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For Coughs, Colds and Catarrh


Mr. E. W. Marshall, Brampton, Michigan, suffering from Systemic Catarrh involving Head, Nose, Throat and Stomach, claims a complete cure. His letter is convincing.

"For the past two years I have been troubled with systemic catarrh. I used several boxes of Pe-ru-na tablets and they have effected a complete cure. I do not hesitate to recommend Pe-ru-na for all catarrhal conditions."

Mr. Marshall is just one of many thousands who have been benefited by Dr. Hartman's famous medicine in the past fifty years.

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Keep in the House Sold Everywhere



Keep Your Skin-Pores Active and Healthy With Cuticura Soap

Soap 25c, Ointment 25 and 50c, Talcum 25c.

Too Communicative.
"Clara holds her age well."
"Yes, but she tells everybody else's."
—Boston Transcript.

Lesser Evil.

"Why didn't you stop when I signaled you?" inquired the officer.

"Well," replied Mr. Chuggins, "I had taken me two hours to get this old flivver started, and it seemed a shame to stop her merely to avoid a little thing like being arrested."—Gate way Magazine.

After a man is about so old he begins to talk about what a fool he used to be.

Former Chicago Lawyer President of the Far Eastern Republic

H. V. V. Fay, in Asia Magazine,

To me the most interesting news that comes over the wires from the four corners of this turbulent world is that sent out of Siberia. Of all the names that figure in the dispatches, that of Krasnostchokoff, president of the Far Eastern republic, is perhaps least often mentioned. Yet, reading between the lines, I am aware that Krasnostchokoff is still very much on the job. For there is no question that the Far Eastern republic is a one-man enterprise. And Krasnostchokoff is the man.

In August, 1920, I was in Peking, making ready to cross Mongolia and Siberia to Moscow. There I heard the first rumors of the founding of the Far Eastern republic—an ostensibly capitalistic state to act as a buffer between soviet Russia and the world—principally Japan. The wires were hot with messages from Verkhne-Udinsk, the seat of the new government. First came a declaration of independence; then a statement of policy; then appeals to the world to curb the ambitious designs of the Japanese. They were all couched in perfect English and were signed simply "Stark."

Who was Stark? All Peking was agog to know. A short time previously, a lone American, one of those world roving free-lancers that so often turn up in the orient, had chugged out of one of the gates of Peking in a Ford. He said his name was Stark and that he was going to Siberia to drum up trade. Had this modern Don Quixote encountered real adventure, instead of windmills, and become the foreign minister of a new republic?

To find the answer, some one would have to motor across the Gobi and trek from Urga to Udinsk. Since the trip was long and arduous and there were many rumors of red terrors, it happened that my comrade and I, bound for Moscow, were the first men from the "outside" to find the answer to the riddle. . . .

The capitol, formerly the residence of a rich merchant, was a handsome, white pillared house in the center of the city on the main street. We were admitted into the outer office, where two stenographers pounded away on ancient typewriters. We disclosed the object of our visit to an agreeable little secretary, who after a hesitation took in our cards to the president of the Far Eastern republic.

"It's good to see Americans," he said in greeting us. "I lived for some time in the United States myself. Was a lawyer in Chicago. Practiced there for 15 years under the name of Tobelson."

I had heard much about Tobelson. He was one of many russians who had gone home from the United States at the time of the Kerensky revolution. Under the bolsheviks, he had risen to the presidency of the Far Eastern soviet, which then comprised a large part of the territory now included in the Far Eastern republic. Then, in the summer of 1918, came intervention. Troops of the allied nations poured into Vladivostok and hinterland. The red army of Siberia, ill-equipped and badly organized, was quickly dispersed. A month after the landing of the first of the foreign troops, the Far Eastern soviet was no more. And Tobelson, its chairman, had disappeared. . . .

"For months," Krasnostchokoff was saying, "I wandered as an outlaw, with Japanese money on my head." Then he told me how he had beat his way along the railroad as far as Irkutsk. There he figured in an unsuccessful uprising against the Kolchak government and was captured and imprisoned. He was not identified as the notorious Tobelson, however, and so escaped execution. In his wanderings, he had learned about Siberia many things that had escaped him in the law courts of Chicago; and while he vegetated in the Irkutsk prison, wondering whether typhus would claim him next, he had plenty of leisure for reflection. And out of his reflection crystallized the idea of an independent Far Eastern republic.

As we rose to go, I realized that there was one more mystery to be solved. "Who is Stark?" I asked.

"Oh, he runs the governmental news bureau."

"Is he responsible for the dispatches that came out Pe-ling?"

"Well, not exactly. You see, I write all state papers and foreign dispatches in the evening and have them translated into Russian, if necessary, on the following day."

So Krasnostchokoff was Stark as well as Tobelson! He went over to his desk and gave us the first number of a newspaper that he was publishing in English as a means of presenting the aims of the new republic to the world. Besides the declaration of independence, statements of policy and other official documents, it contained a couple of interviews with Krasnostchokoff himself on current problems. They were written in forceful, vivid English. We asked who the author was, and Krasnostchokoff replied, rather sheepishly, that he had written them himself.

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WRIGLEY'S Newest Creation

10 for 5c



A delicious peppermint flavored sugar jacket around peppermint flavored chewing gum.

Will aid your appetite and digestion, polish your teeth and moisten your throat.

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WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT WRIGLEY'S DOUBLEMINT WRIGLEY'S JULY FRUIT WRIGLEY'S COUPONS

The Flavor Lasts

A Suggestion.

Mrs. Scrapp—I've talked and talked to you until I am worn to a frazzle. Scrapp—Well, why not shut up for repairs?—Boston Transcript.

Cuticura Comforts Baby's Skin

When red, rough and itching with hot baths of Cuticura Soap and touches of Cuticura Ointment. Also make use now and then of that exquisitely scented dusting powder, Cuticura Talcum, one of the indispensable Cuticura Toilet Trio.—Advertisement.

Opposing Minds.

"Darling, I've made up my mind to stay at home."

"Too late, George—I've made up my face to go out."—The Bulletin (Sydney).

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* In Use for Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

France's standing army actually consists of 40,580 officers and 840,700 men.

A politician without patronage is like a cat without claws.


What's the Answer?

"Many people like to spend money where it will show."
"Yes, a great deal goes for silk hostelry."

LUCKY STRIKE CIGARETTES

It's toasted TO seal in the delicious Burley flavor

Once you've enjoyed the toasted flavor you will always want it



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Keep Clean

Internal cleanliness means health. Without forcing or irritating, Nujol softens the food waste. The many tiny muscles in the intestines can then easily remove it regularly. Absolutely harmless—try it.

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Removes Itch, Restores Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair

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Removes Corns, Calluses, etc., stops all pain, cures instantly in the foot, makes walking easy. Sold by all druggists.

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Colds	Headache	Rheumatism
Toothache	Neuralgia	Neuritis
Earache	Lumbago	Pain, Pain

Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proper directions.

Handy tin boxes of 12 tablets—Bottles of 24 and 100—All Druggists. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid

CARRIED SECRET TO GRAVE

Canadian Prospector Refused to Divulge Location Where Gold Copped Out.

A man who kept his secret to the end was the Canadian hunter Gilbertson. Sixty years ago, when he was making a canoe trip up the Wapshie river, the New York Evening Post states, he struck camp for the night near what later discoveries indicate must have been a large body of gold-bearing ore. Without knowing what this ornamental stone was, he took home a big piece to use for a door weight. A while after this a geologist who was visiting Gilbertson identified the ore, and a rush to stake claims along the Wapshie ensued. But the unwitting prospector would never tell where he made his great find. In later years he became insane and died, still refusing to reveal the location. This season a systematic search of that country is being made in hope of rediscovering "the Gilbertson lode."

Checking Up.

The sultan of Zanzibar and his wives have landed at Durban. We understand that the captain asked him to count them carefully, as mistakes could not be rectified after leaving the ship.—London Punch.

It Worked "Anyhow!"

Bobby will be six next month and is very proud of the fact, but he isn't much larger than a child of four.

The other day mother and daddy went to buy tickets to Detroit and found that youngsters more than five years of age had to have \$5 fare. So they went home and instructed Bobby to say: "I'll be five years old next month."

Bobby is wise and obedient. A few moments later mother heard him shouting in his high, sweet treble to his pal:

"Billy, do you know what you must say on the train when you go to Detroit? You must say when the man asks you: 'No, I'm not even going to be five until next month. I won't be six at all.'"—Indianapolis News.

And it is.

"Say, buddy, do you remember when we were over there, they used to tell us that when we get back nothing would be too good for us?"

"Sure, what about it?"

"Well, they told the truth."—The American Legion Weekly.

The surface soil of Florida is rich in phosphates.

Alfred the Great built England's first fleet in 878.

KEEPING HANDS CLEAN.

Soiled hands are responsible for a great deal of trouble. The surgeon and obstetrician have found this out and when they operate their hands are clean beyond reproach. Physicians who handle contagion may have found it out, but they do not always practice it. The balance of fall down very much worse.

An ordinary soap and water does considerable good, but is far from being a sterilizing procedure. In the first place we do not devote enough time to the rite. Observation shows that the average woman consumes 22 seconds in washing and drying her hands, the average man 44.4 seconds, and the average human, both sexes, 26.5 seconds—not enough time for a good job.

In the second place soap and water are clean, but not germicidal. Conover and Laird found that of all the antiseptic soaps they tried, and they worked with most of those in the market, the only soap with any degree of sterilizing power were those made with mercuric iodide. Even this soap was uneven in its antiseptic action, and after 50 washings an ordinary cake of it had very little of such power. Other experiments have had the same results with antiseptic soaps.

Having found soaps unsatisfactory, Conover and Laird tried the various hand antiseptic solutions. The very best one they found was a mixture of equal parts of chloric lime and boric acid. These two chemicals are mixed, ground into powder, and put in paraffin paper boxes or wrappers to hold the chlorine. Forty-five grains of this powder, or about a level teaspoonful, is dissolved in a quart of water. This solution must be used within three hours. It loses its sterilizing power after 30 people have used a pan of it or one person has used it 30 times. The solution must not come in contact with metal.

Ordinarily the hands are sterile after soaking in this for 15 seconds, but a one minute exposure is advised.

If the chlorine odor on the hands is objected to, a light washing in dilute ammonia water or dilute vinegar water will remove it.

All sorts of phenol solutions as hand washes were found to be too slow in their antiseptic action. Bichloride of mercury solutions and formalin solutions were too hard on the skin. A 1 per cent. copper sulphate solution gave promising results. The authors are not certain as to its efficiency and refused to indorse it, at least until they have experimented further. Antiseptic skin varnishes did not prove satisfactory. The materials to make the chloride of lime and boric acid mixture cost 45 cents for each two pounds.

Moontlight.

When I lie awake in the silent night
And the clock ticks loud in the hall,
A brush that is dipped in silver light
Paints pictures rare on my wall;
Dark clustering leaves are sharply etched,
And delicate tangles of vines,
Faces of dryads and fauns are sketched
And feathery branches of pines.

The night wind blows and the dryads dance,
And the pointed hoofs of the fauns
In and out of the shadowed glance
On the turf of the woodland lawn,
And the snowy arms of a maid shine
From the foam of a waterfall,
For the man in the moon is an artist
And draws on my chamber wall.
—Minna Irving, in New York Herald.

It is too bad that the American Legion party which recently went to France on a pilgrimage to the battlefields should have been disturbed by a quarrel within its ranks. It may be that the France of today is too peaceful for them.

The Farmer's Car.

From the Milwaukee Journal.

A financial writer says the agricultural implement business has been injured by the diversion of the farmer's capital into other channels. He mentions the farmer's automobile, and explains that "it is a part of the extravagance in which Americans of all classes have indulged since the war began." Upkeep and operation of farmers' automobiles he estimates at \$500,000,000, whereas the amount spent per year for machinery and tools does not exceed \$500,000,000. "This," he concludes, "is a comparison of luxuries and necessities that does not look well. That the country can stand such things is evidence of its strength and promise of future prosperity among the farmers if they will take a little different view of a pleasure trip to the village as compared with one of those excursions up and down the field with a plow."

How do folks get that way? "Americans of all classes" have indulged in luxuries. Is it, then, because the farmer was the only one to take all his losses when the market fell? He must be read a sermon about "taking a little different view."

The common sense of it is that the farmer's car is just as much a part of his equipment as his self-binder. He can reap with a cradle, but the time waste must be paid for. He can take all morning for an errand to town, but the ploughing will wait. Even if his car wasn't one of the farmer's tools, he has a right to it. It changes the whole social life of rural communities as nothing that anyone could think of when President Roosevelt called his conference on rural life could have done. It takes away the isolation that wore on the souls of men and women.

Suppose the financial authority should "take a little different view" and suggest that it is evidence that the world will be able to go on eating that the farmer can have the automobile to increase the advantages of the country and slow up the movement to the city, which is still strong to be regarded with complacency.

It's a good thing the farmer has a sense of humor. Otherwise he might resent a good deal that is written about him instead of realizing that it is only a proof of his importance to his brethren.

The "old guard" of New York state is booming Governor Miller for the republican nomination for president in 1924. The same crowd has boomed many other governors, including Frank S. Black and Charles S. Whitman, who, by the way, never became presidents, and they opposed President Roosevelt. Precedent indicates that Miller will never enter the White House save as a visitor.

A German newspaper suggests that Germany exile all of her willom princes, especially the Hohenzollerns and Wittelsbachs. It is a sensible suggestion, since at present there seems danger of an attempt to restore the monarchy. Yet there is the possibility that if the former royalties be treated harshly it may arouse the spark of fealty to their quondam rulers, a spark which still smolders in many a German breast. It is hard to extinguish a flame which has burned through many centuries.

Certainly!

From Chicago Journal of Commerce.

After all's said, women have as much right and reason to wear rolleddown stockings as men have to wear rolleddown trousers.

The Man Who Said:
"The proof of the pudding is in the eating"—
was only half through


He started a good pudding-proof, but he didn't finish it.

There's a lot of trouble in the world from puddings that taste good but don't do good.

They "eat" well, but that ends the recommendation.

Sanitariums are full of pudding-eaters who stopped the test at taste and forgot to inquire whether their food gave the body what it needed—until the body rebelled.

Grape-Nuts is a food that tastes good and does good. The proof of Grape-Nuts begins in the eating and goes on through the splendid service which Grape-Nuts renders as a real food. Grape-Nuts is the perfected goodness of wheat and malted barley—delicious to taste, easy to digest, and exceptionally rich in nourishment for body and brain.



"There's a Reason" for Grape-Nuts