

Sure Relief

Do You Think You Can Sell Some Good and Reliable, Bona Fide Oil Securities That Are Now Paying Substantial Cash Dividends?

You don't really need to have had experience in selling securities. If you are acquainted with reliable people in your vicinity who would be interested in making an investment in a Large Oil Producing Company that is organized Right—that has Producing Property Right NOW—a Company that is NOW PAYING ITS Shareholders Cash Dividends, write to us.

If YOU think you can DO THIS—with our assistance in supplying YOU with all the necessary literature and information YOU will receive—THEN YOU can earn some nice Commissions for taking up this work.

The Day of the "Get-Rich-Over-Night" By Investing-Ten-Dollars-in-Oil-Stock" is GONE FOREVER! Write or Wire to us at once and learn further about this truly remarkable Opportunity before YOU RIGHT NOW—if YOU will but tell us you are interested and want further information. Tell us just what you think you will be able to do with such an offering. DO IT NOW!!

TWIN CITIES INVESTMENT CO., 212½ Main St., Ft. Worth

After you eat—always use EATONIC

one or two tablets—eat like candy. Instantly relieves heartburn, bloated Gassy Feeling. Stops indigestion, food-clogging, repeating, headache and the many miseries caused by

Acid-Stomach
EATONIC is the best remedy, it takes the harmful acids and gases right out of the body and, of course, you get well. Tens of thousands satisfactorily benefited. Guaranteed to satisfy or money refunded by your own druggist. Cost a trifle. Please try it!

FREGGLES
Learn to like the commonplace; you'll have more to like.

ASK FOR "DIAMOND DYES"
Don't Buy a Poor Dye That Fades, Streaks or Ruins Material.

Each package of "Diamond Dyes" contains directions so simple that any woman can diamond-dye a new, rich, fadeless color into worn, shabby garments, draperies, coverings, whether wool, silk, linen, cotton or mixed goods. Buy "Diamond Dyes"—no other kind—then perfect results are guaranteed even if you have never dyed before. Druggist has color card.—Adv.

When Barker Barked.
Sergeant Barker was in a bad temper, and the recruits under instruction were having a hard time of it. The squad had to "bunt turn" so many times in a few seconds that it was no wonder the poor fellows got dizzy, and Snudger Smiff finished up by turning about the wrong way.

Sergeant Barker got in a towering rage and striding up to Snudger roared:

"Where the dickens do you think you are? On parade, or what?"

"Well, sergeant," replied Snudger, meekly, "I began to think I was at a fancy-dress ball dressed up as a bloomin' leg o' mutton, and twisting round and round on a meat-lick."

Willing Clerk.
He was strictly opposed to doctors and medicine, proclaiming the doctrine that fresh air, pure water and plenty of exercise could cure all ills, even to smallpox. He walked breezily into a downtown drug store and waved his hand at one of the shelves.

"There," he said in a tone loud enough for all the real and prospective customers to hear him, "there is enough poison to kill all the people in Indianapolis."

The clerk who was nearest studied a minute. Then he said courteously: "Yes, and how would you prefer to have your share?"—Indianapolis News.

For your breakfast Grape-Nuts

A ready-to-eat food that costs but little and is full of the sound nourishment of wheat and malted barley.

Appetizing Economical At Grocers Everywhere!

Grape-Nuts
A FOOD
Produced by General Foods Corporation
New York, N.Y.

LIFT OFF CORNS!

Doesn't hurt a bit and costs only a few cents



Magic! Just drop a little Freezone on that touchy corn, instantly it stops aching, then you lift the corn off with the fingers! Truly! No humbug!

Try Freezone! Your druggist sells a tiny bottle for a few cents, sufficient to rid your feet of every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and calluses, without one particle of pain, soreness or irritation. Freezone is the discovery of a noted Cincinnati genius.—Adv.

For the man who can pay for it with honestly acquired coin the best is not too good.

Catarhal Deafness Cannot Be Cured
by local applications as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Catarhal Deafness, and that is by a constitutional remedy. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE acts through the blood on the mucous surfaces of the system. Catarhal Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a running sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result. Unless the inflammation can be reduced and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing may be destroyed forever. Many cases of Deafness are caused by Catarrh, which is an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for any case of catarhal deafness that cannot be cured by HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE.

All druggists 75. Circulars free. F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

The mosquito sings sweetest just before he presents his bill.

Cuticura Soothes Baby Rashes.
That itchy and burn with hot baths of Cuticura Soap followed by gentle anointings of Cuticura Ointment. Nothing better, purer, sweeter, especially if a little of the fragrant Cuticura Talcum is dusted on at the finish. 25c each everywhere.—Adv.

To an ignorant man a learned woman is a literary nightmare.

SHAKE INTO YOUR SHOES
Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic powder to the foot-bath. The Plattsburg Camp Man, an adviser in training to use Foot-Ease in their shoes each morning. It prevents blisters and sore spots and relieves painful, swelling, smarting feet, and takes the sting out of corns and bunions. Always use Allen's Foot-Ease to break in new shoes.—Adv.

Utterly Impossible.
It was at the Grand Canyon of the Colorado last fall. I stood on the brink of that mighty chasm in easy converse with Albert, the king of the Belgians.

"What a fine place this would have been to drive the German army into," I remarked, with that disregard for precise diction that comes in casual talk.

The king looked appraisingly out over the vast cleft, and down into its dizzy depths, and with that regal dignity that so becomes him, and those impressive pauses between his words that mark his speech in English, replied gravely, after he had fully surveyed the situation:

"But, my dear sir, that was quite impossible. There was no German army here, you know!"—Samuel G. Rhyne in the Saturday Evening Post.

Requires Brains.
A certain Englishman, famous for his erudition, played such a wretched game on the links that he remarked one day to his caddy: "How is it that I, a man acquainted with all the arts and sciences, cannot play this confounded game of golf?"

"Well," said the caddy, "it's like this—ye ken a' about they sma' affairs, an' wif things connect wif them, but we maun understand that it tak's a heid to play golf!"—Boston Transcript.

It's a pity that more of us are not willing to follow the advice we give to others.

THE DREAMERS

By VINCENT G. PERRY.

(© 1922, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

The dreamers sat side by side on a log, looking away out over the waters of the lake. The scene was strangely peaceful—tiny, rippling waves gently kissing the wet line of the beach, made the only sound. Then from out of the horizon rose a thin, black line, a line that widened as the minutes passed, widened and swelled into smoke clouds. Fascinated, the pair watched until the great lake freighter, with its belching smokestack, was clearly outlined and gained momentum of the scene. Nearer and nearer came the freighter—a steady, onward force that rode the mighty waters with the air of a conqueror.

"Someday I am going to be like that," The girl broke the silence. "I am going to spring up out of the background and swiftly take a place of prominence in the world. Like that steamer, I will travel on and on, nothing will stop me, nothing can, until I have achieved greatness."

The boy smiled. He, too, had dreams.

"I will be like these waves," he said. "I will travel slowly, gently, surely. I will go around the things in my way, pass over or carry with me the small things. I may be pushed back, like the waves, but like them I will come back again. Always I will be reaching out, out, out."

It was many years later. Jack Temple, millionaire broker, left his office, his head heavy and aching. Big business had meant always a headache for Jack. Despite his remarkable achievements and his world-wide fame as the cleverest and coolest financier on Wall Street, he still faced every battle nervously, still battled at a tension; but none save Jack knew that—to Wall Street he was a man without nerves, a man with an iron constitution.

It was for men like Jack "the tired business man" form of entertainment was invented, but the "grille-girl" shows had no attraction for him that night.

"Anything but a musical show," he told his chauffeur, after he had given up the thought of eating. "I don't care where, but a melodrama would be welcome tonight."

So it was that the car drew up at a small theater playing "The Bubble Breakers." The name could apply to any show, but the glaring lithographs displayed in front of the theater proclaimed it melodrama without a doubt. Jack went in without flinching. He smiled when his chauffeur declined an invitation to accompany him—that in itself was sufficient guarantee that the show was a poor one, but Jack was there at his own bidding, and he never went back on himself.

The house was well filled. The cheaper seats were all occupied, but some of the more expensive ones were vacant. Jack's seat was near the front. The curtain went up on the first act, and the glowing lithographs proclaimed it melodrama without a doubt. Jack went in without flinching. He smiled when his chauffeur declined an invitation to accompany him—that in itself was sufficient guarantee that the show was a poor one, but Jack was there at his own bidding, and he never went back on himself.

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The scene was a bench. The water in the background was a poor scenic effect, but the log and the pair seated upon it looked natural enough. Then appeared at the head of the canvas a black line. It was some time before the audience could grasp that it was intended for smoke, but when lights appeared and the form of a poorly painted lake freighter attached itself to the thin smoke line the riddle was solved.

Then the pair began to speak. The girl spoke first. Her voice was low and sweet; there was nothing of the forced melodrama in her tone. She was just a child, barely fourteen, Jack thought. His mind was more on the little actress than on the words she was saying, but when the boy spoke he realized that she was a dreamer, dreaming of the future. Such a foolish, useless pastime it was.

But Jack could not become bored by the play. The plot was ragged, but the bright little actress portraying the child's part kept life enough in the play to hold his interest.

It was between the third and fourth acts that Jack came to his decision. His life had been such a lonely, barren sort of thing, why couldn't he do something worth while now? He asked himself. Here was his chance to spend some of his millions on another, here was his chance to give this child-dreamer the means of realizing some of her dreams.

Lenore rosebly sank to the chair before her dressing table and gave a sigh of relief. The play was over, and she was glad of it, for her part was a hard one and she had exerted every effort to portray it. Her maid entered with a card. The actress gave the card but a fleeting glance. Cards meant only one thing in her life—stage Johnnies, and experience had sickened her of that type long ago.

"He was prosperous, rich looking," her maid whispered. "And he was persistent."

Lenore glanced up. It took almost a minute before she connected the maid's comment with the card; then she picked the small shiny bit of cardboard up once more.

"Jack Temple," she read aloud, and then as she turned the card over read the pencilled note on the back. "An old middle-aged man who can perhaps help you. An admirer who does not want to make love to you."

The text of the note was so unusual Lenore gasped.

"Why," she started; but a tap on the door stopped her. Something seemed to tell her that Mr. Temple was waiting in the corridor. "Show him in," she said suddenly.

Jack felt very much at home as he found his way into a chair opposite Lenore.

"You must know that we do not receive visitors in our dressing rooms," Lenore started in. "Even small show actresses have pride, Mr. Temple."

"Well," she started, "but a tap on the door stopped her. Something seemed to tell her that Mr. Temple was waiting in the corridor. "Show him in," she said suddenly.

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DADDY'S EVENING FAIRY TALE

By Mary Graham, Denver, Colo.

THE MEAN FLIES.

"I was so mean this morning," said the fly. "Yes, I was just as mean as I could be."

"And so was I," said the second fly.

"Tell me about it," said the visitor fly. "I love to hear of mean acts. They make me buzz with happiness. Indeed, I enjoy hearing of mean acts second only to doing them myself."

"I like to go on sweets and eat other creatures' food—just nibble at it, you know. I don't care whether I am brushed away or not. I come right back again."

"The other day some people were having lunch and some of my brothers and sisters were fearfully annoying. We knew it. We knew we weren't wanted. But that didn't matter to us. We stayed about and bothered the people dreadfully."

"They brushed us off and said: 'Oh, dear, those horrible flies, why can't we get rid of them?'"

"We'd go back again and bother them. We were just as mean as mean could be."

"I can see," said the first fly, "that you will enjoy a story."

"Yes," said the second fly, "I can see that, too. You will appreciate it."

"Do tell it to me," said the visitor fly.

"Well," said the first fly, "this morning there was a little girl asleep."

"Yes, yes," buzzed the visitor fly, "this sounds mean and nice."

"It is," said the second fly.

"Pray continue," said the visitor fly.

"Well," said the first fly, "this little girl had been to a fancy dress party the night before. She had had a beautiful time. I was on the ceiling when I heard her telling her mother about it."

"It was very late when she got home and she had had such a very exciting time that she was all tired out."

"She told her mother all about the costumes and what every one did and



"We Weren't Wanted."

said and what games they played and how they danced and how everyone fooled everyone else.

"Well, just as her mother was saying 'good night' to her and was kissing her and wishing her pleasant dreams and all that foolishness, I heard her say:

"Now, dearie, you can sleep late, for tomorrow is Saturday. Don't wake up for breakfast. You can have some fruit and milk any time you get up—or you needn't get up until lunch time if you don't want to. You can have a great, long rest."

"Oh, I'm so glad," said the little girl to herself, "for I just feel as though I could sleep and sleep."

"That was enough for me," said the first fly.

"And for me," said the second fly.

"This sounds wonderful," said the visitor fly. "Do go on."

"Well, she was just so tired and sleepy that it was fun to be so mean," said the first fly. "If she hadn't been so tired and so sleepy it wouldn't have been half such fun."

"You can understand," said the second fly.

"Easily," said the visitor fly.

"And," said the first fly, "early this morning I began my work, just when she was sleeping so hard because she was so tired. I got on her face and there I stuck until she had to half wake up and brush me off."

"Then," said the second fly, "I did the same and got on the other side of her face."

"She tried to lie on one side and then on the other," said the first fly.

"Then she tried to cover up her head, and of course she was most uncomfortable doing that, for she couldn't breathe that way," said the second fly.

"So between us we wouldn't let her sleep, and she was so tired, oh, so terribly tired, and so terribly sleepy that it was great fun."

"Wonderful, wonderful," said the visitor fly.

"And when she went downstairs so early, for she couldn't sleep, and her mother asked why, she said:

"The flies simply wouldn't let me sleep."

"Wasn't that great?" said the first fly.

"Yes, wasn't it?" added the second fly.

"Great!" buzzed the visitor fly.

June Weddings

To endure pleasantly in the memory of those participating, should be marked by an enduring remembrance from our store. Silver, Jewelry, Clocks. Our reasonable prices ease the way.

BOYD PARK

MAKERS OF JEWELRY
100 MAIN STREET SALT LAKE CITY

Men Wanted at Once

—Carpenters, Lathers, Plasterers, Plumbers, Steam Fitters and other mechanics. Employment guaranteed at union wage scale and hours, under American Plan Contractors.

Address F. J. Bessner, Associated Industries, Ogden, Utah.

HELP WANTED If you want big wages learn barber trade. Many small towns need barbers; good opportunities open for men over draftage. Barbers in army have good as officers commended. Get prepared in few weeks. Call or write, **Moler Barber College**, 418 West Temple St., Salt Lake City.

HEN AND KITTEN CHUMMY

Really Remarkable Case of Friendship That is Vouched for by Woman Writer.

The strangest friendship that the writer has ever seen was that of a young Plymouth Rock hen and a white kitten.

When the kitten was about two months old she was very fond of being around in the chicken park, or wherever the chickens were. She was the friendliest kitten alive and showed a disposition to chum with every living thing. But the chickens paid no attention to her except to get out of her way. The hen in question, however, met her advances kindly and they soon became boon companions.

Many times a day they were to be seen walking together around the place. The hen would frequently stand still while the kitten would rub back and forth against her breast. And while Biddy scratched for bugs and worms, the little white kitten was never far away. We do not know what was their means of communication, but they evidently had a satisfying one, for they never seemed to tire of each other. They associated together to the exclusion of the other fowls and cats on the place. One seldom saw Biddy with the other chickens, and the little white kitten absolutely deserted her little white twin. We sometimes wondered if the kitten thought she was a chicken or the hen believed herself to be a cat. At all events, they were most congenial.

This state of affairs continued until the sale of the farm necessitated their being parted.—Mabel J. McIlwaine, in Our Dumb Animals.

GREAT MAN NEVER HESITATES

Self-Reliance One of the Most Important Possessions That Can Be Acquired.

Insist on yourself; never imitate. Your own gift you can present every moment with the cumulative force of a whole life's cultivation; but of the adopted talent of another you have only an extemporaneous half possession. That which each man can do best, none but his Maker can teach him. No man yet knows what it is, nor can till that person has exhibited it. Where is the master who could have taught Shakespeare? Where is the master who could have instructed Franklin or Washington or Newton or Bacon? Every great man is unique. The Scipionism of Scipio is precisely that part he could not borrow. If anyone will tell me whom the great man imitates in the original crisis when he performs a great act, I will tell him who else can teach him. Do that which is assigned thee and thou canst not hope too much nor dare too much. Dwell up there in the simple and noble regions of thy life, obey thy heart and thou shalt reproduce the Foreworld again.—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Ethics and Epigram.

"There's nothing holier in heaven than your own little job," and "The man who fills his little niche on earth in the very best way that it can be filled, is as good as any angel in heaven," are two sayings which sound like different versions of the same epigram of Rev. Robert J. MacAlpine in his address to the Kiwanis club. Whether Pastor MacAlpine said both these things, or only one of them, he put a grand truth in a crisp form. Honest, efficient work is not only a worldly utility but a high moral function.—Buffalo Times.

Why Despotism Irks.

We bow to the government of God, but we turn against the despot. No man likes to share in the shipwreck of a vessel in which he has been embarked by violence, and which has been steered contrary to his wish and opinion.—Amiel.

Rather Slim Excuse.

Celia and Bobby disagreed, whereupon Celia slapped her brother. A wall brought their mother. Only after a long and severe reproof did the small girl's spirit melt and then she said: "Oh mamma, I'm sorry I slapped him. I didn't mean to. My hand slipped."

Jud Tunkins.

Jud Tunkins says farming has become such a scientific proposition that a man has to learn to use more different kinds of tools than he does in a golf game.

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