool of the morning, if a brief respite from the oppressive heat could be called coolness in contrast. Then came the deployment along the base of the hills as the first shells began to fall, the advance in open order, in which the nicely inculcated teachings of the parade ground fell to pieces, the jumble of men, of companies, and, later, of regiments, pressing forward past the dead and stricken, the shouts, the rattle of machine guns and rifles. Batteries came galloping where they had no theoretical business to be, upsetting the junior officers' desperate attempts to preserve alignment; Red Cross men invaded the battle line to succor the wounded; commissariat mules, shaking off the lethargy which no amount of belaboring had ever overcome, ran away with supplies and strewed embalmed beef over the hillside. In the midst of it all Wallace had rallied some men of his own troop and led them forward; he plunged into the patch of scrub-covered jungle, and found that he was alone.

In front of him was a small clearing, made by some Cuban squatter in the preceding year and abandoned after the reaping. It contained the ruin of a palm shack, and the furrows scraped by a primitive plow were only just discernible amid the rank growth that had sprung up. The lieutenant stopped and shouted, expecting to see his men come running through the trees.

But none appeared, and it was at this moment that the bullet that had been stamped with his name, according to the soldier's superstition, found him. He felt a smart blow on the shoulder, which knocked him backward. He stumbled, fell down, sat up again and discovered that his elbow was shattered. The arm hung helplessly at his side.

He managed to bind up the wound with his hand and teeth. There was not much pain, but a sort of physical languor, which made him reel giddily when he arose. There was burning thirst, too. It was extraordinary that a little thing like that should take the grit out of a man. A little blood was running down his sleeve, but the wound seemed trivial.

Wallace leaned against the wall of the shack and waited for his men.

He shouted once or twice more, but nobody answered him, and the battle seemed to be drifting in another direction. Wallace imagined that his troop had advanced around the patch of scrub, in which case he was not likely to establish touch with them again till nightfall. He cursed his luck and started forward, but the trees began to reel around him; he clutched at the wall of the shack, missed it, and fell.

Then he realized that he was out of the fight. Yet, in spite of his intense disappointment, he knew that worse might have befallen him. He had fought through hours of the day—that was much; he was probably spared to lead his men again—and that was more. He had found and proved himself; and at twenty-one a young man, for all his self-confidence, is composed of fears and doubts as well. In spite of his soldier ancestors, Mark Wallace had not been sure that his capacity for leadership extended beyond the parade ground, and he had suffered from the young soldier's inevitable fear of fear.

So he resigned himself to his situation. He emptied his water bottle and, gripping the end of his gauze roll with his teeth, managed to bandage his wound sufficiently to stop the bleeding. The languor, however, was increasing. Sometimes he would doze a few moments, awaking with a t, to wonder where he was, and pened. The air was very uits had long since died e firing was a distant remulous staccato tapping of the machine guns was like the roll of drums far away.

Wallace must have slept for a prolonged period, for when next he became conscious he started up to see, to his intense astonishment, a pretty little girl of three or four years, standing in front of him and looking at him. He rubbed his eyes, expecting her to disappear. But she was still there, and just as he was beginning to piece together a Spanish phrase she spoke to him in English.

"I want my daddy."

Wallace reached out and drew the child toward him. "Where is your daddy?" he asked. "And who are you?"

"I'm Eleanor," she answered, "and won't you please find my daddy for me?"

She pointed with a grimy little hand toward the interior of the shack, and Wallace, struggling to his feet with a great effort, made his way inside.

It was almost dark in the hut, and Wallace could only make out with difficulty the form of a man who lay, face downward, upon the ground near the wall. Presently, however, as his eyes became more accustomed to the obscurity, he saw the bullet wound in the back of the head.

He looked up at the child, who stood by, unconcerned. "Go away, Eleanor," he said gently.

The child, too young to know anything of death, went out of the hut and began to play in the shaft of sunlight that filtered through the branches of the palms. Wallace searched the dead man's pockets. He found nothing, however, except a military pass, signed by General Linares of the Spanish forces, authorizing the bearer to pass through the lines; and, after a moment's reflection, he decided to leave it on the body.

So this man had been the child's father, and, apart from her speech, his coloring showed that he had been an American. Wallace concluded that he had been a planter, trapped in Santiago. He raised the body in his arms and tried to turn it over, but let it fall when he saw the work that the bullet had made of the face. He must not let the little girl carry away anything of such memory as that!

He groped his way outside and beckoned to her. "What is your other name, Eleanor?" he asked.

The little girl only looked at him; it was evident that she did not understand the meaning of his question.

"Did your daddy live in Santiago?"

"My daddy has gone away. I want him," said the child, beginning to whimper.

Wallace tried her once more. "Where is your mamma?" he asked.

But she said nothing, and he sat down, propping himself against the



"I Want My Daddy."

shack. He drew the little girl down beside him.

"Now listen to me, Eleanor," he said. "Your daddy has gone away. He will be gone for a long time. You must be good and patient, and soon somebody will come to take care of you. Do you understand?"

The child's lip quivered, but she did not cry. She fixed her large gray eyes upon him.

"Who are you?" she asked, with the directness of childhood.

"My name is Mark."

"I like you, Mark. I will go with you till my daddy comes back."

"All right. Then sit down here beside me and play," muttered Wallace, wondering rather grimly what there was for her to play with.

But the grubby little fingers were soon busy in the sandy soil. Wallace watched the child, wondering who she was, and how it had happened that the father had been forced to take her into the jungle, into the midst of the contending armies. Her clothing was almost in rags, and she must have been drenched by the rains of the preceding night. It had certainly been a desperate and a difficult adventure for the dead man.

The light began to fade. Wallace, half delirious now from pain and thirst, struggled to preserve his consciousness for the sake of the little girl. Sometimes he would emerge from a semi-stupor and look round for her anxiously; but he always found her, no great distance away, building sand castles out of the soft soil and chattering to herself as happily as if she had already forgotten her sorrow.

When he aroused himself finally, it was to see the flash of a torch in his eyes. Faces which he recognized were looking into his own. There was Crawford, the senior lieutenant, who had graduated from West Point the year before, and Captain Kellerman; there was his own negro servant, Johnson, with a look of alarm on his ebony face; and near by were two men from the ambulance, carrying an empty stretcher.

Wallace moaned for water and the sense of the liquid in his throat, warm though it was, brought back consciousness with a rush.

"Well, we've got you," said Crawford cheerfully. "How are you feeling, old man?"

"Fine. Have we got Santiago?"

"Well, not exactly, but nearly. We've carried all the trenches, and we're waiting to get our big guns up. Arm hurting you?"

"No," said Wallace, stifling a groan. "Say, Crawford, I suppose I was delirious, but I thought there was a kid here."

As he spoke he caught sight of Major Howard emerging from the shack, with the little girl in his arms, fast asleep. The major came up to him.

"How are you feeling, Wallace?" he asked. "Good! I didn't know you were a family man, though, till I saw this kid sleeping in your arms."

"You've been inside?" inquired the lieutenant, looking toward the shack.

The major's face grew very serious. He nodded.

"Her father," said Wallace.

"Come, get in with you!" answered Major Howard, curtly, indicating the ambulance. Mark, supported by the orderlies, who had placed the stretcher upon the ground, crawled in and lay down. He stretched out his arm toward the child. It was an unconscious action, but Major Howard noted it and, detaching the small arms from about his neck, he placed the little girl in the stretcher. The little head drooped upon the lieutenant's arm. As the ambulance men picked up their burden two soldiers came out of the hut, carrying something in a blanket. They carried it to the center of the clearing and set it down beside a hole which had already been dug.

"He carried a pass signed by Linares," said Wallace to the major.

Major Howard's eyes contracted into narrow slits. He nodded. "I have it," he answered.

"I wonder who he was?" said Wallace.

"We'll decide what to do with the kid after we get her back to camp," said the major curtly. It seemed to Wallace that he was unwilling to speculate upon the identity of the dead man. "Lie still, and don't muddle your brains with thinking, my boy," he added. "We'll have you at the base hospital in next to no time."

"How many men have we lost?"

"Can't tell you. Quite a few, I'm afraid. Soames is gone. Crawford and Murray and I found ourselves bunched together at the top of the hill, leading a mixed company of Texas Rangers and Pennsylvania Dutch. We'll get them sorted out and sent home with labels as soon as we can. Move on, boys!"

The jolting stretcher proceded out of the scrub and down the hill. Here, in the open, everything was almost as silent as in the bush, after the day's battle. Under the light of the rising moon could be seen parties of men moving over the hillside, stragglers seeking their regiments, or fatigue parties detailed upon the necessary night work that follows a day of death. The moon shone down on huddled forms scattered for the most part in little clusters, where shells or machine-gun-fire had caught them.

It seemed an infinitely long journey, and every movement of the stretcher was almost unbearable. Wallace shut his lips tight. He looked at the child beside him. She moved in her sleep, feeling for his neck with the little grimy hands. Her cheek snuggled into the hollow of his arm. The lieutenant was curiously touched by this unconscious confidence.

He issued from his ordeal of pain at last, when the bearers halted in front of the line of tents that served for a field hospital. Stretchers by the dozen were piled about the ground, and more were arriving constantly. Wounded men, guided by the sound, came limping in on the last lap of their painful journeys. Others, who had arrived but had not yet been attended to, sat or lay in front of the tents. Orderlies were scurrying to and fro. Major Howard caught one of the regimental surgeons, who looked Mark over quickly and then picked the child out of the stretcher.

"Hello! Who's this?" he asked.

"Friend of his," said the major, indicating Mark.

"She doesn't look like a Cuban young lady," said the doctor, as he cut away the sleeve of the tunic.

"Her father's dead. Hit by a shell on his way from Santiago. I think he was an American," said Mark.

"Give her to me. I never had one," said the doctor, suddenly injecting a hypodermic into Mark's arm.

"Not after that," said Mark, wincing. "Besides, I'm thinking of adopting her myself."

And he wondered what had made him say that when the thought had hardly reached his own consciousness.

"See here, young man! Let me look at that arm of yours before you talk that way. Hum! You'll be running round in a couple of weeks, as well as ever."

"Thank heaven for that!" ejaculated Mark fervently. "Then I'll be in at the death."

"I doubt it. I won't pass you for duty for six months to come," the doctor, grinning. Then, seeing dejected look, he added, more s ously:

"You may thank the modern high-power bullet that you are going to keep your arm, my boy. It's drilled a nice little pencil-hole clean through the joint, instead of shattering it, and that's got to be filled in with new growth. Even I can't grow bones in a week. I wish I could. Ten years ago your arm would have had to come off. There's nothing more I can do for you, my son," he added, as he smeared some sticky stuff over the wound and began adjusting a bandage, "except tie you up and put you in the hospital tonight, and send you down to the base in the morning."

"The devil you will! I guess I'm well enough to stay on the job as I am."

"Here, I haven't any more time to waste on you!" said the doctor. "Pounce will make you a sling and you'll go into that tent and stay there, or I'll cashier you. You won't be feeling so spry tomorrow morning. Get out!"

He strode away, leaving Mark looking into the grinning black face of Johnson.

After the sling had been adjusted he discovered that the sense of well-being, due to the hypodermic, was already beginning to leave him. His servant helped him into the tent and Major Howard brought in the little girl, who at once coiled herself up to sleep at Wallace's side.

Lieutenant Wallace makes some plans for the future of the child that had come into his possession so unexpectedly, but he is stunned by revelations that are made to him by his commanding officer, Major Howard. Read about this in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

TAJIRI GRADUATE OF YALE

New Mayor of Tokyo, Japan, Finished His Education in Great American University.

Viscount Inajiro Tajiri, newly elected mayor of the city of Tokyo, Japan, is a graduate of the class of '79 of Yale university, where he specialized in economics, finance, politics and history, says Christian Science Monitor. Returning to Japan, he was appointed a secretary in the department of finance and also to a chair in the imperial university at Tokyo. Subsequently he was director of the bureau of the national debt, banks and revenue.

In the course of time he was admitted to the house of peers, and was vice minister of finance, first in 1892-1897, and again in 1898-1904. He was made a baron in 1895 and a viscount in 1907. More recently he has been chief of the board of audit. To knowledge of the technique of banking, national finance and international credit the viscount adds interest in and mastery of natural science, and in both fields he is an authority.

His selection as mayor comes after a long and futile effort of the municipal assembly to agree upon a candidate chosen from the ranks of politicians or ordinary civilians.

Allies Have More Wheat.

England and France have made a remarkable wartime record in raising crops this year. The French crop of wheat promises to be 130,000,000 bushels more than last year, and England probably will have 30,000,000 more than in 1917.

With 200,000 fewer male laborers on the land than before the war, England and Wales have planted 33 per cent more land to crops this year than in 1916, and the area of grain is the largest on record. The increase in grain and potatoes is 2,042,000 acres. Scotland and Ireland are expected to show almost as great an increase. The wheat acreage in England and Wales is 2,665,000 acres; oats, 2,820,000 acres; barley, 1,690,000 acres; rye and minor grains, 682,000 acres; potatoes, 645,000 acres.

The entire wheat area of the United Kingdom this year as estimated by Broomhall is 2,900,000 acres, on which the crop may exceed 100,000,000 bushels.

Truly King of Birds.

"Our national bird, the bald eagle wild in its native haunts, is so large, so majestic, and flies with an evidence of so enormous strength, that one is impressed with the thought that here is the king of birds," writes T. Gilbert Pearson of the Audubon society. "On one occasion while eating my lunch in the shade of a little bush on a Southern prairie, I saw one carry off a lamb."

Iron in Ukrainia.

Within the boundaries of Ukrainia are found the principal available deposits of iron ore in Russia. The development of the iron ore deposits of the Krivoi Rog district has been mainly responsible for the rapid growth of the Russian iron and steel industry, which now depends to an extent of about 70 per cent on the iron ore in the southern part of the country.

Have No Silly Belief in Luck.

All successful men have agreed in one thing—they were causationists. They believed that things went not by luck, but by law. Belief in compensation—or, that nothing is got for nothing—characterizes all valuable minds.—Emerson.

lin, ...
They we...
man on the ...
for the shouts ...
ing together in one ...
lifted the roof.

One of the funniest comedi... made the special trip to their camp just to give them this opportunity. There is nothing that the American boy loves more than a good joke. The celebrated comedian was enjoying himself as much as the boys as one after another of his stories "got across."

He saved the best one to the last. With a twinkle in his keen eyes he sprang it, a brand new variation of the age-old mother-in-law story. He told it well, it was excruciatingly funny and it was new. But it fell flat. The big spontaneous burst of laughter was not forthcoming. But they more than made up for it when they began to clap as the jokester left the platform and when they gave him three cheers after the performance.

But it worried the comedian and later he asked a lieutenant about it. The lieutenant lighted his cigarette before answering. "I don't suppose you fellows outside this man's army have any reason for knowing this, but the old mother-in-law joke will never get over again. I couldn't laugh at one, no matter how funny it was, to save my neck. It wouldn't seem funny to me. You see when war was declared, I wanted in the worst way to enlist. Fellows with kids see it even before the single ones, but I felt that it wouldn't be right to do it then on account of Mary and the children. I couldn't keep up my home on a soldier's pay, if I gave up my job. It didn't seem the square thing to them then.

"Well, my mother-in-law sent for me to come around one night and see her alone on my way home from the office. She told me that she knew just how I felt about enlisting and that I wasn't to let the money side of it stand in my light for an instant. I could do what I could, she said, and she would make up the rest. She hadn't a boy of her own to go and anyway Mary and the children were to get all she had when she was gone, they might as well have it now when they needed it most. It's no use, the old mother-in-law joke is dead. There are hundreds of boys right here in this one camp who feel exactly as I do about it."

Sending Carrier Pigeons by Balloon.

To increase the usefulness of pigeons in warfare wire cages, each just large enough for one bird, are now in use, says Popular Mechanics Magazine. The cages carry grain for the birds and pencils and paper for marooned dispatch writers. They are attached to small balloons that are used when wind conditions are favorable, and also to parachutes designed to be dropped from low-flying airplanes. On the other hand, several of them may be strapped to a trained dog and conveyed by him to the desired point. All of which is for the purpose of establishing communication with detachments that become cut off from the main body of troops and, while resisting capture, have no means of immediate escape without outside assistance. The wire cages are arranged so that the birds may be fed without being removed from them, and, furthermore, messages may be inserted in the pellets the pigeons carry without the latter being handled or even touched.

Versatile Packing House.

It was packer experts who solved one of the most important problems incident to supplying our men with gas masks. It is a packer product that is used to stanch the flow of blood from the wounds of our soldiers; it is a packer product which is used to sew up the wounds; the soap with which the soldiers clean up after their turn in the trenches is a packer product; the glue which figures largely in the manufacture of airplanes comes from the packers; the aviators' sheep pelt coats are packer products; glycerine for use in explosives, animal oils for lubricating purposes and leather for harness, puttees and the like come largely from packing houses. —Christian Herald.

Detectaphone Barred.

Conversations heard over a detectaphone were barred in the New York supreme court by Justice Goff until proof was introduced that the instrument works accurately. It was used by Mrs. Bertha Bloomer to gather evidence for her divorce action against Martin B. Bloomer, a lumber dealer. Counsel for Mrs. Bloomer protested that the detectaphone is being used by the United States government in its secret service work. Justice Goff replied:

"Anyone might place an instrument of this sort in a room and claim he had overheard conversations of someone he had not seen at the time."

English "College Men" Are Girls.

War and the industries made necessary by war have had the effect of depleting the student bodies of the English universities to an extent that will be serious this year. At the University of Birmingham, one of the most modern and progressive seats of learning in Great Britain, where scientific training is a specialty, all of the graduates who received the degree of bachelor of science this year were women. Two-thirds of the masters of science were Japanese and four-fifths of the bachelors of medicine were girls.

Parcel ... medium and large size bo... stores. Adv.

All in a Name.

First Boche—About the Argonne egi ns—

Second Ditto—So they are.

No Worms in a Healthy Child

All children troubled with worms have an unhealthy color, which indicates poor blood, and as a rule, there is more or less stomach disturbance. BROVER'S TASTELESS chill TONIC given regularly for two or three weeks will enrich the blood, improve the digestion, and act as a General Strengthening Tonic to the whole system. Nature will then throw off or dispel the worms, and the Child will be a perfect health. Pleasant to take. 60c per bottle.

When a young man is really in love he doesn't hesitate to propose just because the girl has money.

THIS WEAK, NERVOUS MOTHER

Tells How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Restored Her Health.

Philadelphia, Pa.—"I was very weak, always tired, my back ached, and I felt sickly most of the time. I went to a doctor and he said I had nervous indigestion, which added to my weak condition kept me worrying most of the time—and he said if I could not stop that, I could not get well. I heard so much about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound my husband wanted me to try it. I took it for a week and felt a little better. I kept it up for three months, and I feel fine and can eat anything now without distress or nervousness."—Mrs. J. WORTHLINE, 2842 North Taylor St., Philadelphia Pa.



The majority of mothers nowadays overdo, there are so many demands upon their time and strength; the result is invariably a weakened, run-down, nervous condition with headaches, backache, irritability and depression—and soon more serious ailments develop. It is at such periods in life that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will restore a normal healthy condition, as it did to Mrs. Worthline.



Horse Owners

Keep a bottle of Yager's Liniment in your stable for spavin, curb, splint or any enlargement, for shoulder slip or sweeny, wounds, galls, scratches, collar or shoe boils, sprains and any lameness. It absorbs swellings and enlargements, and dispels pain and stiffness very quickly.

YAGER'S LINIMENT

This liniment is the most economical to use as a large bottle contains twice as much as the usual 50 cent bottle of liniment.



Sold by all dealers. Price 35 cents.

GILBERT BROS. & CO. BALTIMORE, MD.

Rely On Cuticura For Skin Troubles

All druggists: Soap 25, Ointment 25 & 50, Talcum 25. Sample each free of "Cuticura, Dept. F, Boston."

Get the Genuine and Avoid Waste

MORGAN'S SAPOLIO SCOURING SOAP

Economy in Every Cake

A Valuable Lot Absolutely Free

Utilize a few spare hours, form a club of four among friends. A new city building opposite new BETHLEHEM CORPORATION WORKS. Write today for full information. This may start your fortune. CLUB DEPT., 108 Guarantee Trust Bldg., ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

For Coughs and Colds

take a tried and tested remedy—one that acts promptly and effectively and contains no opiate. To get that remedy by asking for

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