

PRESENT A PRESSES SENATE OF PEACE

Wilson Desires End of War in Europe Without Victory to Either Side—Would Extend Monroe Doctrine to All Nations—Freedom of Seas Advocated.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 22.—Whether the United States shall enter a world peace league and, as many contend, thereby abandon its traditional policy of isolation and its entangling alliances, was put squarely before Congress and the country today by President Wilson in a personal address to the Senate.

The full text follows:
Gentlemen of the Senate: On the 15th of December last I addressed a detailed note to the governments of the nations now at war requesting them to state more definitely than had yet been stated by either group of belligerents the terms upon which they would deem it possible to make peace. I spoke on behalf of humanity and of the rights of all neutral nations like our own, many of whose most vital interests the war puts in constant jeopardy.

The central powers united in a reply which stated merely that they were ready to meet their antagonists in conference to discuss terms of peace.
The entente have replied much more definitely and have stated in general terms, indeed, but with sufficient definiteness to imply details, the arrangements, guarantees and acts of reparation which they deem to be indispensable conditions of a satisfactory settlement.

We are that those nations a definite discussion of the peace which shall end the present war. We are much nearer the discussion of the international concert which must thereafter hold the world at peace. In every discussion of the peace that must end this war it is taken for granted that that peace must be given by some definite concert of power which will make it virtually impossible that any such catastrophe should ever overwhelm us again. Every lover of mankind, every sane and thoughtful man, must take that for granted.

I have sought this opportunity to address you because I thought it right to let you, as the council associated with me in the final determination of our international obligations, to be made to you, without reserve, the thought and anxiety which have been taking form in my mind in regard to the duty of our Government in these days to come. It is necessary to lay fresh and upon a new plan the foundations of peace among the nations.

It is inconceivable that the people of the United States should play no part in that great enterprise. To take part in such a service will be the opportunity for which they have sought to prepare themselves by the very principles and purposes of their polity and the approved practices of their government ever since the days when they set up a new Nation in the world. It is an honorable hope that it might in all that it was and did show mankind the way to liberty. They cannot in honor, without the service to which they are now about to be challenged. They do not wish to withhold it. But they wish to let themselves and to the other nations of the world to state the conditions under which they feel free to render it.

That service is nothing less than this—to add their authority and their power to the authority and force of other nations to guarantee peace and justice throughout the world. Such a settlement cannot now be long postponed. It is right that before it goes this Government should frankly formulate the conditions upon which it would feel justified in asking our people to approve its formal and solemn adherence to a league for peace. It is here to attempt to state those conditions.

The present war must first be ended; but we owe it to candor and to a just regard for the opinion of mankind to state as far as our participation in guarantee of future peace is concerned it makes a great deal of difference what we say and upon what terms it is ended. The treaties and agreements which bring it to an end must embody terms which will create a peace that is worth maintaining and a peace that will win the approval of mankind; not merely a peace that will serve the several interests and immediate aims of the nations engaged.

We shall have no voice in determining what those terms shall be, but we shall, I feel sure, have a voice in determining whether they shall be made lasting or not by the guarantees of a universal covenant and our judgment upon what is fundamental and essential to a condition precedent to permanency should be spoken now, not afterwards, when it may be too late.

The equality of nations upon which peace must be founded, if it is to last, must be an equality of rights; the guarantees exchanged must neither recognize nor imply a difference between big nations and small, between those that are powerful and those that are weak. Right must be based upon the common strength, not upon the individual strength of the nations upon whose concert peace will depend. Equality of territory or of resources there, of course, cannot be; nor any other sort of equality not gained in the ordinary peaceful and legitimate development of the peoples themselves. But no one asks or expects anything more than an equality of rights.

Mankind is looking now for freedom of life, for equal rights of power, for equal rights of resources. There is a deeper thing involved than even equality of rights among organized nations. No peace can last, or ought to last, which does not recognize and accept the principle that governments derive all their just powers from the consent of the governed, and that nowhere exists to hand peoples about from sovereignty to sovereignty as if they were property.

I take it for granted, for instance, if I may venture upon a single example, that statesmen everywhere are agreed that there should be no armed intervention in Poland, and that henceforth inviolable security of life, of worship and of industrial and social development should be guaranteed to all peoples who have lived hitherto under the power of governments devoted to faith and purpose hostile to their own.

I speak of this not because of any desire to exalt an abstract political principle which has always been held very dear by those who have sought to build up liberty in America, but for the same reason that I have spoken of the other conditions of peace which I wish frankly to uncover realities. Any peace which does not recognize and accept this principle will inevitably be upset. It will not rest upon the basis of the convictions of mankind. The ferment of spirit of whole populations will fight subtly and constantly against it until the world will sympathize. The world can be at peace only if its life is stable, and there can be no stability where the will is rebellious where the spirit is unquietly of spirit and a sense of justice and freedom is free.

So far as practicable, moreover, every great people now struggling towards a full development of its resources and of its powers should be assured a direct outlet to the great highways of the world. This cannot be done by the cessation of territory, it can be done by the neutralization of direct rights of way upon the general guarantee which will secure the peace itself. With a right comity of arrangement no nation need be shut away from free access to the open paths of the world's commerce.

And the paths of the sea must alike in law and in fact be free. The freedom of the seas is the single question upon which equality and co-operation. No doubt a somewhat radical reconsideration of many of the rules of international practice hitherto sought to be established may be necessary in order to make the seas indeed free and common in practically all circumstances for the use of mankind, but the motive for such changes is convincing and compelling. There can be no trust or intimacy between the peoples of the world without them.

The free, constant, untruncated intercourse of nations is an essential part of the process of development. It need not be difficult to define or to secure the freedom of the seas if the governments of the world sincerely desire to come to an agreement concerning them.

It is a problem closely connected with the limitation of naval armaments and the co-operation of the navies of the world in keeping the seas at once free and safe. And the question of limiting naval armaments opens the widest and perhaps more difficult question of the limitation of armies and of all programmes of military preparation. Difficult and delicate as these questions are they must be faced with the utmost candor and decided in a spirit of real accommodation if peace is to come with healing in its wings and come to stay.

Peace cannot be had without concession and sacrifice. There can be no sense of safety and equality among the nations if great preponderant armaments are heaped forth to continue here and there to be built up and maintained. The statement of the world peace plan for peace and justice, to adjust and accommodate their policy to it as they have planned for war and made ready for pitiless contest and rivalry. The question of armaments, whether on land or sea, is the most immediately and intensely practical question connected with the future fortunes of nations and of the world.

PRUDENCE of the PARSONAGE By ETHEL HUESTON

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Prudence and Fairy entertain the good ladies of the congregation and the result is rather disastrous for Prudence.

Mr. Starr, a widower Methodist minister, has been assigned to the congregation at Mount Mark, Iowa. He and his daughter Prudence—she is nineteen and the eldest of five girls—have come on ahead to get the new parsonage ready for the younger members of the family. The whole town, especially the Methodist element, is very curious about the strangers, and individually members of the church call at the parsonage and "pump" the girls for all they're worth. But the Starrs soon adjust themselves to their new surroundings—and after much preparation, Prudence and Fairy are going to entertain the Ladies' Aid society. Some of the members are arriving now.

CHAPTER III—Continued.

"Not on your life," said Carol promptly and emphatically, "he's worse than Prudence. Like as not he'd give me a good thrashing into the bargain. No—I'm strong for Prudence when it comes to punishment—in preference to father, I mean. I can't seem to be fond of any kind of punishment from anybody."

For a while Carol was much depressed, but by nature she was a buoyant soul, and her spirits were presently soaring again.

In the meantime, the Ladies of the Aid society continued to arrive. Prudence and Fairy, freshly gowned and smiling-faced, received them with cordiality and many merry words. It was not difficult for them; they had been reared in the hospitable atmosphere of Methodist parsonages, where, if you have but two dishes of oatmeal, the outsider is welcome to one. That is Carol's description of parsonage life.

But Prudence was concerned to observe that a big easy chair placed well back in a secluded corner, seemed to be giving dissatisfaction. It was Mrs. Adams who sat there first. She squirmed quite a little, and seemed to be gripping the arms of the chair with unnecessary fervor. Presently she stammered an excuse, and, rising, went into the other room. After that, Mrs. Miller, then Mrs. Jack, Mrs. Norey, and Mrs. Beed, in turn, sat there—and did not stay. Prudence was quite agonized. Had the awful twins filled it with needles for the reception of the poor Ladies? At first opportunity she hurried into the secluded corner, intent upon trying the chair for herself. She sat down anxiously. Then she gasped and clutched frantically at the arm of the chair. For she discovered at once to her dismay that the chair was bottomless, and that only by hanging on for her life could she keep from dropping through.

Up rose Prudence, conscientiously pulling after her the thin cushion which had concealed the chair's shortcomings. "Look, Fairy!" she cried. "Did you take the bottom out of this chair? It must have been horribly uncomfortable for those who have sat there! However did it happen?" Fairy was frankly amazed, and the little inclined to be amused. "Ask the twins," she said tersely; "I know nothing about it."

At that moment, the luckless Carol went running through the hall. Prudence knew it was she, without seeing, because she had a peculiar skipping run that was quite characteristic and unmistakable. "Carol!" she called. And Carol paused. "Carol!" more imperatively. Then Carol slowly opened the door—she was a parsonage girl and rose to the occasion. She smiled winsomely—Carol was nearly always winsome. "How do you do?" she said brightly. "Isn't it a lovely day? Did you call me, Prudence?"

"Yes. Do you know where the bottom of that chair has gone?" "Why no, Prudence—gracious! That chair—why, I didn't know you were going to bring that chair in here. Why—oh, I am so sorry! Why in the world didn't you tell us beforehand?" Some of the Ladies smiled. Others lifted their brows and shoulders in a mildly suggestive way, that Prudence, after nineteen years in the parsonage, had learned to know and dread. "And where is the chair-bottom now?" she inquired. "And why did you take it?" "Why, we wanted to make—"

We put the cushion in the chair so that it wouldn't be noticed. We never use that chair, you know. I'm so sorry about it."

Carol was really quite crushed, but true to her parsonage training, she struggled valiantly and presently brought forth a crumpled and sickly smile.

But Prudence smiled at her kindly. "That wasn't very naughty, Carol," she said frankly. "It's true that we seldom use that chair. And we ought to have looked." She glanced reproachfully at Fairy. "It is strange that in dusting it, Fairy—but never mind. You may go now, Carol. It is all right."

Then she apologized gently to the Ladies, and the conversation went on, but Prudence was uncomfortably conscious of keen and quizzical eyes turned her way. Evidently they thought she was too lenient.

"Well, it wasn't very naughty," she thought wretchedly. "How can I pretend it was terribly bad, when I feel in my heart that it wasn't!"

The meeting progressed, and the business was presently disposed of. So far, things were not too seriously bad, and Prudence sighed in great relief. Then the Ladies took out their sewing, and began industriously working at many articles, designed for the clothing of a lot of young Methodists confined in an orphan's home in Chicago. And they talked together pleasantly and gayly. And Prudence and Fairy felt that the cloud was lifted.

But soon it settled again, dark and lowering. Prudence heard Lark running through the hall and her soul misgave her. Why was Lark going up stairs? To be sure, her mission might be innocent, but Prudence dared not run the risk. Fortunately she was sitting near the door.

"Lark!" she called softly. Lark stopped abruptly, and something fell to the floor. "Lark!" The Ladies smiled, and Miss Carr, laughing lightly, said, "She is an attractive creature, isn't she?" Prudence would gladly have flown out into the hall to settle this matter, but she realized that she was on exhibit.

"Isn't That a Handsome Venus?" biton. Had she done so, the Ladies would have set her down forever after as thoroughly incompetent—she could not go! But Lark must come to her. "Lark!" This was Prudence's most awful voice, and Lark was bound to heed.

"We—we—we are making—mud images, Prudence. It—it was awfully messy, I know, but—they say—it is such a good—and useful thing to do. We—we didn't expect—the—the Ladies to see us."

"Mud images!" gasped Prudence, and even Fairy stared incredulously. "Where in the world did you get hold of an idea like that?" "It—it was in that—that Mother's Home Friend paper you take, Prudence," Prudence blushed guiltily. "It was modeling in clay, but—we haven't any clay, and—the mud is very nice, but—oh, I know I look just—horrible. I—I—Connie pushed me in—the—puddle—for fun." Another appealing glance into her sister's face, and Lark plunged on, bent on smoothing matters if she could. "Carol is—is just fine at it, really. She—she's making a Venus de Milo, and it's good. But we can't remember whether her arm is off at the elbow or below the shoulder." An enormous gulp, and by furious blinking Lark managed to crowd back the tears that would slip to the edge of her lashes. "I—I'm very sorry, Prudence."

"Very well, Lark, you may go. I do not really object to your modeling in mud, I am sure. I am sorry you look so disreputable. You must change your shoes and stockings at once, and then you can go on with your modeling. But there must be no more pushing and chasing. I'll see Connie about that tonight. Now go." And Lark was swift to avail herself of the permission.

Followed a quiet hour, and then the Ladies put aside their sewing and walked about the room, chatting in little groups. With a significant glance to Fairy, Prudence walked calmly to the double doors between the dining room and the sitting room. The eyes of the Ladies followed her with interest, and even enthusiasm. They were hungry. Prudence slowly opened wide the doors, and—stood amazed! The Ladies clustered about her, and stood amazed also. The dining room was there, and the table! But the appearance of the place was vastly different! The snowy cloth was draped artistically over a picture on the wall, the lowest edges well above the floor. The plates and trays, napkin-covered, were safely stowed away on the floor in bucket corners. The kitchen scrub dust-
et had been brought in and turned upside down, to afford a fitting resting place for the borrowed punch bowl, full to overflowing with fragrant lemonade.

And at the table were three dirty, disheveled little figures, bending seriously over piles of mud. A not-unrecognizable Venus de Milo occupied the center of the table. Connie was palstakingly at work on some animal, a dog perhaps, or possibly an elephant. And—

The three young modelers looked up in exclamatory consternation as the doors opened. "Oh, are you ready?" cried Carol. "How time has flown! We had no idea you'd be ready so soon. Oh, we are sorry, Prudence. We intended to have everything fixed properly for you again. We needed a flat place for our modeling. It's a shame, that's what it is. Isn't that a handsome Venus? I did that!—If you'll just shut the door one minute, Prudence, we'll have everything exactly as you left it. And we're as sorry as we can be. You can have my Venus for a centerpiece, if you like."

Prudence silently closed the doors, and the Ladies, laughing significantly, drew away. "Don't you think, my dear," began Mrs. Prentiss too sweetly, "that they are a little more than you can manage? Don't you really think an older woman is needed?" "I do not think so," cried Fairy, before her sister could speak. "No, older woman could be kinder, or sweeter, or more patient and helpful than Prue."

"Undoubtedly true! But something more is needed, I am afraid! It appears that girls are a little more disorderly than in my own young days! Perhaps I do not judge advisedly, but it seems to me they are a little—unmanageable."

"Come at once, Lark!" "All right, then," and added threateningly, "but you'll wish I hadn't!" Then Lark opened the door—a woe-filled figure! In one hand she carried an empty shoe box. And her face was streaked with good rich Iowa mud. Her clothes were plastered with it. One shoe was caked from the sole to the very top button, and a great gash in her stocking revealed a generous portion of round, white leg.

Poor Prudence! At that moment she would have exchanged the whole parsonage, bathroom, electric lights and all, for a tiny log cabin in the heart of a great forest, where she and Lark might be alone together.

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Don't you think that Mr. Starr would save Prudence much worry and responsibility if he gave a little less time to his personal duties and a little more to helping her manage the youngsters?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Out of the Calculation. "Do you think there are people up in Mars?" "What difference does it make?" rejoined Senator Sorghum. "Even if there are they are too distant to vote or even drag us into diplomatic controversy."

Grasping Opportunity. "Jane, there is a friend of mine who is very anxious to know if you will marry him." "Tell him of course I will. Who is he?"