BONFIRES OF AMERICAN STORES IN FRANCE LIMITED TO WORTHLESS RUBBISH OF DEPOTS.

Exaggerated Stories Spread by Excited French People Responsible for Reports of Huge Waste by United States Representatives—Relations With Foreign Government Not Strained, Heilig Insists.

American Machinery of Our Salvage Plants at Tours, Lyons, etc.

BY STERLING HEILIG.

PARIS, July 15.—Do not believe all you hear. The cable can't know things until they happen; and when they don't happen together, the ensemble gets across in detached pieces. As for economic writers hitting the high spots, they can obtain gaudy presumptions from the disgruntled who were in a hurry to do business during the period of French importation restrictions.

So, some may have a false impression that the French government is selfish and silly, cares nothing for poor citizens in cruel need of motor cars, despises our synthetic dyes, has no use for smoke consumers, laughs at the needs of devastated textile factories and would as callously see shivering French boys go without stockings as grandpop without tobacco for his pipe.

Don't believe it.

Any more than that the A. E. F. (just simply a bunch of crusaders) would throw sewing machines into the bonfire and laugh, ha! ha! while poor French sewing women plead, with streaming eyes: "Ah, don't destroy them."

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It is not the A. E. F., anyway.

It is the liquidation commission, and the real story is a pretty play of wits (between French and American men of wit) and much unadvertised kindliness (for the simple and humble).

It is all about Michael and Satan contending for the body of Moses—that enormous mass of valuable American material which the A. E. F. brought over here, and has been explicitly ordered from Washington not to take any of it back. The commission's honor is to do best for America; and the French government experts to do best for the French government. They are keen buyers.

It is different from Italy, where, inter alia, we had motor vehicles to get rid of. The Italian government's offer was so low that we refused it. When we give, we give, but when we liquidate, the commission's point of honor is to avoid even the appearance of softness. So, we said: "We'll sell those cars to the Italian public." "Go ahead," said the Italian government. Thus, we obtained double the price they had tendered.

In France the leading case was Ford—that remnant of 4500 cars assembled and unassembled, sold to the French government a year ago for $375 each, and remaining undelivered at armistice. The Fords desired to buy them back, offering the original $375 plus 187 francs per car for transportation expenses, plus 70 per cent advalorem duty, plus 10 per cent luxury tax. They sketched their plan in detail. The French government would receive nearly 2,000,000 francs in customs and luxury tax, plus the original 8,000,000 francs it had paid for the cars. In addition the Fords agreed to stabilize the retail price of the cars at an even $1000 apiece, and estimated that "the local agents" would make 5,850,000 francs profits. France scorned the plan, we are told—"turned her back on the 17,000,000 francs, even though her credit steadily declines." But was France so silly? Eight of those 17,000,000 were her own money. What did the Fords ask? Permission to sell these cars a second time at a whooping profit. The French government felt that it needed that profit itself.

These ideas ruled the disposition of the A. E. F. motor vehicles—44,819 passenger cars (including ambulances, bicycles and motorcycles) and 24,053 trucks. And some of them was fat, and some of them was thin. I mean, some new, some wrecks, and many in between. Every French citizen wanted to buy an undamaged Cadillac for $106. But the French government had its own French army cars to sell. Doubtless, there are purchasers for both lots—but safety first. This may throw light on the Ford embroglio.

So the impression got about that our liquidation commission might not sell A. E. F. automobiles to the French public—not just yet. Automobiles? Almost anything. We may want to buy these stocks ourselves. The thing was vague, but business delayed. Both sides sat tight.

The French team seemed to have all the advantage. We had merely the goods—like Little Red Riding Hood.

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Time passes.

We have got to clear the camps and depots. Washington forbids us to take anything back. We can't sell to the French public—yet. But we can't wait.

It makes us nervous that French government buyers, solidly conscientious, dicker so deliberately over masses of material without end—structural steel paint, guy cable, iron pipe, electric motors, concrete mixers, road rollers, power pumps, piledrivers, steam shovels, mon dieu! Hundreds of miles of troop and hospital huts, ditto covered storage, ditto copper wire, ditto gauze bandages, and thousands of barrels of camouflage paint and cases of Ivory soap, and a million shovels—no, it is utterly impossible to give an idea. All the signal corps' impedimenta. All the Q. M. corps supplies, and the engineers. And the others.

One day they released the Ivory soap.

Another day they finished picking cavalry and artillery horses. We started to sell the remainder at auction. Another day we began selling scrap dumps by sealed proposals. It was permitted. The French public, having money to buy anything, bid gloriously.

You see, we just had to clean our camps and depots. Had to deliver the premises back in the same good order and repair in which we received them. Otherwise, damages. Anyway, damages. But clean, less damages.

When you clean, you make bonfires.

Who could foresee the far effects of this domestic detail? Everywhere the French public was crazily on the watch, not to let a chance go by—because we've got the reputation of incredible riches; and the time growing shorter and shorter, how could we refuse any offer? The French public was bitterly jealous of its own government. Why didn't it let American clearance sales begin? Every French citizen wanted a brand-new Dodge touring car for $103.

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Those bonfires! When you clean a motor transport camp, you find a lot of worthless rubber tires, smashed bodies, worn-out side-cars, and torn, water-soaked isinglass-and-canvas covers. On top of camp refuse, they burn, and the camp is cleaner; but every French citizen who peeked over the fence exclaimed: "There goes my touring car!"

French newspapers which happened to be "against" their government made capital of it. The Americans were burning their motor cars! What else could they do? Forbidden by Washington to take them back home, forbidden by Paris to sell them to the French public, they might not even give them away—it would compete with French manufacturers and clearance sales of the French army!

It raised Cain. The French government issued a communique.

"A paper has published stories of American material burnt at Camp Prunier, near Romoratin," ran the text of it. "The representatives of the Americans, to whom the French government immediately communicated the allegations, immediately guaranteed that no such destructions had been authorized, and they immediately opened an inquiry concerning the rumors.

"It may, however, be affirmed at present, that if such bonfires were made, they could only have been due to orders ill understood or unhappy initiatives. It may be added, furthermore, continued the French communique, that in no case could such fires have been motived by the refusal of the French to authorize the American government to dispose of its material in France."

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The Americans let it go by, without turning a hair.

Of course, we can dispose—to the French government.

"Negotiations are running their course between the two governments for the liquidation of this material," concluded the French government to the French newspapers. "The two governments have fallen into agreement to adjourn all sales to particular citizens during the course of these negotiations, which are progressing satisfactorily."

And time continued to pass.

The emotion of French citizens continued. Paris papers pictured crowds hanging about our motor transport depots in urgent need of machines for their business—"and none of our manufacturers can supply them for a long time," added the Matin. "They offer to pay any and all customs duties, and supplicate the Americans not to destroy these automobiles which would be so precious to them!"

In vain did our motor transport colonel at Tours tell French newspaper men the simple truth: "We gave orders to burn at Romoratin only stuff without value." But, to put an end to rumors, he added: "I will now telephone immediately that they stop burning anything!"

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All colonels have not the same patience.

Some see no reason why they should take other people's blame. The Matin man found one like this at Tours; and the fat was in the fire again.

"If it were only automobiles," said this other American colonel, "but we have masses of provisions, clothing, shoes, etc., in the most of our camps, and we can sell nothing—because the French government opposes, yet will not buy for its own account."

The Frenchman demanded details.

"Too numerous to mention," replied the other. He produced a filing-cover. "The mere list runs 500 pages, with 20 articles per page." So, the reporter wrote "millions of pairs of brogans, woolen socks, rubber boots, uniforms, underwear, flannel shirts, water-proof slickers!"

"Millions of pairs of brogans, I heard him say it!" raved the Paris reporter in his column, "and when I asked him how many millions, two, three millions? the colonel replied: 'Oh, much more!' And these American brogans, solid and well-made, cost, some $8, some $5, at which price the Americans are willing to cede them. And tobacco! A prodigious quantity! It would come to less than $1 per pound to the French government, and the cigarettes would not be dear, either! Can they refuse to make this purchase, when nowhere in our French tobacco bureaux can the least pack be found? The state would find its profit, naturally! But," concluded the Matin man bitterly, "it is only the food supplies—sugar, condensed milk, etc.—that have been accepted without difficulty by the French government."

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About the same time the Paris Eclair investigated our signal corps telegraph-telephone lines. It stated a persistent French rumor:

"The Americans have covered France with so complete a network that, from no matter what point, one can ask and obtain instantly a communication with Antwerp, Cologne, Marseilles, Verdun, Mayence, Strasbourg and Brest. This installation is valued at half a billion francs. Now the Americans are leaving. They offered to France, on any conditions we pleased, this inestimable system. But France replied: 'Take all that away! Your material is not reglementaire!'

"And there's worse," went on the Eclair. "You are aware that the Americans have known how to fit up, in a manner absolutely remarkable, all the old French baracks which they occupied. Those at Clermont-Ferrand are a model of perfection. Well, prepared to depart, the Americans offered our military authorities to cede them the improvements they had so happily created. Our military authorities begged the Americans, before their departure, to 'kindly put back things in the state in which they had received them!'

Put back the premises as you found them!

How can we? No matter. If we can't, we can pay the damages.

In all this, the attitude of commission, quartermaster corps, and all the A. E. F. chiefs remained admirable. Our army, too, is la Grande Muette—the great silent one; but who can stop the French public? Everyone, here, has a cousin employed with the Americans as interpreter, liaison, purchasing runner, stenographer or clerk of some description. A duel of wits—just sitting tight!

Put back the premises! What a mass of rubbish! If we leave it, they'll claim damages. Burn these infected mattresses. There's no time more to sterilize those bales of rag clippings which the patient salvage service has consistently prepared for weekly sales to shoddy manufacturers. What can we do with these broken-down sewing-machine tables. Sling them on the funeral pyre of buddies' putrid pants and cootie underwear and shoes dead to the world. The salvage might have done something with the germ junk; but the salvage—the beautiful and touching A. E. F. salvage—is shutting up shop.

Tut, tut! It's not the moment for any American camp to make a bonfire. The Tours public is on watch. All kinds of poor folks know of neighbors who have picked up fascinating rubbish. All are wild for acquisition—anything. Give it to me, do not burn it. "Joe, they're crazy," says the corporal. "Shoo them back and shut that gate."

The papers get it beautified by telegraph.

"It is possible," exclaims the Matin. "Many letters from citizens affirm that at the American salvage camp of St. Pierre-des-Corps they are burning mattresses, bed covers, entire bales of socks, shirts, brogans, sewing machines, chairs, benches, tables. Good sense fails to credit such organized vandalism. One might deem it the work of sun heat in the dog days; but, alas, it is only too true, the bonfires, destructive, useless, is the work of human beings."

And the opposition paper, backhanding the French government, puts all the blame on the reglement, forbidding to be given away articles subject to customs duties and which may not, therefore, be sold. The last picture shows humble workers of Tours (whose premises, in fact, are packed with our junk) mourning over the destruction of precious articles they craved.

A duel of wits.

I hope that I have made it clear from the start that the French government never refused us authority to dispose of our A. E. F. material in France, and that its own experts, conscientious and painstaking, continually exercised the utmost diligence in performing their duty, one and indivisible, to the French government.

If proof were needed; why, now, here, in good ample time, it is announced quite tranquilly, that the American telegraph-telephone network is a splendid acquisition. (The dealings were in a large spirit. I hear that the commission can write off most of the cost.) Of those interminable stocks the French government has made admirable bargains. (Once studied with system, the final clean-up is rapid. "How much this?" "Here's no itemized cost list." "Shall we say such and such a sum?" "No, perhaps such and such." "Why, certainly.")

And, finally (in ample time before sailing), French newspapers announce a charming surprise.

"Here is extremely interesting news concerning the American stocks," says the Intransigeant. "The ministry of finances advises its service that the American armies, being in process of selling its food and colonial stocks in the provinces, the French customs should see to it that customs dues be duly paid by such particular persons as make purchases.

"It results from this note," continues the Paris paper, "that the sale of the American stocks to French citizens, is in no way forbidden, and that, since the French government is not, after all, buying up the totality, then lets us—as the saying is—go to it."

But can you ever satisfy the papers? This one goes on:

"The French state will have lost on these sales the immense profits which it could have procured itself by acquiring the totality en bloc, at low price, and in reselling a little dearer. But what's a billion or so to us? Hey?"

Tut, tut. Criticise its liberality to citizens?

It's beautiful to give them all a chance.

Film Flickers.

(Continued From Page 4.)

played, and naturally a very important consideration. Then Mary Alden went east and before she had unpacked her trunk emissaries from the Realart Film company had called upon her and engaged her for the part.

The film title of Mrs. Fiske's play will very probably revert back to "Barnametta," the name of the original story from which the play was adapted. Miss Binney plays the role of Barnabetta.

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Perhaps it's an invitation; perhaps it's a defi to newspaper paragraphers; but anyhow, Mack Sennett has tempted providence by starting a chicken farm. Not blonds but real chickens—Plymouth Rocks and such.

The chicks were bought originally to be used in a comedy; but they all went to work raising families. Mr. Sennett finally decided they might as well go systematically to work in the egg business. So on the hill back of the studio in Los Angeles, he has laid out a regular chicken ranch.

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Lost heroines in the twentieth century are about as popular a theme as a horse and buggy in a modern story. Still, when Ethel Clayton was supposed to have disappeared off the face of the earth nearly every one grabbed at it as a delicious bit of gossip. All the time when the fair Ethel was making her p. a. earn his salary by reporting her daily disappearance somewhere between here and Japan, she was in New York, just as much surprised as any one to hear she was lost. She will return to Los Angeles very shortly to resume work.

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George Williams, who has been seen in a number of pictures lately, among them being "The Busher," in which Charles Ray is starred, had an unusual experience a few days ago. He went into a bank across the street from Grauman's theater in Los Angeles to cash a check. The cashier asked him if he had anything with which to identify himself. "It's just noon," he said to the cashier. "If you will just take a minute to step over to Grauman's, you'll see me in that picture and my name announced. The cashier accepted the invitation and Williams' check was cashed a few minutes later.

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Like fellow-townsmen who crowd the depot to say "Godspeed" to the big man's son when he goes forth to carve his way in the world, representative Los Angeles attended a Hollywood theater 500 strong one evening last week, as guest of the producers to see the first running and to place the high cachet of their approval upon the latest Brentwood production which its maker, King W. Vidor has titled "The Other Half" and which is shortly to start on its travels to the picture centers of this and other countries.

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Henry Lehrman, producer of Lehrman comedies, has just issued a positive denial of a statement recently published, which declared that Roscoe Arbuckle is half owner of the new Henry Lehrman studios now being erected at Culver City, Cal.

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The Smithsonian institute and Universal Film company are jointly interested in the extraordinary exploration party which sailed July 16 from New York on the steamship City of Benares bound for Capetown, South Africa, whence it will penetrate into the interior of the dark continent. This is independent of Universal's oriental expedition, which began some weeks ago, and which will yield 900,000 feet of educational subjects.

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The recent formation of Eminent Authors' Pictures, Inc., headed by Rex Beach, with Samuel Goldwyn as chairman of the board, has been widely heralded as an original experiment in which exhibitors and the public have a vital interest.

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These musical selections will now be passe in all theaters:

"Oh, Give Me a Drink, Bartender!"

"For He's a Jolly Good Fellow!"

"Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here!"

"Father, Dear Father, Come Home With Me Now!"

"Lips That Touch Liquor Shall Never Touch Mine."

"Coming Thro' the Rye."

OREGON SOLDIERS RECOVERING FROM INJURIES AND LOOKING FORWARD TO NEW ENDEAVOR

Letters Received by Relatives Carry Messages of Cheer, and Expression of Pleasure in Having Prospect of Early Return From France.

Captain Dorwin Palmer returns from France. | Captain George A. Gore, wounded and decorated. | Lieut. Blaine R. Smith inspects battlefields. | Charles T. Howe climbs peak in France.

W. H. Williamson, of heroic Lost Battalion. | Sergeant Gilbert Fallman, still with marines. | Charles E. Lenon, "Y" secretary, returns. | Herschel P. Nun leaves 116th engineers.

CAPTAIN GEORGE A. GORE, formerly a lawyer of Portland, but for the past 14 months the commander of a battery in the 15th field artillery of the 2d division, has just written a cheery letter to his mother, Mrs. Ida B. Gore of La Jolla, Cal., telling her of his recovery from a wound in his leg received in the terrific fighting of the last days of the war. This injury has kept him in the hospital for more than three months. It also prevented him from rowing in the inter-allied regatta at Paris.

Captain Gore was decorated with the croix de guerre with star by the French government. He was associated in Portland with the law firm of Wilbur & Spencer and in St. Helens with Judge Harris. He served for more than seven months with the national guard on the Mexican border in 1916. The date of his return from France is indefinite.

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Sergeant Gilbert F. Fallman, stationed at Chateuroux in the supply company of the 11th marines, writes his mother, Mrs. N. A. Fallman, 151 Park street, that he is spending his time as much as possible in outdoor sports while waiting for the word that will send his regiment home. Sergeant Fallman has become a riding enthusiast and has been touring the surrounding country on horseback. The Portland boy evidently longs for the sight of his home city, for he writes that he has seen no flowers in France to compare in any way with the Portland rose. Although crows and magpies are numerous, the devil-dog sergeant misses the many varieties of song birds of his native state. Fallman expects his regiment to "shove off" for home in the very near future.

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Charles E. Lenon, an attorney of this city, recently returned from France, where he was in service with the Y. M. C. A. for seven months as hut secretary. Mr. Lenon was stationed at the quartermaster's spur camp at Le Mans, and had charge of three huts during the last few months of his stay. When Mr. Lenon took charge of the "Y" work at the camp, Le Mans had just been made the embarkation center for the returning troops and thousands of soldiers passed through the district each week. It became the "Y" secretary's task to cheer and help this large number of men, and Mr. Lenon was well qualified to do so, although he had to work 17 hours a day to accomplish it.

That his work was appreciated is shown by the following statement of Alfred L. Marcum, commanding officer of the 3d spur battalion: "It would be impossible to arrive at a full appreciation of the services rendered to officers and men by Mr. Lenon, secretary of the local Y. M. C. A., and it can truthfully be said that no man has done more to convince them of the altruism and sincerity of his organization."

Mr. Lenon says that at his huts the "Y" gave away each week an average of 20,000 cups of chocolate, coffee or lemonade and 60,000 cookies.

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To stand on "the top of Europe," 4810 meters high, and see the continent stretched out before him like a relief map was the inspiring experience of Sergeant Charles T. Howe, a young lawyer of Portland before enlisting in the ordnance department in 1917. Sergeant Howe, in a leter to his mother, Mrs. Ella B. Howe, 1748 East Yamhill street, gives a description of his climb up a towering snow peak near Chamonix, France.

Howe, with a party consisting of four friends, including two women, and guides and porters to aid the climbers, started the ascent from Chamonix early in June. The first day's climb was uneventful except for a beautiful sunset viewed from their first camping place. The party snatched a few hours' sleep and started out again at 1 o'clock in the morning. They were divided into two "caravans," each roped to a guide, the latter carrying candles to light the way. "We must have made a wonderful picture as we crawled up the sheer side of a snow-covered mountainside like two giant glowworms," writes Sergeant Howe. "The feat was accomplished with no ill effects to the party except great fatigue and several bad cases of snow-burn."

Sergeant Howe was a graduate of the University of Oregon law school in the class of 1917. He made his home in Portland with his mother, and had just been admitted to the bar of Oregon when he enlisted in 1917. He went overseas in January, 1918, and since the armistice has been attending the University of Lyon. He expects to return soon, having completed his course at the French university June 30.

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Captain Dorwin Palmer, Portland X-ray specialist, has returned after more than a year's service in France, most of which was spent with base hospital 46, recruited almost entirely from this city. Dr. Palmer was the only Portland physician sent by the government to attend Cornell military X-ray school in New York city, where the most noted roentgenologists were gathered to improve X-ray technique. In June, 1918, Captain Palmer received orders to take charge of this department in base hospital 46 when they sailed for France. He remained with this unit until the armistice was signed, when he was sent to Bordeaux embarkation camp, where he treated thousands of soldiers who were being returned to this country.

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Lieutenant Blaine R. Smith has written to his mother, Mrs. Blaine Smith of this city, that he has just completed an inspection tour through the battlefields of northern France and Belgium in company with ten other officers of the army of occupation. He is now stationed in Brest. Young Smith enlisted as a private two years ago, but was soon commissioned and has been on General Butler's staff ever since. He is a graduate of Culver military academy.

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After spending more than 15 months in France with the 116th engineers, Herschel P. Nunn, well-known Portland advertising man, has accepted a position with the Arcady Press & Mail Advertising company, where he will be associated with Joseph R. Gerber and Tom W. Gerber.

Mr. Nunn was discharged from the army in March. For four years prior to entering the service he had been a member of the advertising staff of Foster & Kleiser here.

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Private W. H. Williamson, hero of the famous lost battalion and son of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Williamson, former residents of Portland, but now living at Stella, Wash., is on furlough visiting his parents. It is his first stay home since going to Camp Lewis over a year ago. Private Williamson has been undergoing treatment since April at different military hospitals for injuries sustained from being severely gassed in the heavy fighting of the Argonne forest. He expects to receive his discharge in the near future and is planning to take advantage of the educational offer made to ex-soldiers, sailors and marines by going to college this fall.

HOLLAND CITIZENS AND BANKS ARMED AGAINST BOLSHEVIKI

Dutch Have Seen Reds at First Hand and Know Too Well Their Strength to Let Revolution Start.

ONE has to be in The Hague but a very few days to discover that bolshevism is not an academic thing with the Dutch, writes Samuel Crowther in Leslie's. It is right at their doors in Germany. Since the country has always been and still is a refuge for political exiles, nearly all the bolshevists who hope later to get into action somewhere are planning and plotting and being followed by the secret services of the powers about these purlieus of the temple of peace. In order to give the Dutch a better view of the new philosophy at work, its proponents advertised an exhibition for last November. They promised then to seize the government and start trouble all about. The citizens got ahead of them, but the scare has lasted.

Every bank in Holland is today a small arsenal, stocked with rifles and machine guns. The people of the cities say that the army will fail them in need, and hence those who have property to lose are organized into a Citizens' Guard, which drills regularly. When the alarm is sounded every one of these guards has an exact station to take, and he will be armed within a very few minutes of that alarm, for rifles and machine guns are stored in various quarters. The owner of one of the largest newspapers showed me how the corner window of his office could sweep the street in front of the queen's palace, and he said:

"It is my duty to see that two machine guns are set up here when the signal is given."

Every bank and most of the more important offices have wireless equipments and operators in their service, so that communications cannot be cut off during an insurrection. In fact, peaceful Holland is all ready for trouble and is taking no chances. And I do not find any one to suggest that the fears were groundless; the Dutch are not an easily freightened nation—they have been through quite too much for that.

And therefore Holland's citizens may claim to qualify, if not as experts, at least as knowing something about social disorder at first hand.

Bolshevism is not a subject for academic discussion in the Netherlands. Its persons and methods are too well known. The country has always been democratic in the extreme and is a mecca for political refugees of all shades of opinion. A Dutchman will not tolerate putting a man in jail for merely saying—he must both say and do before he comes into the view of the law. Lenine and Trotzky laid their plans in Holland; so did the Spartacist group.

Holland has had the best of chances to study revolutionary socialism at first hand, and they say here that, given a certain amount of discontent to start with, 100 determined men can overthrow any government on earth simply by seizing the strategic offices of the government and then cutting the means of communication. If the people in general are fairly satisfied with conditions the revolution is bound to fizzle, but if they are not satisfied—and no one is in these days—then the revolutionists can get a great popular following by a distribution of money and promises of more. That is the way the Russian revolution was managed; that is the procedure which was tried in Berlin, and that is why such a very small band of extremists can so easily stage a coup.

It does not take a person of extraordinary imagination to picture what an upheaval would occur in the United States if armed bands seized the principal offices at Washington of a night and at the same time their confederates blew up the main telegraph and telephone centers and proclaimed all over the big cities that the social revolution had taken place. Would not the rabble start trouble everywhere; would not work cease if only out of curiosity, and would not the resulting great street crowds, as on armistice day, control the cities? Even that might happen in a country so inherently orderly as the United States, and if it did, it would be days and weeks before order could again be restored. That is what the Dutch see. They narrowly averted one crisis—and they do not want to test their luck again.

Once Gray-Haired, Not Always So!

—No longer is it necessary for men or women to be held back on account of gray hair. The business world takes keen notice of gray hair nowadays—but why worry, when it can be easily restored to its natural color, with the wonderful Co-Lo Hair Restorer?

—A scientific process discovered by Prof John H. Austit, of Chicago, for developing the natural color of the hair in a similar manner to that of developing the photographic negative. It is positively the only satisfactory and lasting treatment for restoring color to the hair in a mild, healthful manner.

—Co-Lo Hair Restorer is absolutely harmless, and will not injure either the hair or scalp; is not a dye; contains no lead or sulphur; has no sediment, and is as clear as water—a pleasing and simple remedy to apply. It will not wash or rub off.

—Co-Lo Hair Restorer comes in—

—A6—for Black and all Dark Shades of Brown.

—A7—Extra Strong for Jet Black hair only.

—A8—for all Medium Brown Shades.

—A9—for all very Light Brown, Drab and Auburn Shades.

Co-Lo is on sale in all Owl Drug Stores.

FRECKLES

Don't Hide Them With a Veil; Remove Them With Othine. Double Strength.

This preparation for the removal of freckles is usually so successful in removing freckles and giving a clear, beautiful complexion that it is sold under guarantee to refund the money if it fails.

Don't hide your freckles under a veil; get an ounce of Othine and remove them. Even the first few applications should show a wonderful improvement, some of the lighter freckles vanishing entirely.

Be sure to ask the druggist for the double strength Othine; it is this that is sold on the money-back guarantee.

—Adv.