"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe" From First Statesman, March 28, 1851 THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO. CHARLES A. SPRAGUE, SHELDON F. SACKETT, Publishers CHARLES A. SPRAGUE - - - - Editor-Manager SHELDON F. SACKETT - - - - Managing Editor

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After Twelve Years

REPORTER writing in Sunday's Statesman refers to if for some other reason dependtoday as a "solemn holiday." It was not solemn twelve able and safe cow's milk cannot years ago, unless perhaps on the firing lines where the be had dry milk, milk powder or heavy artillery ceased firing. It was a day of riotous joy, of uncontrolled happiness, when the pent-up emotions of hundreds of millions of people held tense by years of wartime from fresh cow's milk. They effort, burst forth in jubilation at victory achieved and contain all the normal ingredipeace secured. We never expect to see anything like it ents of milk except water. One again; the spontaneous rejoicing of the whole populace.

Nor do we think that this twelfth anniversary of the revolving cylinders, heated to a ending of the world war is a "solemn holiday." We have Memorial Day for that, when a nation pauses and mourns. True, even in this celebration of the signing of the armis- the solid elements. Another protice, we cannot forget those brave fellows of the A. E. F. cess consists in spraying the milk who left home shores to meet death on foreign fields, nor into a hot cylinder. The result in those who surviving bear the wounds of battle. But most of all Armistice Day is a day of rejoicing over the ending of the most terrible inferno the human race was ever plunged reasons. It is practically sterile. into. Twelve years ago there were tears but they were tears Its vitamin content is not lowof joy-save when some mother thought of one whom she knew would not return.

Twelve years, and the world is still trying to readjust sired. itself after the ordeal of 1914-1918. Grass grows over the graves of the hero dead; but war wreckage still abounds. have advantages over fresh milk Political institutions still suffer from the shock. World unless the product comes from an economy slowly and painfully seeks to restore itself to na- unquestioned source. Of course tional and industrial solvency. The movements for interna- sive than the fresh milk and are tional accord growing out of determination to end such not likely to be used when good fearful agonies as war, are countered by the ugly moods of fresh milk is available. the vanquished and by the fanning of fresh hatreds by ble qualities that make it of parthose newly ambitious for power. Twelve years and the amount importance in the baby's ledgers of the world still carry war accounts. The world diet. But the good food mixture war has not yet been "liquidated" either in terms of money made of the dried milk, can be or politics or social relations. The twelve years will reach to twenty and the twenty to fifty years before the debits and credits cast up by the war may be erased. The next of the debits of the deb neration will still be fronting the problems that are the legacy of 1914-1918.

Twelve years have written new lines in the faces and reason we build up the diet with figures of those boys called to the cantonments of 1917-8. added vitamins and minerals sup-You will see them march today, some of them, but they are plied by the fruit juices and cod not quite the buoyant youth of twelve years back. They are daddies now themselves. Grey is getting into their hair, doctor's advice in making up the and some are getting bald. They are more portly, heavier infant diet. However there are on their feet. They may think themselves still young, but these college and high school boys to whom the war is but a childish memory have pushed them clear out of the ranks important thing, for upon it de-How fast time flies-twelve years ago it was when these when these men, then boys, came out of the trenches. It is future well being. their day, a day of celebration tinged with remembering; a day of rejoicing gilded also we trust with the hope that no future generation of youth may be called on to pay such a price.

Seas Take Their Toll

RAINS in the Willamette are a gentle drizzle or at most a sharp shower. They are the frayed out edge of the storm that pounds in the Pacific. The seas were angry over the week-end. Father Neptune shook his hoary locks and thrust his trident at the vessels that rode the waves like tiny corks. The worst tragedy was when the steam schooner Brooklyn was broken in twain by mighty waves as she was outward bound across Humboldt bar from Eureka, California. Eighteen men went down with the ship, caught in a trap, without a chance of escape.

Other vessels have been in distress. A big oil tanker was abandoned after grounding on the rocks off the California coast. The cruiser Missoula parted from the towing tug. Roosevelt, was buffeted by the gale off Coos Bay. It is the season of storm and shipwreck. We who live near the salesman, stranger in the city. coast feel a personal interest in the fate of those who come and go at our harbors. And when the winds are blowing we know that the waves are running high, and that they are testing the temper of men and the sturdiness of their craft as they try to ride out the storm.

A Step Toward Tolerance THERE is one gratification in the election of Julius Meier to the governorship and that is the evidence that it affords of growing religious toleration. Only a few years ago with the hysteria then prevailing a Jew would hardly have dared aspire to this high public office. One Jew was defeated for the U.S. senatorship though he was and is one of the best and most public-spirited citizens of Oregon. Two years ago religious prejudice was a strong factor in the defeat of Al Smith.

For a country whose constitutions declare the separation of church and state, we certainly preserve our prejudices a long time and carry them with us into the election booth. Last Tuesday's voting was a real step forward in the direction of tolerance. When Clarence True Wilson, figuratively speaking, sprinkles a Hebrew with Methodist holy water, there is hope that some day people may get away from religious persecution whether by rack and fagot or the ballot.

Political pointer dogs are picking up the scents left by las Tuesday's elections, looking ahead to 1932. Pinchot and Dwight Morrow loom as possible opponents of President Hoover for renomination. Franklin Roosevelt looms as the "white hope" of the democrats, combining Tammany, anti-prohibition and anti- H owbelt, should a future foe as power trust. A lot may happen in two years, but the 1932 contest cesn't look like a Coolidge-Davis race by any means.

Carey and Harlan now assert that the se-called reduction in light and power ates for which they got some fifty thousand yellow leons from Portland seem to be fictitious. We are not quite sure whether Carey and Harlan are getting ready to give back the fifty thousand bucks because of no service rendered; or to touch the city for another fifty thousand to do the job they were supposed to have done before,

Salem high school "Clarion", the school annual, was one of the seven for Oregon high schools rated "superior" by critics in the department of industrial journalism at the state college. A fine and rell deserved recognition. The editor was Wilds Fleener and the

business manager Fritz Amman, and the printing was done in the Statesman plant.

When E was married, he was 27 years old, and 2-3 of his age to talking about the depression; said he got an A. B.

Picked up a hitch-hiker the other day, a young fellow. He got to talking about the depression; said he got an A. B.

Answer tomorrow. Yesterday's degree from an Oregon college last year. Giddap!

He leaned over slowly and laid hate you! Go on—go away!"

When E was married, he was 27 years old, and 2-3 of his age was 4 years more than 2-3 of his age was 4 years more than 2-3 of his age was 4 years more than 2-3 of his age wise's age. How old was his wife? Answer tomorrow. Yesterday's answer: \$35 an acre.

He leaned over slowly and laid hate you! Go on—go away!"

She found herself walking being oganized there. It is to promote information on the new invention and other low could knock me out like scientific subjects by lectures and discussions. The organization has just been officially register-low and Liberty. Adv.

When mother and infant are fortunate as to depend on east-feeding, the future of the child is bright. But when it sary to resort t o artificial

feeding n e w troubles come along. The n t h e mother must k n o w

thing to do. When wearing time comes for the baby, cow m 1 l k forms the basis of the diet. Pasteurized milk is sure to be safe. The only substitute is certified milk of the

best kind, milk from a clean dairy of unquestioned standards, promptly delivered. Unfortunately, there are times when it is not possible to get cow's milk in case of a milk shortage, if one is traveling or evaporated milk may be used.

Valuable Assets These preparations are made method of manufacture depends on passing the liquid milk over high temperature. The heat is quite sufficient to dry up the water at the same time leaving all methods is practically the

Dried milk is good for many ered materially. It is valuable as an addition to milk formulas when a concentrated food is de-

Dried milks are easily digested. Because they are sterile, they

We have to be careful to pro tect the babies from rickets and conditions like scurvy. For this

Everyone should benefit by a some practical points which the young mother should know. Indeed, such knowledge is a most pends your baby's present and

## Y esterdays

. . Of Old Oregon Town Talks from The Statesman Our Fathers Read

Nov. 11, 1905 Adjutant General W. E. Finzer as announced that the third annual course of study series for guardsmen will begin November

Mrs. U. G. Boyer arrived from Minnesota yesterday to be at the bedside of her mother, Mrs. C. L.

Master Chester Willar, Libery road, has won the \$5 suit of clothes offered by Joseph Meyers and Sons to the first boy under 16 years of age who identified a

### The Safety Valve - -Letters from

Statesman Readers ARMISTICE DAY HEROES

(Edna Garfield) round the shrine of country'

flag we kneel, R ejoicing that barrage, blood, gas and steel M enace the world no more, nor

sound a knellmperialistic, weird World war hell! ecure, God, fruition of our hope

T hat nations no more in war

pall grope; mbue their hearts with visions of Thy love; reate in them ideal from above, E ndue the world with peace of

heavenly dove. D o Thou, Lord, give to every na-

tion's soul sure resolve to avert war's future toll: earn we for worldwide broth-

erhood's high goal. E ach loyal son would spring to

quick defense esist the danger, nor let fo prevail: ur pride as patriots scorns

weak pretense! ndemic fervor fuels ship

ublime the freedom we dissem

### TODAY'S PROBLEM...

### A GOOD PROVIDER



# "GIRL UNAFRAID" By GLADYS JOHNSTON

She tried to stifle the disloy- in the fresh wind. Feeling the drew a long weary sigh. alty. This was shameful . . . they liked her-they were loyal to her -but they made her self-conscious, between them. Granny's too pointed questions. Neil's devouring gaze. She looked into old Granny. Poor Neil . . "But the red heart of the fire and I can't!" she was crying despertried to smile.

ing up an amusing string of an- dark shop. Reaching in her hand ecdotes about the customers, and bag for her key. while she talked she was busy with memories. She was watching the ghost of a slender girl moving through the room - a light-hearted girl who dreamed amid the hardships of this house; a girl delighted merely to go riding with Neil in his cut-down Ford on Sundays. Would she have been happier had she stayed here? Ardeth wondered. Happier if no Ken had come into her life to fling the shadow of loneliness over her heart? The old woman's voice

rambling interminably. "I knew they couldn't keep you, with their fine clothes an' big talk. Don't you be losin' heart, I told the boy here. She'll get tired of her rich friends. She knows where she belongs, that one, I told him. She'll come back in the end to her real sweetheart, I told him." "Oh, Granny!" Ardeth

tested. The high old voice broke into a cackle, "Blushin' she is because I hit the truth! Why, my pretty, who could be readin' your heart if it wasn't old Gran-

Unhappy and embarrassed, Ardeth avoided Neil's burning eyes. "She's young, I said to the lad. Carried away she is by their soft ways, but she'll be back. Nigh to breakin' the true heart of my boy, you were though-"Aw-don't, Granny!"

from Neil. His face was drawn in the light of the fire. "Why, laddie!" she went with the innocent stubborness of the old, "who else should be sayin' the words to bring my pretty pair of sweethearts gether if it isn't me?" Ardeth rose, suddenly stifled A trap . . . this shabby kitchen, with its alternate bursts of light and shadow.

"Oh, ? , my pretty-" Granny's knotted fingers fas tened to her skirt with surprising strength. Ardeth fought the

sense of panic. "Nell, I must go! Can't you -can't you make her under-There was a nervous make light,

shake in the tone she tried to and planted his elbows on his Neil stood upright, looking talk. very tall in the red light. His eyes were strangely still. "Yes-

Out in the dark hallway she tried to gather herself together. "It's been good to see you again, Neil. I'll come again-soon." He was vaguely indefinite in the gloom, but she felt that he shook his head, "No." His voice held that new, flat note, "No.

you won't, Ardeth. I guess I understand-now. I saw there was no chance. I never had a chance. You've gone away from me." Her heart was sore with his sorrow. "Don't say that, Neil.

Old friends mustn't lose sight of

each other so long-" "We're not friends, Ardeth. I can love you or hate you. But can't be friends. You've gone away—away beyond me. I saw it before, but I wouldn't believe it. It isn't clothes. Or even the different way you talk. It's you. Yourself. That-that other fellow-he got you away from me and you won't come back."

The quick tears of sympathy tired. But somehow, I never were stinging her eyes. "Oh, thought of him dying. He was Neil-" She groped for his arm. so cold . . . Strange to see death He snatched it away. "I told in a baby. Why, you're crying, he said flercely. "I'm trying to hate you! Go on—go away!"

She found herself walking her wet face.

He leaned over slowly and laid in London theatres a television society is being oganized there. It is to promote information on tism, had to use crutch and cane.

cool air on her wet cheeks. Seeing the stars. The dark Autumn night was grateful. A nightmare-Nell left back

there in the red nightmare with 'ately in her heart. "I can't'" She spoke of the shop, keep- | She was back before her own

> Her heart leaped. In the entrance a tall figure slumped. Someone who raised a white face as she came up.

"Ken!" she cried.

CHAPTER 46 Her first thought was that Ken had been drinking to excess. His face was ghastly, his eyes wild. It was his will alone which was holding him together. "I shouldn't be here of course he began in an unnaturally calm voice, "but I had to come. You see . . . he died. The baby."

"The baby! Oh, Ken." He nedded very gravety, "Poor old Colonel. Such a little thing. So little, 'Ardeth.' "When?" she asked gently.

ket. I never realized that babies took such little caskets." "Where is Cecile?" Her voice was sharp.

Her nerves, you know. She's awtrip. It was all planned beforebefore. And there wasn't any use staying here, you see. Sheshe couldn't change matters-so she's gone. Last night, I think it was. I'm sort of mixed on dates, Days and nights got tangled." Ardeth put the key in the lock and pushed him gently

ahead of her into the dark shop. She lit the lamp in the back room and looked at Ken. She saw then that he was dazed with fatigue. His face was white and it shone moist in the soft light. "What have you been doing, pushed him toward the couch.

Wrinkled his forehead. Walking. I think I walked all over the city. It sort of helps turn to her for comfort for the to walk. Shouldn't have come dead child! The irony of life. here-" He made an effort to pull himself together. "Get you from her, leaving her weak and in a row if people saw. But I sick. This moment - snatched couldn't get you out of my mind. from fate. These quiet hours, hid-You liked the little fellow. I den from the world. Ken and wanted to be with someone who herself . . . Ken, more truly her -who liked him.

He sighed deeply. Leaned over Wisely Ardeth let him

"You called him pretty-Ken's low voice. "He wasn't, of course . . . Not like other babies. But I guess even a baby likes to be called pretty. And he was awfully bright. An awfully bright little fellow. Funny, isn't it, it helps to talk about

"Go on," said the girl softly. She had slipped out of her coat and hat and seated herself on the couch beside him. "Tell me some more, Ken. He slanted a weary blue glance

up at her. "Gee-you're sweet, Ardeth. Well . . . he had a lot of personality. Not like a baby. Like an older person, you know.' Remembering the old soul which had looked out of those baby eyes, the girl nodded. "I had an idea he was lonely," Ken went on. "He seemed to like to be with me. And so good all the time! Hardly ever cried. That was the trouble. Lack of vitality, the doctor said. seemed to come into the world

Ardeth rose. "I'm going to make you some hot tea, Ken. You're shaking with chill, Lean at Corvallis. Even our little P. Pettyjohn. back against the pillows, dear. neighboring town of Turner is Put your feet up. That's it-" She put a small pan of water

on the gas jet which stood befrom the cupboard. When she came back to the

couch with the steaming cup Ken

tionless looking down at his un- tion and preservation. conscious face. Relaxed like this, something of the bleakness had faded from his face. There was something of the gay Ken she remembered. She put out a hand and smoothed back the damp, brown hair.

So intent was she, that she did not see the face pressed to the alley window. The paint which Jeanette had put on it when she painted the Smokerie had worn thin from many washings, and the yellow theatrical "Four days ago. They buried gauze which draped it did not him yesterday. Such a tiny cas- hide the room from one looking fields of civil life-to give exin from the alley.

Unaware that she was watched, Ardeth flung a blanket over the crown of brotherhood; the Ken's long figure. Then she highest attribute of love, "Cecile? Oh-she's gone away. reached over and pulled the cord of the floor lamp. The room fully nervous. She went on a blinked into a darkness relieved gratitude to the service men and only by the dim rose glow of a women, living and dead. The Bits night lamp.

chair and closed her eyes. But make a small contribution tonot to sleep. She sat in the still- wards this debt by voting for the ness broken only by Ken's weary bonus bill, and he was glad to breathing and now and then a pay it. He is proud of that vote. troubled mumble. Too tired to think . . . only

cictures of the night came crowdtroubled fragments of a dream. Neil and old Granny in the red kitchen. Ah, the past was closed to her. Nothing for her Ken?" she asked gently as she there. Not even if she would. could she re-enter. And the fucould not follow Ken, even to comfort him. That Ken should A wave of pitying love went own than he had ever been. For

this brief time she had him-had him to comfort-to strengthen. A fierce, protecting ownership welling up in her heart. She went over to kneel softly beside the couch. Ken and herself, in this stolen hour. Hidden in the dark heart of the city. Ken, turning to her, a refuge-

felt unshed tears in her throat. She studied his face. So thin . The sensitive mouth compressed in sleep as though he still held himself together by sheer force of will,

Her own. This proved it didn't

t? This instinctive turning to her each other. A thousand things proved it. The tears were hanging on her lashes now. One splashed to his

· And suddenly his eyes were open. Looking steadily up into A her own, very wide and dark in this dim light. His arm went about her neck, drawing her face down on his

(To be continued)

Television Society Latest

## BITS for BREAKFAST

A great museum! the ultimate west was being con- the negative understood just verted from a savage wilderness what it was all aboutinto a country devoted to the arts

of civilization, to arise on the campus of the his- state, but, on the contrary, at a to arise on the campus of the toric institution, some way will be found to provide convenient and fire proof shelter for the arand fire proof shelter for the articles now on hand, or to be contributed or collected in the mean

This assurance is needed, and is given, to prevent, as far as possible, many thousands of articles from going to other places, quality that makes it ring true to distant sections, and other countries-many thousands that belong in the custody of old Willamette, because that institution was here before there was any start made in the founding of Salem, and before there was either a provisional, territorial or state government. \* \* \*

In fact, the city was started by the school, and the provisional government was born in the Oregon Institute, that by change of name became Willamette university. The first resultful meeting leading up to the vote that authorized the provisional government was held in the Oregon Institute, and that gathering appointed the committee that arlasted until Oregon was made a serve a supper to the winners. territory and the acts of the provisional government confirmed.

one of the Oregon State college Edwards, G. B. Bowman and W. providing for a museum. \* \* \*

ganization of the sons and daugh- Bressler, Raphael Bettincourt hind a screen Put tea in the ters of pioneers, to assist in sav-blue pot. Took a cup and saucer ing and collecting articles of his-troic value for Willamette's mu-toric value for Willamette's mutoric value for Willamette's museum, and to give all possible chairman of refreshments, Mrs. help in furthering the project of S. C. Davenport who will choose providing for a building that will six to assist when refreshments in the meantime give them prop- are served. The six helpers ap-For a moment she stood mo- er temporary asylum, for exhibi- pointed by Mrs. Davenport for

This is Armistice day. It is the day annually set apart for semembrance of the date of the cessation of hostitilities in the greatest and most destructive and costly war of all history, and for that reason is deserving of tette, Mrs. W. C. Pettyjohn, Mrs. universal observance.

And it should be a day set apart for the rejuvenation of feelings of gratitude to the men who enlisted and fought in that war and survived to enter the pressions of those feelings of gratitude, the brightest star in

We all owe a deep debt of man had a chance on election Ardeth sat down in the big day on the 4th of this month to

Why? Because it offered a concrete ing back on her. Pictures like the expression of the gratitude of the men and women who enlisted and served in the forces of the United States, and were not at that time residents of Oregon, but who have since come to this state and He looked up in weary sur- ture . . .? A future where she lived within its borders for as much as 10 years.

Why should not the people of Oregon lend the credit of their state so that these new residents, who have come to make their homes here, might have approximately the same benefits that those who were residents here at times of enlistment have enjoyed and are enjoying? 4 5 5

The amendment proposed to make the interest rate of the loans to the newcomers four and a half per cent, against the four per cent charged on the ones to the men and women who were residents of Oregon when they enlisted. In that extra charge, the loans to the newcomers would have stabilized the whole mass; rendered more certain a profit to the state in the ultimate winding up of the whole business. It is evident now that there will be no loss to the state on the business as it now stands.

There is no good reason for for comfort? They belonged to discriminating at all, even to the extent of half of one per cent in-

> Neuritis and Rheumatism Casey's Compound BLOOD CLEANSING TONIC

Will help nature build up and enrich your blood, Will strengthen your whole body. Restores loss of appetite, weak and run-down condition. It banishes rheumatism, neuritis, stops pain and swelling, drives out the uric acid

poison through direct action on the stomach, liver and kidneys. Mrs. O. C. Moser, 418 W. Main

terest, against the newcomers; Some day, Willamette university will be provided with a monumental building that will be who voted favored the amendbut even with that discrimination used wholly or in part for a mu- ment. The Bits man thinks there seum; to house historic relics in-cluding those of the days when ity, had thousands who voted in

More especially had they realized that they were thus paying a But before the time of the erec-tion of the great building that is money cost to themselves or the

man thinks, be tried again, at the next general election.

Gratitude should never have the quality of temporary enthusiasm, to grow cold with the passing of that passion. It has the when it endures to the end.

Men and Women vie for Honors in Providing Entertainment

ROBERTS, Nov. 10-Who can put on the best program the women or the men? This is the ranged for the "wolf" meeting, big question before the communwhere the committee of 12 was ity club. Beginning with Decemnamed to frame the report that ber 14, the women will put on was adopted at Champoeg May 2, two programs and the men two programs. At the end of the congovernment voted; the one that test the losers have to cook and

This is part of the program plan for the winter which was decided upon at the meeting of Even were not Salem and the club Saturday night. Anothcountry surrounding this city the er important item of the business place of greatest historic signif- meeting was the appointment of icance and importance west of the following committees for the the Rockies, the movement for a year by the president, Roy Rice: museum here is belated. The flower committee, B. D. Fidles, Dalles has a fine museum, and Mrs. J. P. Bressler, Mrs. Raphmany of the smaller cities and ael Bettincourt, and George Vetowns of Oregon have museums, all; reception committee, Mrs. not counting that at the Univer. Alice Coolidge, Mrs. J. P. Blanksity of Oregon at Eugene and the enship, Mrs. Irvin Selby, Forest

Sickness and distress committee: Mrs. Henry Shuebel, Mrs. William Shorey, Sawaki Usui, There is a movement for an or- Mrs. Lewis Salchenberg, J. P. the next meeting are Mrs. H. B. Carpenter, Mrs. Alice Coolidge, Mrs. Roy Rice, Mrs. J. P. Blankenship, Mrs. Lewis Salchenberg and Mrs. Flora Holley.

Program Enjoyed A short program was given after the business session. Quar-H. B. Carpenter, S. C. Davenport and George Veall; reading, Dorothy Rice; an encore; song, Naomi Crouser; tap dancing, Henry Jungwith; piano and saxophone duet, Janice Higgins and Maxine Pettyjohn; song, Milton Wallace and Sycol Beckett; reading by Mrs. W. C. Pettyjohn and Max-

ine Pettyjohn. At the next meeting of the clob on November 29 the pupils of the school will put on a program and have a basket social to raise money for playground and school room equipment.

Pink Eggs for Europe Tailless South American hens which lay pink eggs are to be introduced into Europe. Their eggs will be offered commercialy following the recent declaration of a scientist that eggs of color are of better quality and whet the appetite quicker than white ones

Don't suffer another minute from blind, itching, protruding or bleeding piles without testing the newest and fastest acting treatment out. Dr. Nixon's Chinaroid, fortified with rare, imported Chinese Herb, with amasing power to reduce swollen tissues, brings ease and comfort in a few minutes, enabling you to work and enjoy life while it continues its soothing, healing action. Don't delay. Act in time to avoid a dangerous and costly operation. Try Dr. Nixon's Chinaroid under our guarantee to satisfy completely and be worth 100 times the small cost or your money back.

Perry's Drug Store, 115 S. Commercial St.

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has crowned our work. We have been successful in numbers of difficult cases that others have failed on.

IT IS THE SATISFACTORY FITTING

> of difficult cases that goes to make our rep-ntation. We are al-ways looking for trou-ble—eye trouble—and it is our great pleas-ure to give relief to troubled eyes.

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