War Hurting Gambiers. social worker in England was questioned as to unemployment in his district. "Not much unemployment, but a good deal of half time. Still, things aren't so bad as they might be, for now there's little racing, a lot of money gets home which would never get there ordinarily. The bookies' runners are feeling the war more than anybody."

#### DANDRUFF AND FALLING HAIR

P. O. Box 3, Wanego, W. Va.-"I was troubled with dandruff, falling hair and itching scalp for two or three years. It was so bad at times my coat-collar would be covered so I was ashamed to go in company. It itched so my head was irritated and pimples would come on my scalp. My hair came out badly; it became thin and dry, so dry that it seemed as though there was no life in it.

"Remedies failed to do me any good. About a year ago I saw the advertisement of Cuticura Soap and Ointment and sent for a sample. After the first treatment I discovered I was getting better. I purchased some Cuticura Soap and Ointment and continued using them until I was completely cured." (Signed) Geo. W. King, Jan. 1. 1914.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address postcard "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston."-Adv.

#### Not Particular.

A prisoner in one of the Irish police courts the other day was asked his occupation. He mentioned several callings that he followed from time to

"And among other things," inquired the prosecuting lawyer, "do you pick pockets?"

"No," he retorted; "I don't pick them: I just take them as they come."

ELIXIR BABEK WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD IN THE PHILIPPINES, I contracted malaria in 1896, and after a years' fruitless treatment by a prominent Washington physician, your Elixir Babek down with tropical malaria—the worst form -and sent home for Babek. Again it proved its value-It is worth its weight in Gold here. Brasie O'Hagan, Troop E, 8th

U. S. Cavalry, Balayan, Philippines. Elixir Babek, 50 cents, all druggists or by Parcels Post prepaid, from Kloczewski & Co. Washington, D. C.

#### Expenses Cut Down.

"We must admit that the cost of living is rather high," said the campaign adviser.

"Well," replied Senator Sorghum, "we must do something with the money. We can't buy votes with it any more."-Washington Star.

### For Nail In the Foot.

Horses and cattle are liable, to blood poisoning from stepping on rusty nails. For such an injury apply Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh and get it into the bottom of the wound. It should kill the poison germs. Always have a bottle in your stable, because you will find different uses for it. Adv.

## Befitting Punishment.

Edith-The wretch! So he actually proposed to both of us! Oh, I wish we could think of some way to punish

Madge-We can; you marry him,

Important to Mothers Examine carefully every bestle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it

Signature of Chat H. Thilehers. In Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Canada Using Cotton-Seed Oil.

Because of the war, Canada is already in need of drugs and chemicals. Scarcity of olive oil has led to the use of American cotton-seed oil as a substitute.

## Money for Christmas.

Selling guaranteed wear-proof hosiery to friends & neighbors. Big Xmas business. Wear-Proof Mills, 3200 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.—Adv.

## Pessimistic Opinion.

"The good die young." "Perhaps it is just as well. They'd

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated, tiny granules. Easy to take as candy. Adv.

starve to death later."

Self-Satisfaction Explained. He-I like simple things best. She-I've noticed how self-satisfied you are.

Lay something by for a rainy day, and just as soon as the clouds begin to gather some fellow will come along and borrow it .- New York Times.

YOUR OWN DRUGGIST WILL TELL YOU Try Murine Eye Remedy for Red, Weak, Watery Eyes and Granulated Eyelids; No Smarting—just Eye Comfort. Write for Book of the Hye by mull Free. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

A widower never invests in a guitar or the purpose of serenading a spinster. He begins right where he left off at the end of his first courtship.

For harness sores apply Hanford's Balsam. Adv.

A maid of twenty tries to act like a widow of forty, a widow of forty tries to act like a maid of twenty-and there you are.

If people don't take the trouble to flatter you they have no immediate use for you.

Virtue is its own reward, but ever an angel blows his own horn.

## Dr. Marden's **Uplift Talks**

By ORISON SWETT MARDEN.

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N a recent divorce case the judge in questioning the husband about his treatment of his wife, asked whether he was in the habit of making her Christmas or birthday presents, of bringing her flowers, confectionery or other, gifts occasionally. "No," the husband replied, "I am sorry to say never did. I always paid her bills without question, and thought that was all I should do, but I see now I was mistaken, that it did not take the place of my buying things and taking them home to her myself. It was a mistake."

Many practical people think that sentiment is a sign of weakness; that such things belong only to silly people. It is a sad day in any married woman's life when she can say: "Dear me, it is not half so much fun to be a wife as it was to be a sweetheart. do not begin to get the presents, treats and little attentions I used to.'

It is a great pity when a husband gradually ceases to be attentive in little things; when he neglects to bring home flowers or little gifts to his wife, as he did before marriage. It is a great shock in a woman's life when she begins to realize that romance is dying out; that her husband is always too tired, to go anywhere with her in the evening; too busy to take her for a little outing: that his mind is always on his business; that he who was once so generous with her talks poverty, telling her that he cannot afford this or cannot afford

It does not take a great deal to make the average young woman nappy. It is not so much a question of the amount of money spent on her as the little attentions, the little courtesies that indicate thoughtfulness and affection. It is the idea that she is in her husband's mind; that he has taken pains to express his affection, to make her happy, that pleases and satisfies her.

A judge of large experience says that one of the chief grievances of women who come to him for relief through divorce is that their husbands neglect them and their homes, giving their minds so completely to their business affairs that even when at home they are only surly brutes with whom the angels themselves could not lead happy domestic lives.

Men as a rule are so matter of fact They do not realize what a little romance and sentiment mean to a wife. They seem to think that if a woman has a good home, enough to eat and good clothes to wear she ought to be satisfied; but these things do not feed the most important elements in a wife. The feminine heart is the most difficult thing to nourish. It does not feed upon things, however beautiful. The heart may starve in the midst of luxury, and it may thrive in a hovel where there is not a carpet on the floor or a picture on the

There are multitudes of wives in this country today who do not really know the meaning of the word companionship. Their husbands pay their bills, their physical wants are supplied, but their affections are not fed, and their hearts are starving for comradeship. This is often the reason why so many wives seek elsewhere the sympathy which their husbands

There must be romance in wedded life, constant expression of affection and appreciation not only on the husband's part, but on the wife's as well, or the most affectionate nature will in time grow indifferent and seek other interests.

T a dinner in New York not long ago everybody at the table was obviously attracted to a wonderfully beautiful face belonging to a lady of about twenty-five. She seemed the personification of beauty and charm, grace and poise of character and mind, but the instant she spoke she exhibited such a coarse, repulsive voice, such grossness, and her manner and bad English were so completely out of keeping with her face that the remarkable impression she had made was dispelled. Her symmetrical and attractive face was her only recommendation. Grossness and ignorance

back of it disillusioned us all. The most beautiful face in the world will lose its attractiveness the moment we see in the person any suggestion of coarseness or vulgarity, any

lack of refinement and culture. Every child ought to be taught that a pleasing personality and a charming manner are of inestimable value to everybody, and especially to a girl. We judge people by the earmerks and signs which they exhibit. Everybody is taken on his manners. No matter what possessions you may have at home all that you have, so far as strangers are concerned, is what you show, what you exhibit in your manner, in your face, in your bearing, your personality.

The best of our wealth we always carry with us. The triumph of character and a superb personality are of infinitely greater value than any material possessions, however great. If the impression you make is unfavorable people who meet you will naturally jump to the conclusion that

able acquaintance, friend or employee.

Splendid ability and many superb traits often starve to death in a woman because she does not overcome the handicap of an offensive manner or disagreeable personal habits. No matter how able, how honest, how industrious she may be, or what splendid qualities she may possess, if a girl does not have an agreeable, an attractive manner, a pleasing personality, she will not attract her friends, and people will avoid her.

Employers prefer girls with less ability but with pleasing manners. It is human nature to love sunshine and harmony and we gravitate towards agreeable, sunny, kindly people. Many girls seem to think that fine clothes are a good substitute for a pleasing manner, but the sunny, agreeable, pleasing girl often gets a good position when the girl who dresses much better, but who has a repellent manner, loses it.

I have in mind a young girl of splendid ability and exceptionally attractive personality who applied for an important position in a very large concern. There was no vacancy or likely to be any in the position desired, but she made such a profound impression upon the proprietors that they created a new position for her, and paid her a large salary. One of the proprietors afterwards said that he could not afford to let the girl get away from them, for they considered the human element, the personal element, their greatest business asset.

The firm in question prides itself on the superior personality of all its employees. It admits that a large percentage of the salaries of many of the workers is paid not purely for ability, but for the desirability and attractiveness of the employee's personality. They value this because an attractive personality has the power to make friends and to draw patrons for the house, and, notwithstanding the fact that they owe their success largely to the exceptional quality of their products and the excellence of service, they say that their large business is due even more to the personality of their employees.

The greatest factor in your career s the personal one. Your personality will count more than anything else. Your chief assets are locked up in it.

#### Cute-Rather.

The smuggling of precious stones into New York is perhaps one of the liveliest of "live" industries in spite of all the efforts of the authorities to stop it. Some of the tricks employed seem to touch the limit of human ingenuity. Perhaps the cleverest trick in this line-cleverest because the simplest-stands to the credit of a Chicago man.

He would buy \$100,000 worth of diamonds in London or Amsterdam, and hide them behind a panel of the wall of his cabin. On the ship's arrival at New York he would walk calmly ashore, leaving the stones behind him in their hiding-place, but going straight to the booking office and engaging the same cabin for the return voyage. When the time came for the vessel to sail he went on board accompanied by his wife. The lady, of course, must go to inspect her husband's cabin, and when at length the bell rang and the lady walked ashore with the rest of the visitors, her pockets were heavier by the weight of \$100,000 worth of diamonds.-London Tit-Bits.

Laughter in Supreme Court, The Supreme court of the United States is absolutely and indisputably supreme when it comes to solemnity, dreariness and gloom. People do not laugh once a year in that funereallooking chamber. All you have to do is to set foot inside of it in order to understand that the dispensing of justice is a heavy, ponderous and serious affair.

Not long ago, however, Mr. Justice Lurton made the lawyers, the auditors and the other justices laugh right out

A lawyer from the South was arguing a case concerning two secret fraternal lodges.

loud.

"May the court please," said the lawyer heatedly, "the opposing lodge not only got hold of our ritual and used it, but also got our insignia and

"Just a moment," interrupted Judge Lurton. "Did they also get your goat?" -Popular Magazine.

Jokes about cheap motor cars are as the sands of the sea, but a Kansas City traffic manager believes he has a new one. He met an old friend whom he had not seen for many months, and

asked him: "What are you doing now?" "Selling motor cars," was the unenthusiastic reply.

"What kind of cars?" "Well, er-the truth is," he stammered, "I am selling --- (deleted) cars, but I'd rather you wouldn't say anything about it. I don't want my mother to know; she thinks I'm a bartender."

## Milk Looked Strange.

A family living in South Chicago found a good deal of cream on a bottle of milk which had been standing over night and when the driver called in the morning the pleased servant held it up to the light and said:

"Look here. I have never seen any thing like this before on your milk." The man looked at it for a moment, scratched his head and replied:

"Well, I don't know what's the matter, but you can throw it out and I'll you would not make a very agree give you a fresh bottle in its place."

## CORRESPONDENT WITH GERMAN ARMY WALKS AMID BULLETS IN BATTLE

By Jacques Obels.

Correspondent of the Chicago Daily

Antwerp, Belgium.-I have just reached Antwerp after an absence of 20 days, 17 of which I passed as a prisoner in the hands of the Germans in Brussels. I find scattered patches of this city either knocked down by shells or burned, but it is impossible at the moment to estimate the damage. The town is dead, the total Belgian population amounting only to about five hundred. However, refugees are returning slowly, the trains which are bringing them arriving intermittently from Holland. The Germans are running a service of motor cars from Brussels to Antwerp and I came here on one of these cars.

Sees Malines Bombardment. My experiences since leaving Ghent include, besides imprisonment, walking with half a dozen other civilians before a column of German infantry advancing against the Belgians in the streets of Malines, while the bullets whistled about us and while shells from the kaiser's heavy artillery screamed overhead and boomed against Fort Waelhem. I was an eyewitness of the bombardment of Malines, the details of which I will give as my story progresses.

On riding out from Antwerp on a bicycle 20 days ago as the battle on the plain was beginning I heard the heaviest firing in the direction of Malines. I asked a responsible Belgian commander if it would be safe for me to go to Malines. "Yes," said he, "for we shall hold the town at least until tonight."

Runs Into German Army. Thereupon I rode rapidly toward Malines, around which thundered heavy guns. Entering the town with the full assurance that it was held by Belgians, I suddenly found myself face to face with a column of German infantry keeping close to one side of a street on the other side of which shell fire was bringing down quantities of brick and stone. This shell fire proceeded from the Belgian guns at Fort Waelhem. At the other end of the town I saw the last of the regiments of Belgian infantry backing stubbornly out of the bullet-swept streets.

Rides on His Wheel to Front.

But I must return to the beginning of my story. Every day, beginning with September 11, I rode on my bicycle from Antwerp to the fighting front, which extended in a wide semicircle well beyond the outer ring of forts. On the 11th, 12th and 13th the Belgians fought a series of battles so determined and brilliant that the Germans are still talking admiringly of them. Then they were driven within the outer forts and the Germans began immediately to prepare positions for their great guns by leveling the ground and building concrete platforms. Saturday, September 26, the Belgians made a desperate sortie for the purpose of blowing up the German intrenchments and concrete emplace-

They persisted in this attempt al day Saturday and Saturday night, but early Sunday morning I found them in full retreat. I reached the foremost trenches, where the final stand was made prior to the return within the forts. The Belgians had fallen back from Buggenhout and were making their stand along the high road to Malines and Termonde. Their trenches were hastily dug and manned and machine guns were hurried into position. The Germans hidden in the wood opened a heavy rifle fire and this was so hot that the Belgians launched a cavalry movement to clear the wood.

Sees Marvelous Marksmanship. When the cavalry had covered about half the distance I witnessed a marvelous feat of marksmanship by the Germans. Their artillery was in position about two and a quarter miles behind lines. their advance troops. The Belgian charge having been signaled, the German artillerists fired one shell, which dropped in the very midst of the Belgian horsemen, killing and wounding that I might be shot the next mornmany and sending the others into headlong flight for shelter. Afterward the Germans came quickly upon us summoned me to appear before him. with their bayonets, charging recklessly through our rifle fire. So many were there that we were forced to flee for our lives.

## Witnesses Artillery Duel.

The next day, Monday, September 28, I went to Wildebroek. An artillery duel raged along the whole length of the line and the incessant scream of the shells deafened one and made one's head ache.

the hands of the Germans, as previously told. They ordered me to take my place with other civilians at the head letters in gilt. "It is no use," said the officer in command.

diers and advanced at the word of and Brussels.

command. The Belgian soldiers were about three hundred yards ahead. backing out of town, as I said, and firing as they retired.

Relentlessly pressed, the Belgians moved out of town, crossed the bridge over the River Dyle and marched about eight hundred yards down the river, where they hastily took a posi-

Hides on a Prison Porch.

I saw several fires started by Belgian shells and I passed the famous cathedral of St. Rombold, which had been badly damaged. We crossed several bridges, the Belgians firing on us at right angles from down the river. On the bridge the Germans advanced as fast as they could run, making us keep ahead of them. On the last bridge I crossed I found myself alone with a German officer. He inspected my flag, heard my story and told me to take refuge in the porch of the prison, which stood close by, and wait until the general came up.

Whole columns kept on coming, all crossing the bridge at a run in groups of 20. After them came light naval guns drawn by marines. The general staff followed soon after and also took shelter behind the prison. Apparently, the Belgian artillery had been warned of this fact, for their shells began to burst near the prison.

Several wounded soldiers were brought into the office and I marveled at their fortitude.

I also was surprised to see the German officers expose themselves with absolute disregard of their lives. During all the street fighting they were always among their men, commanding them to take shelter near the walls or behind projecting corners. I saw the soldiers doing this while the officers themselves were walking right in the middle of the road. The officer with whom I crossed the last bridge chatted with me, utterly indifferent to the fact that bullets were flying about us and flattening themselves against the iron work of the bridge.

#### Given Staff Officer Guard.

I interviewed Admiral von Schroeder, commanding the marine division. He was a hearty old sea dog, smoking a short German pipe and dressed like a yachtsman. He told me that I might return to Antwerp and tell the Belgians there that he would be with them in a couple of weeks.

"You also may wire London," said the admiral, "that I will be there in a couple of months." As I had had enough of marching toward Antwerp at the head of an attacking column, I begged the admiral to let me go to

"Granted," said the admiral. "Not only this, but two staff officers will take you in their motor car."

They did so, treating me with the greatest cordiality. The country presented a shocking aspect. Every village church and farm building had been burned to the ground, all going down before the tide of fire. The fields were desolate and the inhabitants had fled. As we passed a village called Hopstade I saw four 46-centimeter (18.1-inch) guns being put into position. I knew then that Antwerp as a fortress was doomed.

Charged with Being Spy.

On my arrival in Brussels the Germans' consideration for me came to an end abruptly for the time being. I was sent to the war office building, the upper rooms in which had been converted into a prison. Here I was brought before a judge and subjected to a drastic search and cross-examination. The detectives found some good war maps, with penciled indications of the position of the German artillery, notes I had taken for myself, and also a camera with undeveloped films of military pictures that I had taken in the course of my journeyings within both the German and the Belgian

On this evidence I was charged with being a spy, in spite of the abundant proof of my position as a correspondent. The judge bluntly told me ing, and this suggestion was promptly made to the commanding general, who Again I stated my case. Unlike the judge, the general seemed more anxious to do justice than to shoot alleged spies.

Held Until Antwerp Falls. "You have important information

about our dispositions before Antwerp," said he. "This information you gained by passing through forbidden territory, and I see that you noted down the position of our heavy ar-Pushing on to Malines, I fell into tillery. You must remain under guard here until Antwerp is in our hands; then you may go free."

I cannot say how I rejoiced when of a column of infantry. I pointed to the day of my release dawned nor the American flag about my arm with how sorrowful I felt for my fellowprisoners I left behind. As soon as Antwerp fell the Germans set about I took my place in front of the sol- repairing the roads between that city

### GERMAN OFFICER POSES AS BRITON; SAVES LIFE

Berlin.-There has been given out here a story relating how Count Schwerin, a German officer, who speaks English fluently, was successful in obtaining information from the of a battle by the Germans.

French lines Count Schwerin was dis

the Frenchman he was an English officer and asked directions to reach the English lines.

The French officer took the count to his mess and the Frenchmen entertained him at dinner.

After dinner the count was given a horse and a Frenca soldier was detailed to escort him back to the Engenemy which resulted in the winning lish lines. Once mounted, Count Schwerin made a dash for liberty. A While reconnoitering beyond the storm of revolver bullets failed to stop him. He regained the German lines covered by a French officer. He told with military information of value.

Count the Con Men who watch the pennies are learning FATIMA gives then chance to enjoy 20 n 15 cent cigarettes price only slightly mo than they pay for



Agents Wanted Saw-Wood Dressing ( you can't break 'em: 300% profit; sample to CANNON ROAR RATTLER-Children dren make money selling Fri

NOT SUCH DEADLY ENEME

"Bloody Chasm" That Separated ionalists and Ulsterites Might Have Been Bridged.

As all the world knows, intertional war has proved a great em iator in Ireland. As a contributor the Bystander says, you cannot the much attention to the dismembers of the empire when you are not or tain whether you will have an pire to dismember.

There is a geniality about the tionalist volunteer that makes m know that he would rather fight so one else-Germany in this case-the Ulster. A few stories are cure that help to show how very ripely land was for conciliation. Not les ago a company of Nationalist win teers, passing a company of The men, and being uncertain as to the customary etiquette between deal enemies—saluted. In a northern d trict there was only one field suital for drilling, and as the two oppositi armies wanted it, the owner beg bidding them against each our Northern canniness asserted The commanding officer of one base ion approached the enemy, and if agreed to rent the field in comme

and use it on alternate days! A third anecdote relates that some Ulster volunteers were a Nationalist was seen sitting of fence watching them. When he w questioned by an Ulsterman he a plained that his own company mislaid their rifles and could drill; "but," he added, "we were we ing to see if we could get the loss yours when you've done with them

An Emotionalist "So you're hanging around broad again?" said the policeman.

"Yes," answered Bill the Burga "I haven't a cent. I broke into house night before last and the mark of a taxpayer told me such hard luck story that he had me din' tears an' lendin' him my cent."

Many a woman's imagination her an invalid.

## Tone Up! Not Drugs-Food Does I

-wholesome, appetizing food that puts life and vigor into one, but doesn't clog the system.

Such a food is

# Grape-Nuts

The entire nutrition of wheat and barley, in cluding the vital mineral salts-phosphate of pot ash, etc.-

Long baked, easily digested, ready to eat; ideal food with cream or milk, and fine in many combinations.

"There's a Reason" Grape-Nuts

—sold by Groces