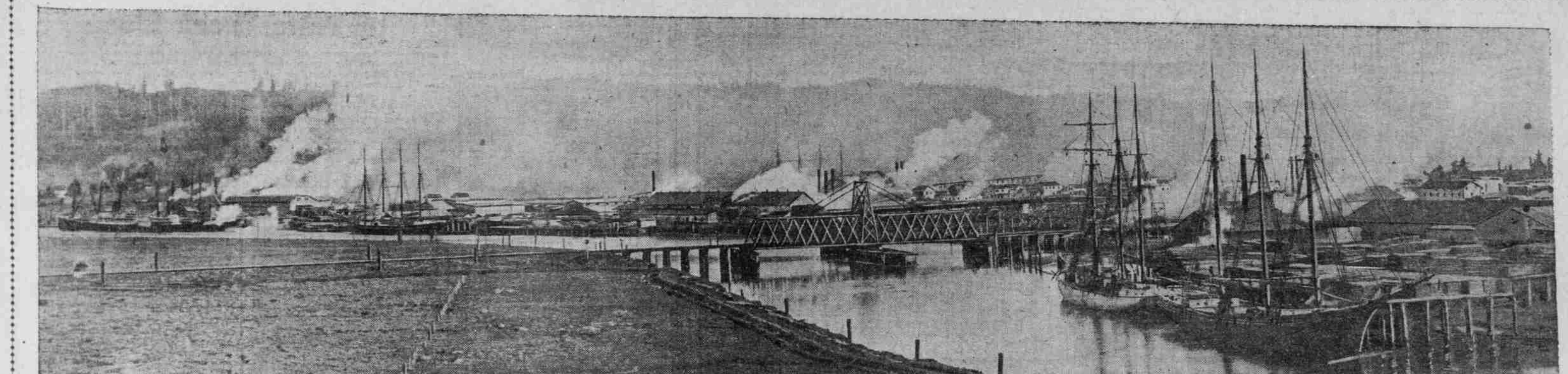


RAYMOND, THE CITY OF WILLIPA HARBOR

Lumber Manufacturing Center, With the Best of Transportation Facilities and Increasing Activity.



VIEW ON SOUTH FORK OF WILLAPA RIVER, SHOWING A SMALL SECTION OF THE WATER FRONT OF RAYMOND, WASH.

BY WALLACE R. STURBLE, SECRETARY RAYMOND COMMERCIAL CLUB.

WHERE the south fork of the Willapa River flows into the main stream, 18 miles above the entrance of Willapa Harbor, a remarkable maritime situation is presented. Both the Willapa streams at that point wind and bend in sinuous, snake-like curves around and intersecting a tide-flat of approximately four square miles, forming, with their associate bayous, an "island" in the center of this tide-flat of a trifle over one square mile in area. The curving of the rivers is such that they present a total water frontage, counting both banks, of about 13 miles of available ship anchorage or wharfage within an average of three-fourths of a mile from the geographical center of the tide-flat "island" mentioned. Both these rivers within (in fact far beyond) the limits indicated have a natural depth of channel at low tide sufficient to float the deepest-draft vessels entering Willapa Bay, and these include the largest ships of the lumber-carrying trade.

Upon a portion of the "island" thus formed is laid out the retail business section of the City of Raymond, comprising approximately four blocks. For the present, of course, a large part of this territory is occupied by residences, but ultimately, as the city develops, the entire area must of necessity become active commercial property.

Bordering this business section on all sides of the island and also the contiguous mainland beyond are reserva-

tions for factory sites, with navigable water frontage for every site, each manufacturing location being so situated that it has (or may have by the building of spurs) ample railway facilities also. Thus is presented the remarkable spectacle of a prospective retail center having sufficient area for a city of 100,000 people, hedged about by industrial deep-water and railway sites capable of accommodating factories employing unlimited workers and producing unlimited finished products.

To add to the potency of this situation, this forthcoming industrial and commercial center is surrounded on all sides by desirable residences sites upon the mainland capable of every imaginable detail of landscape and architectural ornamentation—providing locations for the homes of a thrifty, cultured population, with the possibility of placing every home so that its occupants may daily look out and over the business and industrial sections of their prosperous city.

This, briefly, is the situation of the city of Raymond, Pacific County, Washington, a strategic location, "where commerce demands a city as strongly as it demanded Chicago, Minneapolis or Kansas City."

Given this unique situation, pregnant with transportation, commercial and industrial possibilities, it only remains to demonstrate that the sufficient resources and raw materials are at hand to force the inevitable conclusion that here is the site for one of the great cities of the Pacific.

The resources and the raw materials

are available without question and emphatically.

Tributary to Willapa Harbor are forests of spruce, fir, hemlock and cedar approximating 30,000,000,000 feet, with a down-grade or water-level haul for every tree to the mills and factories of Raymond. These figures are as nearly official as possible, being taken from the cruisers' reports of the various timber owners of the Willapa region. Divided into localities the figures are grouped as follows:

	St. stumpage.
Pacific County, tributary to Willapa Harbor, tributary to Willapa River, tributary to Lewis and Clark River, tributary to Willapa Harbor	18,000,000,000
Willapa Harbor, tributary to Willapa River, tributary to Lewis and Clark River, tributary to Willapa Harbor	7,000,000,000
Willapa River, tributary to Willapa Harbor	5,000,000,000
Total	30,000,000,000

There is no economic law more inevitable in its working and less capable of evasion than that which locates the factory near the source of supply of the raw material. Raymond, therefore, because of her enormous wealth of raw material and natural shipping facilities, is destined to become a synonym for opportunity in the manufacturing line. In the manufacture of furniture, nine-tenths of the material required can be supplied from the native forests of Pacific County, and hardwoods can be imported from the Philippines, Siberia and Central and South America for less money than hardwoods can be purchased in the Middle West and South.

Owing to the large and almost inexhaustible supply of spruce nearby, Ray-

mond offers excellent sites for box factories, veneer plants and pulp and paper mills.

In addition to the timber wealth of the region surrounding Raymond, there is unlimited opportunity for dairying, general farming, fruit culture (including cranberries), stock-raising, bee culture; indeed, every aspect of agriculture and horticulture is possible. The natural conditions of Pacific County will provide an ample for the energy of the farmer, the dairyman and the fruit-grower. Almost this entire region is tributary to Raymond by a down-hill or water-level haul.

One of the distinctive resources of Willapa Harbor is the oyster. Raymond, on account of its strategic commercial position, must inevitably sustain an active relation to the development of this rapidly-growing industry.

Given substantially similar conditions, no surer index of probable progress can be obtained than by observation of what has already been accomplished. At Gray's Harbor, north of Willapa Harbor, the natural conditions furnish nearly a parallel for comparison. We, of course, maintain that in many respects the Willapa region has great advantages over Gray's Harbor. On the tide-flats and uplands of Gray's Harbor, incidental to the development of timber and other resources, which are a duplicate of the Willapa country, progressive men have built two cities within 12 years that stand as marvels in the industrial world. Aberdeen, from a tiny, shiftless, inferior sawmill village, has grown to a queenly city of 25,000. Hoquiam, its mill town, has similarly grown to upwards of 10,000.

The two cities, with their vast mills, factories, shipping and civic improvements, present a spectacle of municipal thrift and enterprise hard to surpass anywhere on earth. The citizens who have produced these cities are worthy of the admiration of their fellow men.

It detracts not one whit from Raymond's luster to state that its promoters have had the Grays Harbor cities in mind as patterns for the efforts they have reasoned (and rightly) that if American brains and energy can build great cities at Grays Harbor, similar brains and energy can duplicate the process at Willapa Harbor.

Raymond is the result of this reasoning.

The builders of Raymond have had in mind always the vital relation of industries (consumers of natural products and employers of labor) to the healthy growth of the municipality and its tributary country. They have, therefore, secured and are securing the location on its factory sites above described of manufacturing plants of large capacities. Who has been accomplished within less than five years in this direction reads almost like a romance: Twenty-two manufacturing plants, involving \$4,000,000 capital, putting out 750,000 feet of lumber a day, 135,000 lath, 1,000,000 shingles and 600,000 baskets; employing 500 men in the sawmills with a payroll of \$75,000 per month; 300 men in neighboring logging camps, with a payroll of \$25,000 a month.

The possibilities are not by any means exhausted by this list. There is room for yet innumerable industries that will exploit the rich field of by-products which is as yet almost untouched. There is room for multitudinous wood-working

plants which can take the raw material now going largely to waste and make it into woodensware, including barrels, tubs, washboards, brooms, mousetraps, washing machines, etc., into excelsior, wood-pulp, toothpicks, matches—an inexhaustible list. There is room for factories of the higher class, such as furniture, wagon and buggy, sash and door, inside finishing, church furniture, pianos and organs. The field is large and the markets of the world await the progressive manufacturer. Transportation both by water and rail in the cheapest possible form is at hand for the delivery of the goods to consumers far and near. Raymond offers freely sites for the building and operation of such factories.

Five years ago Raymond was not even a name; today it with good reasons believes itself to be one of the most important young towns in the Northwest. At that time it had but one sawmill and probably but 50 people.

How different today! On every side as the traveler enters Raymond may be seen the smoke of her factories, and the hum of their machinery may be heard in every portion of the city. Compare the conditions existing in Raymond two years ago—yes, but three years ago—with the large mills, the shipyards and the foundries and machine shops of today, and it will be at once revealed the secret of the rapid growth of the city.

The \$75,000 a month paid to Raymond's warehousemen, certainly entitles it to the pseudonym, "City of Payrolls." Lumbering predominates, and the mammoth sawmills, shingle mills, shipyards and various woodworking concerns, and the drone of their machinery, the shriek of

their whistles add to the all-prevailing hustle and activity of the growing manufacturing city.

Raymond has a population of nearly 2000 people. It has city water, electric lights, sewers, a complete salt water fire protection system, is rapidly improving its streets, has established a fire limit within its business district requiring the erection of brick, concrete or stone structures, has taken steps for the immediate construction of two free bridges across the Willapa River and the South Fork, and proposes in the near future to fill up the tide-flats of its retail business district with sediment pumped from its river channels, thus with one operation deepening and widening its harbor and improving its business area.

It is a city of homes. Every one who buys vacant property within the city limits is required to erect a building. For each two lots that are purchased one dwelling must be erected.

The city has excellent water for domestic purposes, the use of manufacturing and fire protection. We also have a good electric light system mentioned before, and the cost of these two necessities is most reasonable.

A splendid school system, two churches, a city hall, a fire department, and all of the many institutions that make for the welfare of a properly ordered city, are already established. In short, Raymond is the ideal city for the prospective investor, be he business man or homeseeker, and we have only to be given the opportunity to show him our resources and surroundings, in order to convince him that all we have said in this article is no exaggeration.

AMERICA HAS MORE FINE VOICES THAN OTHER LANDS, SAYS EMILIE FRANCES BAUER

Portland Woman Who Has Succeeded as Musical Critic in New York Is Home for Summer—Commercialism Handicap to Art, She Says.

BY LEONE CASS BAER.
EMILIE FRANCES BAUER says she is a pessimist, one of the dyed-in-the-wool sort. But she doesn't look it. She is the most electrical bunch of animated magnetism and wholesome enthusiasm that I've seen in many a long day.

When I called on her yesterday at her home at 128 Nineteenth street, where she is spending the summer with her home folks—she gave me one of the most delightful half hours of my life. She is a chuck full and brimming over with talk. What about? Oh, a salad of everything. First and foremost she is a frail rib of Adam from the tips of her tiny bronze slippers to the crown of her head. She wore a wonderful yellow gown that brought out her vivid coloring and beautiful eyes to the tips of her tiny bronze slippers. She is a chuck full and brimming over with talk. What about? Oh, a salad of everything. First and foremost she is a frail rib of Adam from the tips of her tiny bronze slippers to the crown of her head. She wore a wonderful yellow gown that brought out her vivid coloring and beautiful eyes to the tips of her tiny bronze slippers. She is a chuck full and brimming over with talk. What about? Oh, a salad of everything. First and foremost she is a frail rib of Adam from the tips of her tiny bronze slippers to the crown of her head. She wore a wonderful yellow gown that brought out her vivid coloring and beautiful eyes to the tips of her tiny bronze slippers.

"I'm tired," said Miss Bauer; "really, I'm just worn out, and I've come home for a rest. I feel very much as did that woman of newspaper fiction, who left her home in St. Louis and after a long search, was found in Portland. When someone remarked that they couldn't understand what mental influence could have caused her to leave the woman simply answered: 'I heard someone say Columbia River salmon. I always feel just that way about Oregon or Hood River trout mentioned. I haven't been home in four years, and I wanted to come—so I came.'"

Miss Bauer is an unquestioned and accepted authority on things of the musical and dramatic world. Her criticisms are universally known and appreciated. She has been almost everywhere, and rubs elbows with every one worth while. Her collection of autographed celebrities is one of the most extensive in the world, also is on intimate terms with all the musical geniuses whom we are permitted to pay \$5 per to look at, and whom some of us only get to know through the magazine, and yet without she is just a sweet, plump, little democrat. She makes friends of all the waiters, stray dogs and homeless animals.

"I love cats," she said, rolling her big eyes wickedly as she said it, and rolling the expression as a delectable morsel under her tongue. "Cats," echoed her mother in make-believe horror. Then you are doomed," I said, and the daughter, "and I love the skinny, sticky, scraggly alley variety far more than I do the satin cushioned, milk-stuffed sort." This is characteristic of her attitude toward things generally. She is essentially a friend of the under dog.

Miss Bauer has been asked a very great number of times why she wears dresses in connection with her vocation, but heretofore she has studiously avoided answering the sort, giving as an original answer that which had not been worn therebefore, or a field not covered by the average encyclopedia, called "Personal Idiosyncrasies and Influence of the Artists in Their Personal Lives."

Henry Wolfson was so impressed with the idea and its possibilities that he at once decided on a booking for Miss Bauer. The tour is incomplete in detail, but it is highly probable that Portland will have the pleasure and educational treat of hearing her.

"America is to me the one grand spot in the world, and I am at heart Amer-



MISS EMILIE FRANCES BAUER.

ican," she said. "It has a tremendous scope for natural science. No country can ever touch it, and it is always simple; people in America take music seriously. Our interpreters have to work to awaken interest in it, regular individual efforts as well as club concentration. It is, I might say, entirely educational. I do not realize that the people who are producing the music. The producers are giving the public the opportunity to hear all the great works of world study in music, life of every country, and they are brought before the people in the form of education. On the other hand, the consequence of the drama is in its money drawer. The only thing the manager dares consider is his box office values. They are not an educational medium and lay no claim toward such a title.

New York alone this winter the opera played havoc with the theater; it demoralizes the attendance, because the theater does not and cannot have the same plane and attitude as does music."

Miss Bauer has had the privilege of knowing personally such celebrities as

ponent of it. "Strange to say, music is in advance of the dramatic conditions," she declared. "The reason is simple; people in America take music seriously. Our interpreters have to work to awaken interest in it, regular individual efforts as well as club concentration. It is, I might say, entirely educational. I do not realize that the people who are producing the music. The producers are giving the public the opportunity to hear all the great works of world study in music, life of every country, and they are brought before the people in the form of education. On the other hand, the consequence of the drama is in its money drawer. The only thing the manager dares consider is his box office values. They are not an educational medium and lay no claim toward such a title.

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Renaud, Mary Garden, Caruso, Bonci, Emma Eames, Melba, Sembrich, Gaddi, Olive Fremstad, Tascantini, Padewski and hundreds of lesser stars. She knows these folk in their home life, with the relation and position they bear to things out of the stage; she has visited them and, in many instances, received visits from them, so between all these avenues she has been afforded the best chance of reaching the inner self of these great ones.

But in no sense is Miss Bauer a hero-worshiper. She is a student of psychology, and takes a keen and broad interest in everyone and everything with which she comes in contact. She attributes her success (and it is hers with a capital S) and long hair through the 35, to the fact that she possesses a fund of revivability. She is a dangerous woman in that she has a wonderfully retentive memory, and dates, names, faces and lines are as fresh in her mind as the events of yesterday.

"If I plan on something being bad and full of blue devils and it turns out bad, I'm not disappointed, but if it turns out good, I believe I just have to be a pessimist."

While she is eternally feminine, she likes her work to sound as if it were the brain-child of a superior intellect.

"I am determined to eliminate from my work any sentiment or color that will cause folk to say 'That's the woman of it.' I believe emphatically in a symmetrical criticism, and if it has to come through severity, why let it come. Personally, I detect the spirit of a roast, this printed exhibition of groveling flattery.

"Yes," in reply to a query, "I love my work, but I never would advise a woman to go and do likewise. The woman who is spared a career should be the happiest woman in the world."

Miss Bauer does not speak from the viewpoint of an untalented or disappointed person. Our interpretation of her serene and serene and has tasted deep of the cup of success.

"But even the woman who seems the least like a home woman, could be persuaded to stay in that niche, if fewer women had the career bent in their bones. To all girls, I say, and have said time without number, unless you have an infinite capacity for pains, which someone has said is genius, stay at home. Even if the stage has a wild and bushy head, it is so much better for the girl, shining mark, it is so much better for the girl. Of course, if you are already in it, why stay in it, and fight it out. Carry it to the limit; don't let sex interfere, and achieve something; but if you are not in, don't get in."

The Oregonian was Miss Bauer's alma mater. "I feel," she said, "as I was leaving, 'that I am not writing to a more appreciative or critical audience in any of the European or New York publications for which I write, than I am in the audience I have in The Oregonian patrons.'"

BEARDS EXPOSE HEARTS

Berlin Journal States Men's Styles Show Captors' Nationalities.

BERLIN, June 5.—A society journal here says if a good-looking young man suddenly grows a wild and bushy head he loves a woman who cares most for domestic joys. That is why one sees more full beards in Germany than anywhere else.

If another man appears unexpectedly wearing a small, upturned mustache of melancholy aspect, he surely loves a woman who adores classic art. But if a man, formerly famed for his beauty, suddenly grows a beard, should appear clean-shaven, he has been captured by an American woman. If he wears a toothbrush mustache, which doesn't become him at all, he either admires an English woman or a woman who dotes on everything English.

Oregon Exhibit Lures All Visitors at A.-Y.-P. Fair

Led From Case to Case in Search for Colored Grains Used in Dome Picture, One Sees All Resources of State Almost Without Realizing Time Spent in Great Building.

ALASKA-YUKON-PACIFIC FAIR GROUNDS, June 5.—(Special.)—Nestled in a grave of towering evergreens, left from the native wilderness of the far west, stands the beautiful Colonial building that houses the Oregon exhibits at this fair of all the Northwest. With its spacious lawn, decorated here and there with beds of Oregon grape, the Oregon building is one of the most attractive at the exhibition; and in contrast to the solid Forest building, which is a Washington Circle, its graceful lines are well revealed.

Ordering it to the left is the Washington building, more severe in design, but scarcely less attractive, while across the lawn to the right is the tall, rambling building that houses the display of King Covey. Directly in front of the Oregon building is the music pavilion, which it one of the most centrally located of all the fair edifices, and one sure to be visited by the vast majority of the visitors from the Pacific Northwest, as well as by those from the further states to the east and south.

Comfort Awaits All.

In fact, ever since the opening day, the Oregon building has been the Mecca of all visitors to the fair. Reports of its exhibits have gone afar, and its location is such that it furnishes for the tourist an excellent base of operations in the campaign of sightseeing. During the frequent band concerts, the spacious porch is crowded with visitors seeking rest and enjoyment in the great armchairs that the Commissioners have provided on its cool and shady porch; while the two buildings upstairs are sure to be filled with other visitors, who are combining the chance to rest and at the same time enjoy the views that these porches afford. One of them gives a vantage point for observation of the passing crowds, while the other has an outlook that is rivalled only by the wonderful vista of Cascade Court.

Located as it is, in the heart of the life of the fair, it is but fitting that the exhibit within should be of the finest. And to make it so, the unparalleled resources of the Beaver state have been drawn upon to present an exhibit of the highest quality. Each division is given almost equal prominence. In fact, the interior arrangement of the Oregon building is an invitation to look and see what Oregon has, a subtle invitation which leads the visitor on from case to case, from room to room, until all that Oregon has to offer has been seen.

Apples and Green Leaves.

Entering the high doorway beneath the pillared porch, one is confronted first with the apple pyramid, an artistic grouping of Oregon's most luscious fruit and the green and shining leaves that make Hood River and Rogue River orchards so beautiful. This pyramid, over 20 feet in height, is kept fresh by the constant substitution of new fruit for any that may spoil; a large supply of prime apples being kept in cold storage in the refrigerating plant in the basement.

Then, there, the "leading psychology" of the Oregon display begins, if such a term may be used. The eye naturally follows up the pyramid to its apex, and sees beyond the grain picture of the state's resources that fills the graceful dome. In colors true to life this great panorama portrays an idyllic Oregon scene, showing the pallid of the Columbia, with its waterfalls; the dense woods of the mountain districts; the grain fields and pasture land of the interior; the hop vines, the birds and beasts that are native to the state, and the perfect peak of Mount Hood, rising white and cold above all.

As the eye takes in this panorama the

question naturally arises as to how all this could be done without paints, and by merely using natural grains to get the colors of the fair scene, stands the Oregon building that houses the display of King Covey. Directly in front of the Oregon building is the music pavilion, which it one of the most centrally located of all the fair edifices, and one sure to be visited by the vast majority of the visitors from the Pacific Northwest, as well as by those from the further states to the east and south.

Passing to the left one is aware of the sound of bubbling water, and looking to see whence comes the gentle rippling, one sees the salmon hatchery, flanked by the aquarium. Here one may trace the development of the salmon from the ruddy eggs of the fall, through the stages of the young, and in passing this quest one also sees the other fish native to Oregon waters. Turning from this exhibit to a further search for colored grains for the human mind is hard to convince, and must be "shown"—one sees the giant sheep that symbolizes Oregon's wool industry. After smiling at the sheep, one catches a glimpse of a well-crafted creature of purple hue—the "prune beaver," built of prime prunes in symbolic form of the state animal.

Butter on Display.

Turning from this, still in the search for grain, one is confronted by the display of Oregon butter, moulded in a shape of the state, and as clay. But one still wants to see the red grain used in the dome picture, and while the Commissioners have provided on its cool and shady porch; while the two buildings upstairs are sure to be filled with other visitors, who are combining the chance to rest and at the same time enjoy the views that these porches afford. One of them gives a vantage point for observation of the passing crowds, while the other has an outlook that is rivalled only by the wonderful vista of Cascade Court.

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searches out a place to rest, and is directed by courteous attendants to the rest rooms. These chambers are fitted up with a sumptuousness seldom equaled in the hotel palaces of the East, where no expense is spared to make the guest comfortable. Lounging in a chair as soft and alluring as the most fastidious could demand, the visitor rests, and at the same time sees all other Oregon exhibits—furniture and decorations on all sides. No chance has been lost in the Oregon building to display in the most attractive form the resources of the state.

Finally rested, the visitor reluctantly starts to leave, but a merry crowd coming from a darkened door to the right of the entrance plagues the natural curiosity, and the darkened door is investigated. It is found to lead to a spacious and comfortable auditorium, with a huge white screen at one end, on which are flashed colored views of the incomparable scenery of the Beaver state. Watching these pictures of magic beauty and listening to the description of the places shown, one waits quite contentedly until moving pictures, the delight of young and old alike, show the activities of the pioneer state of the Pacific Coast—pictures of city and country life, of farming, lumbering and mining.

And a Place to Eat.

And so, little realizing how the time has passed, one leaves the Oregon building, only to discover, perhaps, that half a day has been spent within during that insidious search for the red grain. Half a day—and it is time to eat. The question for it is led to the lumber exhibit, and there, in the Forest building, the answer is found, and in the same Oregon building. In the basement is a clean and neat restaurant, where Oregon-raised foods are sold at reasonable prices, and so the visitor returns again to the hospitality of the state and eats for the first time, perhaps, Oregon strawberries.

After each treatment one goes away with the kindest feelings for the state below the Columbia, and with a wealth of information on its resources stored within the mind. Also this information has not been forced on one, but has been actually sought out, and so makes a more lasting impression. As one visitor expressed it:

"My own curiosity lured me into seeing everything you had, and I'm glad I'm a curious man."

A cubic foot of gold weighs 1210 pounds; silver, 425 pounds.

S.S.S. DRIVES OUT RHEUMATISM

Rheumatism is due to an excess of uric acid, an irritating, inflammatory accumulation, which gets into the circulation because of weak kidneys, constipation, indigestion, and other physical irregularities which are usually corrected of no importance. Nothing applied externally can ever reach the seat of this trouble; the most such treatment can do is soothe the pains temporarily; while potash and other mineral medicines really add to the acidity of the blood, and this fluid therefore continually grows more acid and vitiated. Then instead of nourishing the different muscles and joints, keeping them in a normal supple and elastic condition, it gradually hardens and stiffens them by drying up the natural oils and fluids. Rheumatism can never be cured until the blood is purified. S.S.S. thoroughly cleanses and renovates the circulation by neutralizing the acids and driving the cause from the system. It strengthens and invigorates the blood so that instead of a sour, weak stream, depositing acid and painful corrosive matter in the muscles, joints and bones, it nourishes the entire body with pure, rich blood and permanently cures Rheumatism. S.S.S. contains no potash, alkali or other harmful mineral, but is made entirely of roots, herbs and barks of great purifying and tonic properties. Book on Rheumatism and any medical advice free to all who write.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.