GIRLS! LOTS OF BEAUTIFUL HAIR

A 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, beautiful hair; soft, lustrous, fluffy, wavy and free from dandruff is merely a matter of using a little Danderine.

It is easy and inexpensive to have nice, soft hair and lots of it. Just get a small bottle of Knowlton's Danderine now—it costs but a few cents—all drug stores recommend it—apply a little as directed and within ten minutes there will be an appearance of abundance, freshness, fluffiness and an incomparable gloss and lustre, and try as you will you cannot find a trace of dandruff or falling hair; but your real surprise will be after about two weeks' use, when you will see new hair—fine and downy 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 fails to stop falling hair at once.

If you want to prove how pretty and soft your hair really is, moisten a cloth with a little Danderine and carefully draw it through your hair—taking one small strand at a time. Your hair will be soft, glossy and beautiful in just a few moments—a delightful surprise awaits everyone who tries this. Adv.

The proof of a woman's temper is the arrival of an unexpected guest to dinner.

GREEN'S AUGUST FLOWER

Has been used for all ailments that are caused by a disordered stomach and inactive liver, such as sick headache, constipation, sour stomach, nervous indigestion, fermentation of food, palpitation of the heart caused by gases in the stomach. August Flower is a gentle laxative, regulate digestion both in stomach and intestines, cleans and sweetens the stomach and alimentary canal, stimulates the liver to secrete the bile and impurities from the blood. Sold in all civilized countries. Give it a trial.—Adv.

More things come to him who comes than come to him who waits.

Back Lame and Achy?

There's little peace when your kidneys are weak and while at first there may be nothing more serious than dull backache, sharp, stabbing pains, headaches, dizzy spells and kidney irregularities, you must act quickly to avoid the more serious trouble, dropsy, gravel, heart disease, Bright's disease. Use Doan's Kidney Pills, the remedy that is so warmly recommended everywhere by grateful users.

A Maryland Case

W. E. Phillips, 111 Academy St., Cambridge, Md., says: "I had pains in my back and often in the morning after I got up, I couldn't raise my hands above my head. My back was stiff and lame and after stooping it was all I could do to straighten. I finally began using Doan's Kidney Pills and found relief. I am glad to say that I have had no return of the trouble."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 60c a Box

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

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GETS AT THE JOINTS FROM THE INSIDE

Have you RHEUMATISM Lumbago or Gout?

Take RHEUMACIDE to remove the cause and drive the poison from the system.

"RHEUMACIDE ON THE INSIDE PUTS RHEUMATISM ON THE OUTSIDE"

At All Druggists

Jas. Baily & Son, Wholesale Distributers Baltimore, Md.

Cuticura For Baby's Itchy Skin

All druggists; Soap 25, Ointment 25 and 50, Talcum 25. Sample each free of "Cuticura, Dept. E, Boston."

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

A toilet preparation of merit. Helps to eradicate dandruff. For Restoring Color and Beauty to Gray or Faded Hair. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists.

BRIDE of BATTLE

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

By VICTOR ROUSSEAU

(Copyright, by W. G. Chapman.)

CHAPTER XV—Continued.

—11—

And with the blow all his strength returned, all his energy and zest for battle. He forgot everything. Waving the sword, he hurled himself into the attacking ranks. They gave, and with a cheer the defenders swept on into the main street, Mark leading them.

How he fought that day he never knew; long afterward he would see visions of it in sleep, and battle pictures that forever eluded his waking consciousness. Round the little village from unexpected places, hideous death traps caught the unwary and venturesome, sometimes a street was filled with a jostling mob, too packed to use their steel, tearing at one another with fists and teeth. There was no order, and the command fell to him who lage, the key to the day's fortunes, the tide ebbed and flowed. Company after company came up on either side. Now advancing, now driven back, the Americans fought from street to street and back again. Machine guns opened fire seized it. Through all that nightmare Mark fought at the head of his company, looking like a madman, as they said of him afterward. When he came to himself at last he found himself, unwounded, save for his bleeding arm, from which the bandage had long since fallen, and in command of a battalion.

They had driven the Germans from the last house of the village. The delay had saved the day. The reserves had come pouring in. On the ridge beyond the enemy was marshaling for a last counter-attack.

Mark looked about him. Lieutenants, captains who should have commanded companies, mingled with privates and noncoms, were following, as if hypnotized, this middle-aged private with the red cross on his arm. As Mark looked his heart swelled with the consciousness and pride of leadership. And, at his glance, a roar went up that was caught up from man to man and sent echoing into the distance.

And Mark was swept away with unconquerable enthusiasm. It was his day, the day of which every soldier dreams.

"Come along, boys! Break them up!" he shouted, and ran forward.

With one resounding cheer the lines swept after him. A ripple of machine-gun fire caught them, but could not hold them. Over the fallen they pressed on, cries of triumph upon their lips, the faces, set above the gleaming bayonets, animated by a single purpose. And now they were upon them.

Mark fought in the bloody swirl. Blades thrust at him, bullets tore his tattered uniform. Once he was down, and he saw a giant rush at him with clubbed rifle. He raised his arm, he tried to drive with his sword, lunged and missed. Then the uplifted rifle fell harmlessly beside him, and the giant fell forward, dead, over him, pinning him to the ground, and covering him with his blood. A bayonet thrust had passed clean through his body.

And, looking up bewildered, Mark thought he saw Hartley's face look into his own.

Next moment Mark was on his feet again, and Hartley had vanished. But already the last tussle was over. The Germans broke and fled.

Mark stood still, gasping. The men were crowding all about him, waving their helmets on bayonet points, cheering him, shaking his hand. Across the field two mounted men were riding. They came up to the ridge, and one, a white-haired old officer, leaped to the ground and wrung Mark's hand.

"My thanks—our country's thanks to you!" he cried. "What is your name?"

Swept on Into the Main Street, Mark Leading Them.

Mark looked and saw the General's insignia upon the officer's shoulder-straps.

"Weston," he answered.

And suddenly he remembered Eleanor, and, ashamed and humiliated, and yet strangely elevated, he began to push his way back through the crowd.

He turned into the street of the jail. Dead bodies lay everywhere, and already some of the ambulance men were succoring the wounded. Broken guns, rifles, haversacks, all the paraphernalia of battle strewed the streets. The debris of the jail came into view. The sun, dancing above it, indicated, to Mark's astonishment, that hours had passed, and that it was afternoon. Mark felt suddenly sick, he trembled, and with a great effort, raised himself to his feet.

"That's a lie," he repeated

"It is no lie, Colonel Howard. You told the whole story to Captain Wallace in the hospital tent. Never mind how I know. I know."

"You damned, dirty spy!" said the old Colonel.

"A confession," answered Kellerman blandly. "Your words were strong ones, Colonel Howard. Deny them if you can. You said, 'A thousand years of hell wouldn't atone for that crime.' You said 'It was calculated, cold-blooded deliberation.' You said, 'The case against Hampton was absolutely proven. He was to have been hanged as soon as we captured Santiago. He was born rotten. He sold his country to pay his gambling debts.' And you called him by the worst name one man can call another. That was why you tried to persuade Mark Wallace not to adopt Hampton's child. Like father, like daughter."

He swung round upon Eleanor, and for the first time seemed to lose his self-control.

"That's who you are!" he cried. "The child of a wretched traitor, who worked in the war department with Colonel Howard and me, a man without honor, entangled with a wretched woman spy, who sold our secrets. And that man—your adopted father, whom you love and revere, spied on him in turn, watched him, read his letters, went through his pockets, snared him, trapped him, brought him to his deserts—and adopted you."

Eleanor staggered toward the Colonel, her arms raised imploringly, and cried in a choking voice:

"Say it's untrue! Only say that it's untrue!"

"It's a damned lie," said the Colonel; but there was not the least conviction in his voice.

"Tell me the truth!"

"It's true, then—it's more or less true," said Howard wearily.

"It's not true!" shouted Mark. "Remember, Colonel, the man's face had been practically blown away. How do we know that it was Hampton who was with the child? It might have been another. We don't know for sure, and we can't know. I've never believed it. I wouldn't ever dare to let myself believe it."

"You found his papers," said Kellerman.

Nobody answered him. Eleanor went up to Mark and raised her white face to his. "Tell me what you think, Captain Mark," she pleaded.

And once more Mark was mute. She read his face as if by inches. She turned toward Kellerman. "Now will you go?" she asked.

Kellerman saluted her with mock formality. "I'll go," he said, "but he's spent his chance. A spy's daughter and a spy's—"

The ambulance bearers appeared at the entrance to the recess. They bore a stretcher. Propped up in it, swathed in a bloody clout of bandages, was Hartley.

"There he is!" he cried, pointing his hand in triumph. "I knew he'd come this way. He's here, sir!" he cried to some one outside the orifice.

The stretcher bearers set down their burden on a ledge of the wall. Into the little place strode the General.

His appearance there exercised a paralyzing effect upon them all. Kellerman was the first to recover his self-possession. He saluted stiffly.

"This man," he said, pointing to Mark, "is the prisoner who was to have been executed this morning."

The General, without a word, strode toward Mark and clasped him by the hand.

Kellerman gulped and moved toward the entrance for the last time. The General turned.

"Halt, sir!" he commanded. "Colonel Howard, will you have the goodness to go to the man on the—why, I beg your pardon, Colonel! Not badly hurt?"

"Nothing much, sir," answered the Colonel, attempting to make the passage.

The General gave him his arm and assisted him, and, when he stood still, placed one arm about him to steady him.

"Do you recognize that man?" he asked.

The Colonel stiffened; Kellerman fell back against the wall.

"As I'm a living man," cried Colonel Howard, "it's Hampton!"

CHAPTER XVII.

Hartley sat up on the stretcher and fixed his eyes on Howard's face. It was evident that he was desperately wounded. One of the orderlies kneeled beside him and held him.

"This man," said the General, chewing at his mustache in emotion which he could not altogether hide, "was once an officer in the service of our country. He was engaged in confidential work in the war department. He was accused of espionage—unjustly accused."

With a low cry Eleanor rushed forward and kneeled beside the stricken man; she placed her arms about him and drew his head down upon her shoulder, looking piteously into the weary eyes. Hampton raised her hand to his lips and kissed it.

"Unjustly accused," repeated the General. "Major Kellerman, stand to attention, sir! You shall be heard later. He was the victim of the System, which was even then laying its plans in Washington. He was the victim of a woman named Morsheim—Hilda Morsheim, whose activities were well known, though we could then do nothing to counteract them. She made a specialty of luring young officers into gambling dens, winning large sums from them, and thus leading them down the slope toward disgrace and death.

"She had a confederate who was highly placed in the war department. When, by their united efforts, they failed to make a traitor of Captain Hampton, they compassed his ruin. How they did so I need not describe now. The facts are of record; it is enough to say that they succeeded. Hampton was driven into exile; but they were not satisfied with that. They broke his career, they drove him from the company of all decent men. But that was not enough. They broke his wife's heart; she died. They made his name one of execration. Still they were not satisfied. With devilish ingenuity they sought to cover their tracks by making it appear that Hampton was still carrying on his trade, still selling government secrets. You see why, Colonel?" he continued, turning to Howard. "Because they themselves were continuing their vile work, and the new leakages had to be accounted for."

"The Child of a Wretched Traitor."

Kellerman, ghastly white, leaned against the brick wall; he was fumbling nervously in his tunic pocket.

"I suppose, sir, that you are accusing—" he began.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

TRAGEDY ABOVE THE CLOUDS

Individual Combats and Disasters That Test the Nerves and Wits of the Flying Fighters.

Though airplane battles are tremendously exciting for all those participating in them, it is not always in actual conflict that the nerves and wits of flyers are tested to the utmost. Many adventures may be met in tamer pursuits.

Every now and then comes the roar of a gun from below, followed by flashes of blue and red, harsh, angry explosions right and left, front and rear; the disappearance in flames sometimes of what till then had been a welcome companion on the wing, the drone of some hardy adventurer strenuously endeavoring to climb into the night, and now and then the awful spectacle of a machine emerging safely from a smoke cloud only to go smash into another traveling in a different direction.

An awful smash, a hideous explosion, smoke, human cries, flames and then, with volcanic intensity, the sudden plunging into the abyss not only of what a few moments previously were two magnificently equipped bomb throwers, but four human souls, brave, proud, youthful and adventurous.—Washington Star.

War Coinage in Germany.

Due to metal shortage Germany has instituted iron coinage. The fractional mark coins are no longer of copper and nickel, but are forgings of Siemens-Martin steel. The coinage of copper was discontinued in 1917. Aluminum had been coined to a small extent before the war; the smallest coins, one and two pfennig pieces, are now made of aluminum, which is more attacked by ordinary water, soda, salts, etc., than by distilled water. Zinc coins have recently been introduced. Zinc coins had been used in French Indo-China; they are again more apt to corrode, especially when impure with lead, cadmium and iron, in distilled water than in ordinary water; they turn yellow-brown, but assume a pleasant gray tint in soda and salt. On the whole, the cheapest iron coins have answered best.—Engineering.

Old Siberian City.

One of the principal Siberian cities is Tobolsk, the commercial center of the vast province of Tobolsk, which extends over an area of 500,000 square miles, a large portion of which, however, is practically uninhabited. The most prominent building in the city is the Kremlin, built in imitation of the great citadel in Moscow. This structure was erected by Swedish prisoners of war captured by Peter the Great at the battle of Poltava in 1709.

Found.

"Aha!" hissed the Pullman porter. "I have found the secret of his berth!" And he took a flask from under the passenger's pillow.—Cartoons Magazine.

Paradoxical.

Said the observing cuss: "When a fellow's mind is preoccupied he always wears a vacant stare."

GERMANY MUST PAY

Boche Entitled to No More Sympathy Than Any Criminal.

WRECKED CITIES AND LIVES

Many Girls in Lille Are Mothers of Babes Whose Fathers Are Germans—Punishment Cannot Be Too Severe.

By WRIGHT A. PATTERSON.

When a robber breaks into your house and steals that which he can carry away and then destroys that which he cannot steal, you expect that when caught he will be punished both for what he stole and for what he destroyed.

So it is with Germany.

The German army, acting under the orders of the German government, stole everything it could carry away in the invaded sections of Belgium and France, and what it could not carry away it destroyed.

I was in the city of Lille very shortly after the retreating Germans had evacuated it. Before the war Lille had been one of the busiest and most prosperous manufacturing towns in all of Europe. Its great factories, producing linens, cottons, velvets, ribbons and woolen goods, had patrons all over the world, and its sugar and chemical plants supplied much of France with these products.

For four years, during the German occupation, the factories of Lille had been idle. They are idle today, and they will be idle for many months to come. The reason is that Germany stole the machinery from all of these factories, or in the very few cases where actual theft was not possible or profitable, they destroyed the machinery. The people of Lille told me that this theft of machinery had been carried to such lengths that the Huns even invaded the homes of the people and took from them their sewing machines.

Germans Fathers of Their Babes.

The German army looted this beautiful French city of more than 200,000 population. It stole not alone the machinery from its factories and its homes, but even its people. French mothers told me of how 8,000 young girls of twenty-two years of age and under had been carried away at one time. They told me of another time when more than 10,000 boys of from fourteen to twenty years of age had been carried away to Germany. When I was in Lille on October 22 it had very few inhabitants except old people or very young children. Among the few exceptions were girls of from seventeen to twenty years of age nursing babies, which they told me were the offspring of German fathers, and the pathos of the situation of those young girls is something I shall never forget.

And this condition at Lille is the result of German ambition for world domination, an ambition fostered among the German people through years of training, the ambition of a people whose boast has been that "might makes right."

I am sorry to say I have heard people attempt to excuse this looting of Lille on the ground that it could be shown to be a war measure—the need of Germany for this machinery and for the labor of the people deported to Germany. But these people cannot find any reasonable excuse for the war itself, a war that was started only for the selfish purpose of a selfish people.

Shall Germany not pay for this condition at Lille? Shall she not pay for the machinery that was carted away or destroyed, for the people that were deported? Shall she not pay for the years of idleness of these factories, for the years of idleness of the employees denied the opportunity of profitable employment? Shall she not pay for the markets that have been destroyed and which it will take years to re-establish if it can ever be done?

No, Germany will never be able to pay for all of it. She will never be able to pay, and no sum of money could pay for the anguish of those mothers who were forced to stand aside and watch their sons and daughters carried away into virtual slavery. She will never be able to pay for the anguish, the wrecked lives, of those girls with German babies. Money will not pay for these things, but money and work can in some small degree pay for the wrecked factories and ruined business of the city of Lille, and through the payment of this money and labor the people of Germany will learn that might is not right, and that war for the purpose of gratifying a selfish ambition is not profitable.

Why Lille Was Not Destroyed.

The German retreat from Lille came near the close of the war when the Germans knew they were beaten and they would have to pay, and for that reason the city itself was not destroyed. But the fact that it was not destroyed is but another evidence of German selfishness rather than of virtue.

There are hundreds of cities and towns that have been destroyed after being looted as Lille was looted; hundreds of towns where even the material of which they were built has been carried away that it might be used in the construction of fortifications behind which the German army might defend itself and its ill-gotten gains. For all of these Germany should pay now, and for generations to come.

No sympathetic pardon board should sit on Germany's case. No sentimentalist should have a voice in deciding her punishment. There is no more, if as much, reason for leniency in fixing the punishment of Germany than there would be for leniency in fixing the punishment of the ruthless slayer of your son or your daughter. Germany must pay all that the present and future generations can pay, and she will even then have expiated her crime only in a small degree.

Any Demand Not Too Great.

I am sure I know the desire of the American people for fair play in all things, including the settlement with Germany. They would not wish to do the German people an injustice in the demand for reparation. As I rode mile after mile over the devastated fields of Belgium and northern France, as I passed through town after town that had been destroyed because of a mad craze for loot and world domination, I felt that could the American people but see the things I was seeing, they would feel, as I felt, that any demand that might be made could not be unfair. Could they have seen the ruins of the beautiful cities of Ypres, Armentieres, La Bassee, Peronne, St. Quentin, Noyon, Lens and many hundreds of others, they, too, would say with one voice: "Germany must pay."

The boche will appeal, and in fact is appealing, for the sympathy of the world, but the boche is entitled to just the same degree of sympathy that the world accords to any other criminal. We feed and clothe the criminal that he may live to expiate his crime, and we will feed and clothe the German people that they may live to expiate their crime, and that after they have done that they may again be entitled to the place in the world's civilization that only those who are cleansed may occupy. Germany is entitled to nothing more than this, and this is fair play.

British Official Photograph of an Elaborate Mass of Machinery in a Lille Linen Mill That Was Completely Wrecked by the Germans.

BRITISH HONDURAS HOT SPOT

Steam-Heating Plants and Heavy Overcoats Never in Demand in That Part of the Earth.

British Honduras keeps its Christmas in the shade. From its position, pretty near to the equator, and wedged in between Yucatan and Guatemala, it it is always hot in that country, and especially so when it is midwinter with us. It is a land of costly woods, innumerable semivarieties of them, and of lovely flowers. It is one of the native homes of hummingbirds and gorgeous butterflies. In fact, nature is rather more gaudy than neat in that part of the world. English people settled there from Jamaica as long ago as in 1657, but it was not until over a century later that treaty arrangements with Spain made their position secure as still inhabitants of the British empire. A good deal of the country is marshland but the Cockscomb mountains which run into Honduras from Guatemala are in places 2,000 feet high, and wherever really dry land is found the ground is wonderfully fertile. Mahogany grows there to perfection; so does the logwood used for dyeing, also bananas, plantains and coconuts. The capital, Belize, is the chief port of entry, and the center of the rubber industry, which depends upon regularly tended plantations.

Eyes Show Character.

Eyes without color, prominent, with very small pupil, show a cold, mercenary nature, a narrow and superficial mind. Blue eyes tend toward a nature inclined to be in the clouds one day and in the depths the next, while gray eyes indicate calm, cool calculation and self-control; if with large pupil, keen sensibilities and fine intellect. Brown eyes, on the other hand, express sanguine temper; when the rims of the lower eyelids are red, they show much of uncontrolled temper.

Don't Be a Dry Pump.

Some men give so little you are angry every time you ask them to contribute. They give so that their gold and silver shoot you like a bullet. Other persons give with such beauty, you remember it as long as you live. There are some that give as springs do, whether you go to them or not, they are always full, and your part is merely to put your dish under the ever-flowing stream. Others give as a pump does, where the well is dry and the pump leaks."

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