

DANDRUFF MAKES HAIR FALL OUT

A small bottle of "Danderine" keeps hair thick, strong, beautiful. Girls! Try this! Doubles beauty of your hair in a few moments.



Within ten minutes after an application of Danderine you can not find a single trace of dandruff or falling hair...

Get a small bottle of Knowlton's Danderine for a few cents at any drug store or toilet counter...

Frenchman Invented Zeppelin.

How many people are aware that Count Zeppelin was not the real inventor of the Zeppelin? As a matter of fact, a Frenchman, Maurice Chevreux, conceived the idea...

"Cold in the Head"

An acute attack of Nasal Catarrh. Persons who are subject to frequent "colds in the head" will find that the use of HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE will build up the System, cleanse the Blood and render them less liable to colds.

Noble Oblige.

"I didn't think I'd live to see it, but I have," remarked the old-fashioned gentleman. "You've often heard men say their wives made them?"

Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, that famous old remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of Dr. J. C. Fletcher.

When Conditions Are Right.

Boarder—Didn't you tell me you could sleep under blankets at night in this place?

Soothe Baby Rashes

That itchy and burn with hot baths of Cuticura Soap followed by gentle anointings of Cuticura Ointment. Nothing better. For free samples address, "Cuticura, Dept. X, Boston."

Defining It.

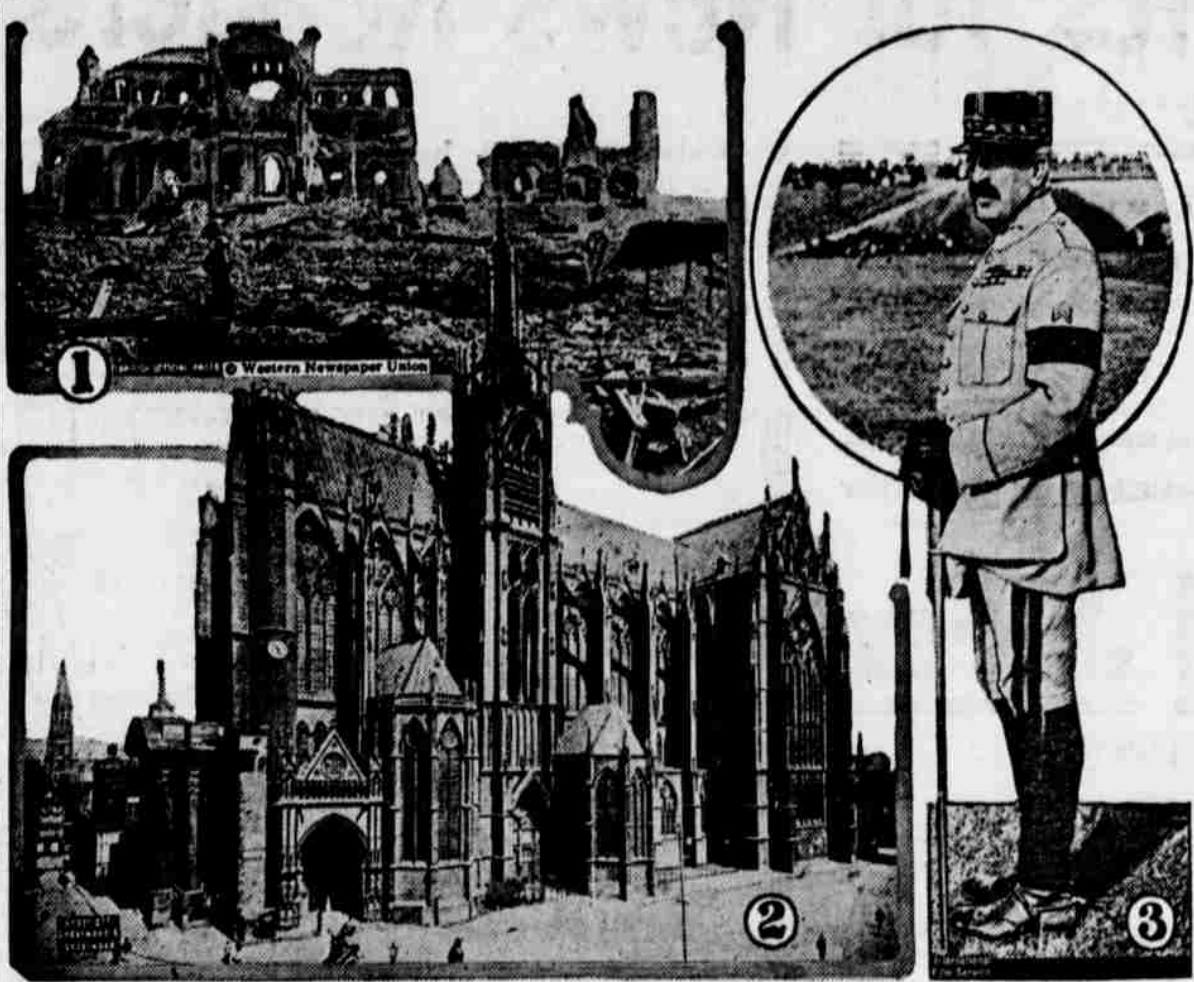
"Why do they call the big waves in the ocean at the seaside breakers, pa?" "Because they're the excuse for the hotels, my son."

Keep It to Yourself.

"Keep yoh troubles to yohself," said Uncle Eben; "meanin' dat if yoh's got de grip, don't sneeze in a crowd."

Keep clean inside as well as outside by taking a gentle laxative at least once a week, such as Carter's Pleasant Pellets.

Martin Luther was one of the first to advise the employment of women as teachers.



1—Ruins of the beautiful cathedral of Albert as the Germans left it, and, 2, in sharp contrast, the cathedral of Metz which the Americans are striving to save in their bombardment of that city. 3—Gen. Jules Janin, now on his way from America to Siberia to take command of the Czecho-Slovak forces there.

BARROOM IS NOW USED BY Y. M. C. A.

French Town's Most Popular Drink Emporium Is Bought at Auction.

SODA INSTEAD OF ABSINTHE

American Girl in Sky Blue Uniform Attends to the Wants of the Thirsty Soldiers and Sailors.

By ROY DURSTINE.

Paris.—In the very heart of a French port town, where traffic is thickest, there stood a barroom. It was just at the point where a sailor or soldier's thirst was greatest as he trudged up the hill. It did a rattling good business, such a good business that the authorities kept a special eye on it.

Whenever a military policeman had nothing better to do, he would stroll up to this bar to see how many men were draped over it.

Accordingly, its trade languished, for there are more desirable things to do than to be a consistent drinker in the most conspicuous place in town.

Before long the madame found that her business had fallen on evil days. Her success had been so great that it had failed!

Bids for Y. M. C. A. A public sale was announced—a sale of all the oh, so beautiful fixtures. Without thought of price, everything would go beneath the hammer of the auctioneer. Everyone in town knew of it. And when you say "everyone," you include Arthur S. Taylor, who used to be a newspaper man in Philadelphia, and who is now the head of the Y. M. C. A. in the district of the port town.

So he went to the sale. And when the bidding fell off, and the madame

WEARING "FLU" MASK



Chicago street sweeper wearing an influenza mask, by order of the health department.

INTERNED GERMANS WATCHED

Close Attention Paid to Their Conversation in Order to Detect Plots.

Camp Wadsworth, Spartanburg, S. C.—There is someone at all times among the soldiers guarding German prisoners here who can understand German, paying strict attention to their conversations, to detect any plots

wring her hands because the price was so low, then up stepped Mr. Taylor, and bought all the fixtures for the Y. M. C. A.

After that he dickered with the landlord, and came to an agreement which permitted him to leave the fixtures where they were, to leave the bar where it was—but to change what passed across the bar.

That was only a little while ago. But today, as you mount the hill of the town, as you see the doors of the bar stretching out their invitation to bring in your thirst and have it quenched, you will see a strange thing. Over the door you will see in large letters the words:

The Red Triangle.

Inside, behind the bar, you will see an American girl in the sky blue uniform of the canteen worker. And you will see sailors and soldiers leaning their elbows on the shining mahogany and hear them say things like:

"Give us a chocolate milk-shake."

"Make mine pineapple."

"How's the Y. M. C. special today?"

"Package of cookies and two strawberry sodas."

"Think of it! Sodas, in France! And yet this is only one of three places in

YANKS DIE WITH FACES TO THE FOE

Valiant Spirit of Fallen Men Is Typified in Attitudes of the Dead.

TROOPS EAGER FOR BATTLE

Ever Crouching Forward With Their Faces Toward Germany, Impatient to Make World Safe for Humanity.

Paris.—Chaplains of two Yankee regiments that stormed the slope above the Ourcq river came wearily back at sundown from the task of burying their dead. They were two men spiritually uplifted and their eyes were shining as they made their brief but eloquent report.

"In all that battlefield," they said, "we found, without a single exception, that every one of those boys died crouching forward."

That short dramatic story—a patriotic eulogy that was an epitaph for American heroes—came first under my eye when, after a three weeks' journey of 4,000 miles, I reached Paris.

Stories of the valiant American spirit are old. Yet the proud words of the chaplains were tremendously impressive. They interpreted the spirit of America on the fighting line in the same terms as I had seen it among the fresh troops in the convoy across the Atlantic, in England, in the French port and in the trip across France—troops yet to face the Hun.

Thousands were in that convoy. And their faces were ever toward Germany. They were grim faces of serious-minded, silent men during the tedious ocean trip—silent, strangely, until actually on French soil.

Then they underwent a change. The curtain of solemnity seemed to lift. The frown of impatience at delay was gone and, in contrast to the silence in which they had received the homage of British crowds, they sang rollicking war songs, laughed and cracked jokes and replied with a Yankee roar to the chorus of welcome French crowds gave them.

Their faces were away from the set-

Prays That God Will Damn German Empire

Cleveland.—Not irreverently, but with much feeling, Dr. W. H. Crawford, president of Allegheny college, brought "Amens" from the throats of 2,000 Methodist divines in this city when he prayed fervently for "God to damn the German empire." He had just returned from a year and a half service with the Y. M. C. A. on the western front.

that one port town where the Y. M. C. A. has a soda fountain.

Beside the bar sits another American girl selling soda checks and, in the lulls, changing the record on the phonograph. Nothing old about those records, either. With New York just "a few days away," the supply of tunes is kept up to the minute.

In the back room there are small tables and chairs. Those who prefer to rest as they drink may do so. And many do.

"You see, I figured it out this way," said Mr. Taylor, as he looked over the blue-and-olive-drab shoulders packed along the bar, "I figured it out that half the attraction of a bar is the sociability of drinking slowly and gossiping while you do it. And, you see, it is"

YANKS DIE WITH FACES TO THE FOE

ing sun as they waited in the French port for the trains to take them to France. Their eyes gazed longingly to the east, and they eagerly strained forward as if to hear the far-off boom of the guns.

Every one of these Yankee soldiers, fresh from the homeland, was crouching forward—as did the heroes the chaplains told of—with their faces toward Germany.

A complete division, commanded by an American major general, disembarked. And it was just one unit, one convoy of the unending stream that Uncle Sam is sending across.

Chafe at Long Wait.

The only worry was whether it would be a long wait before it was their turn "at bat" against the Hun.

Submarine rumors hadn't frightened them on the way across the ocean. They had drilled daily, as best they could in the cramped ship's area. They had taken daily exercise to keep them healthful and fit. And they had stood guard, in turn, with eyes "peeled" for submarines—mostly hopeful that one would turn up just for the delight of seeing an American destroyer bomb it out of all usefulness.

There was a boat drill daily on the convoy; each man answered roll call in his allotted place beside a lifeboat. And constantly, save in sleep, each man had to wear a life preserver strapped about his chest and back.

Now they're at the end of the long journey—in France along with a million and a half fighting men from the United States. They're showing early that great American spirit—crouching forward, with their faces toward Germany, impatient to make the world unsafe for Huns.

It's a pity Kaiser Bill couldn't have stood on the dock at that French port when they landed—just to see them.

Dead Men Convicted.

St. Louis, Mo.—When a decision reached the court of criminal correction here recently from the supreme court affirming the conviction of Israel Schucart, for adulterating soda water in violation of the pure food law, it was found that both Schucart and his bondsmen were dead. Schucart died a year ago, while his bondsmen passed away five months ago.

They have been heard to express the hope that they will never be exchanged for American prisoners in Germany.

The prisoners are willing workers, and they do a great deal of work about camp. They are given humane treatment, get plenty to eat and the same medical attention as is given to soldiers, but they are not by any means treated as guests of the nation, as has been done at some other prison camps. The German prisoners here more than earn their keep.

INTERNED GERMANS WATCHED

that might be hatched to escape, and secure other information.

But it would seem that such precautions are hardly necessary. The prisoners have repeatedly expressed themselves as being very well content to remain here until the end of the war. They realize that it would be foolish for them to try to escape, as few of them speak English and they could not get very far before being de-

THE DREAM SONG

By MILDRED WHITE.

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Elizabeth left her place before the typewriter on the doctor's desk to welcome a timid patient, who waited in the doorway. But presently she was back again, telephones and buzzers seeming to call her on every side. And one could not know that the girl who responded so tirelessly and cheerfully was longing in her very soul to be away from it all—away from the recital of aches and pains, from the hurry and noise of the business world.

As if borne on a drifting breeze came a sweet memory of grandmother's home in a country town. Her childish vacations had been spent there, and Elizabeth had never forgotten the magic joy of those times. Some time she had hoped to go back to brighten, perhaps, her grandmother's declining years, but word came that grandmother had passed beyond that need. So the old homestead would be desolate—forsaken.

Elizabeth supposed that the sale of the property would barely cover a well-remembered mortgage, after necessary debts were paid. But today as she returned from encouraging the timid patient a long envelope lay face upward on the doctor's desk. It was addressed to herself and when Elizabeth had perused its intricate wording she found this same old property to be hers absolutely by grandmother's will.

There had been extra money, it appeared, to meet those other demands. Elizabeth, her dark eyes widening beneath the gold-brown hair, stared at the written document and moved impulsively toward the doctor's private office.

"You must let me go," she told him when he had read the paper. "I want to see what I can do with grandmother's old place."

"Raise chickens and live by yourself!" laughingly queried the physician who had been her father's friend.

"Oh—do you think that I could?" she asked.

Later when she passed down the village street inquiring glances followed her graceful figure. But Elizabeth was all unaware. She was living again in fancy the happy days in that square old house at the end of the road.

But as she passed inside, regarding all these familiar objects which were now her own, into the girl's heart came a passion of longing for possession, to live here, to have a real home. Some one would give her companionship surely if she could but keep the old place up.

"How could that be done?" she asked herself wearily, sinking into the soft depths of one of grandmother's chairs. The dreams and longings of that confident girlhood came poignantly back in the atmosphere of grandmother's home—the great house repaired and beautiful, the garden wonderful to see with sun-dial and fountain—as they used to be—and in grandmother's drawing room, herself, seated before the piano playing, composing the harmonies that had never quite ceased singing themselves through all her busy years.

In the background of the very young Elizabeth's fancies a man's figure had hovered. Must not every happy now had on have her lover? Elizabeth now had forgotten the lover! All at once her typing fingers were eager, insistent to touch the piano keys. So in the shadows floated a "Song Without Words," the unspoken dream, perhaps, which had lain hidden so long in her heart.

Through the diamond panes the sun turned the musician's hair to a golden halo. On and on she played. When her music had reached its last vibrant note the man arose and unhesitatingly passed into the room.

"Repeat that last passage," he commanded, and Elizabeth, glancing about absently as though still under a spell, obeyed.

When she turned around upon the piano stool the strange man stood over her searching her face excitedly. "Your own composition?" he asked.

"Why yes," Elizabeth replied wonderingly.

"The man's tone was still abrupt. "What will you take for it?"

"I am afraid," Elizabeth replied, "that I do not understand your meaning, or," she added, "who you are."

The man laughed and his low laughter had a pleasing sound. "You must overlook my intrusion and my abrupt request," he said. "Enthusiasm and the joy of discovery carried me away. The name of Lawrence Barry may not be unknown to you. Today I have been visiting the town of my birth. Soon I return for my concert tour. In vain I have searched for new melodies, sweet haunting tunes to the themes I love. Each writer disappoints; his music is stereotyped. But yours tonight—Ah! yours!" The great singer smiled.

"If you would but sell that last exquisite fancy to me," he said. "You might name an extravagant price."

Elizabeth stood before him, she was trembling, but she laughed softly. "My playing," she said, "was but the expression of a wish to keep this place my home; home! Do you know what that means?"

"I know," the man answered decidedly, "that I will buy up everything of that sort that you can compose."

And so Elizabeth's dream all came true. And when Lawrence Barry is singing at his best you may be sure that he is thinking of a wonderful old place he calls home and of Elizabeth, the gifted wife, who is his inspiration.

Taken on Trust.

"Our product is thoroughly tested before leaving the factory. No man can sell stuff today that has not been tested."

"We manage to sell our product without testing it."

"That's odd. What do you sell?"

"Dynamite."

Got Her Attention.

"I tried to flirt with that girl yesterday."

"Make any kind of an impression?"

"Yes, she called a cop."

WHEN FUR MEETS FABRIC



A splendid fabric appears at its best in the rich and stately wrap which is shown in the picture above. The design reveals an understanding by its creator of the fitness of fur fabrics to the making of ample and luxurious garments. This one is a long and beautiful draped cape to which sleeves have been added. The fur-fabric is an imitation of broad tail and it is finished with a warm collar and cuffs. Each serves to set off the other; the fur and the fur fabric are rivals in beauty.

This is one of several very handsome wraps in which furs have been made up with fur fabrics with an effectiveness not equaled in the past. Among them there are long coats, in which very wide borders of genuine fur form half the length of the skirt portion and collar and cuffs are very large. A variety of plushes—which is the other name for fur fabrics—made up with a variety of furs, have resulted in some entirely new and very handsome coats, but nothing finer in design has been offered this season than

the regal wrap pictured. It covers the wearer from neck to shoe top, looks warm and is warm, and it is really a splendid achievement of the cloth manufacturer and the designer.

One wonders where all the pelts come from that go to make up ever-present furs. It seems as if many species of animals must become extinct before long. In the meantime fur-fabrics are showing their ability to take the place of skins and may gradually replace them; at any rate they are already joining forces in making wraps that are everything we could wish for.

A Slip-Over Blouse.

A pretty slip-over blouse is of white dotted Swiss with deep circular yoke of white organdie, to which the dotted Swiss blouse and sleeves are attached. The organdie yoke is rounded out at the throat and finished only by a corded piping. Cuffs are of organdie and the long sleeves of dotted Swiss. Swiss and organdie are joined throughout the blouse with lines of hemstitching.

Winter Hats More Colorful



For some reason the millinery of midwinter is more colorful and somewhat more elaborate than that which ushered in the fall season, although the simply trimmed hat cannot be outclassed. But variety is the spice of millinery as well as of life, and some of the latest arrivals in the assemblies of midwinter hats are far from simple.

The hat at the center of the picture is an instance of this new departure. In the face of a vogue for sedate colors and meager trimmings, its designer has chosen to be audacious and has vindicated her choice by making a beautiful hat. It is a picturesque model with a wide brim, faced with rose-colored crepe and edged with a double frill of velvet in that cool brown called "elephant." The brim is wider at the left side than elsewhere and has many graceful turns and curves as the edge of a flower petal.

A whole company of small curling ostrich heads—which is the millinery name for little plumes—finds a resting place on it and they are of the same shade of brown. The crown is rather high and lifts at the left with a band of tucked belting ribbon about it in rose color.

Just to show that quite a lot of trimming can be used successfully, rather large brown beads are set at wide intervals about the upper edge of the ribbon, and even the lovely little ostrich plumes are not left alone in their glory—brown Japanese al-grettes spring up among them.

Another lovely midwinter hat, at the right of the picture, brings visions of theater parties—weddings and all sorts of bright assemblies. It is of taupe velvet faced with silk in three

colors, pale rose, blue and lavender, in bands inside a border of taupe on the underbrim. It is one of the few very wide-brimmed hats that have flourished in the midst of much more numerous small ones.

At the left a brown beaver hat with a crushed collar of velvet about the crown has only a fancy pompon of uncurled ostrich for ornament. There is a furor for beaver hats and therefore it is sure of as much consideration as its more trimmed rivals.

Julia Bottomley

Feel New Shoes Rule Soon.

The government ban on fancy shoes, which will limit the styles and slight-fut of millinery's footwear, will begin to make itself felt in a short time. Cutting of the new shoes, according to classification, height and style, is said to have begun in factories throughout the country. Retailers and wholesalers are given until June 1 to dispose of their present stock of shoes at the present prices. After that time shoe dealers will carry only the regulation grades of shoes, ranging in price from \$3 to \$12, all of which will bear the government stamp, classifying them in the three grades, as follows: Class A, from \$9 to \$12; class B, from \$8 to \$8.50; class C, from \$3 to \$5.50.

Fur and Beads.

An astonishing Parisian turban, designed by Lucie Hamar, has a crown of kolinsky fur, while the rest is made up of gold beads twinkling through thin folds of crepe in soft brown, taupe red, and white.

Another lovely midwinter hat, at the right of the picture, brings visions of theater parties—weddings and all sorts of bright assemblies. It is of taupe velvet faced with silk in three

the open portions of the front, and a wider one encircled the sleeves below the elbow. Narrow black satin ribbon used as a finish at the wrists was loosely knotted on the outer side. White satin ribbon was used to hold in place the fullness of the blouse at the waistline.

Silk Plus Wool.

Satins and silks, plain and figured, combine effectively and serviceably with the wool of an old gown or a small amount of new material.