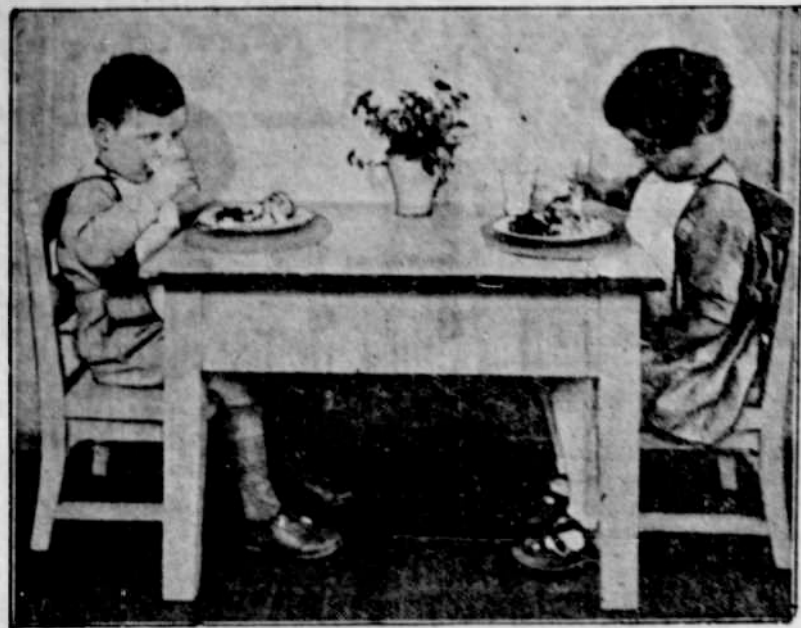


CHILDREN LIKE THEIR OWN LITTLE TABLE



Small Table Especially for Youngsters.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

A small table especially for their use is an essential part of the household furnishing where there are children. Such a table can be used both for the children's meals and as a place to play when they are indoors. To go with it there should be small sturdy chairs, comfortable for the knees when the children are seated at the table, of the right height to permit them to sit with their feet squarely on the floor, and of just the right shape in the seat and back to help them maintain a good posture. Sometimes a plain, strong table already in the house can be cut down to answer the purpose. If need be, a little paint or enamel will brighten it up and make it easier to keep clean. Little children at times spill their food. Since this must be accepted as cheerfully as possible during the period when they are learning to feed themselves, the table and floor should be washable.

When children eat apart from the adults there are fewer distractions. The fact that grownups sometimes have different foods from those served to the children passes unnoticed. If there is a maid or some one else who can serve the children quietly and efficiently apart from the family, they may have their meals at the family meal hours, but most mothers find it more convenient and less distracting to the

PROPER CARE OF UNCOOKED MEAT

Ready Medium for Development of Harmful Bacteria.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

The proper care of uncooked meat in the home during the time between its delivery and its preparation for the table is most important. Uncooked meat is a ready medium for the development of bacteria that cause spoilage and are dangerous to health. As the temperature increases, the bacteria increase in greater proportion, and spoilage is hastened. Therefore, the colder the better—a temperature of 47 degrees Fahrenheit or below is of real value. It is not always possible to detect spoilage in meat by its odor or taste, hence it is best to use on the safe side and store the meat in the coldest part of a good refrigerator.

Unwrap the meat as soon as it is delivered, says the bureau of home economics of the United States Department of Agriculture. Tests are now being carried on indicating that uncooked meat in a closed container has a more advanced rate of spoilage than meat on an uncovered dish. The top of the meat may be protected from possible droppings of food from the shelves above by having loose pieces

of oiled paper laid over it. Set the platter with the meat on it in the coldest part of the refrigerator, previously determined by means of a thermometer. The coldest spot is that reached first by cold air currents descending from the melting ice, or from the unit in the mechanical refrigerator. This varies with the design of the box and with the location of the cold air duct.

Stuffed Plum Salad

A salad that may be made with any large plums that are firm enough to stand up to handling is good for this salad. Wash and wipe the fruit and cut in halves lengthwise. Remove the stones and fill the cavities with cream cheese which has been blended with french dressing. Arrange on lettuce leaves, allowing two halves for each serving. Insert three pecans or other nut meats in each plum half and serve with sweetened salad dressing.

Unwrap Meat as Soon as it is Delivered.

of oiled paper laid over it. Set the platter with the meat on it in the coldest part of the refrigerator, previously determined by means of a thermometer. The coldest spot is that reached first by cold air currents descending from the melting ice, or from the unit in the mechanical refrigerator. This varies with the design of the box and with the location of the cold air duct.

Attractive Outlook

Is the outlook from your kitchen windows pleasant? If not, can you improve it? Cleaning up the backyard will often help, and a hedge or a trellis of vines can sometimes be used to screen undesirable features. Also, trim walks of concrete or some other permanent material, and well-kept lawn about the kitchen door keep much dust and mud from being carried indoors, the United States Department of Agriculture suggests.

AROUND THE HOUSE

Every child needs a place of his own for play and playthings.

Weatherstrips put on now will soon pay for themselves by coal saved and added comfort provided.

Removing dust regularly from window sills, porches, steps and walks helps to keep it out of the house.

Proper cleaning doubles the life of

childer to give them their meals about half an hour before the other members of the household. The important thing, says the bureau of home economics of the United States Department of Agriculture, is that the children's meals should come at regular time, with well-spaced intervals, and with due regard for the schedule for nap, bath, exercise, and bedtime.

Part of the mother's responsibility is to see that the food offered to the children looks appetizing, is well cooked, and served at a suitable temperature. A burnt tongue from food that is too hot is an unfortunate accident, and foods that are cold when they should be eaten hot are equally unsatisfactory for making a meal a success. Whether the mother cooks the child's food personally, or has some one else do it, she should make certain that every dish on the menu is properly prepared and served. Lumpy cereal, scorched cocoa, or stringy vegetables may be the starting point of a food dislike, even in a very young child. Food should be used as a carrier of medicine, as when castor oil is given in orange juice. Orange juice is so necessary in the child's daily diet that the enjoyment of it should not be spoiled. Make the setting of each meal attractive, the food good to look at and to eat, and the child will have a good appetite and good digestion.

"ICE WELL" GOOD AS REFRIGERATOR

Cooling System Made From Hole in Ground.

On hot sultry days next summer the farmer and his family will be chasing the butter around the dish with a spoon unless some sort of refrigeration system has been installed on the farm.

Where the usual cooling systems are too expensive or otherwise impracticable the "ice well" may solve the problem, especially on farms in the North. This unique cooling system is described briefly as a "hole in the ground in which a large solid cake of ice is formed by running in a small quantity of water daily during freezing weather." A small house over the pit serves as a milk house through the summer. Cans of milk and cream are lowered to the ice through a trapdoor in the floor.

Dairy officials of the United States Department of Agriculture constructed and tested an ice well at the department's dairy field experiment station at Mandon, N. Dak., last season and report highly satisfactory results for that region. Freezing was started in January. By the end of February there was a block of ice 8 feet square by 6 1/2 feet deep. Meat, fruit, and vegetables, as well as milk and cream, kept perfectly. Cream was kept in a perfectly sweet condition for 14 days during July, the hottest part of the summer. The ice lasted until well into October.

The ice-well method has been used to some extent in Canada. The southern limit of its adaptability in the United States has not been determined as yet.

Whole Cooked Chicken in Cans Now on Market

A whole cooked chicken in a tin can is a new thing in the marketing of poultry products that has recently been brought to the attention of the public, says the bureau of agricultural economics, United States Department of Agriculture. The birds are inspected for wholesomeness before cooking, by bureau representatives operating under a nation-wide inspection service for the quality and condition of dairy and poultry products. If the consumer prefers to do his own cooking, he may buy a bird that has been dressed, drawn, and hard-chilled at the poultry plant and marketed in individual containers under government inspection.

Famous Painting

Gainsborough's picture, "The Blue Boy," is a portrait of Jonathan Bull, son of a rich London merchant, and it was painted in 1729. Blue and brown predominate. According to tradition, Gainsborough painted it to confute the dictum of Sir Joshua Reynolds in his eighth "Discourse," in which he said in part: "It ought to be indisputably observed that the masses of light in a picture be adorned with a warm yellow color, yellow, red or a yellowish white, and that the blue, the gray or the green colors be kept almost entirely out of these masses and be used only to support or set off these warm colors." Let the light be cold and the surrounding color warm, as we often see in the works of the Roman and Florentine painters, and it will be out of the power of art, even in the hands of Rubens and Titian, to make a picture splendid and harmonious.

HATE

By Arthur D. Howden Smith

CHAPTER X—Continued

In the midst of everything the Centurion stood ruthlessly through the heart of the convoy, loosing her headside batteries at intervals to heighten the existing consternation. The frigates, responding to frenzied signals from the flagship, finally gave chase, but by the time they had recovered the whereabouts of the privateer the fog blanketed her, and Fellows changed his course to due south. He saw no more of the convoy, although in the morning he picked up one of its trailers, a little Scotch brigantine, which was so cranked a sailor that he burned her.

The following week, cruising backward and forward in wide loops across the track he expected Chater to take, he spoke a Charleston privateer schooner, driven into these latitudes by a storm the Centurion had avoided. Her master had tracked the brig's course, but had seen nothing of the True Bounty, so Fellows turned northward again into a region of frequent fogs, where the cold was biting and ice froze on the railings, until the men could scarcely find a footing when they went aloft.

Headwinds drove him back, and in more moderate latitudes a pair of fast thirty-eight gun frigates, evidently one of the patrols on the watch for the hard-hitting Yankee men-of-war of the same class, chased the Centurion two days' sail to the southward. Having dodged his pursuers, Fellows caught a smart Plymouth snow, the Sprightly Jean, loaded with Jamaica rum, a cargo which Joshua could sell at a ready profit in the state of the New York market. He depleted his crew to man out the prize, and again pointed the brig's bow north.

Certain of the crew grumbled at this departure from the trade-routes. But Fellows held on his course to the Fifeties, held on until he was convinced Chater had not ventured so far south.

Driving southeast, they struck the outbound track of the West Indian convoys, and snatched a sloop, six-hundred-ton ship, the Mary Carroll, of London, from under the guns of a raze and a thirty-two gun frigate. Conflicting also permitted the Centurion to make off with the prize. Cuffee's snap-shooting with the Long Tom diminishing the frigate's ardor for the chase. A sweet prize, the Mary Carroll; her strong-box held ten thousand pounds in gold, and her holds were full of fancy goods and kickshaws for the spoiled wives of planters. Fellows put ten men and a prize-master aboard her, and dispatched her for New York, after snatching a few hundred dollars.

There was no more grumbling now that the brig steered east by south for the trade-routes to southern Europe and the Mediterranean. The rigid blockade of American ports seemed to have released British merchantmen from their earlier dread of the Yankee privateers, and these southerly seas almost swarmed with shipping. The Centurion captured a small Canton trader, the Pembroke, of Bristol, and the very next day ran down the Jesse brig, of Falmouth, bound for the Gold coast with trade goods.

Simply as a privateering enterprise the cruise had been successful up to this point, but Fellows was perturbed by the failure of his main objective. He had come to sea first of all, to catch the True Bounty and the True Beauty had disappeared as completely as the Flying Dutchman sailors said was forever trying to round the Cape of Good Hope—and forever, disappointed by headwinds blowing against him by an outraged Divinity.

"The course is southeast by east," he announced to Bred, who relieved him. "We'll follow it until we strike one of the Gibraltar patrol. I'll cruise 'twixt here and the latitude of Cadix." And they zigzagged westward now west, now west by north, now west, now west by south, now so west. The third day, an hour past sunrise, a thin hail drifted down from the main top.

"Sail ho! Fower plints to starboard," Spencer, officer of the deck, summoned Fellows, who tumbled out of his bunk, half-dressed. One look through his glass, and he sped a man forward to rouse Cuffee.

"Take the glass," Fellows directed. "Can you make out that sail? Is she the True Bounty?" "Cuffee don't wan' no glass, Mars' Fellows." Dat him Chater ship." The jagged white teeth glistened in the cold sunlight.

"Oh, my aunt! Now we shoot him Long Tom, mars'r. Now we shoot him plenty hard!" Fellows lips tightened. He strove to reconcile the rising floods of exultation and sorrow, of triumph and foreboding, that choked him emotion ally.

"But shoot carefully," he warned. "We may require to cripple a mast but I'll have no killing—if it can be avoided." "Yah, mars'r. Cuffee know. We don't hurt him pitty ill Misses. But him Chater—"

The immense black hands, free of the swaying railings, opened and closed, crooked and slashed.

"But why should you hate Chater?" Fellows questioned. "Cuffee hate him Chater fo dat yo hate him, mars'r. Yo see! Cuffee kill him plenty quick." "Not save it bid you." Fellows cautioned sternly, descending to the deck.

advice. Hate! Hate enough, and all would be simple. Hate every one of your enemies, aye, every one linked with them. Hate 'em root and branch. And a mighty wave of resentment swamped his spirit. Resentment against Joshua, against Ben, against Chater, against—against—He clawed open his neckcloth so feverishly that his officers, busy though they were, regarded him perplexedly. Aye, against her! Above all, against her!

She, who consorted with the nation's enemies, who intrigued with Wellington and God alone knew what other British statesmen, who entered



"Well, Naow," He snarled, "Murdered Me, Ain't Ye?"

tained Collishawe's suit, who had not lifted a finger to save him from being flogged! Why shouldn't he hate her? She merited nothing from him. She, whose lover was the man who had whipped him! She, who had accepted a visit from this man after their lips had met that last night on the True Bounty!

Something swelled up in his throat, hot, sufficing. Hate! Aye, hate! "Run out that Long Tom," he ordered hoarsely. "A shot betwixt his masts, Cuffee."

Chater had the weather gauge, and maneuvered expertly to make use of the advantage; but the Centurion could sail two knots to the True Bounty's one, and a couple of round shot between his masts seemed to convince him of the hopelessness of his plight. He lay to while the brig overhauled him and rounded his stern in position to rake, Fellows dominating her crowded decks, his slight figure taut with repressed energy.

Above, on the lofty poop of the True Bounty, Chater glowered sullenly, beside him Ben Inglepin, an expression of well-nourished resentment clouding the merchant's chubby countenance. "Carn, muffled in a great coat of fur, clung to her father's arm. There was curiosity in her glance, but no fear; and as often before, Fellows was constrained to admit a grudging measure of respect for her. The Centurion came back with a din of flapping canvas, and not waiting to be halted, Inglepin bawled angrily:

"What is this that you do, Captain Fellows? You have reason to know this vessel. D'you not see the colors she flies?"

"I'm not assured you have a justifiable claim to that flag's protection, sir," Fellows answered shortly. "Captain Chater, I'm coming aboard to examine your papers."

"Farty high piracy, I'd say," whined Chater. "A letter-of-marque don't give ye the right to search American vessels."

Disease Germs Cannot Live in Mother's Milk

Scientists have known for some time that babies fed on mother's milk were protected in some mysterious fashion from various diseases such as whooping cough, measles, diphtheria, and the like. Now it appears that the mother's milk actually has the power of killing disease germs. Dr. Friedrich Schlegel, bacteriologist at Berne, Switzerland, has experimented with milk from nursing mothers and found that the milk has this bactericidal power to a very high degree. If the milk is kept at a mean temperature this power may be demonstrated for six hours or more. Such bacteria as get into are at least very much retarded in their development if not actually killed. The milk is even able

to destroy bacteria which do not normally occur in it. Boiled milk has not this power. Doctor Schlegel has succeeded in filtering milk, obtaining a clear greenish liquid which contained albumin but no fat. The germs naturally contained in the milk stayed back with the fat, but the power to kill bacteria remained in the clear filtrate. This was proved by adding germs to the filtrate, which destroyed them.

Obedient

The junior partner had been on a visit to a distant branch office, and was giving his father a full account of the day's doings.

"The manager there," he said, "is a self-opinionated ass. He takes too much on himself, so I gave him to understand he must get authority from here instead of acting too much on his own."

"Yes," remarked the senior, "I gathered as much. Here's a telegram from him."

The wire ran: "Bad gas escape in the office. Please wire instructions."

Legends of "True Cross"

There is no authentic information as to the composition of the cross on which Jesus was crucified. Legends on the subject are legion. The alleged fragments of the cross preserved as sacred relics are composed of pine. According to one legend, the true cross was made of four kinds of wood—palm, olive, cedar and cypress—representing the four quarters of the globe. A more poetic legend says the cross was made of aspen, supposed to account for the almost constant quivering of the leaves of that species—Pathfinder Magazine.

Nimrod Sopher judged Fellows elbow. "Tis as he says," murmured the lawyer-marine. "Look to your commission, my friend. The private ship o'war is distinguished from the regular naval vessel by a limitation of her legal exercise of hostility and supervision."

"I didn't ask your advice," snapped Fellows. "It comes late in the day. Mr. Spencer, you'll take the ship. You, call away the longboat's crew; you'll go as coxswain. Yes, Cuffee, you, too."

In the bustle of mustering the boarding party, no one on the Centurion noticed the disappearance of the Inglepins and Chater from the True Bounty's poop. Indeed, when the longboat pulled under her lee the only members of the merchantman's crew in sight were young Rorke and the belman, but a rope ladder had been lowered from the waist, and Fellows climbed his jerking rungs without a thought of danger, holding his map follow him one at a time. He reached the bulwarks level, and vaulted carelessly to the deck—to be pounced upon by a dozen seamen, whose hair, brown paws effectually sealed his lips. In the background Chater hovered, whinnying orders:

"That's right, men! Grab the damned pirate. I calculate he'll do for a hostage. Here, one o' ye cut loose that ladder."

But the last word was still wet on his tongue when a roar resounded from the bulwarks. Fellows glimpsed a gigantic black shape sailing through the air—and crashed down on the deck with the rest of the dozen as Cuffee bounced into their midst. Right and left, the negro kicked and struck, legs and arms hitting with ferocious accuracy.

Half blinded, dazed, battered, he staggered to his feet, thinking to support Cuffee's charge. But a pistol cracked behind him, and he spun around in time to see Chater drawing a second weapon. And instinctively, without conscious effort, the Long Islander snatched for his own pistol, and pressed the trigger.

Chater's green eyes widened bewilderedly; the pistol slipped from his hand, his fingers clawing at his chest. "Well, naow," he snarled, "Murdered me, ain't ye?"

And he dopped on the deck, a tumbled heap of garments, leaking rustily.

"Will you have my surgeon?" Fellows offered perfunctorily. "No use. But ye won't und—what ye want, she's agin ye. Workin' for—British. But ye'll never know—not for certain."

The grotesque chin dropped, and Fellows understood the man was dead—was surprised, too, that he should experience neither satisfaction nor compunction. But here was no time for reflection. The longboat's party, pouring over the lee bulwarks were driving the True Bounty's crew toward into the fo'c'sle, no difficult enterprise, for the spirit had gone out of the ship's defenders, and they flinched under the flats of cutlasses and Tom Grogan's heavy abuse. Nimrod Sopher, tugging the borders, of course, was wringing his hands, agitated at the sight of Chater's body.

"My dear Lion! What a misfortune! And a delicate question in admiralty law. Manslaughter—in fact, it may be murder on the high seas—"

"Captain Fellows killed Captain Chater in self-defense, sir." Carn Inglepin's voice was low pitched and steady, and there was color in her sun-warmed cheeks as she stepped from the cabin companionway. Ben Inglepin, who followed her, was much less master of himself. His hands shook and his mouth wobbled nervously. The dunnies, billowing after them, funereal in black, her fat hands clicking a rosary, her beady eyes roving and probing, was as phlegmatic as ever she had been in Peregine. "You saw it with me, Father? Carn appealed to Ben. "Captain Chater fired first. A dastardly shot!"

"A most lamentable incident," quavered Ben.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Who Wants to be Bald? Not many, and when you are getting that way and loosing your hair, you want a good remedy that will stop falling hair, dandruff and grow hair on the bald head. BARE-TO-HAIR is what you want. For Sale at All Dealers in Toilet Articles. Write for Information. W. H. Forest, Mfrg. Scottsdale, Penna.

Vessels May Be Older Than St. Patrick's Time

An interesting archeological discovery was made by men clearing an old ditch at Mornington, county Louth, Ireland, a village at the mouth of the Boyne.

Mornington is connected by tradition with St. Patrick, who in 432, after unsuccessful efforts to effect a landing in other parts of Ireland, entered the Boyne there and ran his vessel into what was then known as the harbor at Colpa, now called Colp.

In a ditch into which within living memory the Boyne used to flow, forming a natural harbor, workmen unearthed the timbers of several oaken vessels lying at an angle to the stream and apparently of great age. The length of the vessels cannot be ascertained until after further excavations.

The fact that sandy soil will preserve oak for thousands of years opens up the possibility that the vessels may be even older than St. Patrick's time. Steps have been taken to protect them until they have been seen by an archeological expert.

Super Talk

Gezzy Udell, the Follies girl who is going to enter a convent, criticized the movies at a night club. "The movies," she said, "are enough to send any girl into a convent. All this super talk! Every film is a super-film nowadays. A man said to me the other night:

"I don't see any difference at all between a film and a super-film." "The more fool you, then," said I. "At a super-film the prices are double."

Substance and Shadow

It was a saying of Demetrius Phiferus, that "Man having often abandoned what was visible for the sake of what was uncertain, have not got what they expected, and have lost what they had—being unfortunate by an enigmatical sort of calamity."—Athenaeus (circa A. D. 200). "The Delphosophists."

Dr. Barnardo Homes Busy

Called "the largest family in the world," the Doctor Barnardo's homes, a charitable organization in Great Britain for children and young people, now has more than 8,000 in the homes throughout the empire. An average of five are being admitted daily, and 18,000 cases were handled last year.

He'd Be a Zero

"What is your objection to having a husband and wife on the same jury?" asked the Judge.

"It's just the same as having a jury of only eleven members, your honor," replied the lawyer for the defense.

Forbidden Fruit

Dame Platina—Don't you think it horrid of the selectmen to forbid a man to kiss his wife on Sunday?

Dame Fish—It's all right. Now that it's against the law the men will slip us many a contraband kiss.

Service and Success

"Nine-tenths of my success," says Albert Kahn, skyscraper builder, in the American Magazine, "has come because I listened to what people said they wanted and gave it to them."

Don't Be Disfigured

Keep Cole's Carbolic in the house. It stops pain from burn or cut quickly and heals without scars. At all good drug stores, 25c and 50c, or J. R. Cole Co., Rockford, Ill.—Advertisement.

Added Interest

"Van Sponger claims to have a great following."

"Well, I think he must have—he owes everybody."—New Bedford Standard.

Sugar for Candy

A pinch of cornstarch or flour mixed into the sugar when making candy will usually prevent curdling. The acid in the brown sugar is responsible for the curdling.

Cities' Many Bridges

In its course of seven miles through the city of Paris the Seine is crossed by thirty-two bridges. In London there are twenty bridges across the Thames.

Has Many Meanings

While it may not have the most varied meanings, the word "set" ranks among words with many meanings and uses.

For All the World

"Sportsmanship," says Charlie Padlock, in the American Magazine, "knows no nationality. It is to be found wherever men play together."

Many find Russ Ball Blue good tone for chickens. Large package at Grocers.—Adv.

A politician is a man who has acquired the art of earning a living without earning it.

Sorrow is knowledge.—Byron.

Camera Finishes Picture

Invented by a blind man, a camera which takes pictures and makes prints at practically the same time, has appeared in London. It has two lenses, one being the ordinary camera "eye," and the other admitting only ultraviolet rays. Film and paper are inserted together, and whenever the shutter is opened a secret "gas" is released from a small cylinder to develop, fix and print the exposures. When the spool is removed the photographs are unbound at the same time.

Accidentally an Arkansas lady cured fits in a valuable dog with Russ Ball Blue. Many others now use it. Nerve falls, she says.—Adv.

Mechanical Violin

Said to play with an uncanny human touch, a mechanical violin has been invented by two engineers in France. It has a number of keys which press the strings like the left hand of a player, and a revolving bow which permits different degrees of pressure. The violin is driven by two motors. One takes the place of the player's arm and the other imparts the swift movements of the wrist.

SLEEPLESSNESS

Scientific Way

When a thoughtful man thinks he keeps from falling into peaceful sleep, he should use Koenig's Nerve. It contains the best of the most scientific knowledge in the treatment of nervous troubles. Indigestion and nervous irritability. Acquire All Over the World.

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Removes Dandruff, Itching, Redness, and restores the hair to its natural color and growth. Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair. Restores the hair to its natural color and growth. Acquire All Over the World.

FLORESTON SHAMPOO

Ideal for use in connection with Parker's Hair Balm. Makes the hair soft and fluffy. Acquire All Over the World. H. H. H. Chemical Works, Patheville, N. Y.

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A Healing Antiseptic

All dealers are authorized to refund your money for the first bottle if not satisfied.

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Save \$1 per Hundred On Queen Hatchery "MUSKIE" by ordering before Jan. 10.

1930 promises to be so big we will pay 1c per head premium to keep demand in advance. Guaranteed 100% live delivery to be made anytime you direct. White Leghorns and all Heavy Breeds; also W. L. pullets, yearling hens, day-old turkeys—all of celebrated Q. H. quality. 20 years' reputation for best dealing.

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Business in Self City

Self City is a most degrading habit. There is no sense in staging a funeral over a failure. Life's greatest lesson is learned when we honestly acknowledge our faults as we make them. Then we will blame ourselves and give our pity to others.—Grit.

We like a grumpy man if he's witty; but that, he has to be.

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The tried home remedy for breaking up colds, relieving throat troubles, heating and soothing—quick relief for coughing and hoarseness. 30c at all drug stores. Use The "Tachina" Syrup.

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