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Time in on "The Raleigh Review" every Friday, 10:00 to 11:00 P. M. (New York Time) over the N. B. C. coast-to-coast network of N. B. C.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

It's 15c and It's milder

Relaxation. "Do you think a man of great public responsibility ought to permit himself the diversions of ordinary humanity?"

"Certainly," replied Senator Sorghum. "There is nothing more sensible than a little nonsense at the right time and place."

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'Phone From Moving Trains
Telephoning from the Hamburg-Berlin express trains in Germany is reported to be a success. Passengers may talk from a booth to any part of the country while traveling 60 miles an hour. All that is necessary is to give central the number and the name of the city desired. Connection is made by means of an aerial running along the roofs of the cars, from which ether waves are transmitted by electric current to the regular telephone wires running parallel with the railway, which carry the message by way of Hamburg or Berlin.

Frank Goose Egg
A goose owned by Mrs. E. T. Behlmer, of Van Nuys, Calif., has not yet succeeded in laying golden eggs, but it has made a radical departure from the ordinary white goose eggs. This bird has laid eggs of a golden brown color. Poultry experts in that region say they have never heard of a goose laying anything but the usual white eggs.

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Black Sheep's Gold

by Beatrice Grimshaw
Illustrations by Irvin Myers

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THE STORY

On a pleasure trip in eastern waters, Philip Amory, English World War veteran, now a trader on the island of Papua, New Guinea, plunges overboard to save the life of a musical comedy actress, known as "Gin-Sling." Amory becomes interested in Pia Laurier, member of a wealthy New South Wales family. He tells her of his knowledge of a wonderful gold field on the island, though he does not disclose the name of the place. "Gin-Sling" tells him Pia is engaged to Sir Richard Fanshawe. Amory, however, is confident that the girl is not indifferent to him. His holiday ended, he arrives back at Daru. He meets an Englishman, Spicer, there on development business for a syndicate of which Fanshawe is head. Fanshawe's name recalls to Amory a long-forgotten incident in which he witnessed the escape of Fanshawe from a leper colony. He tells his friend Bassett about it and decides to inform Laurier. He goes to Thursday Island to send the message.

CHAPTER IV—Continued

I found my usual room, and dumped my gear in it; walked round the echoing veranda, with a wary eye for ant-eaten boards; peeped into the pilot's room, and had about made up my mind that there was nobody here save myself and he, when I heard voices in the upstairs parlor. A man and a woman, talking.

"Gin-Sling, for a duet," I said to myself. "Now what on earth?"

I did not mean to listen; but standing there in the dusk of the staircase, uncertain whether to go on or go back, I caught a sentence or two, before it became clear to me that, up or down, I must move on.

"Off that infernal ship. Of course you will, Jinny. You don't expect me to believe you missed the boat by accident?"

"Missed it for a lark."

"You didn't miss it for a lark—Genevieve. If you didn't miss it for me, you missed it for some one else."

Jinny's reply was tuneful, irrelevant, and chiefly concerned with the unluckily comic love adventures of a "coon in Alabama."

Then the other person, the man, said something that woke me up.

"Where," he asked, with a sudden rasp in his voice, "is the benchmarker fellow who picked you out of the sea?"

"At the bottom of it, for all I know," answered Gin-Sling.

"Jinny, you're enough to—" That was all I heard. Conscious that I had already listened too long for decency, I hurried down the rubber-carpeted stairs, and out into the desolate back street behind the hotel. I wanted to see who would come out. I had half guessed already.

Yes, it was Sir Richard Fanshawe's figure, thin and tall, that stalked out presently from the dusky doorway, followed by that other tall, thin figure that was Jinny.

From what I had heard, I guessed that Fanshawe had left the ship at some intermediate port, and that Jinny, at the same port, had—accidentally, or purposely abandoned her passage, and stayed behind.

She and Fanshawe had returned Australia-wards in the same ship; had disembarked at Thursday Island—I didn't quite see why, but that could pass—and were staying at the Cosmopolis Grand. Fanshawe, clearly, was making light love to her; she did not favor his suit, and he was inclined to blame me for the rebuff. Thought she was "gone" on me. Imagined (owing to the gossip he had no doubt heard on the ship) that she had abandoned her voyage and her contract, and headed back toward Papua—because of me. That was the situation, as I sized it up.

While I was pondering these things no less a person than Sir Richard himself came down the stairs of the hotel. I was clear in his way, but he scarcely brushed me with his glance, as he passed. In that instant, I realized, what indeed I might have known before, that to Pia's fiancé, I was nothing more than a name. I had seen him on the ship, but he had not consciously—seen me. "Just as well," I thought, though I could not have told why.

The sight of Jim, busy and preoccupied about I knew not what, reminded me that my telegram was still unsent. I went up to my room to concoct it; but I had scarcely got out pencil and paper, leaning over my suitcase with back to the door, when I was suddenly and not disagreeably blinded by two long cool hands that closed, without warning over my eyes.

"Guess who," said Jinny's voice, with Jinny's own unmistakable chuckle in it.

The prettiest girl in the Pacific, I answered, pulling down her hands, and twisting her face till it met mine. There seemed no reason—now—why I should not kiss this Jinny, and I did with thoroughness. I had not wanted to kiss her on the boat, when the vision of Pia Laurier was still glided with the light of not impossible future hopes. Now . . . What did it matter?

Let Pia marry, or not marry, whom she listed; there was always the man grove still, and what it signified to stand between us two.

Jinny broke away from me; she was flushed and laughing. I thought I had never seen her so pretty.

"Tell me what it's all about?" I said. "Why aren't you delighting the smart folk of Singapore, and why isn't Sir Richard Fanshawe well who is he, anyhow? I don't mean why is he with you; that's his luck—but what the deuce do the two of you want in this dead dushop of a place?"

Jinny settled herself purringly in a hammock chair like a slim kitten that curls itself on a pillow. Her eyes were half closed; she looked like a north long insles, heavy with point and across the plain of scilla, blue, and the far-out fairy is of Tuesday and Wednesday, and the purple

crags of Prince of Wales and Horn I think, so looking, she saw none of these things, nor yet the sky with galloping tradewind clouds, nor the near palm tree tops, that almost blew across the hill beside us. I think that she saw only rough Pia Amory, called Black Sheep, and the day, for her, ran like a stream of gold.

There's time and time for thinking, in the lands where black sheep live. Sometimes, since then, I have wondered how things might have gone; what my life, and that of another, might have been, had there been no Pia Laurier on the steamer. If there



There Seemed No Reason, Now, Why I Should Not Kiss This Jinny, and I Did With Thoroughness.

had been just Jinny Treacher, Jinny whom I had saved at the near risk of my own life; Jinny who gave me—I know—that which she never gave to anyone else.

"What am I doing?" she answered lightly. "Missed me boat in Sourabaya, stuffin' rice table at the Orange. Fanshawe was there gorgin' himself too; he was booked for Sourabaya—oil business of some kind—and he lent me my fare back to Sydney. There was a boat next day, and I thought I'd get away from him by taking it; but spare me days, that wasn't his idea; he saw his man and did his business and got away in twenty-four hours, along with me. And when I got off here, he got off, so that's that."

"He got off," I said, "because he's going across to Papua; he has one of his exploring trips on."

She nodded. "I know; he told me. He's heard something about it that he didn't like, this morning; he got fair snake-headed when his letters came along in some little boat. I wouldn't have had a chance of this yarn with you, only that he went off for the telegraph office as soon as he'd read the letters."

I answered her nothing at all—silenced by a new and unpleasant thought. I had brought over a government mail bag in the cutter, as one usually did when crossing to "T. L." What was in it? Who from Daru had been writing to Sir Richard Fanshawe?

Spicer's cool indifference to my departure was easily comprehensible. If he had obtained, through that very circumstance, the chance of warning Sir Richard against myself and my ugly knowledge. It was no news to him, I dared say; he seemed to be Sir Richard's creature through and through.

Over these thoughts I sat glooming and worrying, till Jinny noticed the sudden drop in temperature, and began to tease. Then I rose myself. She must be in Fanshawe's confidence, more or less, I thought; it wouldn't do to set the keen mind of hers to work. I kissed her again, with no

one but goats to look on, and then jumped up and declared my intention of going out on business. What I meant to do was to sail my boat over to Cape York, and send my message—now more than ever necessary—by land line. The address of Pia Laurier's father was easily found; I knew where I could get a directory, and year book of "Prominent Australians."

First, however, I went to the post office, on the off chance of mail. I had to wait a little; somebody, inside, was busy telephoning a message to Cape York after the strange local fashion—words spelt out letter by letter, with a Christian name for each, to avoid blunders. Mechanically, as I leaned on the counter, I began taking up the message, which seemed public for all the world to hear—

"A for Peter, L for Laura, E for Emily, A for Alice, S for Samuel, E for Emily, D for Dora, T for Thomas, O for Oliver, H for Harry, A for Alice, V for Victoria, E for Emily."

Somebody was "pleased to have" something. Waiting, I listened; I was really not conscious of eavesdropping; what was chiefly in my mind at the time was the bare possibility of a letter from Pia.

"Pleased to have you join," the message slowly ran. "Prospector failed us. See letter March." And then a word that woke me up like a shock from a live wire—"The Taratata."

If I had any scruples about listening (and really one doesn't oughtn't to listen), I had none now. "Taratata," the word so clearly Papuan, to any one who knew the country, the odd, distinctive word, not really forgotten, was the keyword to the secret that I had, for almost a year, been cherishing; the secret that I had thought mine only.

Where, in the name of everything that was improbable, had Fanshawe got hold of that word, and the fact it connoted? Could a man keep nothing to himself, even though he locked his lips and weined in his very thoughts?

The clerk came forward, and told me there were no letters. I hadn't expected any, so it was unreasonable for me to feel—as I did—exceedingly disappointed. I took myself and my disappointment out into the yellow sun and flying winds.

I came to the conclusion that my telegram had better go in any case and that after that the sooner I set sail for Daru again, the sooner I got my gear together, and started off on my trip to the interior, the better. I hadn't money enough for all that was wanted—well, I would get Maldstone to "grubstake" me, much though it went against my pride. I hadn't a note to go with me. Well, I would take the risks of going alone with my boys. Anything, sooner than let Fanshawe get ahead of me with what I fancied to be the biggest find ever made in Papua.

Now that I raked my mind through and through, now that I squeezed the last drop out of every recollection that could help me, I was able to make a rough guess at the possible source of Fanshawe's information. And, like most mysteries, it turned out to be simple enough when explained. The fiancée of the dead miner, Grace, had been, not a girl, but a widow. Her name, as I had heard it, was Brownrigg. Straining my memory, I seemed to recall something about her maiden name; and if I did not mistake, that name was the fairly common, but in this case, most significant one, of Fanshawe.

The miner perhaps had talked to Mrs. Brownrigg more than one had supposed. Mrs. Brownrigg perhaps had talked to her relative (if indeed he was her relative), Sir Richard Fanshawe, the great man of a very mediocre family. I didn't see that I was ever likely to know the exact circumstances, and perhaps they did not matter. One thing did matter, and that was that a man who signed his telegrams "F." who was almost certainly Fanshawe himself, was inviting some prospector to join an exploring party; using in the message, the name of the point where Grace's trip, years ago, had ended.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Earthworms Too Bulky for Ordinary Angler

If any one wishes to angle for whistlers, he should go to Australia for his bait, says the New York Times. Earthworms averaging from four to six feet long are reported from that continent. One specimen was discovered which measured nine feet. The account can hardly be set down as the yarn of a "nature faker," for it appears in the British scientific magazine Nature, which is careful about what it publishes.

These earthworms would have delighted Darwin, who wrote a book on worms, drawing attention to the extraordinarily clever way in which they drag leaves down their holes by the tip instead of by the stalk, so that the tip rolls up naturally.

The Australian worms have greenish translucent eggs with horny shells. They are said to make loud gurgling noises when they retire into their burrows on the approach of an enemy. But what animal would deliberately elect to antagonize such a creature? And why should nine-foot worms run away from anything? Perhaps they are too proud to turn.

Stone That Floats

There is no other instance in nature of the fusing of quartz in the absence of a flux, except by the action of lightning striking sand or a mountain top. Science has named this product fulgurite glass. At the crater there are many wonderful specimens of sandstone seemingly so fused. In some cases the quartz is fused into lumps of opalescent material, but more frequently the sandstone has been puffed up and distorted, owing to the steam produced by the water which was in the stone at the time the outer and very highly heated part of the advancing electric mass was in close contact with the rock. Innumerable water-tight cavities, as in pumice, were formed by the steam, so that large and small masses of this peculiar and most interesting sandstone will float like a cork.

Whale Meat Palatable

Many of the older New Bedford whalers who as young men were frequently absent from one to two years on whaling voyages, will testify to the excellence of this cetacean mammal's flesh. All whalers are really excellent food, but the regular supply prevents the widespread use of whale meat although nutritious. It is to be found in New York restaurants, while one can often buy it canned in flavor it strongly resembles the best of beef, but is much more tender.

World's Oldest Tune

The tune to which the popular ditty "For he's a jolly good fellow" is sung is said to be the oldest tune known to man. Its origin, says Looker-on in the London Daily Chronicle is lost in antiquity. Research has brought to light that it was well known to the ancient Egyptians, and that they probably got it from Babylon, but beyond this the trail is lost. Visitors to Lapland have heard the melody there; it is known to the native tribes of South America, and it is frequently used by the Maoris and Arabs. It came to England when the Crusaders returned from the Holy Land, and it was used as these old-time warriors, as a sort of war song, when they were besieging Jerusalem.

THE KITCHEN CABINET

(Ed. 1929, Western Newspaper Union.)

The six best doctors anywhere—And no one can deny it—Are Doctors Sunshine, Water, Air, Rest, Exercise and Diet. The six will gladly you attend If only you are willing; Your mind they'll clear, your life they'll mend, And charge you not one skilling. —Kansas State Health Bureau.

UNUSUAL DISHES

Roll a cauliflower and drain. Add a pinch of salt and nutmeg, a dash of vinegar to a pint of the water in which the cauliflower was cooked. Melt two tablespoonsful of butter and when it is light brown, add to the sauce. Pour over the cauliflower on a hot platter and serve.

Grilled Sardines.—Grill half a dozen sardines in a hot pan and pour over them melted butter which has been thickened with a little flour, moisten with hot water, add a little vinegar, dash of mustard, salt and pepper. Pour hot over the sardines.

Lentil Salad.—Roll two cupsful of lentils until tender, season with garlic cut fine or with chives and serve on lettuce leaves with a good seasoned french dressing.

Peaches With Grape Juice.—Stew fresh peaches, remove their skins and cover them with grape juice and allow them to stand for two hours. Drain them, place them in a dish in which they are to be served and cover them with sugar flavored with vanilla. Take the grape juice, add sugar to taste, boil up and pour over the peaches.

Salad Beaucarne.—Chop coarsely, celery and endive, season with oil, vinegar, mustard, and let stand for an hour before serving. Just before going to the table add chopped boiled ham, a sour apple dice, moistened with a little tarragon vinegar and mayonnaise.

Mutton With Vegetables.—Trim mutton cutlets and place side by side in a saucepan. Cover with well seasoned stock and simmer for an hour and a half. Take equal quantities of turnips, onions, celery and twice the amount of carrots. Fry in butter until they begin to color, beginning with the carrots, then the celery, onion and then turnips. When all are done simmer in a little stock. Place the cutlets on a hot platter with a heap of the vegetables in the center. Serve with mashed potatoes.

SEASONABLE DISHES

AS we are getting the larger sized oranges this season, one may use them for fruit cups and for gelatin desserts, making a pretty table decoration. Fruit cutlets are attractive served in orange or lemon cups.

Fruit in Orange Cups.—Cut the oranges into half, remove pulp and all the membrane. Chill on ice until ready to fill. Take three oranges, two slices of pineapple, one-fourth cupful of banana and one-fourth cupful of nut meats. Mix and add a bit of lemon sirup, fill cups and serve on a paper doily covered plate. One may add a dozen finely cut marshmallows instead of the sirup, if preferred.

Serve the above with whipped cream as a dessert, or as a salad, using mayonnaise and you have a three-in-one recipe.

Lamb Patties.—Take two pounds of the shoulder of lamb ground, mix with two tablespoonsful of finely chopped onion, salt and pepper to taste. Mold into small cakes about an inch thick and wrap around with a thin slice of bacon. Fasten with a toothpick, dredge lightly with flour on both sides, then brown on a hot frying pan with a very little butter. Place in the oven to finish baking. Garnish with parsley and serve.

Grapefruit Tapioca Pudding.—Take one-third of a cupful of quick cooking tapioca, add one and one-half cupfuls of boiling water and cook until clear, stirring frequently. Add three-fourths of a cupful of sugar, one cupful of grapefruit juice, mix well and serve with sections of grapefruit and orange in each sherbet cup. Top with sections of both fruits.

Grapefruit Salad.—Dissolve a package of lemon gelatin in one-third of a cupful of boiling water and add one and one-half cupfuls of grapefruit juice, one-half cupful of orange juice, one tablespoonful of lemon juice, three-fourths of a cupful of diced celery, two tablespoonsful of chopped pickles, one tablespoonful of chopped pimento. Set away to mold. Serve on lettuce with mayonnaise dressing. Add one cupful or more of shredded salmon or tuna fish and you have a fish salad. Use the unseasoned gelatin for the fish salad, three tablespoonsful and the other ingredients the same.

Sinbad's Punch.—Take a quart of grapefruit juice—this may be bought now in cans in many markets—two ounces of honey strained, one-half cupful of grenadine sirup, three bottles of ginger ale and just before serving add the whites of two eggs beaten stiff.

Really a Chain Stitch

The tambour embroidery stitch was made with a tambour needle, which was practically a crochet hook, and the stitch was in effect a chain stitch.

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Use Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh
All dealers are authorized to refund your money for the first bottle if not suited.

Mayor on Crossing Duty

Emulating Napoleon, who took up a sleeping sentry's musket and walked the post, Mayor Mackey of Philadelphia assumed the role of traffic officer when he found the policeman missing from the intersection of Fifteenth and Chestnut streets. He was prompted by an unidentified motorist whose machine narrowly missed the Mackay coat tails. After telephoning police headquarters, Mayor Mackey directed traffic for the minutes between 1:15 and 1:40 p. m. A police inspector reached the scene a moment before the traffic officer, who had "stepped away for a minute to get a drink of water." The mayor spoke to the latter in earnest fashion and then departed.

Nervous, Weak, Lost Weight

Tacoma, Wash.—"I had an operation and could not regain my health or get strong afterwards. I was nervous and weak, only weighed eighty-five pounds. I was nothing but skin and bones. I was so weak that I would have to hold to something to get up. I tried to walk, I went on this way for about three years during which time I took one medicine after another without getting help. Then I started using Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and after taking six bottles I was well and strong."—Mrs. Pauline Thaut, 1914 So. Cushman St. (All dealers.)

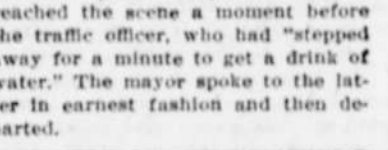
Write Dr. Pierce's Clinic, Buffalo, N. Y., for free medical advice. Send 10c for a trial pkg. of tablets.

And Then Work

Boy (going to business college)—Do you think you can get me a good position when I graduate?

Professor—Yes, if you'll agree to start at the bottom and wake up.

—Answers.



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K. R. O. KILLS RATS ONLY

Foch, the Genius

The late Marshal Foch of France was widely quoted in Germany as a military authority long before the World War broke out.—American Magazine.

Every man has a past, but few care to use it in their business.

Few of us like to give the alarm clock a rousing reception.

Back hurt