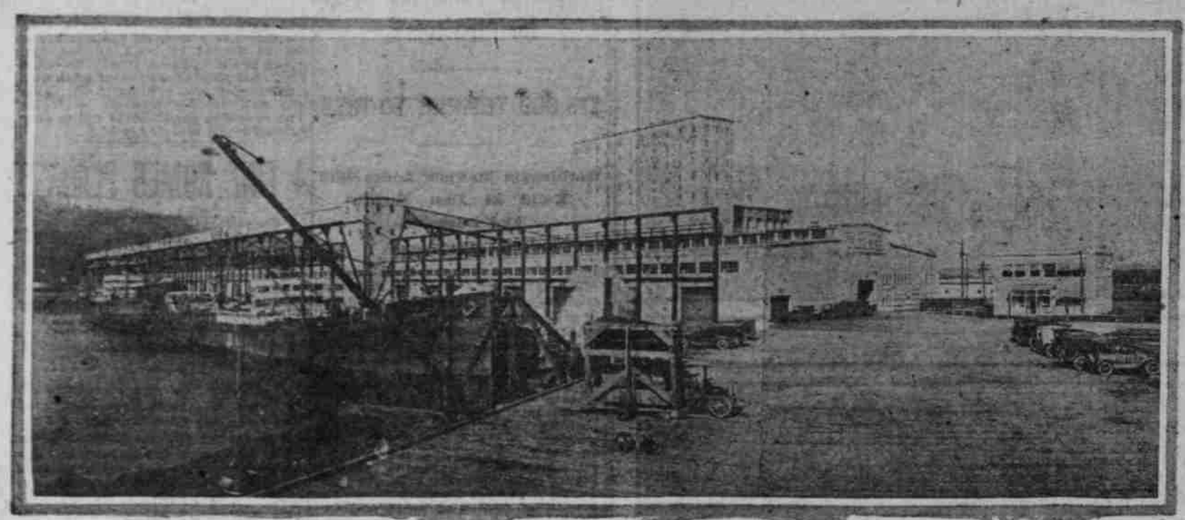
ST. JOHNS IS IDEALLY SITUATED FOR MANUFACTURING PLANTS AND OFFERS FINE HOMESITES FOR WORKMEN

Fine Boulevards, Natural Scenic Parks and Beauty Spots Make Industrial Suburb Delightful Section to Live in—Small Sawmill of a Few Years Back Is Forerunner of Present Collection of Factories and Docks.



(The following article is the third of a series appearing in The Sunday Oregonian each week describing the recent growth and development of Portland suburbs.)

A PORTLAND suburb built not alone upon its reputation for fine boulevards, its beautiful homesites and its natural scenic parks and beauty spots, even though it possessed all of these prerequisites and more, but one that has laid its foundation for a city within a city upon the solid basis of industry and its attendant payroll prosperity can best typify St. Johns. The huge smokestacks and the din of mill and factory have replaced the roar and rattle of traffic of busy streets and the skeleton office buildings, and one of the largest manufacturing centers in the state is the result.

Not so very many years ago a lonely and insignificant little sawmill was built on the banks of the Willamette river near its juncture with the great Columbia, and in its building a new epoch in the life of the little residence community began. The possibilities of the natural docking facilities and the industrial sites had not been discovered heretofore, but now the welcome sound of industry began.

Mills and factories soon began to rise in rapid succession and with their rise the possibilities of establishing one of the large municipal terminals of the Port of Portland near the fast growing manufacturing center became a bright prospect.

Annual Output Surprises.

The annual output of the mills in the immediate vicinity of the little community today is far in excess of what had been anticipated when the construction of the insignificant little sawmill was first begun years ago. In addition there are other industries which help to swell the payroll of the district. Municipal terminal No. 4, with docking facilities equal to any on the Pacific coast, has been constructed a few miles below the little suburban city and each day sees new steamers loading and unloading cargo there destined for and from all parts of the world.

Built on the promontory of the peninsula which juts far out and forms the division between the Columbia and the Willamette rivers the magnificent view of the river and the adjacent territory from the fine boulevards and drives to the community cannot be excelled. A slight incline to the river and the docks from the site of the city proper is as it should be, and insures the cool breeze from the river. Situated as it is the community likewise offers a quiet and distinctive homesite, away from the din and the roar of the manufacturing plants which have made it so prosperous.

The thousands of workmen who toil on the docks and in the huge mills and factories throughout the days and nights have found that St. Johns offers homesites which they had not dreamed of before. The stifling heat of the tenements is never in evidence here and always there is an opportunity to get away into the fields and the natural beauty spots nearby, where a veritable picnic paradise is to be found.

Business Is Good.

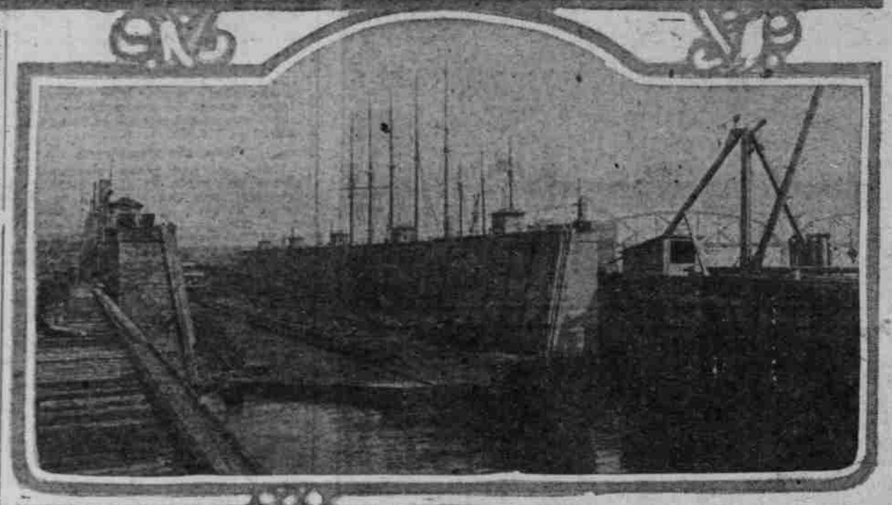
The business section of the little community enjoys a remarkable trade and has kept pace with the growth of the district as a manufacturing center. New business buildings are constantly being constructed and the variety of wares offered have placed the business center of the suburban city in the same category with the downtown business sections.

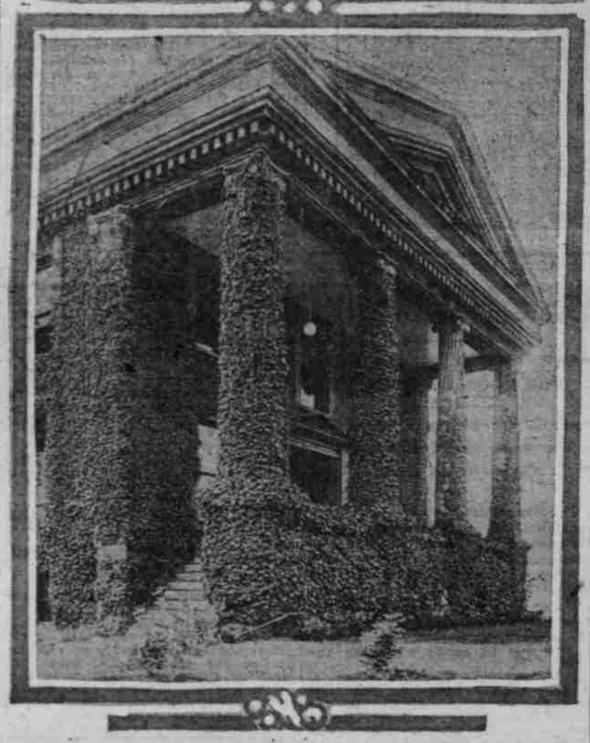
The branch police and fire stations in the little ivy covered city hall offer all the facilities for protection that can be found in any part of Portland and a fine new high school building, the Roosevelt high school, is now being constructed and will be ready for occupancy this fall. Fashioned considerably after the Franklin high school building, the new edifice will provide ample facilities for the youth of St. Johns and also will provide for many pupils who are now attending Jefferson high school. The new building will replace the old James John high school.

Cut-Off Brings City Nearer.

The completion of the new Greeley street extension pavement, which just recently has been started, will shorten the distance between the business district of Portland and the suburban community perceptibly. Forming several additional miles of boulevard, as it will, to the already beautiful Willamette boulevard, the drive will be one of the scenic trips of the northwest, skirting the banks of the Willamette high on the bluffs for practically the entire distance from Portland to St. Johns.

St. Johns, like all the other thriving suburbs of Portland, has a live community club which looks after the necessities of the residents and always is striving for the improvement of the community. The growth of St. Johns has been materially assisted by the untiring efforts of the members of this club, which meets regularly each month throughout the year.





Upper—Ships unloading at municipal terminal No. 4, near St. Johns. One of the permanent payrolls for residents of the community is furnished by the port. Middle—Huge drydock, where crippled ships are repaired with facilities equal to any in the country. Several hundred St. Johns men are employed here. Below—Beautiful ivy-covered City Hall building, one of the show places of the thriving little suburb.

ONIONS JUST AS NECESSARY IN FISH AS IN MEAT DISHES

Expert Cook Tells How to Prepare Humble Vegetable so It Can Be Used as Seasoning on Moment's Notice.

BY EVELENE SPENCER,
Fish Cookery Expert, United States Bureau of Fisheries.

ONIONS are just as necessary for the seasoning of fish dishes as they are in those of meat. The market is now full of all kinds of fine new onions. A time-saver and convenience in cooking is to keep on hand some well-cooked onions, which are always ready for the preparation of a dish in a hurry. In my lectures, I have always found the housewives much interested in my way of preparing the onions to keep for a few days.

Peel half a dozen large onions and mince them finely. Place in a pan—some sort of deep aluminum I have found the best—cover with oil or butter substitute—and a little salt powdered over, and cook them slowly either in the oven or on the back of the stove. Shake or stir them occasionally until cooked to a straw color, which will take about 20 minutes. Do not allow them to become at all brown, as the flavor is not so delicate. These I call colorlessly fried onions and they are now ready for use in any dish, chowder or dressing.

Nothing shows the lack of skill in cookery more than pieces of underdone onions in a dish prepared in a hurry. Yet one often wants the flavor of onion in something where there is not time enough to thoroughly cook the onion. This is where these prepared onions come in so very handy. They will keep in a cool place for several days and once a housekeeper has tried them she will not want to be without them and will prepare them in advance in leisure time.

Seasoning Value Different.

Onions cooked this way in the oil have a different seasoning value in a dish than minced raw onions. When used in stuffings, dressings, etc., rubbed in with soft bread crumbs, there is usually enough oil to enrich the crumbs without the addition of further fat. If they are being added to a soup, puree or chowder, sift in some flour with the onions and oil, stirring well, allowing it to cook together and then it has become a roux which will season, enrich and thicken the puree or chowder all at the same time.

When you are having an oven dinner, let me suggest that you try some baked onions in casserole. When preparing them for vegetable use at dinner, a few more may be added for use as a seasoning in fish dishes and placed aside for future use. Baked onions are especially good to add to fish stews, curries, fricassees, Spanish sauces, or to any kind of fish dishes which call for onions in the seasoning.

Peel a dozen good-sized onions. Slice thinly and place in an earthen casserole which has a tight lid. Season with salt and pepper and pour over them about four tablespoons oil or butter. (Those prepared with the oil taste extremely well.) Cover with the lid and bake for about an hour in a moderate oven. They should not be brown, but a straw color and will have a fine flavor and a most delicious gravy of their own juice. I think these onions in casserole a change from the usual boiled onions in a white sauce and they can be prepared without the usual onion odor pervading the house. I was well pleased when I discovered this new way—to me—of preparing them.

Onion Juice Substitute.

For those who object to encountering pieces of onions in their food the juice may be substituted for seasoning. The easiest way to procure the juice from a peeled onion is to rub it back and forth across a grater, placing a bowl under it to catch the juice. This will give both pulp and juice, which may be used as desired.

Cooking is the greatest of all arts because it is the most useful and the most necessary. Brillat Savarin proclaimed it to be the chief of all sciences.

We may live without music and without pictures, but we must have food to sustain life. Civilization's dawn came for man when he learned to utilize fire to cook his food. The better cooked the food is, the more palatable and nutritious it becomes. We should know and fully realize that our whole outlook on life is colored by the quality of the food consumed in our bodily engines. Europe is an example of this today.

A man or woman made irritable by dyspeptic gnawings cannot compete in efficiency with the sleek, placid person whose bodily machinery is kept so well nourished that it moves in perfect rhythm and harmony.

"Time is the essence of the contract" to the usual rushed, hurried Americans and the same thing is carried out in their cooking, so to speak. Their hurry in preparing a meal is such that they do not allow the time necessary to extract the real essence and flavor from the cooking materials which they use with lavish hand. Often the dishes produced are dull, flat and insipid, notwithstanding the prodigality of materials used.

The Italians, French and orientals, reared in frugality, carefully cook with a view to drawing out every jot and tittle of the flavor as well as all the nutriment from the materials they are cooking. To them, food is too precious a thing to be subjected to undue haste in its preparation.

Slow Cooking Extracts Flavor.

The slow cooking of the vegetables used in some dishes extracts the full flavor. With the tomato, a hurried cooking produces a watery, flat substance, lacking in taste. While a longer, simmering process yields a strong, rich, zestful essence. When several substances are cooked together slowly, their flavors soften, blend and ripen into a luscious whole with a combination of savoriness which causes the digestive juices to flow and our mouths to water at the first taste.

Seasoning is the pivot on which the whole dish swings. The completed dish may be perfectly cooked, highly nourishing and rich in food value, also attractive to the eye, but if the taste is not pleasing, the blend of flavors not harmonious or the condiments used with too lavish a hand, the result is very unhappy.

As a painter mixes and remixes his colors on the palette to attain the desired shade for his picture, so should the cook faithfully mix and blend with the aid of his or her natural palate.

One who has cooked and tasted much, notes the improvement which a little added time gives to the blending of condiments in the seasoning. Many of the soldiers returned from France speak of the savory dishes so frugally prepared by the Frenchwomen with only a fireplace in which to do it. They use earthen pots ranged along the hearthstone, containing their stews and vegetables. There, with carefully-tended fire of faggots, the prudent housewife, with economical eye and sparing hand, is often able to produce a savory blend of flavors which a great chef, with everything on hand to call upon, might well envy.

Literary critics who have the belles-lettres of the language at their bidding, look for "style" in a writer; the atmosphere, the flavor, if you may call it so—the undefinable something which proclaims the personality of the writer—and on that they base their criticism. That is what they chew over and mentally digest.

Cook Is True Artist.

The cook, who is a true artist, tries to express herself in the same way—to put that intangible something into her dishes. Call it style, flavor or what you will, it is that which gives savor to the dish and is the line of demarcation between the skilled and the unskilled cook. It may consist of nothing more than having discovered the way of preserving or accentuating the flavor of the thing being cooked, without the addition of any condiments. To illustrate: While giving a course of lectures in the university at Berkeley, to a group of home demonstration agents, one of them, tasting a piece of cooked fish, remarked to me: "The secret of your cooking is your understanding of seasoning." The fish she referred to had no other embellishment than salt and its own juices.

The traveler, the person who must eat in hotels, restaurants, and dining cars, often sighs for a plain, well-seasoned, home-tasting dish. I have often wondered why it is so seldom found! If we were to see a picture in which the painter had just thrown on his palate every color he possessed, then proceeded to jumble them together on his canvas, we would be seeing with our eyes what we are often called upon to receive with our mental sense of taste, when the cook has just thrown into the dish everything handy and produced a jumble of flavors.

In a large city, at a first-class hotel where I stayed, the cook had a penchant for bay leaves. Every soup, entree, stew, whether it was fish or meat, was alike seasoned with a combination of strong condiments and bay leaves prevailed over or under all. A suggestion of bay leaf has its place in certain dishes, but a decided taste of bay leaves all the time was disconcerting. I think, had I been making a permanent home there, as many were, I should have tried to head a mutiny to dash into that kitchen and stay the chef's hand with Macbeth's historical cry of "Hold! Enough!"

No Royal Road to Seasoning.

There is no exact recipe which suits all tastes, no royal road to seasoning any more than to learning. Each cook must taste constantly while concocting a dish, adding a pinch here and a teaspoon there, as it seems to be needed. The skilled chef has a well-trained palate with practiced nerves, which respond to the subtle difference in flavoring. I asked Victor, the 15,000-a-year chef at the St. Francis hotel in San Francisco, if he ever followed a recipe. I wish I could picture the eloquent shake of his head and shrug of his shoulders as he replied: "A real cook just knows. They are born, not made." We were speaking about seasoning and flavoring.

Like everything else, education in food comes from attention and interest, which alone produces an educated palate. People who insist on limiting their use of foodstuffs to a few things with the remarks: "I would not like to eat this—I never tasted that," are in just the same position as the person who rather glories in his or her ignorance and refuses education when it is offered. Such persons find it very difficult to travel or even eat in other person's houses on account of the limitations they have placed on their ability to eat certain food. It is regretable in the older person, but it is deplorable in young children who are allowed such freedom of choice, to pick and choose their own food and form predjudices which are difficult to remove in after life.

It is possible to get pleasing results in seasoning and yet keep away from the most expensive condiments. Truffles are luxurious food while a dish of fresh mushrooms may often be had for the labor of gathering them. With anchovy essence, Worcestershire sauce, capers, tomato and mushroom catsup, onions, garlic, bay leaves, spices, curry and chili powders, horseradish, lemon, parsley, etc., one can produce many varieties of seasonings, according to the tastes of the family. Many who object to the taste of onions in a dish will be pleased with the effect of onion juice blended skilfully in. At the beginning of this article I have spoken of the different flavors produced with onions, which have been colorlessly fried in oil, then added to the fish soup, chowder or fish chop.

All fish dishes should be seasoned with lemon juice to make them more attractive to the palate. A spoon of Worcestershire sauce, anchovy essence or tomato catsup will add zest to an otherwise insipid dish, while a spoonful of curry powder will transform a colorless, flavorless dish into a savory one.

In these days of high prices, when one must practice frugality with butter and bacon in the cooking as well as manage with fewer eggs, greater skill in the seasoning becomes a necessity. This is where the little-used garlic and curry powder may be to the fish dish or soup made of flavorless scraps, what spices were, and with some, still are, to the butterless, eggless cakes.

Whenever possible, even in a window box, a housewife should have a little parsley growing for use in her fish dishes. It is always needed as a garnish and there is nothing more attractive to a fish dish than the addition of a spoon of finely-minced parsley.

To sum up: The housewife who is striving to acquire skill in cooking must study the effect of different herbs and condiments in seasoning by tasting as she adds them to her dishes. She must do this to learn the proper combinations and quantities. She must study to avoid using them with too lavish a hand; to learn to stop when a rare flavor is achieved or a savory dish is satisfactory, for the step beyond may produce a medicinal flavor which will spoil the tout esemble of the dish.

Experience and an educated sense of taste are the only guides to flavor and seasoning.

CLUB MOURNS AT DEFEAT OF SUPER-GOLF INSTRUCTOR

Members Horrified to Read That Admired Expert Has Lost Championship to Boy Formerly Caddie.

BY JAMES J. MONTAGUE.

A DREADFUL thing has happened. What is worse, it may happen again at any time. In fact it probably will—not once, but frequently. We talk about it in hushed whispers upstairs in our club. Down stairs in the locker room they talk about it in voices that are neither hushed nor whispers, though along toward dinner time they have traces of tears in them.

The hideous thing is that we can't do anything about it. Nobody can do anything about it. In that respect it is like an earthquake or a democratic landslide. After it is started it can't be stopped.

You know what a golf professional is, of course. You know how happy he makes a man when he pats him on the back and says he's coming along. You know how he ruins your day when he grins and shakes his head after you have topped a shot when he was standing beside the first tee chatting indulgently with the president of the club.

Record Brings Thrill.

Then you remember the thrill you got when the news came in that he had shot a 56 on the famous course at Bannock-on-Lomand or cleaned up all the field of crack amateurs down at Tia Juana. You were tickled to death to pay $50 a plate to attend the banquet they gave him when he came back with the empty cup, and to sit where you could see him through the smoke if you had brought your opera glasses with you.

Of course you couldn't get into the limited party that was given him by the president of the Cloak and Suit National bank, but you heard about it and everything he said, and how he declared that just bulldog grit and determination, plus being born on the other side and spending long years practicing every shot would do the trick, provided you were born with skill and co-ordination and a great physique.

You probably used to buy the clubs that had his name on them and leave them around where other people could see them when you played other courses, and smile and nod your head proudly when they asked you if he was the pro at your club.

"Yes," you would say, "he took my measure for this little set and balanced every one of them so they would just suit me. I played a round with him three or four times last week, and he put me on to a lot of his tricks."

Lie Soon Detected.

Of course that was a lie, as your fellow players would discover as soon as you stepped out on the course and showed that you didn't have any tricks at all. But it made you feel important while you told it, and now and then somebody would believe it and look at you with unutterable envy.

Well, our professional went out to Skokie with the rest of them, and we just sat back happily and waited for him to win.

He had a little hard luck at first, but that was to be expected. You know what golf is. If you don't get the breaks you drop a few strokes in the elimination rounds, but in the end pluck and skill and experience and fine balance of the born golfer will count.

He had a little bad luck on one of the later rounds, but still it was all the luck of the game. Maybe he wouldn't finish right up at the top, but he'd be among the first three anyway and everybody would know that he really had it on the other fellows and would cop next year, even if he wasn't doing his very best in this contest.

After all, what was an open championship? Hadn't a lot of Englishmen and Scotchmen won it, but did any of them ever finish very far ahead of our pro? Of course not.

Pro. Fails to Win.

We had to go out of town Friday, and we didn't see a paper till Sunday morning. Eagerly we caught it up and looked at the headline to see how our man had come out from behind at the last minute and by a sensational brassie and a climacteric putt had cinched the championship, leaving all the others breaking their clubs one by one and vowing that there was no use in playing in the same contest with such a miracle man.

But our pro's name wasn't in the headline. Neither was it in any of the story of the match that was contained in the first five columns. Nor was the name of any pal of his conspicuous on the first page of the paper.

To our horror we found that the lad who had won everything, who had cleaned out the whole bunch of supergolfers that have been playing supergolf in superform for the last five or six years, was named Sarazen and that two years ago he was plodding along behind the seniors at the Apawamis club, glad to get 85 cents a round for fielding the balls that they sent into the rough!

Yes, sir! A lad 21 years old, who was never a supergolfer, who never wrote a book about the game in his life or accepted a testimonial banquet, or got telegrams of congratulation from kings and presidents when he loaded himself up with trophies.

It's all wrong. It's axiomatic that nobody who cannot give a scientific diagram of every shot as it ought to be played can win these big matches. That's the way we learned the game, from these big fellows and their writings, and we're playing a round under 175 already, although we've only been at it 10 years and haven't had more than 50 lessons or read more than 100,000 columns of golf articles by famous players.

But it's happened, just the same. We're loyal to the old superpro, of course, and we're going to stand up for him and back him, but some time, if we get an opportunity, perhaps we'll get a set of clubs from that caddy boy and get him to show us how he uses them.

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RUTH'S BEAUTY ENHANCED BY GIVING CARE TO DIET

Antoinette Donnelly Tells How She Built Up Underweight Girl, by Prescribing Exercise and Well-Balanced Menu.

Ruth photographed at two stages in her treatment by Miss Donnelly.

BY ANTOINETTE DONNELLY.

Article No. 2.

NEW YORK.—(Special Correspondence.)—Synopsis of preceding chapters of the true story of a real girl: Miss Ruth G., an orphan 20, wrote a pitiful letter to me in which she described herself as the homeliest girl in the world and the unhappiest because of her looks. That was five weeks before the beginning of this series in her transformation. She was lonely, rarely included in parties, or, if so, suffered the agonies that only a sensitive girl may suffer as a wallflower; on applying for a position employers after one look told her the vacancy was filled. The trouble was not that she lacked assets on the important side of a woman's life, but that she did not know how to make the best of those she had. Which is the case with many a one of our sex who believes Dame Nature a stepmother with a particular personal grudge against her. In five weeks Ruth was a different girl in looks, in grace of manner, in dress, in spirit, and in the flesh, for she gained 15 pounds, which naturally made a tremendous improvement in general health and symmetry.

Below Standard Weight.

Last Sunday I told you how important a part swimming played in her development; also three simple deep-breathing exercises done every morning and night.

I found directly that she was not getting sufficiently nourishing food and I planned to correct that at once. Being 5 feet 5 inches and weighing 109 pounds, she lacked the 15 pounds which standard weight and measurements called for. To bring her up to the 124-pound mark, which was accomplished in five weeks, it was necessary not only that she change her diet to a flesh-building one, but acquire an appetite that would call for food. The daily swimming and walking, the two best appetizers known, did that.

Being only 20, having no organic trouble of any kind and being as faithful in her daily exercise as Ruth was, she took on the needed weight in an unduly short time. When five pounds were added she began to show improvement in rounded cheeks and a general buoyancy. Her mental depression began to disappear. It does when health begins to improve, doesn't it? With the five-pound gain her nervousness began to disappear and with each additional pound there cropped out the optimism of youth, for compliments were tendered her and we humans all know the revivifying effect of praise.

Often Forgot Breakfast.

She confessed that some mornings she ate no breakfast, or perhaps a cup of coffee and a roll. Her luncheons and dinners were light and not well chosen. But I let her go on without much change until the end of the first week, except that I told her to drink a malted milk three times a day, made with half cream and milk. At dinner time she included one large order of some fresh vegetable like spinach, beets, cauliflower, green peas or beans, well buttered, and a combination salad with oil and vinegar dressing (oil in the proportion of 4 to 1 of vinegar).

The beginning of the second week her breakfast, following the deep breathing exercises, a shower, and rubbing, consisted of orange juice, bacon and eggs (two slices of bacon and two eggs), buttered toast, one or two pieces a small helping of cooked cereal—generally oatmeal with cream—and a glass of malted milk.

Luncheon consisted of a glass of half and half milk and cream, bread and butter, lettuce salad; sometimes ice cream for dessert, or fresh fruit, whichever was more convenient, with cream.

For dinner she had soup—sometimes a vegetable soup, again creamed soup—meat, potatoes, buttered lima beans or spinach, or carrots and parsley, or buttered beets; salad, bread and butter; dessert, baked apple with cream, or baked custard, bread pudding or fresh fruit with cream, glass malted milk.

Increase Milk Consumption.

The luncheons varied as time went on, sometimes consisting of warmed over meat and potatoes or leftover soup. But always she had the glass of half and half. Meats at dinner, too, were varied to give appetite—roast beef, steak, veal chops, pork chops, hamburger steak or fish.

The main difference between these and her former meals appeared in the breakfast menu and in the milk and cream consumption and the generous addition of butter to fresh vegetables and for bread.

At the end of the second week Ruth had a hunger on in the morning—a real bona fide appetite, so we were able to increase the cereal portion to a fairly good-sized dish well sugared and drowned in cream and added a third and fourth slice of bacon. Malted milk was substituted entirely for coffee. After the morning swim she came out of the tank with a crying need for food—a glass of malted milk sometimes, or a glass of milk in which the cream on a pint bottle was well mixed with the balance of the contents. After a walk in the afternoon, another glass of milk was taken, and a third before retiring at night.

Before the end of the five weeks Ruth was drinking a quart of milk a day, with the malted milk always for breakfast and dinner and usually an extra malted milk after her swim.

I saw that she used oil freely in salad dressings, and ate plenty of green vegetables, fruits and raw foods in order that the regulating elements be supplied in addition to the fuel. This is as important—perhaps a little more so—than the actual addition of calories in the menu. Several times a week I put bran on the oatmeal or cream of wheat as a preventive of constipation, and varied the luncheon diet twice a week with bran muffins instead of white bread. Bananas with cream was a favorite luncheon dessert with her—a good one, too, for producing weight. Frequently she omitted desserts for dinner, feeling she had had sufficient food.

My experiment with Miss Ruth proves no miraculous measure of adding weight—rather creating an appetite and satisfying it. It would be sheer folly to start right in drinking a quart of milk a day and three or four malted milks, with no muscular labor or out-of-door contact. The average stomach would rebel frankly. The stomach must be gradually trained to its task.

Next week I shall relate the improvement in dress, manner, walk and coiffure which was effected in this girl. Her worst enemy, had she one, would be unable to express anything but surprise at the happy change.

LOST COUPLE NEAR DEATH

Man and Wife Found in Mountains Almost Starved.

PRINCE RUPERT, B. C., Aug. 3.—Lost in the mountains, Peter Stafford and his wife were found recently in the last stage of starvation by two constables on the Kayex river, 32 miles from Skeena Mills. The couple had not eaten real food for 20 days, the only thing that kept them alive being soup made by boiling strips of old beaver skin. Stafford's condition was pitiful, as he had been suffering from tuberculosis for some months. How he was able to survive the terrific experience is a mystery to physicians.

Stafford and his wife were discovered in a small tent pitched under a big tree. The man, too weak to move, was placed in a canoe and the woman was assisted along the shore until a point 22 miles from the railway was reached. Here they were left with friends, with enough food to last six weeks, and a store of medicine was sent in.

S. S. S. Fills Out Hollow Cheeks, Thin Limbs!

Men and women,—whether you will ever build yourself up to your normal, just-right weight depends on the number of blood-cells in your blood. That's all there is to it. It's a scientific fact. If your blood-cell factory isn't working right, you will be run-down, thin, your blood will be in disorder, and perhaps your face will be broken out with pimples, blackheads and eruptions. S. S. S. keeps your blood-cell factory working full time. It helps build new blood-cells. That's why S. S. S. builds up thin, run-down people, it puts firm flesh on your bones, it rounds out your face, arms neck, limbs, the whole body. It puts the "pink" in your cheeks. It takes the hollowness from the eyes, and it feels Father Time by smoothing out wrinkles in men and women by "plumping" them up. S. S. S. is a remarkable blood-purifier. While you are getting plump, your skin eruptions, pimples, blackheads, acne, rheumatism, rash, tetter, blotches are being removed. The medicinal ingredients of S. S. S. are guaranteed purely vegetable. S. S. S. is sold at all drug stores, in two sizes. The larger size is the more economical.