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FAMILIAR WITH GREATNESS.

Were Generals Didn't Impress the American Camera Man.

A story told by Francis A. Collins in the Camera Man shows that the direct methods of the american news photographer are not affected by surroundings that might cause others to grow self conscious.

A newspaper assigned an American to make a portrait of General von Bissing in the palace in Brussels. The photographer applied for permission to the authorities at Berlin, who received him courteously and, after considerable formality, detailed an officer to accompany him to Brussels. An appointment was made, and the two were admitted to the general's room. Previously, however, it had been explained to the American that under no circumstances was he to address the general. The officer began his explanation, but became confused at finding himself face to face with so distinguished a personage.

"Your excellency," he began, "we have come from Berlin—that is, if you will be so kind"— In his confusion he came to a full stop.

General von Bissing was seated at a desk and seemed to be very busy. The American photographer stepped forward.

"General, I am an American," he began without embarrassment.

"I see that," said the general, with a smile.

"I have come to take your picture," the photographer added without waste of time.

The situation was unprecedented. The officer stood aghast.

"Very well," replied General von Bissing. "Go ahead. What do you want me to do?"

"If you will step to the window," the photographer explained. "Now step this way, a little farther, please. No; this way." And to the horror of the attending officer the photographer laid his hand on the general's arm and arranged the pose. The picture was taken in a few seconds.

"Thank you, general," said the unabashed American easily.

"I hope your picture turns out well," replied General von Bissing, and the interview was over. Once they were outside the door, the officer expostulated:

"How did you come to address his excellency? It is most unprecedented. And you laid your hand on him. How could you do so?"

"Mein lieber freund," said the American, "I have photographed three American presidents, and a general more or less is nothing to me."

Home Companionship.

If the boy is not a companion to his father it is generally because the father was not a companion to the boy when the boy was a little fellow. Companionship is something which must grow through the years, especially for two people who live under the same roof and share the same fortunes.

Develop Concentration.

All mothers know how easy it is for children to become absorbed. Often when the children are out of sight the absorption, expressing itself in perfect silence, causes the mothers to be suspicious. "They must be up to some mischief."

The suspicion is due to the failure on the part of some parents and guardians of very young children to develop the faculty of concentration in healthy ways. The children suffer from boredom because there is so little to attract their interest and because they are not trained to develop the capacity to be interested.—Exchange.

Cap'n Warren's Wards

By Joseph C. Lincoln

(Copyright by D. Appleton & Co.)

CAP'N WARREN GETS A SURPRISE WHEN GRAVES DISCLOSES REASON FOR HIS VISIT

Atwood Graves, New York lawyer, goes to South Dennboro, Cape Cod, to see Captain Elisha Warren. Caught in a terrific storm while on the way, he meets Cap'n Warren by accident and goes with the latter to his house.

CHAPTER II.

—2—

The Will of Abijah.

"THIS is your room, Mr. Graves," said Miss Abigail Baker, placing the lighted lamp on the bureau. "And here's a pair of socks and some slippers. They belong to Elisha—Cap'n Warren, that is—but he's got more. Cold water and towels and soap are in the washstand over yonder, but I guess you've had enough cold water for one night. There's plenty hot in the bathroom at the end of the hall. You needn't hurry. Supper's waited an hour and a half as 'tis. 'Twon't hurt it to wait a spell longer."

She went away, closing the door after her. The bewildered, wet and shivering New Yorker stared about the room, which, to his surprise, was warm and cozy. Radiators and a bathroom! These were modern luxuries he would have taken for granted had Elisha Warren been the sort of man he expected to find—the country magnate, the leading citizen, fitting brother to the late A. Rodgers Warren of Fifth avenue and Wall street.

But the Captain Warren who had driven him to South Denboro in the rain was not that kind of man at all. His manner and his language were as far removed from those of the A. Rodgers as the latter's brown-stone residence was from this big, rambling house, with its deep stairs and narrow halls, its antiquated pictures and bric-a-brac, old fashioned wall paper; as far removed as Miss Baker, whom the captain had hurriedly introduced as "my second cousin keepin' house for me," was from the dignified butler at the mansion on Fifth avenue. Certainly this particular Warren was not fitted to be elder brother to the New York broker who had been Sylvester, Kuhn & Graves' client.

It could not be; it could not. There must be some mistake. In country towns there were likely to be several of the same name. There must be another Elisha Warren.

Meanwhile Miss Abigail had descended the stairs to the sitting room. Before a driftwood fire in a big brick fireplace sat Captain Warren in his shirt sleeves, a pair of mammoth carpet slippers on his feet and the said feet stretched luxuriously out toward the blaze.

"Abbie," observed the captain, "this is solid comfort. Every time I go away from home I get into trouble, don't I? Last trip I took to Boston I lost $30, and"—

"Lost it?" interrupted Miss Baker tartly. "If lendin' Tim Foster ain't givin' it away, then I miss my guess."

"Well," with another chuckle, "Tim don't feel that way. He swore right up and down that he wouldn't take a cent—as a gift. I offered to make him a present of $10, but he looked so shocked that I apologized afore he could say no."

"Yes, and then lent him that thirty. Shocked! The only thing that would shock that good-for-nothin' is bein' set to work. When you get back a copper of that money I'll believe the millennium's struck, that's all."

"Hum! Well, I'll help you believe it—that is, if I have time afore I drop dead of heart disease. What I started to say was that every time I go away from home I get into trouble. Up to Boston 'twas Tim and his 'loan.' Tonight it's about as healthy a sou'wester as I've ever been out in. Dan fetched in the team, has he?"

"Yes; it's in the stable. He says the buggy dash is pretty well scratched up and that it's a wonder you and that Graves man wa'n't killed. Who is he, anyhow?"

"Land knows; I don't."

"You don't know! Then what's he doin' here?"

"Changin' his duds, I guess. That's what I'd do if I looked as much like a drowned rat as he did."

"Lisha Warren, if you ain't the most provokin' thing! Don't be so unlikely. You know what I mean. What's he come here to this house for?"

"Don't know, Abbie. I didn't know he was comin' here till just as we got down yonder by Emery's corner. I asked him who he was lookin' for; he said 'Elisha Warren,' and then the tree caved in on us. Oh, come right in, Mr. Graves. I hope you're dried now."

Captain Warren sprang from the chair to greet his visitor, who was standing in the doorway.

"Yes, come right in, Mr. Graves," he urged cordially. "Set down by the fire and make yourself comf'table. Abbie'll have somethin' for us to eat in a jiffy. Pull up a chair."

The lawyer came forward hesitatingly.

"Thank you, captain," he said. "But before I accept more of your hospitality I feel I should be sure there is no mistake. I have come on important business, and"—

"Hold on!" The captain held up a big hand. "Don't you say another word. There's just one business that interests me this minute, and that's supper. Set right down here, Mr. Graves. I'll try to keep you supplied with solid cargo, and Abbie'll tend to the molasses'n'. Hope that teapot is full up, Abbie. Hot tea tastes good after you've swallowed as much cold rain as Mr. Graves and I have. * * * Father, we thank thee for these mercies set before us. Amen! * * * How's your appetite when it comes to clam pie, Mr. Graves?"

Mr. Graves' appetite was good, and the clam pie was good. So, too, were the hot biscuits and the tea and homemade preserves and cake.

At last, when all the biscuits but one were gone and the cake plate looked like the desert of Sahara, the captain pushed back his chair rose and led the way into the next room. Miss Baker remained to clear the table.

"Set down by the fire, Mr. Graves," urged the captain. "Nothin' like burnin' wood to look hot and comf'table, is there? It don't always make you feel that way—that's why I put in hot water heat—but for looks and sociableness you can't beat a log fire. Smoke, too, for that matter."

"Yes, occasionally. But, Captain Warren"—

"Here, try that. It's a cigar the judge gave me over to Ostable. He smokes that kind regular, but if you don't like it throw it away. He ain't here to see you do it, so you won't be fined for contempt of court. I'll stick to a pipe if you don't mind. Now we're shipshape and all taut, I call'ate. Let's see. You wanted to talk business, I believe."

"Yes, I did. But before I begin I should like to be sure you are the Elisha Warren I came from New York to interview. I am an attorney. Have you had you a brother in business in New York?"

"Hey?" The captain turned and looked his guest squarely in the eye. His brows drew together.

"I've got a brother in New York," he answered slowly. "Did he send you here?"

"Was your brother's name A. Rodgers Warren?"

"A. Rodgers? No. His name is Abijah Warren, and—wait! His middle name is Rodgers, though. Did Bije send you to me?"

"A moment, captain. Was your brother a broker?"

"Yes. His office is or used to be on Broad street. What!—

"You have not heard from him for some time?"

"Not for eighteen years. He and I didn't agree as well as we might. Maybe 'twas my fault, maybe 'twas his. I have my own ideas on that. If you're lookin' for Bije Warren's brother, Mr. Graves, I guess you're come to the right place. But what he sent you to me for or what he wants—for he wants something or he wouldn't have sent—I don't understand."

"Why do you think he wanted something?"

"Because he's Bije Warren and I was brought up with him. When we was young ones together he went to school and I went to work. He got the frostin' on the cake, and I got the burnt part next to the pan. He went to college, and I went to sea. 'Twas later on that we—I well, never mind that, either. What is it he wants of me after eighteen years?"

"He wants a good deal of you, Captain Warren, or did want it."

"Did? Don't he want it now? Is Bije dead?"

"He died ten days ago very suddenly. In a way it was a great shock to us all, for we have known that his heart was weak. He realized it too."

"So Bije is dead, hey?" Captain Elisha's face was very grave, and he spoke slowly. "Dead! Well, well, well!"

He paused and looked into the fire. Graves saw again that vague resemblance he had caught on the train, but had forgotten. He knew now why he noticed it.

Captain Elisha cleared his throat.

"Well, well!" he sighed. "So Bije has gone. I s'pose you think it's odd, maybe," he went on, "that I ain't more struck down by the news. But, to speak truth, he and I have been so apart and have had nothin' to do with each other for so long that—that—well, I've come to feel as if I didn't have a brother. And I know he felt that way 'bout me, and wanted to feel so. I know that. There was a time when I'd have got down on my knees and crawled from here to New York to help Bije Warren. I lent him money to start in business. Later on him and I went into partnership together on a—a fool South American speculation that didn't pan out for nothin'. I didn't care for that. I took my chance same as he did. We formed a stock company all amongst ourselves, and I've got my share of the stock somewhere yet. It may come in handy if I ever want to paper the barn. But 'twan't business deals of that kind that parted us; 'twas another matter—somethin' that he did to other folks who'd trusted us and—Humph! This don't interest you, of course. Well, Bije was well off, I know. His wife died way back in the nineties. She was one of them fashionable women, and a hayseed salt herrin' of a bachelor brother-in-law stuck down here in the sand heaps didn't interest her much—except as somethin' to forget, I s'pose. I used to see her name in the Boston papers occasionally, givin' parties at Newport and one thing or another. I never envied 'em that kind of life."

"Um-m! Well, I judge that that kind of skill and knowledge could be hired if a feller felt like payin' teh wages, boy."

"Oh, yes! Any good lawyer could attend to that under the supervision of the executor, certainly. But there are other inconveniences to a—a"—

"Country jay like me. I understand. Go ahead."

"I mean that you would probably be required to spend much or all of the next two or three years in New York."

"Would, hey? I didn't know but bein' as a guardian has entire charge of the children and their money and all—I understand that's what he does have—he could direct the children fetched down to where he lived if he wanted to. Am I wrong?"

"No"—the lawyer's hesitancy and annoyance were plainly evident—"no. Of course that might be done. Still I"—

"You think that wouldn't cause no more rejoicin' than some other things have? Yes, yes; I call'ate I understand, Mr. Graves. Well, I guess you'll have to. I have built and furnished this. The whole house is yours. Help yourself to it. But when I'm caught in a clove hitch I just have to set down and think myself out of it. I have to give me tonight to chew over that way, I guess, and maybe you'll excuse me."

It was after two the next morning before Captain Elisha rose from his chair by the fire and entered his bedchamber. Yet when Atwood Graves came down to breakfast he found his host in the sitting room awaiting him.

"Afore we tackle Abbie's pancakes and fishballs, Mr. Graves," said the captain, "let me ask you one more question. This—er—er—Caroline and Stephen they're used to livin' pretty well—fashionable society and that like of that, hey?"

"Yes. Their home was on Fifth avenue, and the family moved in the best circles."

"Hum! I should imagine life on twenty odd thousand a year must be pretty much all circles, one everlastin' turn your partners.' Well, Mr. Graves, my circles down here are considerable smaller, but they suit me. I'm worth twenty odd thousand myself, not on a year, but a lifetime. I'm selectman and director in the bank and trustee of the church. When I holler 'Boo!' the South Denboro folks—some of them, anyhow—set up and take notice. I can lead the grand march do'n in this neighborhood once in awhile, and I call'ate I'm prettier leadin' it than I would be doin' a solitaire jig forty-two years on the outside edge of New York's best circles. And I'm mighty sure I'm more welcome. Now my eyesight's strong enough to see through a two foot hole after the plug's out, and I can see that you and Bije's children won't shed tears if I say no to what I will. No offense meant, you know; just common sense, that's all."

This was plain speaking. Mr. Graves colored, though he didn't mean to, and for once could not answer offhand.

"So," continued the captain, "I'll ease your mind and their minds by sayin' that; the way I feel now, I probably sha'n't accept the trust. I probably sha'n't. But I won't say sure I won't, because—well, because Bije was my brother; he was that no matter what our differences may have been. And I know—I know that there must be some reason bigger than 'implicit trust' and the other May baskets for me to appointin' me in his will. What the reason is I don't know—yet. But for a beginnin' I call'ate to run down to New York some time durin' the next week, take a cruise round and sort of look things over."

Cap'n Warren causes consternation when he arrives in New York to look over the situation. The next installment tells what happened when he appears in the metropolis.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

How Butchers Sharpened Knives.

In the sepulchers at Thebes Egypt butchers are represented as sharpening their knives on a round bar of metal attached to their aprons, which from its blue color is supposed to be iron.

Strength Gave Out

Mrs. Schmitt Was Miserable From Kidney Trouble Until Doan's Came to Her Assistance. Now Well.

"My kidneys gave out during the change of life," says Mrs. Margaretha Schmitt, 63 Alabama Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. "My back ached and pained as if it were broken. When I moved in bed, sharp, darting pains caught me across my back and I couldn't turn. Mornings I was stiff and sore and it felt as if heavy weights were tied to me. I was so worn-out. I often came near falling from dizziness and flashes of fire would come before my eyes, blinding me.

Mrs. Schmitt

"I had the most severe headaches and my kidneys didn't act regularly. The secretions passed too often and caused much distress. I was hardly able to do my housework and just to walk upstairs took all my strength.

"As soon as I began taking *Doan's Kidney Pills*, I improved and six boxes put me in better health than I had enjoyed for years."

Mrs. Schmitt gave the foregoing statement in 1916 and on April 6, 1917, she said: "My cure has been permanent. I keep *Doan's* on hand, however, and take a few doses occasionally."

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DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Plumb Pudding.

"Charlie, dear," said Mrs. Newlywed, "this is my first plum pudding."

"It looks rather nice," said Charlie, dubiously.

"Do you know, I was wondering while making it," went on Mrs. N., "why we call it plum pudding when there isn't a plum in it?"

"I fancy, my dear," said Charlie, having eaten a little, "the word should be spelt 'plumb,' which you will find by the dictionary, means 'a little mass or weight of lead.'"

About $500,000,000 a year is being spent on education in the United States.

IN THE SPRING

will be the great test of a life and death struggle on the Western front. In the everyday walks of life it is the spring time that brings ill health. One of the chief reasons why the run-down man finds himself in a bad state of health in March or April, is because he has spent nearly all his hours for the past four or five months penned up within the walls of house, factory or office. It is the reason for our diminished resistance—that is, lack of out-door life, coupled with perhaps over-eating, lack of good exercise, insufficient sleep, and constipation. In other words, we keep feeding the furnace with food but do not take out the "clinkers," and our fire does not burn brightly. Always keep the liver active.

There is nothing better for health than taking an occasional mild laxative, perhaps once a week; such a one as you can get at any drug store, made up of May-apple, jalap, aloes, (sugar-coated, tiny, easily taken), which has stood the test of fifty years of approval—namely, Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. But for the "Spring Fever," the general run-down condition, the lack of ambition, the "blues," one should take a course of treatment every spring; such a standard tonic as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, now to be had in tablet form in sixty-cent vials. Watch the people go plodding along the street. There's no spring, no vitality. Its vitalizing tonic such as this vegetable extract of Dr. Pierce's gives you the power to force yourself into action. The crude blood responds to the new blood in circulation, and thus you're ready to make a fight against stagnation which holds you in bondage. Try it now! Don't wait! Today is the day to begin. Gain a little "pep," and laugh and live. Vim and vitality are the natural out-pouring of a healthy body. It does not spring up in a night. Try this spring tonic, and you gain the courage that comes with good health.

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Soothe the irritation and you relieve the distress. Do both quickly and effectively—by promptly using a dependable remedy—

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