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For Catarrh Coughs Colds

TABLETS OR LIQUID

**GOULDS PUMPS AND WATER SYSTEMS**

Write for booklet D giving details of our complete line of electric and engine-driven pumps and water systems for every need.

The Goulds Manufacturing Co., Seneca Falls, N. Y.

Many of our worst troubles are those which we expect but never happen.

**CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP IS CHILD'S BEST LAXATIVE**



**HURRY MOTHER!** Even a fretful, peevish child loves the pleasant taste of "California Fig Syrup" and it never fails to open the bowels. A teaspoonful today may prevent a sick child tomorrow.

Ask your druggist for genuine "California Fig Syrup" which has directions for babies and children of all ages printed on the bottle. Mother! You must say "California" or you may get an imitation fig syrup.

**Mothers, Do This—**

When the Children Cough, Rub Musterole on Throats and Chests

No telling how soon the symptoms may develop into croup, or worse. And then you're glad you have a jar of Musterole at hand to give prompt relief. It does not blister.

As first aid, Musterole is excellent. Thousands of mothers know it. You should keep a jar ready for instant use.

It is the remedy for adults, too. Relieves sore throat, bronchitis, tonsillitis, croup, stiff neck, asthma, neuralgia, headache, congestion, pleurisy, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and aches of back or joints, sprains, sore muscles, chilblains, frosted feet and colds of the chest (it may prevent pneumonia).

To Mothers: Musterole is also made in milder form for babies and small children. Ask for Children's Musterole.

35c and 65c. jars and tubes.



Sensible men are deaf to unjust criticism.

Sore eyes, blood-shot eyes, watery eyes, sticky eyes, all healed promptly with nightly applications of Roman Eye Balm. Adv.

A man has a right to his ideals, but not to force others to live up to them.

**CORNS**

Lift Off—No Pain!



Doesn't hurt one bit! Drop a little "Freezone" on an aching corn. Instantly that corn stops hurting, then shortly you lift it right off with fingers. Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of "Freezone" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes and the foot calluses, without soreness or irritation.

**LEE SONG, THE CHINESE HATCHET-BOY**

By ALBERT W. TOLMAN

(Copyright by Short Story Pub. Co.)

LEE SONG, squatting at midnight in a back seat of the smoker, drowsily inhaled the warm fumes of his cigarette, as he blinked through the lamp-light on the lines of sleeping men sprawled along the sides of the car. His face, round, unwrinkled, guileless, proclaimed him an ordinary inoffensive Chinaman.

Under Lee's feet lay his straw extension case. It contained a Testament and several Chinese tracts, but also the tools of his trade—a bulldog revolver, a long, narrow knife and a stout cord.

A poor workman quarrels with his tools—but Lee Song never quarrelled with his. The cord was new and unfrayed, the knife ground keen, and every chamber of the seven-shooter loaded. It was Lee's attention to details, joined with certain other admirable qualities, that had made him the foremost hatchet-boy of the Lu Kwen Tong.

Lee Song was an artist, either at premeditated assassination or impromptu murder. In his make-up was nothing spectacular, no boasting or bravado. Pistol-butt and knife-haft showed no notches—but he never failed to get his man.

When the Tong sends Lee Song after you, you are as good as dead already, and may as well get measured for your coffin.

On this special night the hatchet-boy was bound for a certain city to send a laundryman named Billy Wing to sleep beside his fathers. Why the Tong wanted Billy killed was immaterial to Lee. His business was simply to obey, to strike like lightning, like lightning to disappear.

The job, promised to be a simple one. Lee smoked dreamily. His soul was at peace, save when he thought of his only son, who had died a month before. Every time the little white casket rose before Lee's eyes a devil who stood beside him night and day ran a sharp dagger into his heart. So often had the devil done this that the spot was very sore.

All night he journeyed, sleeping and waking, and at early dawn came to the city where lived Billy Wing.

There were few Chinese in the place, and Lee easily found Billy's laundry. Entering, he made the opium-smuggler's sign to the proprietor, who was wrapping up a shirt for a customer. Billy signaled back, his eyes glittering. After the customer went out, he asked eagerly:

"When?"

"Tonight at ten," answered Lee. Men who smoke opium should not incur the Tong's displeasure.

The hatchet-boy ran an experienced eye over the laundry, sizing it up for the kill and the get-away. Ah, yes, that back room! The job over, he could slie his false queue, shift his clothes, and slip out of town on a freight like a common American tramp.

As he started out of the door, a little Chinese boy slipped in. The devil stabbed Lee sharply in the sore spot, for the lad was about five, just the age his own son had been. The hatchet-man's heart warmed toward him, and he turned back. Billy was upbraiding the child for being late.

"Son of a pig!" he screamed shrilly. "Where have you been so long?"

With a buffet he sent him reeling into a corner. The little fellow picked himself up without a whimper, and disappeared into the back room, rubbing his head. Lee's fingers drew up toward something in his sleeve. He wished it were ten o'clock at night now.

"Tis Jing, the son of my brother, who died with his wife of the fever last spring," explained Billy. "Would the boy had died with them. He is not worth the food he eats or the clothes he wears. I can save no money while he is with me."

Lee replied nothing. Billy was going that night where money would not be needed.

All that day the hatchet-boy lurked in the outskirts of the city. He thought much of little Jing, and of Billy's cruelty to him, and the spot over his heart was very sore. But he could not kill the laundryman, until he received final orders, at seven that night, from the Tong.

Promptly on the hour he was at the post office. The general delivery clerk handed him a letter containing a white sheet, entirely blank. Its upper right-hand corner showed a slight nail-mark. This was made by the right forefinger of the chief of the Tong. It signified that Billy should live.

they known what lay hid in the secret pocket up his broad sleeve. It was half-past ten before he tapped on the laundry door. Billy opened it quickly.

"You are late," grunted he resentfully. He did not enjoy being cheated of his smoke.

"Be content," smiled Lee Song. "You shall have enough presently."

In a box in the back room Jing lay asleep, curled up like a kitten. Billy did not even look at him. Out of his sleeve he shook two packets of opium.

"Try this, before you buy," said he; and Billy snatched it greedily.

Each produced his pipe, and they began to smoke.

For the first five minutes between whiffs, Billy talked of Canton; for the second five he spoke occasionally in monosyllables; the third five, he smoked in silence; suddenly the pipe twitched from his fingers, and he tumbled back on the bunk. Surely, it was strong opium.

Lee Song, watching him cat-like, laid down his own pipe, and stood up. The time had come for Billy to join his fathers.

There are pistol-jobs, and knife-jobs and rope-jobs. This was to be a rope-job. From his sleeve Lee produced a cord. Skilfully slipping it round Billy's neck, he rolled him over on his face.

Crossing the rope-ends the hatchet-boy grasped one firmly in each hand. His arms stiffened. A strong, steady pull would soon do the business. But Billy snored peacefully on.

Lee Song's gorge rose. Disgust possessed him; not pity, for hatchet-boys know no pity. It was a job for a novice, a bungler, unworthy a finished artist.

"Bah!" he grunted. "It is too easy. I kill men, not pigs."

Contemptuously pulling out the cord he rolled Billy over again on his back. Then he stepped to the box where Jing lay curled, and shook him lightly.

"Come," he said.

The boy started up, looked at him a moment in sleepy wonder, then unhesitatingly stretched out his arms. The hatchet-man lifted him, and passed into the night.

Two hours later Lee Song sat in the corner of the smoking car, bound for the great city. In his arms lay Jing, fast asleep, one hand tightly clasping Song's right forefinger, that terrible finger which had sent so many Chinamen to join their fathers.

The hatchet-boy looked down on the little black head in the hollow of his arm. He pressed the limp, thin body against his breast, and felt the quick-beating heart and the gentle breathing. His room in Mott street would be brighter with this little fellow playing in it.

A wave of strange tenderness swept over Lee Song. Again the devil stabbed him, but his dagger was blunted. The sore place did not hurt so much. His lips were silent, but in his heart he said:

"It is good to have a little boy."

**Made Up Her Mind to Show Those Jacksons**

In earlier days of eastern Indiana, when the community physician acted as dentist, surgeon and sage, it was not infrequently that his knowledge of the personal prejudices of families served him well, the Indianapolis News remarks.

It is recalled by an early physician's son that his father told often of how a cure was effected by a remark that now would come under psychological classification. Mrs. B—, a member of a family known for its strength of character, which then was called by neighbors, "plain contrariness," was ill and had given up recovery. The family happened to have an inherent dislike for all members of another family. The physician wisely thought of a plan.

"Nancy," he said the next time he called on the woman who refused to get well, "I was talking to Bill Jackson today and told him you were pretty sick. He said: 'That's the way with them B—s, they are always dyin' off.'"

"You just tell Bill Jackson," she said hotly, sitting up in her bed, "that there ain't nothin' the matter with Nancy B— and that the B—s ain't no race to lay down and die like the Jacksons are."

It is recorded in the case that Nancy soon arose from her bed and lived in good health to an advanced age.

**Lovely Arithmetic**

A girl complained to her male companion that she didn't like arithmetic. She couldn't understand it and didn't see the use of it. The young man said he would teach her.

"Now," said he. "I kiss you three times on one cheek and four times on the other. How many does that make?"

"Seven," whispered the girl, disengaging herself to breathe more freely.

"Well, that is arithmetic."

"Dear me," said the girl. "I didn't think it could be made such a pleasant study."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

**Pot From Ancient Copper**

Charles M. Forsberg of Williamsport, Pa., has in his possession a coffee pot made of copper more than 400 years old. He made the pot from copper taken from the roof of the cathedral of St. Peter, in Rome, about 42 years ago, at which time replacement of some of the copper was undertaken after it had served nearly 400 years. The roof had been on since the building of the cathedral, in 1503. Commenting on the copper roof, he says that the perfectly made joints indicated that the ancient roofers who did the work were thorough craftsmen.

**The AMERICAN LEGION**

(Copy for This Department Supplied by the American Legion News Service.)

**PUBLIC GENEROUS IN GIVING TO FUND**

Marked success is being met with in the public appeal for the American Legion \$5,000,000 endowment fund for the disabled and the orphans of the World war. Legionnaires and the general public are giving generously of time, effort and money to the fund.

Many posts are raising their local quotas for the fund in a day or two of effort. At Corydon, Ind., Commander C. A. Keller and his post service officer raised the quota of \$350 in two afternoons by their own efforts. Evansville, Ind., home of State Chairman Marcus S. Sonntag, raised nearly its entire quota of more than \$15,000 in three days.

Indiana was the first state to make the public appeal. The mine disaster at Sullivan, Ind., in which 51 men lost their lives shortly before the campaign, drove close home to the people of that state the need of such work for the disabled and the orphans as the Legion is doing and as the fund is intended to maintain. Kentucky was the second state to start the campaign, following a three-night radio barrage.

Westfield, Ind., resorted to an interesting device in raising its quota of \$250. A Legionnaire remembered that there were precisely 250 pockets in the machine gun belts used by the Germans in the war. The belt was placed conspicuously in a store window. As contributions came in, the pockets were stuffed with dollar bills. The quota was quickly completed.

Senator William B. McKinley of Illinois was the first person to make a large individual contribution to the fund. Ellet. Wayland Brooks, D. S. C., and Michael J. Cullen, D. S. C., presented the appeal for the endowment to the senator. They suggested that he contribute \$2,000. He handed them a check for \$5,000. Brooks and Cullen are members of the Combat Medal Men's association of Chicago, which was the first organization in Illinois to contribute.

A Chicago newspaper feature column recently ran this:

"I believe," says the 'I Believe' card of the American Legion in its drive for a \$5,000,000 endowment fund, 'that the orphan children of those who made the supreme sacrifice for America are entitled to the same chance in life which they would have received had not their fathers given their lives to the nation.' That's pretty easy to believe. But believing isn't enough. We want to do something besides just believing. Therefore—now watch us closely, American Legion—we do here and now gedunk \$100 into said endowment fund. Splash!"

Tennessee's first contribution came from Canada. It was a check for \$50 from Philip N. Libby of Lemiskaming, Province of Quebec. Libby is a former member of Hammond post, Kingsport, Tenn.

Many governors and former governors are interesting themselves actively in the endowment movement in their respective states: Among the honorary chairmen chosen are: Gov. Austin Peay, Tennessee; Gov. Henry L. Fuqua, Louisiana; former Gov. Thomas C. McRae, Arkansas; Gov. W. W. Brandon, Alabama; Gov. Clifford M. Walker, Georgia, joint honorary chairman with Chancellor David C. Barrow, University of Georgia. Among the active chairmen are: Gov. E. W. Morgan, West Virginia; former Gov. Thomas E. Kilby, Arkansas; former Gov. Hugh M. Dorsey, Georgia.

At a recent conference of the national executive committee of the American Legion, the committee endorsed the movement for the publication of a popular history of the United States, which will be non-partisan and non-sectarian and will have the backing of more than 300 history experts. The editor is Charles F. Horne of New York university, late of the A. E. F. The purpose is to do away with sectionalism in the teaching of history. Legionnaires point out that today there are hundreds of histories, and children in different sections of the country are being taught history colored by local prejudice, the versions exactly contradicting each other.

**Open Coffin to Take Buddy's Finger Prints**

A coffin was opened recently at Pueblo, Colo., just as the grave yawned to receive it, to get the finger prints of a former service man to accompany his application for adjusted compensation. Friends of John McNichol, of Durango, Colo., were grouped about the grave when an automobile drove up and a group of American Legion men stepped from it. They made known their request, which was complied with.

During his last hours McNichol's friends made out his application papers for compensation. He was so weak that he could only affix a scrawled mark to the papers in the presence of witnesses. At the last minute it was discovered that his finger prints had not been obtained and the posthumous finger prints were taken.

**To Bar Sectionalism in Teaching History**

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**Thousands Have Kidney Trouble and Never Suspect It**

Applicants for Insurance Often Rejected

Judging from reports from druggists who are constantly in direct touch with the public, there is one preparation that has been very successful in overcoming these conditions. The mild and healing influence of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root is soon realized. It stands the highest for its remarkable record of success.

An examining physician for one of the prominent Life Insurance Companies, in an interview of the subject, made the astonishing statement that one reason why so many applicants for insurance are rejected is because kidney trouble is so common to the American people, and the large majority of those whose applications are declined do not even suspect that they have the disease. Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root is on sale at all drug stores in bottles of two sizes, medium and large.

However, if you wish first to test this great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper.

**Physique Value**

When Frank A. Vanderlip was presiding over the largest financial institution America has ever known, the National City bank of New York, he said:

"In picking a man for a highly responsible executive position, I always take into account both his physical condition and his physique. Unless he has built up a strong, healthy body, I don't want him, because during the terrible stress and strain of a great crisis, when you need his services most, he is likely to cave in."—Hearst's International-Cosmopolitan.

**Never Be Without a Bottle**

of Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh. Has powerful antiseptic qualities; unexcelled for Cuts, Burns, Wounds and Sores. 35c.—Adv.

**First Salt Made in 1791**

Louisiana has for years been a source of salt in the United States, the first crude refining having been done on a small scale in 1791 from the salt water springs in that state. The Indians found their salt in this way, however, long before the advent of the white man. In 1812 a more successful method was worked out. In 1862, under the direction of pioneer troops of the Confederate army, rock salt was discovered at Avery island, just 15 feet beneath the surface of the ground.

Constipation generally indicates disordered stomach, liver and bowels. Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills restore regularity without griping. 372 Pearl St., N. Y. Adv.

**Veteran Bandmaster**

Loscoe G. Ingraham of Rockland, Maine, at the age of eighty, is still a bandmaster and as usual will lead the Memorial day procession this year. Since he started his musical career 70 years ago by playing in a comb band, he has organized more than fifty brass bands, taught more than 1,000 pupils and marched from 12,000 to 15,000 miles in parades. Every town in Knox county has organized a band under Mr. Ingraham's leadership.

**Don't Suffer With Itching Rashes Use Cuticura**

Seas, Ointment, Talcum sold everywhere. Samples free of Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. M, Malden, Mass.

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"U.S." SPRING-STEEL Rubber Heels

Made of Sprayed Rubber—purest, toughest and uniform rubber known

And for the best shoe you ever wore

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A tried and proved baking powder. Every can of Snow King is full of goodness. Economical, too—25c for 25 ounces.

50 Years of Success

**ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE**

For Tired Feet It Can't Be Beat

At night when your feet are tired, sore aching, from much walking, dancing, sprays ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE in the foot-baths. It rubs the sore, inflamed parts. Relief is like Shake Allen's into your feet. At night walk in comfort. Takes the pain from the shoe. Sold every where. Sample and Foot-Ease Walker address, ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE, Ltd., Lowell, Mass.

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**STAR CARS MAKE GOOD**

2292 Star owners report that they averaged 23.8/10 miles to each gallon of gasoline.

2292 Star owners report that they averaged 1.14 cent per mile for mechanical repairs and replacements.

2292 Star owners report an average of 9817 miles on a set of tires.

In other words 2292 Star owners report that their Star Cars delivered service at an average cost per mile of 2 1/10 cents for oil, gasoline, tires and mechanical repairs and replacements. This surely is low cost transportation. Powered with the New Million Dollar Motor the Star Car offers exceptional value at a price within the reach of every purse. See it. Examine it. Drive in it. We will then be content to leave the decision to you.

Star Car Prices f. o. b. Lansing, Mich.

Touring \$540 Roadster \$540 Coupe \$715 2-Door Sedan \$730 4-Door Sedan \$820 Commercial Chassis \$445

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