# \*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\* THE NEW ADVENTURES OF J. RUFUS WALLINGFORL

GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER, 1 Creator of "Wallingford," CHARLES W. GODDARD

Read the story and then see the moving pictures

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#### A Transaction In Summer Boarders

TUNG, ladies!" observed J. looked at the dilapidated stage which was to carry them from the forlorn and lonesom little station at Birchwood to the Pine Lake Health Resort. "It takes a couple of wise follops like you and me Blackle, to get the prong good when we do get it," and he glanced at the discouraged looking Violet and Fannie Warden, Aunt Patty Warden was smiling cheerfully.

"Don't ring me in on this, J. Rufus," protested Blackle Daw, twirling his black mustache with complacency. "I didn't want any health, remember. I've got too much now, in spite of all I can do to ruin it."

"Perhaps that isn't our stage," said Fannle Warden hopefully. What faint hopes Fannie had entertained, how ever, were dashed by the driver him self, as he stopped his horses at the platform. "Are you Mr. Wallingford and party?" he inquired in a voice which was a startling reproduction of the tone of the rear off wheel, and he surveyed them with the mournfulness or the grave.

Wallingford looked at Blackle with stern accusation, and then his joylal pink face broke into a smile, which, while infectious to behold, was not all mirth. "I never had a stronger hunch than right now to slip anybody the wrong name," he confessed, "but the train's gone and we might as well be If our party can stand this, ti ough, he's a piker. I suppose you're Teom Pine Lake?"

Yes, I'm from Ruggs' place," admitted the driver. "I reckon you'd better set as near in the middle of the middle seat as you kin," he continued. eying the huge Wallingford with more or less of dismay, and he winced quite reductily when Wallingford having scated all the others, gravely trimmed ship and forced all the springs down tightly and firmly upon the running grav, where they only served to accentinte the ensuing join,

What do you want for the outlit?' Wallingford asked Roggs after they had arrived at the place, not because he had the remotest idea of purchase merely from commercial habit.

Five thousand," returned Ruggs, though without hope. "Forty rooms sixty acres, fine supply of pure spring water, splendid air! Want to buy?"

"No," returned Wallingford, with the peguliar chuckle in which his big shoulders always assisted. "I did once think of having my own private cemetery but I've given it up. Is Charles Alger non Swivel here?"

Never heard of him," declared Roggs wheezily, and the party groanet. Charles Algernon Swivel was somewhere in this county of health reworts, and they had to find him.

Breezy Point was a regular place; fossily dressed old women crocheting on the wide versudas and keeping a sharp eye about for possible scandal young couples in tennis flannels sauntering about on well kept lawns be tween prim flowerbeds and delivering themselves of conversation which would bore them to tears if they could bear it in a phonograph ten years later strikingly dressed married women tak log the first steps toward divorce while waiting for their husband's week end visits; boats with couples of content ment drifting laxily on the quiet bay smart riding parties on handsome horses, glancing in cold disdain at the pedestrians and automobiles; women changing gowns three times a day and men dressing at least twice; prices beyond the reach of honest folks and lumber, paint, wall paper, furniture att the rest of it that goes to make a and provisions, also a handsome new really exclusive fushionable resort for red and black stage. Awe and paraly

the middle classes. In this place the Wallingford party fitted like a glove, and J. Rufus was the life of the party. Wherever he went light followed him. He was a big, so impressive and within so genial that the women had all noted him with eager questioning, and half the men were his friends and admirers before he had been there a day. Especially Charles Algernon Swivel. That youth found on the first evening and prompt ly annexed trailed Wallingford about laughed at his stories, drank in his good natured philosophy and emulated him in every respect. Charles Algerof not over good breeding, ner over limited things began to happen good looks, nor apparently over good Wallingford called the head carpente

ense, though in his rather watery little eyes was a trace of inherited shrewdness. Moreover, he was very wearing upon the nerves, and his ethes were crude. His father had made his money in oil. Also his father had stolen \$25,000 from the Warden orphans on the death of their father, and this was why Charles Algernon had been hunted and found and studied.

"I'd like to make my money more active," declared young Swivel. s, just as soon as I get it. You see. I've been on allowance until now, but on the 5th of next month I come of age and I get the rest of it-\$150,000! Of course I'll only spend the income. I want to invest it in good paying business that will make a good profit and give me plenty of time to spend it in. I've been thinking that, for a business which only takes up half the year, the summer resort line ought to be attractive," and his watery eyes once more followed the progress of a couple of short skirted tennis girls, their flannels draping themselves prettily in the creeze against lithe young limbs.

Wallingford saw and understood and again found himself loathing Swivel quite out of proportion to his deserts Finest business in the world," he agreed. 'Pays big, requires small capital and no experience."

Blackle Daw's head suddenly went mek with a laugh. He had been dossed with a happy idea.

"Mr. Wallingford knows what he is Rufus Wallingford as he talking about," he observed, twirling



Onion Jones Dropped Around and Explained to the Old Boarders.

his mustache and winking gravely. while Swivel watched speculatively a pretty young girl stepping out of a boat. "He made his fortune in the summer resort business. But, of course, you've heard of him-J, Rufus Wallingford, the big summer resort owner-owns a string of places from Maine to California. He knows what a fat business it is, I tell you."

"Indeed!" finttered Charles Algernon to whom the name of Wallingford had been unknown up to two days before "It's an honor to meet you, I'm sure Mr. Wallingford." And he shook hands anew over this fresh introduction. "It may be worth a lot of money to meet

"Yes, it might be worth quite a bit of money," replied Wallingford with a double meaning in which there was nimost a snarl, whereat Blackie, know ing Wailingford's most inward mind

"I say, Jim," suggested Blackie, with slow emphasis, "you might let Swivel have your Pine Lake Health Resort." "Pine Lake?" mused Mr. Swivel. "It's

an attractive name. Is it a gay place?" "Gay!" repeated Blackle, with enthu slasm. "Gay is no name for it! "Fashionable, I suppose?" suggested

Mr. Swivel interestedly. "Fashionable," Mr. Daw assured him 'is no name for it. And women! You'll see no women here like those at Pine Lake. I'll give you my word of honor on that."

"I've decided, after all, to let you have the first look in on that Pine Lake proposition," said Wallingford to Charles Algernon that night as they sat over a bottle of champague in a retired little alcove. "The first of the month I'll be back this way, and we'll go down and see it, and when we get there you'll lay eyes on some beauties that-well, just you wait and see!" And he winked most meaningly.

"I'll be delighted, I'm sure," return ed Charles Algernon, squirming with asure in the anticipated treat. "Not until the first, you say?"

"Well, along about then," replied Wallingford. J. Rufus Wallingford's second visi to Pine Lake was at the head of a much larger party than the first one for at the nearest big town he had stopped to hire a small army of car penters, painters, paper hangers and gardeners, a chef, a steward and a head waiter. On the next freight train, in cars filled under his own su pervision the day before, were to comsts seized upon the lonely station

agent as he saw Wallingford's in vadors alight. "I got your telegram, and I've go my things packed," wheezed Mr Ruggs. But I reckon now I'll have to stay and tend to all these people. You say there's three or four more stage

loads coming? Gosh!" "Don't worcy about them," said Wallingford cheerily, "You can get right off the lot as soon as you please Here's \$500 in cash and the balance is a New York draft."

Onlon Jones dropped around and ex plained to the old boarders that under

to him. "Patch up that roof," he or dered. "Prop up that old barn so It will stand for one month and make it look like new. Spilce that picket fence and build a million miles of wide porches around the house. Then I'll tell you what next to do." To the head painter he said, "Just start in and paint, that's all." To the head gardener: "Here's the place. Fill up the lake and get busy."

"Now comes the bardest part of it." said Wallingford at this point. "You" all up like an old man's bride, while I run in to Chicago and pick up a berd of Class A summer resorters for our friend Charles Algernon."

The job of "picking" summer boarders by offering free vacations to manicurists and the like was not so easy as Wallingford had anticipated, and at the end of the third day he was almost discouraged. He was standing at the bar of his hotel, musing in more or less dejection over his poor luck, when a familiar but long unheard voice halfed him, and he turned to find a good comedian of his Broadway acquaintance at his elbow.

"Hello, Guyer!" said Wallingford heartily. "You're just in time to save me from going the toboggan route. Only a drunkard drinks alone, you

know. What will you have, Danny?" "A sandwich and a glass of milk with a piece of pie and a demi tasse to follow," said Mr. Guyer in sepulchrai

"Sure," said Wallingford. "Wou't you add a pickle?"

"Couldn't do it in justice to the bal ance of the company," returned Guyer. "What's the matter with the rest of the company?" asked Wallingford "You haven't had a flivver or you wouldn't be looking so prosperous." "A mere trick of the trade, my boy,"

to spare, both the men and the women of us, but food-ah, food!" 'What are you out with?" asked

said the other. "We have clothes, and

Wallingford, laughing. "We are out with and on that silly musical piece called 'A Bird In the Hand.' The bird, my boy, never flew. It only flopped as far as Tankville, and there, still in the pinfeather stage, it lay down and died a deserved death, leaving forty ladies and gentlemen of parts and appetites stranded, unsalaried and unfed."

The divine fire of inspiration bit Wallingford at about that moment. "Forty of you, did you say?" he demanded. "What were the costumes manded. you attached?"

"Modern, swell afternoon gowns for he women; street and evening clothes for the men, including flannels and outfits for a country club scene. Oh, the 'Bird' had scrumptuous plumage. Wallingford, but no body I'

"Great," said Wallingford, with ea zer enthusiasm. "Tonight, Guyer, we have food without fear. In the morn ing we lift the mortgage at your hotel and all go on a picale. How would the members of your company like to take a week's rest at a nice country resort at my expense, wear those swel ostumes all over the lot and then like back to Broadway, still at my"-

"Don't say any more just yet," plead d Mr. Guyer, holding forth his hand. nim outward. "I couldn't stand it Where is the family you want mur dered? Let's get to work."

The family consists of one stage loor Johnnie-one of the kind who thinks that if he can't get any of the women of the company to notice him



Wallingford Then Went to the Railroad Office and Bought Tickets For the Troupe.

I's because each one is afraid she'l be found out by the other man in the

"Oh, one of those!" said Mr. Guyer with infinite contempt. "Consider him ilready assassinated. How do you want it done-knife or gun?"

Slow poison and horrible agony-by aking his money. I want to sell him summer resort. The resort is all cendy, primped up clear to the last lab of rouge, but I want to decorate it with a lot of classy guests, and

"The company accepts the engage ment with tears of gratitude, Walling ord. It's the heart interest that gets When do we start?"

"In the morning. I'll give you about hree days to rehearse, and then I'll bring on the filek."

road office and bought tickets for the troupe.

When Mr. Wallingford brought Mr. Swivel to Pine Lake by way of Chicago two women boarded the train at the city by the stock yards and were over," he said. no sooner ensconced in their seats than Wallingford hailed them with great

"My dear Mrs. Torrence!" he exstay here. Blackie, and doll the place claimed to the slightly older of the left Miss Van Vorhies. It was after early to hope that you are bound for full even of eagerness. Pine Lake. Howdy, Miss Torrence? Married yet?"

"Not yet," laughed Miss Torrence. "Maybe we can still get rid of her if you have the usual assortment of nice young men at Pine Lake. You may suppose that we're going to your de-

Women Boarded the Train at the City by the Stockyards.

lightful place just for that purpose if you like," laughed her mother, stealing an instantly suppressed inquiring giance at Mr. Swivel. Immediately Wallingford presented that flattered young man to the ladies.

Never in all his experience had Mr. Charles Algernon met with so warm a supposititious Rodiey Torrence, sup-

and beneath bending boughs sauntered | the transfer of his account. As they bright eyed girls in ravishing garments, who cast shy but languishing glances at the handsome stranger. Upon the rails of the wide porch hung draperies of rich, warm coloring, and in the hammocks folled yet other star tling beauties, who, though remarkably careless as to ankles, made a suc cession of living beauty tableaux which were wonderfully appealing to Mr. Swivel.

All this was in the very first after noon. In the evening there were ravishing gowns and ivory shoulders and langurous music, and, about an hour fter dinner, Charles Algernon found himself blissfully settled down in a dark corner of the porch for a tete-e tete with a particularly fetching heir ess, a Miss Tottle van Vorhies, daughter of President Van Vorbies of the Amalgamated Lead corporation, An other than Mr. Swivel might have thought that Miss Tottle's lips were too thin and firm, that her chin was too sharp, her cheek bones too prominent, and the blue of her eyes too cold. But what did Mr. Swivel know or care of these things when he saw the rounded ankles, and the tapering arm, in the display of which Miss Tottle was so generous? (He liked, too, the decided ways in which she had appro related him and thought her bold posession of him really pretty; also he admired very much the entertaining nalvete with which she admitted him to Immediate good fellowship with her. Wallingford, who never allowed himself to be ignorant for a moment as to the whereabouts of Charles Algernon, passed that way with the temporary Mrs. Torrence in keen delight. At some flippant remark which Mrs. Torrence made to him as they passed out of hearing Wallingford chuckled heartily, and the chin of Miss Van Vorhies suddenly gave a sharp up-

"Your friend Wallingford gives me pang," she said,

A rollicking song from the parle brought Miss Tottle to her feet at the same moment, and she hurrled into the parlor with her protege.

Suddenly an ominous sound smote ipon Wallingford's ears. Back in the parlor they were singing in full chorus "Give My Regards to Broad way," and there was a sob in the

"Great Scott!" said Wallingford If that bunch of actors and actresses are getting mushy about Broadway if's all over.

He hurried back to the house and had the music switched, but the incident had made him thoughtful, and he called Mr. Swivel one side. "Well, old top, how goes it?" he

naked. "Great!" said Mr. Swivel. "Great! Never had such a night in my life." "How would you like to own the

Wailingford then went to the rail-trifle. "Well," he said, "I might dick-er with you." The eyes of Mr. Swivel narrowed a "What do you say about going to

Chicago in the morning, then?" suggested Wallingford. Again Swivel hesitated a moment. "Give me just an hour to think it

Wallingford of course gave him the hour, but he looked in anxiety after Mr. Swivel as that young man walked back to the hammock where he had two. "What a delightful surprise to the concert was over that Mr. Swivel find you here, for it's two weeks too came to Wallingford, all smiles and

"Sure thing," said he. "We'll take that Chicago trip. What time does the train go?"

"The stage leaves about 8 o'clock. Is that too early for you?"

"Well," Swivel laughed, "7 o'clock is too early to get up and too late to stay up, but I guess I can manage it." When Wallingford hurried out to the stage be found an unexpected addition to the party in the person of smiling and confident Miss Tottle Van Vorbles.

"I have to meet papa in Chicago, she sweetly observed to Wallingford, "and I am certainly the lucky one to find that I am going to have such good company. I know you boys will all be nice to me."

Wallingford and Daw exchanged glances of wonder, and then, as by common impulse, they cast black looks at the back of the neck of Charles Algernon Swivel,

. . . . . "Why, say, Blackle," declared Wallingford when they had a moment together in the smoking compartment, 'if this unbaked lob tries to put over any trick or hold back any of his own coin I'll have him pinched. They have strenuous laws in Chicago against rubes having money."

"I told you about it," growled Black-"The only way to handle a mut like this is to show him the balt, then take it right away from him until he puts up for it. Even a born idlot like Swivel, if you leave him alone with a gold brick, is going to finally tumble that it would be a cute idea to spill neid on it. Well, that's what happened. You allowed Charles Algernon to stay over two days, and he tested the brick."

"You're the original I told you so kid, all right," declared Wallingford, "but, like all the rest of them, you tell what's the matter and don't tell what to do. Go away and let me think,'

Before the trip was over, however concluded that he had been doing and cordial a reception from-ladles of Mr. Swivel an injustice, for Mr. Swiv such evident breeding, taste and et paid no more attention to Miss Tot-wealth. At last, through Wallingford, tie than did either of the others. He that jovini prince of good fellows, be was cheerful and chatty all the way was coming into his own, and all the and corroborated his intention to purway to Pine Lake he monopolized the chase Pine Lake by mentioning certain attention of the wife and daughter of trifling improvements he meant to make in that pleasant, health resort. posititious traction magnate. Finally When they arrived in Chicago he bade they reached Pine Lake, and the ladies Miss Tottle n pleasant goodby and harried away to dress for the next act. went with the other men to their ho They were scarcely missed. Acress tel. He even permitted them to go to the lawn, down flower bordered walks his bank with him after lunch and see



"Permit me, gentlemen, to introduce Mrs. Swivel," said Charles Algernon. came out of the bank, however, Charles

Algernon stopped on the steps and bade them goodby. "You'll have to excuse me for about

an hour," he said. "I have a little private business to look after," "But we were to have our talk im mediately after you had been to the

bank," protested Wallingford. "I shall be compelled to excuse myself for one hour," Insisted Mr. Swivel. "But I want to get out of town this

fternoon," declared Wallingford, "I shall meet you at the hotel at 2 o'clock," stated Mr. Swivel, with surprising coolness, and, walking down hand, "We wanted to sting Charles the steps, he hailed a taxi and drove

At precisely 2 o'clock there was ring at the bell of Wallingford's apartments. Mr. Swivel was below to see Mr. Wallingford.

When Wallingford opened the door in response to a present knock, how-ever, Mr. Swivel was not alone. With him was Miss Tottle Van Vorbles!

"Permit me, gentlemen, to introduce Mrs. Swivel," said Charles Algernon. beaming with joy. "Swivel, Swivel!" chided Walling-

ford, shaking a reproving finger at the bappy bridegroom. "I never thought you'd turn out to be a mere fortune nunter!" and be cast a malignant glance at Miss Tottle.

"You needn't spring any of that guff," said Mrs. Swivel sweetly, taking

room, and spreading her skirts picturesquely. "Charlle knows all about it. He knows that I'm a show girl, and he married me under my own name, which was Molly Smith. Also Charles knows all about the plant you put up there at Pine Lake for his spe-

cial benefit." "Exactly," agreed Charles Algernon, speaking in a surprisingly brisk tone. Now, let's get down to business. We're here to take Pine Lake off your hands. Now, how much do you want?"

Wallingford bent smooth brows upon Mr. and Mrs. Charles Algernon, "Fifty thousand dollars," said he.

Miss Tottle laughed with keen en-Joyment, "You got to cancel on that," she said. "I know you figured on a large chunk of Charlle's pile, but he's taken some brains into the company since then."

Charlie smiled delightedly, as if his wife had paid him a compliment, and be patted her upon a plump shoulder. "So I see," said Wallingford slowly 'Well, how much does the brains of the company propose to pay for Pine Lake?" and he looked pleasantly at the

"Just cost," Charles Algernon told him, the wrinkles around his eyes be coming hard and sharp. "You paid five thousand for the place, and you put in about five thousand on improve

Wallingford arose and walked toward the telephone.

"But, Petty," protested Charlie. "Don't be foolish." said Petty Impatiently, and then she turned to Walling-"All right," she said. ford. make it fifteen thousand, and that is the top figure."

Wallingford looked down upon he smiling confidence. Now he was sure of his ground. "Will you please tell me," be demanded, "why you are will ing to pay \$15,000 for sixty acres of lng to pay \$15,000 for sixty acres of laud that won't grow pumpkins and a house that isn't worth burning up: city and within a radius of 100 miles.

You know it's no summer resort." "Well, you see, I think you're wron, about it being no good as a summer resort," explained Mr. Swivel, with gilbness which did not deceive Walling ford. "I've always wanted to go into the summer resort business, and I think we can advertise this place in a wa that will get us good trade."

Both of them smiled at Wallingford brightly and ingenuously. "You'll pay me \$40,000 for Pinc Lake," observed that gentleman, smil-

ing in return. Mrs. Swivel laughed unroariously. "You'll pay me \$40,000 cash for the repeated Wallingford. won't? Fifteen thousand is the limit! All right, Swivel, I'll make you a prop osition. I'll run down to Pine Lak and look it over. If I decide after that not to keep the place I il meet you here at this hour day after tomorrow and

take your offer of lifteen thousand." He went to the telephone. He in quired for the next train to Pine Lake be ordered two tickets purchased for that place; he ordered his bill sent up a valet to pack his higgage and a porter to remove it. It was not until the porter came for the luggage that the Swivels gave in.

"Can you give us a clear deed? asked Charles Algernon, "There'll be no trouble about that, Wallingford politely assured him, "for

I have a lawyer right downstnirs." "So have we," promptly returned

triumphant moment arrived for which the bridal couple had been waiting.
"Now, you big grafter, I'll tell you writer that he was ready and willing to writer that he was ready and willing to while preserving the true.

"Now, you big grafter, I'll tell you the truth," said Swivel, every little wrinkle in his oily face twisting itself into knots. "You've just sold a peach at a lemon price. That peculiar smell at Pine Lake is oil. That land down there is just dripping with it. My father was an oil prospector, and I was born in County Limerick, Period of the said committee of the said commi

tune. I had my education in the min

\$30,000 profit." cleared away, Blackle Daw was thoughtful and slient. "I don't know about that Pine Lake deal, J. Rufus, be said. "It's at least an even break

that we got the wrong end of it."
"We got all that Mr. Swivel stole the Swivels had gone.

"There's not much over for the exense fund," considered Violet. "That isn't the point," returned

for reasons of our own." Wailingford, resting back in a big easy chair, paused in the operation of lighting a long, black eigar to close his eyes and chuckle. "Suppose you had to take the entire Beaumont oil field and Molly Smith with it for life?" be suggested. "No. Blackle. Whatever

turns up we stung him?" "But suppose they do find an old gusher?" protested Blackle, much wor ried about it.

"It can't gush much," asserted Wallingford, crossing his legs in perfect satisfaction. "Why, you raw appren tice, don't you know I invented that smell? Up in that soggy, wet field, back of the woods, I poured two bar rels of crude petroleum."

[Another adventure next week.]

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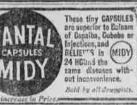
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## STENOGRAPHERS

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\*\*\*\*\*\*\* MICHAEL DONOHUE DEAD

Michael Donohue, one of our highly respected pioneer residents, died at his farm home one mile north of Jefferson "So have we," promptly returned that the charles Algernon.

When everything had been arranged in shipshape, when Wallingford had put the check in his pocket and Mr. Swivel had put the deed in his, the third walls are the check in his pocket and Mr. Swivel had put the deed in his, the his daily life. He knew several days

ther was an oil prospector, and I was raised in the business. When I was a kid I was dragged from one oil field to the other and can smell crude oil farther off than a buzzard can see a dead horse. I was scared stiff you'd get on to it before we got away from there."

"Go to it, Swivel." replied Walling food was business. When 22 years of age. He lived some time in Lane, Benton and Linn counties, purchasing 34 years ago the farm on which he resided until his death. Funcral services were conducted by Father Bernard Sunday afternoon at the Catholic, that edifice being inadequate to accommodate the large ford urbanely. "Hope you make a for-tune. I had my education in the min tribute to their departed friend. Intertime. I had my education in the min ing business, from oil to diamonds, years ago, and I want to say to you right now that there lan't a smell in Donohue will long be cherished by his the universe that I wouldn't sell for \$30,000 profit."

Later, when the smoke of battle had home farm.—Jefferson Review.

### Chief of Staff Scott Indorses Garrison Plan

Washington, Jan. 21 .- The Garrison, from us," immediately spoke up Fan-continental army plan was defended by nie Warden, always ready to defend General Scott, chief of staff, before Wallingford. The Wardens were on the senate military committee today, the spot within twenty minutes after as the best compromise between an unwieldly system of militarism and total unpreparedness. "The question," he said, "is not to

obtain an army that can lick the world, "That isn't the point," returned but to provide a force among our Blackle, unconsciously patting Violet's citizenry, not forgetting that our main

business is peace."

He scouted claims that an enemy could overrun the country as quickly as some experts have testified they could.

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