

## MOTHER! LOOK AT CHILD'S TONGUE

If cross, feverish, constipated, give "California Syrup of Figs."

A laxative today saves a sick child tomorrow. Children simply will not take the time from play to empty their bowels, which become clogged up with waste, liver gets sluggish; stomach sour.

Look at the tongue, mother! If coated, or your child is listless, cross, feverish, breath bad, restless, doesn't eat heartily, full of cold or has sore throat or any other children's ailments, give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," then don't worry, because it is perfectly harmless, and in a few hours all this constipation poison, sour bile and fermenting waste will gently move out of the bowels and you have a well, playful child again. A thorough "inside cleansing" is oftentimes all that is necessary. It should be the first treatment given in any sickness.

Beware of counterfeit fig syrups. Ask at the store for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has full directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups plainly printed on the bottle. Adv.

A writer says: "I was given to man to conceal his thoughts. It was a needless precaution in most cases."

## TAKE A GLASS OF SALTS WHEN BLADDER BOTHERS

Harmless to Flush Kidneys and Neutralize Irritating Acids—Splendid for the System.

Kidney and bladder weakness result from uric acid, says a noted authority. The kidneys filter this acid from the blood and pass it on to the bladder, where it often remains to irritate and inflame, causing a burning, scalding sensation, or setting up an irritation at the neck of the bladder, obliging you to seek relief two or three times during the night. The sufferer is in constant dread; the water passes sometimes with a scalding sensation and is very profuse; again, there is difficulty in voiding it.

Bladder weakness, most folks call it, because they can't control urination. While it is extremely annoying and sometimes very painful, this is really one of the most simple ailments to overcome. Get about four ounces of Jad Salts from your pharmacist and take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast, continue this for two or three days. This will neutralize the acids in the urine so it no longer is a source of irritation to the bladder and urinary organs which rest normally again.

Jad Salts is inexpensive, harmless, and is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and is used by thousands of folks who are subject to urinary disorders caused by uric acid irritants. Jad Salts is splendid for kidneys and causes no bad effects whatever.

Here you have a pleasant, effervescent lithia-water drink, which quickly relieves bladder trouble.—Adv.

## "CASCARETS" FOR LIVER, BOWELS

For sick headache, bad breath, Sour Stomach and Constipation.

Get a 10-cent box now.

No odds how bad your liver, stomach or bowels, how much your head aches, how miserable and uncomfortable you are from constipation, indigestion, biliousness and sluggish bowels—you always get the desired results with Cascarets.

Don't let your stomach, liver and bowels make you miserable. Take Cascarets tonight; put an end to the headache, biliousness, dizziness, nervousness, sick, sour, gassy stomach, backache and all other distress; cleanse your inside organs of all the bile, gases and constipated matter which is producing the misery.

Get a 10-cent box means health, happiness and a clear head for months. No more days of gloom and distress if you will take a Cascaret now and then. All stores sell Cascarets. Don't forget the children—their little insides need a cleansing, too. Adv.

It takes a woman chauffeur to steer a baby carriage through a crowd.

## TO STOP TERRIBLE RHEUMATIC PAINS

Get a box of True Mustangine in the ornate yellow box for about 25 cents at drug stores. Rub it on the aching joints, muscles, and that insupportable agony will go at once. No rheumatic sufferer can afford to be without True Mustangine, for it never fails to give the best relief. Use it for aches of every kind, and for sore throat, bronchitis and for a step pain and relief in every case. The best remedy for rheumatism. True Mustangine Co., Rochester, N. Y.

Many a bachelor has made a woman happy—by not marrying her.



## IN THIS TALE JACK LONDON'S SEA EXPERIENCE IS USED WITH ALL THE POWER OF HIS VIRILE PEN

SYNOPSIS.

Humphrey Van Weyden, critic and dilettante, is taken to the water on the sinking of a ferryboat in the fog in San Francisco bay, and becomes unconscious before he reaches him. On coming to, he is bound to Japan waters, witnesses the death of the first mate and hears the captain curse the dead man for premonition to die. The captain refuses to put Humphrey ashore and makes him cabin boy for the night. Cocky is jealous of him and makes it his business to humiliate him. A heavy sea is shipped over the ship, and the first mate is killed. Cocky is seriously hurt, but no one pays attention to his injury. Humphrey's quarters are cleaned out. Humphrey steals his money and changes it. Wolf gives him a life-line—like a rope, a ferment, a drug, and the little Cocky is jealous of him and makes it his business to humiliate him. Wolf takes a sea-bath and makes it his business to humiliate him. By right of might, Cocky and Humphrey fight at each other. Humphrey's intimacy with Wolf increases, and Wolf sketches the story of his life to Humphrey. Wolf discusses the ill-effects of drugs and illustrates the instinctive love of life for Cocky. Humphrey is dead. A carnival of brutality breaks loose in the ship. Wolf is knocked overboard and his body is seen in the water. Wolf and his wife clear in a fight in the fore-castle.

## CHAPTER XIII.

There was a deal of cursing and growling as the men at the bottom of the ladder crawled to their feet.

"Somebody strike a light, my thumb's out of joint," said one of the men, Harrison.

"You'll find it knocked about by the bits," Leach said, sitting down on the edge of the bunk in which he was crouched.

There was a fumbling and a scratching of matches, and the sea-lamp flared up, dim and smoky, and in its weird light the men began to stir about, nursing their bruises and caring for their hurts.

"How did he get away?" Johnson asked.

He was sitting on the side of his bunk, the whole point of his figure in a dictating utter dejection and hopelessness. He was still breathing heavily from the exertion he had made. His shirt had been ripped entirely from his back, and a single strand of hair in a gash in the cheek was flowing down his naked chest, marking a red path across his white thigh and dripping to the floor.

"That he is a devil, as I told you before," was Leach's answer; and thereafter he was on his feet and raging his disappointment with tears in his eyes.

"The while I had been apprehensive concerning my own predicament. What would happen to me when these men discovered my presence? I could never fight my way out as Wolf Larsen had done. And at that moment Latimer called down the scuttles:

"Hump! The old man wants you!" called back.

"Yes he is," I said, sliding out of the bunk and striving my hardest to keep my voice steady and bold.

The sailors looked at me in consternation. He ain't down here! Parsons' face, and the devilishness which comes of fear.

"I'm coming!" I shouted up to Latimer.

"No you isn't!" Kelly cried, stepping between me and the ladder, his right hand shaped into a veritable strangler's clutch. "You damn little sneak! I'll shut yer mouth!"

"Let him go," Leach commanded.

"Not on yer life," was the angry retort.

Leach never changed his position on the edge of the bunk. "Let him go, I say," he repeated, but his time his voice was gritty and metallic.

The Irishman wavered. I made to step by him, and he stood aside. When I had gained the ladder, I turned to the circle of brutal and malignant faces peering at me through the scuttles.

A sudden and deep sympathy welled up in me.

"I have seen and heard nothing, believe me," I said quietly.

"I tell yer, he's all right," I could hear Leach say as I went up the ladder. "He don't like the old man no more nor you or me."

I found Wolf Larsen in the cabin, stripped and bloody, waiting for me. He greeted me with one of his whimsical smiles.

"Come, get with you, doctor. The signs are favorable for an extensive practice this voyage. I don't know what the Ghost would have been with you, and I could only cherish such noble sentiments I would tell you her master is deeply grateful."

I knew the run of the simple medicine chest the Ghost carried, and while I was heating water on the cabin stove and getting the things ready for dressing his wound, he moved about, laughing and chatting, and calculating eye. I had never before seen him stripped, and the sight of his body quite took my breath away. It has never been my weakness to exclaim at the beauty of a man, but there is enough of the artist in me to appreciate its wonder.

## IN THIS TALE JACK LONDON'S SEA EXPERIENCE IS USED WITH ALL THE POWER OF HIS VIRILE PEN

Wolf Larsen was the man-type, the masculine, and almost a god in his perfection. As he moved about he raised his arms the great muscles leapt and moved under the satiny skin. I have forgotten to say that the bronze ended with his face. His body, thanks to the hammers he had used on the sea, they took me as a sort of joke. In truth, it was a joke to me that I, the veriest landman, should be filling the office of mate; but to be taken as a joke by others was a different matter. I made no complaint, but Wolf Larsen demanded the most punctilious sea etiquette in my case—far more than poor Johnson had ever received; and at the expense of several rows, threats and much grumbling, he brought the bunters to time. I was "Mr. Van Weyden" fore and aft, and it was only unofficially that Wolf Larsen himself ever addressed me as "Hump."

It was amusing. Perhaps the wind would have a few points while we were at dinner, and as I left the table he would say: "Mr. Van Weyden, with you kindly put about on the port tack!" And I would go on deck, back on Louis to me, and learn from him what was to be done. Then, a few minutes later, having digested his instructions and thoroughly mastered the maneuver, I would proceed to issue my orders. I remember an early instance of this kind, when Wolf Larsen appeared on the scene just as I had begun to give orders. He smoked his cigar and looked on quietly till the thing was accomplished, and then paced aft by my side along the weather post.

"Hump," he said—"I beg pardon, Mr. Van Weyden—I congratulate you. I think you can now fire your father's legs back into the grave to him. You've discovered your own and learned to stand on them. A little respect, sailing and experience with storms and such things, and by the end of the voyage you could ship on any coasting schooner."

"Stability, equilibrium," he said, relaxing on the instant and sinking his body into repose. "Foot with which to clutch the ground, legs to stand on and to help withstand, while with arms and hands, teeth and nails, I struggle to kill and to be killed. Purpose? Utility is the better word."

I did not argue. I had seen the mechanism of the primitive fighting beast, and I was as strongly impressed as if I had seen the engines of a great battleship or Atlantic liner.

I was surprised, considering the fierce struggle in the fore-castle, at the superficiality of his hints, and I pride myself that I dropped them dexterously.

"By the way, Hump, as I have remarked, you are a handy man," Wolf Larsen began, when my work was done. "As you know, we're short a mate. Hereafter you shall stand seventy-seven dollars per month, and be addressed fore and aft as Mr. Van Weyden."

"I don't understand navigation, you know," I gasped.

"Not necessary at all." "I really do not care to sit in the high places," I objected. "I find life

but my happiness was not unalloyed. It was comparative, a perpetual less misery slipped in between a past of great miseries and a future of great miseries. For the Ghost, so far as the seamen were concerned, was a harbinger of the worst description. They never had a moment's rest or peace. Wolf Larsen treasured against them the attempt on his life and the drubbing he had received in the fore-castle and morning news and night, and all night as well, he devoted himself to making life unlivable for them. Leach and Johnson were the two particular victims of Wolf Larsen's diabolic temper, and the look of profound melancholy which had settled on Johnson's face and in his eyes made my heart beat.

With Leach it was different. There was too much of the fighting beast in him. He seemed possessed by an insatiable fury which gave no time for grief. His lips had become distorted into a permanent snarl, which, at mere sight of Wolf Larsen, broke out in snarl, horrible and menacing, and I do believe, unconsciously, I have seen him follow Wolf Larsen about with his eyes, like an animal its keeper, while the animal-like snarl sounded deep in his throat and vibrated forth between his teeth.

Both he and Johnson would have killed Wolf Larsen at the slightest opportunity, but the opportunity never came. Wolf Larsen was too wise for that, and besides, they had no adequate weapons. With their fists alone they had no chance whatever. Time and again he fought it out with Leach, who fought back, warts, like a wildcat, teeth and nail and fist, until stretched exhausted or unconscious, on the deck. And he was never averse to another encounter.

I often wondered why Wolf Larsen did not kill him and make an end of it. But he only laughed and seemed to enjoy it. There seemed a certain spite about it, such as men must feel who take delight in making pets of ferocious animals.

"It gives a thrill to life," he explained to me, "when life is carried to one's hand. Man is a natural gambler, and life is the biggest stake he can play. The greater the odds the greater the thrill."

"Ah, but it is cowardly, cowardly!" I cried. "You have all the advantage."

"Of the two of us, you and I, who is the greater coward?" he asked me. "The situation is unpleasant, you compromise with your conscience when you make yourself a

party to it. If you were really great, really true to yourself, you would join forces with Leach and Johnson. But you are afraid. You want to live. The life that is in you cries out that it must live, no matter what the cost; so you live ignominiously, untrue to the best you dream of, snatching against your whole pitiful little code, and if there were a hell, heading your soul straight for it. Bah! I play the braver part. I do not sin, for I am true to the precepts of the life that is in me. I am sincere with my soul at least, and that is what you are not."

There was a sting in what he said. Perhaps, after all, I was playing a cowardly part.

I pondered it long, lying asleepless in my bunk and reviewing in endless procession the facts of the situation. Familiar in varying degree to the night watches when Wolf Larsen was below. Both men had lost hope—Johnson, because of temperamental dependency; Leach, because he had beaten himself out of the vain struggle and was exhausted. But he caught my hand in a passionate grip one night, saying:

"I think yer square, Mr. Van Weyden. But stay where you are and keep your mouth shut. Say nothing but saw wood. We're dead men, I know it."



I Have Seen Him Follow Wolf Larsen About With His Eyes.

but all the same you might be able to do us a favor some time when we need it again.

It was only next day, when "Wainwright Island" loomed to windward, close ahead, that Wolf Larsen opened his mouth in prophecy. He had attacked Johnson, who had been attacked by Leach, and had just finished whipping the pair of them.

"Leach," he said, "you know I'm going to kill you some time or other, don't you?"

A snarl was the answer.

"And as for you, Johnson, you'll get so tired of life before I'm through with you that you'll find yourself over the side. Say if you don't."

"That's a suggestion," he added. In an aside to me, "I'll bet you a month's pay he acts upon it."

## HARD TO ESTIMATE CROWD

Few Civilians Are Able to Give Numbers of a Gathering—Army Officers Tell Secret.

It is remarkable how the average civilian overestimates the number of persons in a big procession. Take, for example, the recent demonstration in London. It was said that there were 15,000 men in line and some enthusiasts put it even at 20,000. But it is easy to estimate such numbers approximately. It is said that in the "field" the rule as laid down in the "Field Service Regulations" of the United States army:

"The strength of a body of troops may be estimated from the length of time it takes to pass a given point. Assuming that infantry in column of four occupies half a yard per man, cavalry one yard per trooper and artillery in single column per gun or caisson, a given point would be passed in one minute by about 175 infantry, 110 cavalry at a walk, 200 cavalry at a trot and five guns or caissons."

These rules, it must be remembered, are for trained soldiers used to a long step and to keeping up without straggling. No civilian, even militant suffragettes, ever kept or could keep up this pace.

Allowing for spacing between companies, battalions and regiments, all of which is according to mathematical rule, it takes a regiment of 1,000 men divided into battalions just ten minutes to pass or at the rate of 6,000 an hour, and this supposes no breaks in the line.

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Distinguished Italian Sailor.

Vice-Admiral Camillo Cora, successor to Admiral Viale as minister of the Italian navy, is a Roman by birth, fifty-five years of age. He carries to his high office a well-balanced experience, both in ministerial and staff work, and in responsible command during actual warfare. He was chief secretary to Admiral Mirabello when that capable officer was minister of the navy during a period of important naval reform.

Early in his career he spent many years in navigation in charge of a schooner, and during the war with Turkey he had the supervision of the transportation of the Italian troops to the Balkans and Italy was in command of one of the Italian naval squadrons which took possession of several islands in the Aegean.

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## KEEP YOUNG

As well be young at 70 as old at 60. Many elderly people suffer lame backs, aching muscles and distressing urinary disorders, when a little help for the kidneys would fix it all up. Don't wait for gray hair or Bragg's disease. Use Doan's Kidney Pills. They have helped thousands, young and old, and are recommended by thousands.

## A Michigan Case

Mrs. Alfred Lattelle, 70, of 815 Emily St., East Lansing, Mich., writes: "I was laid up with pains through the small of my back and rheumatic twinges in my limbs. My right hip was useless. I tried doctors' medicine and several other remedies, but without success. Finally, I took Doan's Kidney Pills and they gave me a complete and lasting cure."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c Box. DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS. FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

## A Beauty Secret

To have clear skin, bright eyes and a healthy appearance, your digestion must be good—your bowels and liver kept active and regular. Assist nature—take

## BEECHAM'S PILLS

Largest Sale of Any Medicine in the World. Sold everywhere. In boxes, 10c, 25c.

## Four Dollars a Month

buys a paper that contains the best elements of an insurance policy. The National Bank. You are guaranteed four per cent on your money, can borrow \$50 on each contract, at five per cent with ten years to repay. Provides for a home, and Send for our booklet, "Co-operative Home Finance." ENQUIRY REALTY & MORTGAGE COMPANY, NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE.



PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM. It cures itching humors, restores the hair, and keeps the scalp cool and healthy. It is the best hair dressing in the world. Sold everywhere.

## PATENTS

Improved Insulating Material. A new form of insulating material, known as perthax, has been introduced in Germany. It is made by rolling layers of paper on one another, the mass being then impregnated in some kind of resin while heat and pressure are applied. The layers adhere to each other, and the result is a "rich paper" appears uniform in structure. The new insulating material is waterproof. It is almost as free from chemical action as porcelain. It will stand temperatures of 350 or 400 degrees centigrade without harm. Perthax is most readily prepared in flat sheets or cylinders, and it lends itself admirably to machining. Tests indicate that it can be used indoors in replacing porcelain for pressures above 20,000 volts.

Domestic Finance. "We are spending more money than we can afford, my dear," said baby. "Can't we do something to reduce the household expenses?"

"I'm doing the best I can, love," replied his wife. "I haven't paid the butcher or the grocer in months, but I simply cannot get credit for matinee tickets, and my losses at bridge have to be paid in cash, too."

The Explanation. "How can she marry him, knowing that he's dissipated?" "But his fortune isn't."

New Zealand factories in 1913 manufactured clothing valued at \$400,000.

## Greatest Results

often come from simplest means.

For instance—one's daily food plays a big part in deciding for success or failure.

To bring out the best mental and physical forces sound nourishment is imperative.

—A FOOD

## Grape-Nuts

made of whole wheat and malted barley, is supplied in such proportion that all the rich nourishment of the grains, including the valuable mineral elements, lacking in many foods, but most necessary for vigor and activity of brain and body.

"There's a Reason" for Grape-Nuts

Sold by Grocers.