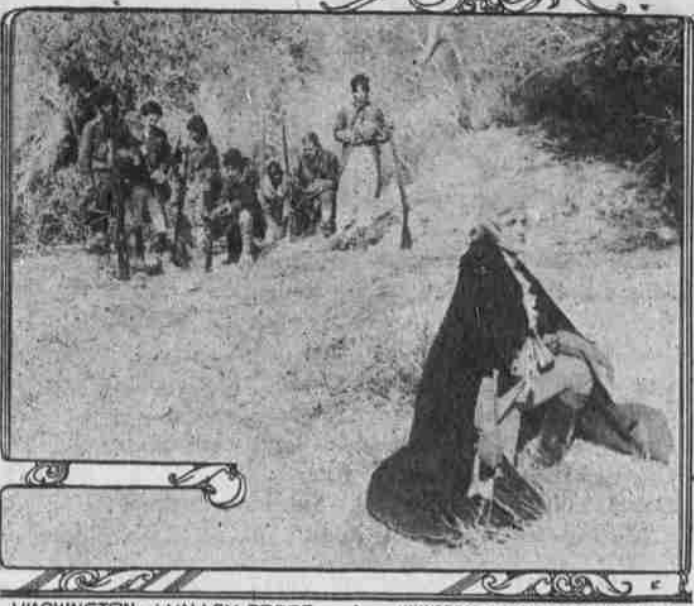


SPY STABS HIS SWEETHEART TO DEATH IN THIS THRILLING PLAY OF OLD REVOLUTIONARY DAYS.



WASHINGTON AT VALLEY FORGE. UNIVERSAL SPECIAL FEATURE WITH FRANCIS FORD AND GRACE CUNARD.

It has been the purpose, both of the author and producer of this four-reel play, 'Washington at Valley Forge,' to not only give a detailed account of the famous incident in America's struggle for freedom, but to weave in a counterplot that would give absolute dramatic value, so far as the stage or screen is concerned, to the story. This is evidenced clearly in witnessing the picture, as was done by the writer recently in the Universal Film Manufacturing company's private projection room.

According to announcement, it is to be released as a Universal special feature; it is only films that have been lavishly produced and possess an extraordinary interest, historical, or otherwise, which are released under this brand by the company.

Here you see Francis Ford, famous as a leading man and producer, and Grace Cunard, well known as photoplay author and film star, at their best. Miss Cunard wrote the play and Mr. Ford produced it. And they both play leading roles, supported by an unusual cast. The midnight ride of Paul Revere, the battles between minute men and redcoats, the battle of Valley Forge, the heart-breaking sufferings and toll of the Liberty Boys in the biting snow at Valley Forge, love, intrigue, plots and counterplots are all packed into four reels of intense excitement and pathos.

And, speaking of pathos, we have in the final climax of the play one of the most pathetic, appealing scenes possible to conceive of. Betty, the little rebel, loved the stranger who came to her. She trusted him, unaware that he was a spy for the king. He, the stranger, in his turn, loved Betty—though appreciating his position. Betty gave her life for her general—Washington. It was her lover who took it, though believing the while that he was putting Washington to death. When he discovered his tragic mistake, when Betty came from her room, dying, and confronted him with the truth, his grief was pitiful. It was a situation to bring the tears to every eye.

As for the settings and atmosphere, these are perfect in every detail. A

WHEN RUN DOWN

Hood's Sarsaparilla, the Reliable Tonic Medicine, Builds Up.

The reason why you feel so tired all the time at this season is that your blood is impure and impoverished. It lacks vitality. It is not the rich, red blood that gives life to the whole body, perfects digestion and enables all the organs to perform their functions as they should.

From any druggist get Hood's Sarsaparilla. It will make you feel better, look better, eat and sleep better. It is the old reliable tried and true all-the-year-round blood purifier and enricher, tonic and appetizer. It revitalizes the blood, and is especially useful in building up the debilitated and run-down.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is helping thousands at this time of year. Let it help you. Get a bottle today and begin taking it at once. Be sure to get Hood's.

BIG EATERS GET KIDNEY TROUBLE

Take a Glass of Salts Before Breakfast if Your Back Hurts or Bladder Bothers You.

The American men and women must guard constantly against kidney trouble because we eat too much and all our food is rich. Our blood is filled with filter acid which the kidneys strive to filter out, they weaken from overwork, become sluggish; the eliminative tissues clog and the result is kidney trouble, bladder weakness and a general decline in health.

When your kidneys feel like lumps of lead; your back hurts if the urine is cloudy; full of sediment or you are obliged to seek relief two or three times during the night; if you suffer with sick headache, or you have rheumatism when the weather is bad, get from your pharmacist about four ounces of Jad Salts; take a tablespoon in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to flush and stimulate clogged kidneys; to neutralize the acids in the urine so it no longer is a source of irritation, thus ending bladder disorders.

Jad Salts is inexpensive; cannot injure, makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water beverage, and belongs in every home, because nobody can make a mistake by having a good kidney flushing any time.

The spy cannot prevail upon any one of the soldiers to do the deed, so he decides to do it himself. He steals upstairs and into the room he supposes is occupied by Washington. Once beside the bed he plunges his dagger into the form which is lying before him.

In the meantime, Betty's brother has warned the Continentals of the plot against Washington's life. La Fayette hurries to the inn with a detachment of soldiers. Upon his arrival at the inn he accuses the spy.

"Too late!" cries the traitor, "your commander lies dead upstairs." At this intense moment General Washington comes down stairs, unscratched. A moment later Betty follows him, wounded to death. She denounces her former sweetheart and dies. The spy is taken prisoner and carried away to await the punishment which is reserved for traitors.

YOU CAN KILL MILLIONS TODAY.

BY giving the fly a swat before he is a fly millions of the insects will be in the night have been class. Every one should remove all dirt, waste paper, manure, old straw and similar refuse, sprinkle garbage cans and vaults with chloride of lime or kerosene and do anything else that will help to pull the fly's teeth before he begins his active propagation.

Shortly after a man leads a woman to the altar he acquires the listening habit.



TOO MANY CHILDREN are pale and frail—backward in studies—with pinched faces and poor blood—their minds and bodies are actually starved because their regular food does not nourish. Such children need Scott's Emulsion above everything else; it contains nature's rarest life-giving fats; it is essentially food value—blood-food and bone-food, free from wine, alcohol or harmful drug. Scott's Emulsion often builds many times its weight in solid flesh—its medicinal, tonic and nutritive properties make all good food good. IT IS NOT A PROP, BUT A FOUNDATION FOR STURDY GROWTH. Every Druggist Has It. Avoid Substitutes.

How You Can Exterminate Flies

BY C. F. HODGE, (University of Oregon.)

It was green corn time and we were dining on the porch, with bobwhites, meadowlarks and bobolinks for orchestra. One of our guests laid down his fork and, looking in surprise about the table, exclaimed: "Is this place bewitched? How is it you can eat outdoors this way and have no flies? I was out to Miss —'s only the other day, and she tired to have dinner under the apple trees, and the flies were so thick you couldn't see the food on the table. You would think that she, being a science teacher in a normal school, would be intelligent about such things; but she didn't seem to know that there were any flies around, and sat and talked and ate. I simply pretended to eat. Every month I gagged me. But how is this? How do you manage it? Why aren't the flies as thick out here?"

"There are flies enough here," I replied. "Just look at those traps. Only, you see, we have turned the tables on them—put them in prison and let ourselves out. Those traps were emptied and baited twice this morning, the flies being lured and fed to the birds; and every fly that has come to the house for food or drink today has gone straight into one of those traps and stayed there."

This was two years ago, while I was using the fly-traps designed for indoor use. Still, even with these properly managed, we scarcely needed screen windows or doors, and could enjoy breakfast, dinner and supper on an unenclosed porch with few flies about, except in the traps. In fact my solution of the fly problem has developed as a by-product of my experiments rearing partridge and quail chicks. At that time I was thinking more of catching bird food than of exterminating flies.

We call the present the "age of man." Zoologically, however, it is the age of insects. There is but one species of man—Homo sapiens. Over 300,000 insect species have been described, and it is estimated that there are no less than 10,000,000 in the world. Naturally a sharp edge in the struggle for life falls between mankind and this vast hoard composed largely of foes which seek to devour his person, his cattle and his fields. Our yearly insect tax for damage to agricultural and forest products alone rises millions over the billion-dollar mark—\$1,018,000,000. Add to this, destruction of household goods—clothing, carpets, furs, and woolsens, and causation of disease—malaria and yellow fever, typhoid, hookworm, dysentery, and the whole list of filth diseases, and the tax which insects levy on the people of this country must rise well toward the two-billion-dollar mark. We howl and kiwi when we pay this tax with every loaf of bread, pound of meat, parcel of fruit, yard of cloth, cotton, woolen, or linen, or stick of timber we buy, and when we pay our doctors' bills; and we lay the blame on the railroads and the trusts when we ought to take most of it to ourselves for not having sense enough to study insects. Protect our birds, or control our cats. Until we change this we shall go on suffering

the very vitals of our nation to be gnawed away and not even know what is "eating us."

I quote the following, complete, from the bulletin of the Indian board of health, July, 1910. It might have happened in Massachusetts or New York, and will happen in thousands of households this summer in every state in the union. It ought to be cut out and pasted on the family chart in every home, country or city, in America, and kept alive in the tops of our heads and in the bottoms of all our hearts.

This Happened in Indiana.

"A few days ago a physician in Martin county, called on the state bacteriological laboratory for Flexner's anti-meningitis serum. Dr. Simonds went to the case and found a seven-months old baby suffering from a very severe gastro-enteritis with the not infrequently accompanying meningism. The father of the child was a farmer living in a four-room house with few or no modern conveniences. On the wall of the largest room was a family history chart done in brilliant colors, with three columns of lines for the record of marriages, births and deaths. The parents had been married 10 years and six children had been born to them. In the death columns were the names of four children, all under two years of age. Another name has since been added to this list.

"The cause of this sad story became evident on inspection. There was a shallow surface well in the back yard, a short distance from an open privy. A large pile of manure lay uncovered, almost against the side of the barn. If this farmer had attempted so unthinkable a thing as transforming his premises into a fly hatchery for commercial purposes he could not possibly have achieved a more brilliant success.

"The family and several of the neighbors were eating dinner on the back porch. Flies were swarming all over the table, but showed a special liking for a particular dish. They were so thick on this that it was absolutely impossible to tell definitely what it contained until one of the neighbors swung her arm over the table and cleared them away long enough for one, by looking quickly to see that the dish contained cottage cheese. The flies were so thick in the house that it was only with difficulty that they were found away from the field of the spinal puncture and kept from lighting on the instruments.

"On the death certificate the cause of the death of this child was doubtless given as 'Gastro-enteritis.' It would have been more in keeping with the facts to have said, 'poisoned by flies.'

The above may be but a small fraction of the whole story. Possibly this farmer was producing milk and had been for years scattering similar filth fly funerals among the inhabitants of a nearby city. We are yearly losing 40,000 babies, under two years of age, by these entirely preventable, intestinal filth infections, and the evidence is pointing to the theory that they are practically all "fly-born." Our annual bill for typhoid is \$359,000,000—with nearly 50,000 cases and its toll of 50,000 lives. We formerly attributed this to contaminated water, milk, or other foods, but recent evidence has proved that a large part of this filth-contamination is distributed by the house fly. For this good reason Dr. Howard proposed to change the name to typhoid fly.

As long as the fly was known as merely a filth nuisance it was not possible to arouse public interest to secure the co-operative effort necessary to exterminate the pest. Now that its relation to diseases is becoming clear we positively must do something effective. If some large and easily-seen enemy, some savage human foe, persisted in harassing our homes and cities, shooting poisoned arrows into our midst and causing one-thousandth part of the disease, suffering, and death, we would rise up to a man and exterminate the enemy. We can do no less now that we know our common enemy to be a pestiferous insect. The problem is clearly before us. We must act will solve it. But have you ever stopped to ask yourself, How intelligently, as a

SHIPLEY'S SATURDAY SPECIAL OFFER

The well known B. & B. line of Children's Tailored Dresses, made of fine Percalés and Dimities, ages 3 to 14 years.

Regular price \$2.25, special ..... \$1.50  
Regular price \$3.00, special ..... 2.00  
See Window Display.

Women's Silk Boot Hosiery with lisle feet and tops. Our regular price 48c, special, three pair for.... \$1.00

25c and 35c Bath Towels Special 21c

These are good heavy weight bath towels, size 24x48.—special ..... 21c

QUALITY U.G. SHIPLEY CO. POPULAR PRICES LIBERTY STREET

people, have we tried to work out a solution of the filth-fly problem?

Is it intelligent to spend \$10,000,000 a year for screen windows and doors in the futile attempt to exclude a lively insect on wings when men, women and children, cats and dogs are continually going in and out of doors?

Recognizing that this plan is futile, we strain our ingenuity to devise ever more disagreeable, expensive and nerve racking things—fly-spatters and angle foot, indoor traps and indoor poisons—to scatter dead flies over everything. Why not carry the whole fight out of doors?

More recent attempts have done this and have attacked the breeding places, following the lead of successful work in exterminating mosquitoes. Mosquitoes breed in stagnant water, flies in filth, chiefly in horse manure, but they may breed in almost any wet, decaying animal or vegetable matter. It is a very simple problem to fill, drain, stock with fishes, or oil the pools of a neighborhood. We cannot too strongly advocate intelligent cleanliness, but it is a complex and difficult matter to so deal with filth that flies cannot breed in it. All chemical methods are too laborious and expensive, and carrying the filth from one place and dumping it somewhere else is only paying Peter to rob Paul. In the city the miles of gutters and sewers specially constructed to carry off filth, the public dumps and strap accumulations anywhere; and in the country the miles of roadsides and acres of barnyards and pastures, and the trainloads of manure from the cities, render attack upon the breeding places of the fly utterly hopeless and impossible. Under primitive conditions the fly may have done a little good, while it was doing much more harm, as a scavenger of waste filth. Even here, however, the main agencies are the beneficent bacteria of the soil, and in the fly man has had from the beginning a lively pest which busied itself in picking up germs of disease along with the rest and persisted in spitting and specking and tracking them over his food.

A fly is much stronger on the wing than a mosquito, and travels correspondingly further. Mosquitoes, except the migratory species, are seldom found more than 200 feet from where they breed. Flies are known, according to results of Dr. Howard's investigation, to travel on the average about 1,500 feet. Their strong attraction especially to waste and decaying food furnishes us the easiest possible method for their complete extermination. It is only necessary to put all waste foods most attractive to flies in some one place and rmp the flies as fast as they come.

If this is done intelligently, none will escape to lay their eggs, and the pests will disappear as by magic. The hardest and at the same time the best feature of my plan of campaign is that every household absolutely must cooperate. One ignorant, careless home can breed flies enough to vitiate the best endeavors of a whole town.

The house fly hatches from an egg, laid usually in horse manure, passes through the maggot and puparial stages, and may emerge as a winged insect fully grown in the short space of 10 days. Then, according to recent observations of Hewitt, it comes to our homes to feed, and buzzes about over an area of about 500 yards diameter for 14 days before it matures its first batch of from 120 to 150 eggs. It then continues to feed and fly about until, at intervals of probably three or four days, it has laid at least six batches of eggs. A pair of flies beginning operations in April may be progenitors, all were to live, of 191,010,000,000,000,000 flies by August. Allowing one-

(Continued on page 7.)

FEW FOLKS HAVE GRAY HAIR NOW

Well-Known Local Druggist Says Everybody Is Using Old-Time Recipe of Sage Tea and Sulphur.

Hair that loses its color and lustre, or when it fades, turns gray, dull and lifeless, is caused by a lack of sulphur in the hair. Our grandmother made up a mixture of Sage Tea and Sulphur to keep her locks dark and beautiful, and thousands of women and men who value that even color, that beautiful dark shade of hair which is so attractive, use only this old-time recipe.

Nowadays we get this famous mixture by asking at any drug store for a 50-cent bottle of "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Hair Remedy," which darkens the hair so naturally, so evenly, that nobody can possibly tell it has been applied. Besides, it takes off dandruff, stops scalp itching and falling hair. You just dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time. By morning the gray hair disappears; but what delights the ladies with Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur is that, besides beautifully darkening the hair after a few applications, it also brings back the gloss and lustre and gives it an appearance of abundance. Local Agent, J. C. Perry.

HENRY PECK'S COUSIN SALLY - - - By Gross

Things We Never See

Comic strip panels with dialogue: HEAVEN HELP US!!; CAN Y' BEAT THAT??; REAL DEEP GREEN; HELLO? BUGHOUSE? HURRY OVER—THERE'S TWO OF US!!; GUESS I WON'T KILL ANY MORE PRISONERS.