

YES! LIFT A CORN OFF WITHOUT PAIN!
Cincinnati man tells how to dry up a corn or callus so it lifts off with fingers.

You corn-pestered men and women need suffer no longer. Wear the shoes that nearly killed you before, says this Cincinnati authority, because a few drops of freezezone applied directly on a tender, aching corn or callus, stops soreness at once and soon the corn or hardened callus loosens so it can be lifted off, root and all, without pain.

A small bottle of freezezone costs very little at any drug store, but will positively take off every hard or soft corn or callus. This should be tried, as it is inexpensive and is said not to irritate the surrounding skin.

If your druggist hasn't any freezezone tell him to get a small bottle for you from his wholesale drug house.—adv.

A Seed Waster.
"There's a man planting potatoes," said Farmer Cornstassel, "when he ought to be playin' golf."
"You don't approve of gardening?"
"Yes, I do. But if he'd go ahead and play golf he wouldn't be spilling good potatoes that somebody could use."

GREEN'S AUGUST FLOWER
has been the most successful family remedy for the last fifty-one years for biliousness and stomach troubles, to which the American people are addicted, causing sick headache, nervous indigestion, sour stomach, coming up of food and a general physical depression. 25 and 70c.—Adv.

An Unlooked-for Present.
Among little Willie's numerous birthday presents were a toy tomahawk, an airgun, and a lasso—these being sent by a sport-loving uncle who knew the youth's proclivities.

Shortly after breakfast Willie's mother heard a crash in the greenhouse at the foot of the garden, and went to investigate. On the way she passed a few uprooted bushes and a flower-bed trampled out of recognition, and in the greenhouse itself many lassoed flower-pots. Following the trail, she found Willie hiding behind a tree stump.

"What are you doing, Willie?" she cried in horrified tones.
"Looking for Redskins!" replied the youngster.

With a grim look she took Willie by the ear and led him indoors.
"Looking for red skins?" she repeated ominously, as she took up a can.
"Well, I'll give you one."

Back to the Soil.
The young k-ut, unfit for general service, volunteered for work on the land. He went down to his father's "place" and began "farming." A friend passing that way spied him in leggings and Norfolk jacket striding across a wide stretch of moorland. He hailed him.

"Hallo, Smutty?" he cried as he came up.
"What are you doing in this forsaken land?"
"Farming. I've gone back to the land."
"Any good at it?" grinned the friend.
"I should think so! See this piece of moorland? Before I came it was going to waste—no use at all; but with a lot of work I've turned it into a rip-pin' golf links."—New York Globe.

Be Adaptable.
"Don't be obstinate."
"Huh?"
"Some men spend their lives trying to make silk purses from sows' ears."
"Well?"
"They might take the same material and get rich manufacturing leather specialties."

Nature of the Place.
"The British forces are fighting now in Champagne."
"Then I don't wonder they are putting so much spirit in it."
"You can't distinguish saints from sinners by their shiny hats."

ECONOMY WITH GOOD LIVING
is excellently attained by adding to the daily menu a ration of Grape-Nuts
Goodness—Energy—Ease of Digestion—Excellent Flavor—are all found in this truly remarkable wheat and barley food.

The Man Who Forgot

A NOVEL

By JAMES HAY, JR.
GARDEN CITY NEW YORK
DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & COMPANY
1915

CHAPTER XXV.

When Waller reached his office the storm had broken in the newspaper world, presaging the hurricane of sensation, blame, acclamation, criticism and question that would sweep the country that evening and the following day. He tried to start his story, but could not. Telephone calls came to him one after the other. The news had swept through the newspaper and political part of the city as if by magic. Correspondents were already sending their papers bulletins announcing that they were about to put on the wire the "big story." Men talked eagerly about it in the hotel lobbies, in the capitol, in the office buildings, on the street corners. Waller, sitting in his office, had a mental picture of the excitement, the perturbation among the prohibitionists, the exultation of the whisky people, the doubts of some of the Smith supporters, the quick rallying to his side of his most earnest followers. And he knew that nearly every person was asking another:
"What will people think of it?"
He thought, a little grimly, that few people have any opinions of their own, that most of them merely reflect the thoughts of others, that nearly all are too much like sheep. The great thing was to give the sensation the right twist, the proper slant, to make them say, "He's all right," instead of, "He's all wrong."
The telephone calls multiplied and piled up. To all of them he answered that at 4 o'clock he would have his story ready. When the representatives of the afternoon papers said they could not wait, he answered that he was sorry but that they would have to satisfy themselves with what everybody was saying about the incident. In his own mind, he knew that the verdict would come from the morning papers, from the finished and complete stories, not from the sketchy and necessarily fragmentary articles slapped on the wire by men who had not time enough to reread their copy in search of mistakes. Finally, he locked his door, took the receiver off the hook, and sat down at his typewriter to get out the story which, he hoped, would turn the tide in favor of the agitator.
At the end of an hour and a half, a few minutes before 4 o'clock, he arose from the machine, stretched his tired arms and shoulders, and began to put together the pages of a story which would cover two columns and a half. He had made six carbon copies of it. It was a good story. He "felt" that. It had in it some of Smith's fire and eloquence—and a great deal of Smith's anguish. Afterward, when other members of his profession had time to comment, they said it was a great piece of dramatic writing.
He called an office boy, gave him one of the copies, and instructed him to take it to a public stenographer's office and have 100 copies run off at once. He kept the other copies he had made and called up the Press club and the offices of several correspondents.
Now, they would get out, stories which, in a few hours, would do more than any other thing to determine whether John Smith was to survive or go down in obloquy and blame. Cholliwollie had been right when he had said to Smith that he would do much to give the agitator the best of the newsdispatches.
At a quarter to 6 the writers were still coming in. He had instructed the office boy to deliver copies to every newspaper and correspondent's office in town. Now he led the crowd to the ears on their way to Smith's offices.
The agitator, stepping from the inner office, confronted the semicircle of eager faces and bowed his customary:
"Good afternoon, gentlemen."

and he married me a week after he met me. Then he got to hitting the pipe-opium. He had been hitting it before he married me.
You know, without my telling you, what that meant. Things went to pieces. He got me into the habit. We used to go to a place on the Poochow road. I guess it's still there. It was known as the House with the Red-lacquered Balcony, and it was run by a Portuguese we called Charlie.

As I said, things got worse. My husband's money gave out. He didn't have much, after all. Then I waited one morning in Charlie's place to find that I had been deserted. I never saw the man again until today when I went to see Miss Edith Mallon. I went to see her because I was down and out. I've been down and out a good many times. When Gardner left me in Shanghai, I had to work as a servant. I got back to the states by coming over as a lady's maid. I came to Washington to try for a position as an army nurse. Those are the facts.

Avery stopped reading and looked at Smith.
"That's her story, sir," the correspondent said.
The agitator addressed himself to Avery:
"It recalls nothing, absolutely nothing, to my mind," he said.
Those who heard him recognized the regret, the sadness, in his voice. There could be no doubt of the fact that he was sorry he could get nothing from the story. It was evident that his great desire was to get light on the matter from somewhere.
"Does she explain," Waller asked Avery, "why she is known as Mary Leslie if she is really Mrs. John Gardner?"
"Oh, of course, she explains it," Avery said carelessly. "It's the obvious explanation: She preferred to resume her maiden name."

Smith put one brief question:
"And the proof of this marriage?"
"She has no documentary evidence," Avery replied, "but she claims it was in Shanghai. Several news associations have cabled to Shanghai to get all that end of the story."
Waller explained to Smith:
"Under favorable conditions, we ought to get something from Shanghai in six or seven hours. It's 6 o'clock here now. It's 9 o'clock in the morning there. We ought to hear something tonight."
"That is," Avery modified, "if the men there find anything."

"Look here, Avery," Waller asked; "how did she strike you? Don't you know she was lying?"
Avery hesitated.
"You know," he said, "it's hard to tell when a woman like that is lying—or how much. And it struck me—I'm talking frankly now, Mr. Smith—that she must have some facts to go on. And the way she sticks to her story is immense. Five of us put her through a regular third degree, and she told always the same thing. She's firm—and, if she is lying, there's another Bernhard thrown away."

Smith bowed, making no comment.
"Is there anything else, gentlemen?" he inquired.
There was much else they wanted to know, but, realizing his helplessness, they filed out of the room. Each one of them was in a hurry. All of them knew that they were about to write the strangest, most fascinating story that had ever come to light in Washington. They were intent on the story as a story, and did not think much then of the probable effect of what they would write. It was their business to tell the news to the country, and they wanted to tell it in the best way possible.

Thanks to Waller and to Smith's own personality, the "best way possible," in their eyes, was to describe the agitator's suffering and to depict the day's events in a way that would create for him sympathy and support.
Waller lingered with him for a few minutes.
"I wish you'd tell me exactly how you feel about this thing," the newspaper man asked him.
"How do you mean?"
"I don't like to rush off and leave you here with all this work and the great burden of what the day has brought forth. I'd like to know just how you feel."
"I don't think I feel at all yet," Smith answered him, putting a hand on his shoulder. "I've been making a great effort to dissociate myself, personally, from it, to keep at the work. I can't trust myself yet to consider what it may mean to my personal happiness. And I'm afraid—a little afraid of what the country will say tomorrow."

"Let us attend to that," Waller cheered him. "You do the work—and you'll get by."
"At any rate," he concluded, "I would give almost anything in the world to walk this minutes into the house with the red-lacquered balcony on the Poochow road."
He dined alone that evening in a quiet little restaurant, where he knew he would not be annoyed by the curious. As he left the place, a man stepped up to him and

"I am his wife. My maiden name was Mary Leslie. I was born and brought up in Des Moines, Ia. His name is Jack Gardner. I don't know where he was born, but it was somewhere in the south, in Virginia, I think. We met in Shanghai. I had gone out there as a trained nurse. He had some money,

touched him on the arm. He stopped. His thoughts had been such as to make him welcome anybody he had never seen before. There was in his mind for an instant the hope that this stranger also might know something about him. A second glance showed that the man had been drinking.

"What can I do for you?" Smith responded to the touch on his arm and to the close scrutiny. The stranger was about 45 years of age, seedy as to his dress, unkempt as to his linen and cravat. In spite of the onslaughts alcohol had made on his appearance, there was in his face the hint of a bygone decency, the ghost of a real intellect. He was pudgy and short of stature.

"May I walk a little way with you?" he requested, his voice a little thick. "I can tell you some interesting things."
"By all means," the agitator agreed.
They fell into step together. It was a crisp, clear evening. Overhead the moon, dimming the street light, hung in a silver sash of fleecy clouds.

"I know who you are," the stranger began, "the prohibition leader. You can take a look at me and know who I am. I'm the Man Who Could Handle It. I belong to that noble army of sports who drink on a system and have whisky under perfect control."
He spoke in a vein of broad sarcasm, in tune with bitterness.

"That is, I used to be the Man Who Could Handle It. I now decorate the ranks of those who have gone down and out. As the Man Who Could Handle It, I was a star performer. My will power was beautiful to behold. My physique was impervious to all ills and pains. I could work and attend to business all the time—could do it just a little better with a few drinks under my belt. The alcohol was what my system needed. The drinks gave me a whole lot of bright ideas, and it made me sociable and popular."

He stopped a moment, full in the moonlight.
"You've heard that talk before haven't you?" he inquired solemnly.
"Many times," Smith assented, falling into step again.
"I felt a real scorn for the fellows who got drunk. I studied some of them quite closely. They were curiosities to me. The stuff was meant to be enjoyed, not abused. I thought the drunkards were swine. That went on for 10 years. For 10 years I was the Man Who Could Handle It. Other men admired me for it. One or two told me it would get me some day. I laughed at that. I was a genius. I could see all the others going either to the uncomfortable gutter or to the untimely grave, but I could not see how I would ever take either route. I watched the army of wrecks and knew I had something on them. You see, I could handle it."

His self-contempt grew.
"Then one night I got drunk. A year after that I waked up one morning and had to have a drink before I could eat breakfast. Right there occurred the full extinction of the Man Who Could Handle It; and there was born the Man Whom It Handled. That's a grand metamorphosis, my friend. You see I call you 'my friend.' Dissipation makes us familiar. A grand metamorphosis, I say, from the Man Who Could Handle It to the Man Whom It Handled. And you can take it from me that its handling is rough."

"Always," Smith emphasized. He was keenly interested in what the man had to say.
"I'm a type," the other continued. "You can find me in any of the cheap, dirty saloons or in any of the swell clubs. I belonged to a swell club once. However, we'll let that pass. Yes, you can find me in any of those places. There's a big army of me—an inspiring, lovely line of men with their efficiency gone, their livers hardened, their kidneys ruined, their brains foggy, their waistline too big, their reputations too little. They are the boys who could handle it. They're the fellows who despised the drunkards and the speers."
They had reached the entrance to Smith's office building, where they paused.

(Continued Next Week.)
A Cheaper and Better Way.
Giard, in the Philadelphia Public Ledger. Assuming that figures of the allies are correct, 5,000,000 men have died during the war. It has cost \$14,000 to kill each man. Properly invested, the money already spent on war would have yielded sufficient income to keep 6,000,000 boys and girls of the world in school and colleges for all time.
It would much more than support all the churches of the world until kingdom come.
Instead of permitting the royal ambitions of a few dynastic families to kill 5,000,000 men at such a cost wouldn't it be much cheaper for the rest of the forces to banish those half dozen monarchs?
The "rule of the road" for drivers in England is to drive to the left, while in the United States it is to the right.

FACTS ABOUT RUSSIA.

And now the sleeping giant has been awakened. The scales have fallen from his eyes. Bonds that have held a nation abject for centuries have been broken. Czar-ridden Russia is freed and henceforth the people upstanding will go about their duties as men free-born and not as slaves and serfs.

The glory of Russia is in her future. Her tasks are great and to be performed. However, the most difficult one, that of making a beginning, has been successfully achieved. This great empire and its people who have played too inconspicuous and too silent a part in the affairs of the world will now be seen and heard.

The Russian empire stretches over a vast territory in magnitude and variety 3,500,000 square miles, one-sixth of the land surface of the earth and nearly three times the area of the United States. The total length of the frontier line by land is 25,000 miles in Europe and 10,000 miles in Asia, and by sea is 15,000 miles in Europe and between 19,000 and 24,000 in Asia.

Within these vast boundaries there is a population of over 100,000,000, about 75 per cent of which, according to the Encyclopedia Britannica, are peasants. The rich soil of Russia is very capable of producing the grain supply for the entire world. Eighty-five per cent of the population are engaged in agriculture, yet the methods employed have been so primitive that only a bare living has been realized. The soil is also rich in minerals, and due to the tardy introduction of machinery and science these have merely begun to be developed. In European Russia great forests cover 50 per cent of the area, and in Asiatic Russia two-thirds of the area is covered by forests. These are the resources in magnitude and variety equaled by no other nation, are scarcely touched, nor are they fully conceived of by the mass of the Russian people.

The percentage of the population of Russia is very diverse, ranging above 85 per cent in some provinces. In Petrograd, the capital itself, half the population cannot read or write. The urban population is generally better educated. Including the whole empire considerably more than half the people are illiterate, though the educational system has made remarkable headway in Russia during the past few years.

There are no trustworthy figures as to the number of adherents of the different creeds. However, according to the census returns published in 1905 the eight leading creeds are given as follows:
Orthodox Greek and United church..... 87,122,604
Mohammedan..... 11,767,991
Roman Catholic..... 5,215,805
Jews..... 3,572,653
Lutheran..... 1,170,241
Armenian Christians..... 422,833
Buddhist..... 422,833

There are numerous other creeds with fewer adherents.
As this data indicates there are many nationalities in Russia. This diversity of nationalities is due to the amalgamation or absorption by the Russians of the Ural-Altai stock. In European Russia the Slavs are in a ratio to the other races combined of about three to one. However, in the other parts of the empire the Slavs are often outnumbered. This heterogeneity of the Russian people, coupled with the great amount of illiteracy among one of the plebeian classes, or justifying the heavy-handed rule of the Russian czars.

The Russian people have been slow, none the less surely, discovering themselves. The increased liberalism of Nicholas II toward the people, the modern improvement in education, the Russo-Japanese war, and Russia's experience in the present war—all these have been revelations for the Russians; they have felt their strength, which is the first condition of realizing it.
The Almanach de Gotha for 1910 describes the Russian empire as an autocratic czar. But the Encyclopedia Britannica, article Russia, says that this obvious criterion by which we judge of a monarchy is not so applicable to the Russian empire since the date, the fundamental laws of Russia described the power of the emperor as "autocratic and unlimited."
The Russian empire has been remodeled between the imperial manifesto of October 30 and the opening of the first duma on the 27th of April, 1905, the name and principle of autocracy was jealously preserved, though the word "unlimited" vanished.

And now the people have arisen to break the principle of autocracy itself, which from age could not easily bend. Again a government based upon the consent of the governed is to be formed by the people themselves and for themselves.

Not That Kind of War.
From the Milwaukee Journal.
The ingenious proposition to establish a special joint committee of congress on the conduct of the war is a gem which bears witness to the pork barrel intellect.
"This country is going to get a lot of money. It will be strange if there isn't something in it for the politicians." So runs the reasoning.
The citizen's duty is to let his congressman know that he doesn't want that kind of war. We don't want the kind of war that means our boys are sent to be mangled and bred in places of typhoid, because some state governor or other politician was allowed to say what site he would like to have chosen for the training camp hurried there to boost local markets.
We don't want the kind of war that feeds our boys on rotten supplies, because someone is using a political pull to furnish rotten supplies.
We don't want a war in which untrained boys are sent into battle, because we are not untrained officers, to fall while someone makes a grandstand play to help later on in the game of politics.
We want an American life. Yes, that has done in 1898, and that will be done again if congress succeeds in overturning the constitutional method of carrying on war through a method of committees.
Congressmen have to be told. A good many of them, as Wisconsin knows, either defy their constituents or are poor guessers. But remember that the man who wants something, whether it's a political war or a service to Germany, is letting his congressman and your congressman hear. The first battle is on now. Citizens who believe the president should be supported should tell their congressman today—or better, telegraph him—that you believe in the principle that all should share the burden, and that you want him to support the president.