

# 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 falls 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.

### Hark!

A combination of telephone, microphone and phonograph has been invented in France for transmitting sounds to distant points or to several points at once.

### KIDNEY TROUBLE OFTEN CAUSES SERIOUS BACKACHE

When your back aches, and your bladder and kidneys seem to be disordered, go to your nearest drug store and get a bottle of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root. It is a physician's prescription for ailments of the kidneys and bladder.

It has stood the test of years and has a reputation for quick and effectively giving results in thousands of cases. This preparation so very effective, has been placed on sale everywhere. Get a bottle, medium or large size, at your nearest druggist.

However, if you wish first to test this preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper.—Adv.

### A Good One.

"Did you make any New Year's resolutions?" "Yes; one not to make any."

### \$100 Reward, \$100

Cataract is a local disease greatly influenced by constitutional conditions. It therefore requires constitutional treatment. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is taken internally and acts through the Blood on the Mucous Surfaces of the System. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE destroys the foundation of the disease, gives the patient strength by improving the general health and assists nature in doing its work. \$10.00 for any case of Cataract that HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE fails to cure. Druggists &c. Testimonials free. F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

### Iron Men.

"I have very few acquaintances, but I've got about 3,000 friends." "Where are they?" "In the bank."

Cuticura Soothes Itching Scalp. On retiring gently rub spots of dandruff and itching with Cuticura Ointment. Next morning shampoo with Cuticura Soap and hot water. Make them your every-day toilet preparations and have a clear skin and soft, white hands.—Adv.

### Its Fate.

"Do you think the conquered nations ought to be dismembered?" "Well, I think Turkey ought."

Sore Eyes, Blood-Shot Eyes, Watery Eyes, Sticky Eyes, all healed promptly with slightly applications of Roman Eye Balsam. Adv.

"Nothing is certain," as the fisherman said when he found it on his hook.

### Bread—An' Butter —An'—Apple Butter

By BARBARA KERR

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She was a little brown wisp of a thing, sitting in a big chair propped upon a box to make her just the right height to stir the apple butter. She could rest the long handle of the stirrer on the arm of the chair so it would not be so heavy, then she could keep the paddle moving over the bottom of the great copper kettle. To help keep the rich butter from sticking to the bottom of the kettle her mother had thrown in a number of bright, new copper cents thoroughly cleansed with hot vinegar and salt. If the apple butter was not scorched, Sarah Jane was to have all the pennies for her own, besides, of course, all of the good bread and butter and apple butter that she could eat all winter.

It was an ideal October day. Along the fence was a riot of color, with now and then a sumach, like an immense bunch of scarlet geraniums or a clump of goldenrod. The pokeberries with their purple inkwells mingled with the browns, russets and greens of summer weeds and a great profusion of wild grapevines. And Sarah Jane approved. The air was spicy with the fragrance of cooking apples and cider. The great copper kettle hung over a slow outdoor fire near the spring-house, and the long stirrer moved rhythmically over the bottom, pushing the pennies about ceaselessly.

Sarah Jane was droning an improvised little song which she attuned to the swish of the pennies and the gurgle of the apple butter as it surged through the holes in the wooden paddle of the stirrer:

"Peter—pitter—patter—putter— Bread—an'—butter—an'—apple butter— Too much hard cider will make you stutter—"

"Well, hello, little poet! How do you know? Tried it? I've brought the rest of your cider from the mill, but it's not hard. Where's your mother?"

Ashamed that anyone, especially Milo Ward, the idol of her childish heart, should have heard her silly little song, Sarah Jane hung her head in mortification. She would have run away, but she was mindful that Duncan farm was famous for its apple butter, which had never been burned. She tried to pull her little brown bare feet up under her skirts and almost upset her precarious perch.

"Look out for the throne!" cried Milo, as he caught the chair and righted it on the box. Then, seeing her embarrassment, he took the stirrer from her hands, saying gently: "Don't mind me, little Say-Jane. Let me give the stirrer a few whirrs while you find your mother for me."

Sarah Jane needed no second bidding. She found her mother, but would not return to her post till Milo had delivered the cider and gone. She heard him say to her mother as he was leaving: "I guess I teased Say-Jane, Mrs. Duncan; tell her I'll have better manners next time, for I'm going away to college."

October came and went in the valley. Other children, sons and daughters of the farmers, went to college. Many of them, after finishing, returned no more, but took up their lives in various ways in other places. One who did not return was Milo Ward, for his family had moved away and the Ward farm was sold. But Sarah Jane could not remain away; the old folks at home needed her. She and her mother still made apple butter, but not in the big copper kettle, for there were so few now to eat it.

Then war broke out, and Sarah Jane, patriotic and sweet and wholesome as her own valley, wanted to do her bit. She would make apple butter for the soldiers. She brought forth the copper kettle, and as she sat patiently stirring her thoughts reverted to that other October day when she was so mortified, and she and her mother laughed over the memory.

When the apple butter was done and set away to cool in great stone jars, Sarah Jane made a market basket full of apple butter sandwiches and took them in to the station, for she had been warned that a troop train was coming.

She delivered the delicious sandwiches into eager hands thrust through the windows till she had just one left, when she saw a soldier hurrying to meet her. Thinking that he was coming for the treat she held it out to him, crying out her wares in her musical contralto: "Just one of my famous apple butter sandwiches left. Warranted pure cider, fresh from the Duncan farm."

"Bread—an'—butter—an'—apple butter!" mimicked the soldier. "And it's little Say-Jane, too. Don't you tell me you don't remember me!" and he took the sandwich and the hand, too.

"I remember that you promised you'd have better manners next time, and now you've reminded me of that awful moment—"

"When the queen's throne toppled—and when I tried to fix it she abdicated—"

"It looks as if you were intent on scaring some one else into abdicating," remarked Sarah Jane with a sweep of her basket toward the train—"the way you go flying through the country, not even stopping to see the old home place."

"Who says so?" bantered Milo. "I have a 26-hour stop-over. I was going out to your place, hoping you'd invite me to stay, and then take me around to see the old places. Besides one apple butter sandwich is only tantalizing when you haven't tasted the Duncan brand for so long." Sarah Jane for a moment was tongue-tied with a rush of her old childish diffidence. "Oh, have a heart!" he pleaded, as he took her basket from her arm. "I'm sure your mother would bid me welcome."

"Yes," assented Sarah Jane demurely. "mother is such a good patriot, she'd do anything for a soldier."

"I've a great mind to make you apologize right now for that remark to an old schoolmate, little Say-Jane," he threatened as he helped her into the roadster. "We are going to cut out all the hero stuff. I'm not making an international appeal. In fact, it is a sort of domestic matter. I've bought the old farm and I'm going to talk business to you—"

"Be careful!" warned Sarah Jane in a panic. "I'm not a good driver—it just about takes all my mind—"

"Oh, in a case like that, I'll take the wheel, or else we'll stop at the old hedge, under that big hedge apple tree, and I'll tell you why I did not come sooner."

As he drove through the sweet-scented lanes he set about giving, as he termed it, a strict account of himself. And it must have been quite satisfactory to all concerned, for while 26 hours' leave is all too short, it was still long enough to convince Sarah Jane of his sincerity. Of her love for him she had been convinced years ago. So when he left for the front it was with the understanding that when he returned the old Ward farm was to be again occupied by Wards, and if the old copper kettle was not needed for ammunition it was to have a place in the Ward granary between seasons of apple butter making, when there was to be put up for winter use.

"Bread—an'—butter—an'—apple butter."

### HEIGHT THAT FEW ATTAIN

Not Many People Can Boast Their Complete Guiltlessness of the "Seven Deadly Sins."

The "seven deadly sins" are pride, envy, lust, avarice, anger, sloth and gluttony.

The fathers, the sages, the wise men of the world, handing down from one generation to another through the centuries what they had observed and learned, at last agreed that all our spiritual and mental miseries, as well as most of our physical sufferings, come from an indulgence in the thoughts and actions included in the above-mentioned list of sins.

Old-fashioned people used to keep this list constantly before them, and their spiritual and physical health progressed or declined in the measure that they were able or unable to control their thoughts and appetites.

In these modern days we are still surprised to learn that the list of seven deadly sins was ever made, and we are more surprised to know that it is a list which really covers the whole moral scheme of existence.

The man who can finally subdue himself into a state in which he does not break any of the laws for which the seven deadly sins stand as infringements, may well congratulate himself. He is what we would call a pretty good man, and we would like to have him as a neighbor. Not to be proud, not to be envious, not to be lustful, never to be avaricious or angry, nor to be a lazy man nor a glutton, means that you need fear no man or devil, and that you certainly shall not be afflicted with gout.

"Be good and you will be happy." There's many a saying, but there is none better than that.

### MIGHT CALL IT ABOUT EVEN

City Brother Had Not a Great Deal the Best of His Relative in the Country.

Dr. Samuel Schwab claims that the oldest good story is the one about the boy who left the farm and got a job in the city. He wrote a letter to his brother who had elected to stick by the farm telling of the joys of city life, in which he said:

"Thursday we auto'd out to the country club and we golfed until dark. Then we trolleyed back to town and danced until dawn. Then we motored to the beach and Fridayed there." The brother on the farm wrote back:

"Yesterday we bugged to town and baseballed all afternoon. Then we went to Ned's and poked till morning. Today we muled out to the cornfield and gee-hawed till sundown. Then we suppered and then we piped for awhile. After that we staired up to our room and bedstead until the clock five'd."

### Very Possible.

A Kansas City business woman the day before Thanksgiving received a box of chrysanthemums, which she proudly set upon her desk for the decoration of her fellow workers. The mums really came from a rival business concern, but when the other girls wanted to know who sent them she only smiled and said, "the florist," in her most mysterious manner.

"Come, come," they said. "Tell us who." "I shall not," she bantered. "I'm married and it wouldn't do to tell the truth about it."

"But," interjected the office anthology, "perhaps the truth would make you free."

# AMERICAN PEACE CONFERENCES OF PAST

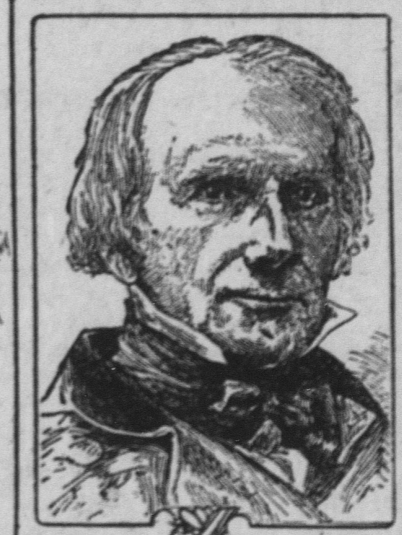
## Noted Citizens Have Represented Nation in Four Held Since Close of the Revolution



WHITELAW REID, MEMBER OF SPANISH-AMERICAN PEACE CONFERENCE



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, AMERICAN REPRESENTATIVE AT VERSAILLES WHEN ENGLAND ACKNOWLEDGED AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE



HENRY CLAY, ONE OF NEGOTIATORS OF TREATY WHICH ENDED WAR OF 1812

THE list of peace conferences with foreign nations, exclusive of Indian tribes, to which the United States as a belligerent was a party reduces strictly to the following: The Peace of Paris after the Revolution; the Peace of Ghent with Great Britain after the War of 1812; the Peace of Guadalupe Hidalgo with Mexico, 1848, and the Peace of Paris after the war with Spain.

Of some pertinence, however, are the peace treaties forced on us by the Barbary pirates, 1794-97, and by us on them 20 years later; and the Peace convention with France made in 1800. Technically in the latter case we had not been at war, even though our frigate Constellation had captured the French frigate Insurgente and had destroyed another, La Vengeance.

Our Independence Recognized. Our peace with Great Britain after the Revolution was concluded by commissioners of congress under the Articles of Confederation, and of course before an American president or constitution existed. Washington was simply commander in chief. The provisional treaty was signed at Paris November 30, 1782, the definitive treaty September 3, 1783, General Washington having declared cessation of hostilities in January, 1783.

The American commissioners in the first conference were John Adams, Franklin, Jay and Henry Laurens; in the second the same without Laurens, Richard Osgood negotiated for the king in the first conference, David Hartley, M. P., in the second. The four main questions in both were the boundaries of the United States, fishing rights off Newfoundland, the payment of private debts of American citizens to British and compensation by the United States to British loyalists (torises) whose property had been confiscated by the colonies during the war.

The two former questions had to be further adjusted later on, although presumably conclusive agreements were then arrived at, the United States getting the territory between the Alleghenies and the Mississippi, and getting the right to fish off the Newfoundland coast, but not to dry the catches on those shores. There was to be no lawful impediment to the recovery of debts either way, and American legislation was to recommend making the loyalists immune from confiscations or prosecutions.

It is unlikely that there will ever be an American peace commission of greater ability than this one. Franklin, our representative at Paris, had won for the struggling colonies the invaluable friendship and aid of the French government. John Adams was to be president, Jay to be chief justice of the United States Supreme court, Laurens was a former president of the council of safety of South Carolina and of the continental congress. Our convention of peace, commerce and navigation with France, which on

September 30, 1800, ended a war that was not a war, was negotiated for the United States by Oliver Ellsworth, William Richardson Davie and William Vans Murray; for the first consulate by the following counselors of state: Jerome Bonaparte, Charles Pierre, Claret Fleuriat and Pierre Louis Roederer. The quarrel, on the French side, was a legacy from the Directory to Napoleon's first consulate.

The change in the French government made possible a reconciliation without formal progress into war. By the convention France recognized the rights of neutral vessels and promised indemnities for her navy's depredations. Depending on what historian you read, America's success in the conference was mainly the work of Ellsworth or that of Murray. John Adams, Federalist, was president at the time. The vice president was Jefferson.

Two of President Adams' commissioners, Ellsworth, who had just resigned the office of chief justice, and Murray, who had been Washington's minister to the Netherlands, were strong Federalists. Davie, English born, a former governor of North Carolina and a veteran of the Revolution, seemed to have been a free lance in early politics. The scene of the convention was Paris.

Becoming tired of piracy and black-mail, American squadrons attended to the Barbary coast, and between 1805 and 1815, when Decatur finally made the whole thing sure, treaties were made with the deys and bashaws.

The Peace of Ghent. The peace of Ghent was concluded December 24, 1814. The United States commission appointed by President Madison, who was a Jeffersonian Democratic-Republican, included John Quincy Adams, then our minister to Russia; James A. Bayard, former United States senator; Henry Clay, speaker of the house; Albert Gallatin, who had been secretary of the treasury from 1801 to 1813, and Jonathan Russell, our minister to Norway and Sweden.

John Quincy Adams was a former Federalist from Massachusetts, a strong Federalist state. That is, he had been originally in opposition to Madison in politics. Later he had come into accord with Madison's government. Bayard was another former Federalist, but he was the man who had brought about Jefferson's victory over Aaron Burr when that presidential election was thrown into the house of representatives. Clay was a conspicuous Madisonian, and so was Gallatin, the eminent financier. Russell was a second Massachusetts commissioner of Madisonian partisanship. Ten years later he was elected to con-

awful shake to emphasize his words. "Why, he called me a conscientious ejector! Now watch him being ejected!"—London Tit-Bits.

Directed Raids by Radio. Investigation has disclosed that the German submarine U-56, which arrived at Santander, Spain, under its own power, had been in communication with other U-boats at sea. Commander Reisser of the U-boat was seen repeatedly signaling toward the sea, while the Spanish government

Intercepted wireless messages from the U-56 after a French steamer was sunk and its crew killed by a submarine.

It is quite obvious the U-56 was sent to Santander to organize the destruction of allied and Spanish shipping from a favorable spot, it is believed.

A Well-Governed Mind. A well-governed mind learns in time to find pleasure in nothing but the true and the just.—Amiel.

The peace with Mexico, concluded in the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, was a curious specimen of such negotiations. The lone hand American commissioner was Nicholas Philip Trist, chief clerk of the state department under President Polk, and, like Polk, a thoroughgoing Democrat as Democrats are today. There was nothing very intricate to negotiate with Mexico. We had gone to war to establish the boundary at the Rio Grande as against the Mexican contention for the Nueces.

The peace that was made not only satisfied our government as to that portion of the boundary but also fixed the remainder of it, giving us New Mexico and what was then called Upper California. Trist's job was to make those stipulations and conclude a treaty yielding to them. He first met Santa Anna's commissioners in the summer of 1847. General Scott had not been notified of Trist's mission, and quarreled violently with him when he appeared.

Treaty Made Without Authority. During an armistice in August Trist, whose instructions as to New Mexico and California had followed him, failed to come to an agreement with the Santa Anna commission, which made counter proposals and rejected all the American demands. At the end of the armistice fighting was resumed, and in deference to Scott Trist was recalled by the authorities at Washington. Before the order reached him, however, he had made friends with Scott and by Scott's advice he remained on the ground regardless of the order. At Christmas time, 1847, Scott's army took the city of Mexico and Santa Anna resigned the Mexican presidency.

Trist then, without any authority except Scott's, resumed negotiations, procured the treaty that was wanted and took it back to Washington. Polk submitted it to the senate on February 23. Senatorial opposition caused modifications to which Mexico acceded, and ratification came on March 16.

Our treaty of peace with Spain was concluded at Paris, December 10, 1898. The American commissioners were William R. Day, late secretary of state, chairman; Senators Cushman K. Davis, William F. Frye and George Gray, and Whitelaw Reid. All but one of the men appointed by McKinley were of his own party. Senator Gray was a Democrat.

Spain relinquished sovereignty over Cuba, ceded Porto Rico, the Philippines and Guam, and received \$20,000,000.