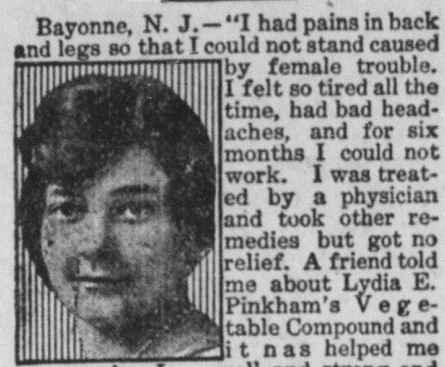


SIX MONTHS I COULD NOT WORK

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Made Me Strong and Able to Work—I Recommend It To All My Friends.



Bayonne, N. J.—"I had pains in back and legs so that I could not stand caused by female trouble. I felt so tired all the time, had bad headaches, and for six months I could not work. I was treated by a physician and took other remedies but got no relief. A friend told me about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and it has helped me very much. I am well and strong and now able to do my work. I cannot thank you enough and I recommend your medicine to my friends who are sick."—Mrs. SUSIE SACATANSKY, 25 East 17th St., Bayonne, N. J.



Vaseline CARBOLATED
PETROLEUM JELLY

A clean counter irritant for scratches, cuts, etc. Healing and antiseptic REFUSE SUBSTITUTES

CHESEBROUGH MFG. CO.
(CONSOLIDATED)
State Street New York

Now the Neighbors Can Sleep. "Has your dog license expired?" "Yes, and so has the dog."—Boston Transcript.

DEWS OF EVE

No More Gentle Than "Cascarets" for the Liver, Bowels

It is just as needless as it is dangerous to take violent or nasty cathartics. Nature provides no shock absorbers for your liver and bowels against calomel, harsh pills, sickening oil and salts. Cascarets give quick relief without injury from constipation, biliousness, indigestion, Gases and Sick Headache. Cascarets work while you sleep, removing the toxins, poisons and sour, indigestible waste without gripping or inconvenience. Cascarets regulate by strengthening the bowel muscles. They cost so little too.—Adv.

Anyway, the rolling stone doesn't get into the mossback class.

Why That Backache?

Why be miserable with a bad back? You can't be happy if every bad day brings lameness: sharp, shooting pains and a dull, nagging ache. Likely the cause is weak kidneys. You may have headaches and dizzy spells, too, with a weak, tired feeling. Don't delay. Try Doan's Kidney Pills. They have done wonders in thousands of such cases. Ask your neighbor!

A Maryland Case

Mrs. Harry Cresmer, Thomas St., Bel Air, Md., says: "I suffered from dull pains across my back and a dragging down feeling through my hips. When I stooped I got dizzy and frequently had severe headaches. My feet and hands swelled and my feet ached. After using Doan's Kidney Pills my back stopped aching and my kidneys became normal."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 60c a Box
DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

When You Need a Good Tonic Take BABEK

THIS QUICK AND SURE CURE FOR Malaria, Chills, Fever and Grippe
CONTAINS NO QUININE
ALL DRUGGISTS or by Parcel Post, prepaid from Kiczewski & Co., Washington, D. C.
A. B. C. GUIDE for horseman, drivers. Causes, symptoms, cure of diseases. Proved recipes, stable secrets. Postpaid 25c. Horsekeepers Handbook Co., 47 Belmont Pk., Montreal, Can.

PROBLEMS FACING STRICKEN WORLD

Shall Chaos or Reconstruction in Europe Follow the Great World War?

RUSSIA'S LONG, BLACK NIGHT

Little Wonder People of That Unhappy Land Are Blinded by Freedom's Light After Four Centuries of Suffering.

Article XV

By FRANK COMERFORD.

For nearly four hundred years Russia waited for morning. It was a terrible night. Brutal dreams tortured her. She writhed in despair. Time moved slowly. The clock ticked agonies. The air was thick with groans. Motherhood bore slaves. The cradle was a coffin. Feast days were celebrated by massacres. Czars from Ivan the Terrible, 1544, to Nicholas, the last of the Romanoffs, executed in 1918, used the bodies and souls of human beings as manure to fertilize the soil in which the rank weed of imperialism grew. History calls them emperors, truth labels them brutes, torturers, murderers. They bore the brand of Cain.

It was a lightless day, a hopeless night, for Russia, which began with the curses of Ivan and ended with the execution of Nicholas. During this night of three hundred and seventy-five years they marched the treadmill. The world heard the endless tramp of feet. In the dark, great bodies swayed with weariness. Heavy shoulders were bent forward. Strong legs marked time on the treadmill steps. They kept time to the lash of the whip. It laid bare their backs, the backs of young and old, of women and children as well as men. Sweat formed into red froth as it mingled with their blood. They grew blind in the dungeon darkness. They stumbled and halted, only to be called back to the monotony and drudgery of the tramp by the lash and the bludgeon. Their legs rose and fell—they marched, but never forward. It was left, right, left, right; tramp, tramp, and always on the treadmill steps in the hopeless dark. They mumbled prayers, but God could not hear, the curses of their masters drowned out their petitionings. It was so dark in the treadmill that even God could not see, and so God forgot Russia. Forgotten, abandoned, they bent their great weary backs toward the sod, the grave offered rest—it was kind. The only thing they owned was their pains. They lived a communism of suffering, a socialism of slavery.

The revolution of 1917 battered down the door of the treadmill. Seized with wild joy, they madly rushed toward the light. When they got out in the open, saw the sky and sun, they were bewildered. In the fury of a new delight they rushed on. It isn't strange, it is pathetic, that eyes blinded by ages of darkness blinked in the light. It isn't surprising that they tried to reach the center of the sun. Suffering in the light is different from suffering in the black the Russians knew.

When their eyes became accustomed to the light they looked around them to see where they were—to learn what had been happening in the strange, beautiful world.

Tremendous Task Before Them. They had a task before them, the building of a free man's house, a house in the light, a house without a dark corner. They knew little about freedom, except that they wanted it with all their hearts. Their experience had been with slavery. They knew little about the practical work of building a house in which freedom might live pure and secure.

They saw civilization with the eyes of a surgeon. They gasped when they saw that its body was covered with a malignant sore. It was an ugly, festering, running, growing sore. They learned its name. It was written in the loudest of chronicles—it was the incurable, horrible leprosy of the world. It was cancer—POVERTY. They were told that it was the cause of the nasty thing religion labeled sin, that poverty had transformed Christ images struck in clay into hunch-backed souls, that the sickening matter running from sores caused the red blotches on the world's body known as red-light districts; that other effects were the swollen blackish blue boils, the tenements and slums. They shuddered. Even the darkness of the treadmill had not produced worse.

They learned about poverty. They read its autobiography. In it they read how it had robbed children of their childhood, erased faith from the minds of men, mobilized women in dreadful traffic. They learned that much of the thing called crime was poverty's work, that normality and morality are matters of education. That to be good requires knowledge of right and wrong. They read that statesmen called poverty THE PROBLEM. Reformers called it a curse and became unpopular because of their persistent attacks upon it. In the verdict of a thoughtless world those who fought poverty were called long-haired men and short-haired women. People did not stop to remember that these long-haired men and short-haired women gave of their time and strength

to the poor. These who were maligned for following in the footsteps of the first Lover of the Poor were those who cried out against the tenements, demanding for human beings the sunshine and air gentlemen give their stock. These unpopular ones were the same who brought tea to keep milk cool in the hot summer for the children of the slums; these were the crusaders against child labor, the protestants against compelling the women who bear the children of the race to work so many hours each day that exhaustion marred and marked the physical and mental strength of children.

So it was that these redeemed, freed children of Russia learned of the cancer and feared it as much as the thing they had escaped.

None Able to Check Disease. They beheld old-school politicians acting as doctors to sick civilization. These doctors, miscalled statesmen, were agreed as to the cause of the disease and that the symptoms threatened death. Many prescriptions had been given the patient, but none seem to check the disease. These prescriptions had been various formulas of government, the constitutional monarchy, a democracy, a republic. The giving of these various treatments failed to effect a cure. Civilization continued to suffer. At times pain became unendurable and the doctors gave local anesthetics. These were the laws, included under the general designation "Social Welfare Legislation." They made the patient temporarily more easy. They allayed pain that might otherwise have produced convulsions—Revolution.

And then these Russian people, studying the new world into which they had so recently come, discovered that many of these political doctors were quacks, they were unreplicable and dishonest. They were more interested in their own fortunes than the fate of the patient. They imposed upon the people who hired and trusted them. Their time and thought was taken up in holding their jobs, rather than in doing their work. That the schools of political medicine, called political parties, responsible for these doctors, were diploma mills, graft rings. That some of the people suspected these physicians of being interested in keeping the patient sick and were not making an honest effort to cure. It had even been rumored that there are people in the world who make profit out of poverty; that special privilege is the powerful proffer of our day.

Turned to Old Theory. Plato had spoken about another remedy way back in the fourth century before Christ. So had Marx. An untried remedy—a theory. Its object was to cure poverty. The Russians, seeing that the remedies in common use had failed, turned their thoughts to this old remedy which had never been tried. At least it had not failed; this was in its favor. It was an experiment, to be sure, but "Nothing ventured, nothing gained." Many argued that it could not more completely fail than the prescriptions at present in use.

And with the fall of imperialism there came into Russia one who had been exiled. For many years he had been a teacher and preacher of the untried remedy. Russia saw in him a savior. He came with a message. He said that communism would keep them free, make them happy. They listened, they believed. They were as little children, so great was their faith. To them a promise was a truth fulfilled, the word a covenant; and the promise was that peasants would have their own land, that working men would be their own bosses. It was the word they had waited for, the realization of the dreams they had dreamed in the dark treadmill. The Prophet had come. They rejoiced and cried, "Long live the new Messiah." No one sacrilegiously questioned the practicability of the dream. Every one forgot the common, controlling instinct of man—selfishness. Maybe in the intense general selfishness individual selfishness could not be seen.

The man was Lenin—the message Communism.
(Copyright, 1926, Western Newspaper Union)

Food Smuggling in Germany. Illicit trade in food, with its attendant evils of smuggling and usury, is on the increase throughout Germany, according to newspaper accounts.

The rationing system has never been abandoned even in the occupied areas of the Rhineland, and some of the newspapers contend that the average individual can not subsist on the amount of food issued. The authorities are making every effort to check the illegal traffic in foods of all kinds, and the courts are crowded day after day.

Smuggling of potatoes is being carried on this winter in all parts of Germany on a scale greater than in war time. Germany produced an excellent potato crop this year, and the authorities are trying to save it from falling into the hands of the speculators.

Industrial Italy Awakening. One great stride toward freeing industrial Italy from its dependence upon its supplies of iron ore and steel is announced. This consists in the acquisition of the rights of a big Austrian mining company hitherto known as the Alpine Montan Gesellschaft. These rights comprise control of one of the largest steel-producing districts in Europe. From its foundries at Erzberg in Styria alone the annual pre-war output exceeded 1,000,000 tons of finest quality steel. Experts estimate that the mine there can be worked advantageously for at least 200 years to come.

Another Royal Suggestion

COOKIES and SMALL CAKES

From the NEW ROYAL COOK BOOK

WHEN the children romp in hungry as young bears, here are some wholesome, economical delights that will not only be received with glee, but will satisfy the most ravenous appetite in a most wholesome manner.

Cookies
 1/2 cup shortening
 2 cups sugar
 1/2 cup milk
 2 eggs
 1/2 teaspoon grated nutmeg
 1 teaspoon vanilla extract or grated rind of 1 lemon
 4 cups flour
 2 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder

Cream shortening and sugar together; add milk to beaten eggs and beat again; add slowly to creamed shortening and sugar; add nutmeg and flavoring; add 2 cups flour sifted with baking powder; add enough more flour to make stiff dough. Roll out very thin on floured board; cut with cookie cutter, sprinkle with sugar, or put a raisin or a piece of English walnut in the center of each. Bake about 12 minutes in hot oven.

Cocoa Drop Cakes
 4 tablespoons shortening
 1 cup sugar
 1 egg
 1/2 cup milk
 1 1/2 cups flour
 2 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
 1/2 cup cocoa
 1/2 teaspoon salt
 1 teaspoon vanilla extract

Cream shortening; add sugar and well-beaten egg; beat well and add milk slowly; sift flour, baking powder, salt and cocoa into mixture; stir until smooth, add vanilla. Put one tablespoon of batter into each greased muffin tin and bake in moderate oven about 20 minutes. Cover with boiled icing.

Orange Cakes
 4 tablespoons shortening
 1 cup sugar
 1 cup milk
 2 eggs
 2 cups flour
 2 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
 1/4 teaspoon salt
 1 teaspoon orange extract
 1/2 teaspoon rind of orange

Cream shortening; add sugar slowly, beating well; add milk a little at a time; then add well-beaten egg; sift flour, baking powder and salt together and add to mixture; add flavoring and grated orange rind; mix well. Bake in greased shallow tin, or individual cake tins, in hot oven 15 to 20 minutes. When cool cover with orange icing.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure

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 Just off the press and finer than ever before. This new Royal Cook Book containing 400 delightful recipes, will be sent to you free if you will send your name and address.
 ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO.,
 115 Fulton Street,
 New York City

"Bake with Royal and be Sure"

If a man knows he is in the wrong he can afford to get angry.

No really good complexion comes out in the wash.

To Have a Clear Sweet Skin.
 Touch pimples, redness, roughness or itching, if any, with Cuticura Ointment, then bathe with Cuticura Soap and hot water. Rinse, dry gently and dust on a little Cuticura Talcum to leave a fascinating fragrance on skin. Everywhere 25c each.—Adv.

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

Removes Red Ink Stains.
 To remove red ink stains from table linen spread freshly made mustard over the stain and leave about one-half hour. Then sponge off and all trace of ink will have gone.

Further Information Desired.
 "Thomas Corlyle once said," remarked Professor Pate, "that the motto marked upon our foreheads, written on our doorposts, channeled in the earth and wafted upon the waves is and must be, 'Labor is honorable and idleness dishonorable.'"
 "Well, what is the rest of it?" snapped old Festus Pester. "Didn't he add—for the other fellow—or something of the kind?"—Kansas City Star.

Star-Spangled British Product.
 It came recently to the attention of the American chamber of commerce in London that a British firm was using the American flag and words and phrases indicating American origin for the advertising, container and bottle labels of a wholly British preparation. Communication of this fact to the British board of trade saw all traditions of departmental red tape shattered when the board of trade rang up by telephone instead of following the usual formal tortuous channels of communication. After obtaining further particulars the firm concerned was called to account and has agreed to refrain from the objectionable practice in future.—The Nation's Business.

World's Sleepiest Tramp.
 A widely known character, one Julius Mercier, called "the sleeping tramp," has been arrested in Versailles, according to the Manchester Guardian. This occasion he is charged with the theft of rabbits.
 The morning before his arrest he was found on the Grand route by a carter in a deep sleep, from which all efforts of the latter failed to awake him. In the police station he woke up for a few minutes, then fell asleep again. It was found absolutely impossible to arouse him from slumber, and he was sent to a hospital, where he continues in the same state.
 Neither drunkenness nor lethargic encephalitis have anything to do with this curious case of one who must take high rank among the tired fraternity.

Grasshopper Bait.
 A year ago the grasshopper ate up nearly \$100,000,000 worth of our winter wheat. Science at once set about devising some scheme to control this pest. They mixed a concoction, on an enormous scale, known as "grasshopper bait," making 4,505 tons of it, or enough to fill 183 large railroad cars. To mix this bait they used 500,000 lemons, eighty-three tons of white arsenic and other ingredients in similar proportion. The bait was then scattered over a great area in Kansas. The grasshoppers ate it freely with the expected result. This year there are no grasshoppers in Kansas.—Boys' Life.

25 Cents

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a big package of

POSTUM CEREAL

weighing over a pound, net.
What are you paying for coffee?