0444444444444444444 THE NEW ADVENTURES OF J. RUFUS WALLINGFORL

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

Read the story and then see the moving pictures

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I+++++++++++++++++++++++++

**** The Missing Heir ****

OW strange are the vagaries of fortune! At the very instant when the ardent believers in Little Joe were filling their lungs for a final shout of triumph a gay little red balloon daried out on the track, where the horses were pounding down the stretch, whirled saucily in front of the favorite's nose shot straight up in the air and sailed merrily across the infield toward the green hills and the blue sky. For only an infinitesimal space of time the nerv ous Little Joe had shied and checked his speed, but that space was enough to let a dun colored stranger of the name of Tippy flash under the wire at

"The hound!" mumbled a small man at the rail, and his face was so blank to the first moment of disappointment that it brought a chuckle from the adjoining large gentleman with the round Diak face.

"Cheer up, neighbor," he consoled; "the walking's good."

The small man thus addressed cas on the florid big J. Rufus Wallingford a sidewise glance-a slow glance and a cautions one. Cordial of manner was the florid one and jovial of eye and broad of white waistcont, and in his rich eravat glowed a \$2,000 diamond Quite reassuring. But nevertheless the small man glanced once more to the right and to the left before he an

"Had a hundred on that rabbit?" he

"Well, a hundred's a hundred," chuck led the big man.

"It's a thousand when you lose it on a red balloon," objected the lean and tank Blackle Daw, ellmbing down from the fence, where he had been perched like a jumping jack on a stick. He set on his head the silk hat which he had been waving in encouragement to Little Joe and smoothed his pointed black mustache. At that momen Blackle's eye caught the gilsten and glint of something white in the crowd It was the head of Onion Jones, s hald that it looked freshly peeled, and Onion was winking and making mys terious signs at the rate of about seven to the second. Giving Jim the "high sign," Blackie slipped away and, fol lowing Onion to the grand stand, found there Violet Warden and he sister Fannie, both their pretty faces dushed with excitement.

"Thece's the man!" exclaimed Vio let, her blue eyes dancing as she caught Blackle's sleeve.

'Mr. Hutch! You were standing right by him-Percy W. Hutch! We

"He got \$40,000 from us," said Fan nie, and her cheeks turned a shade pinker as J. Rufus happened to look up and catch her musing gaze. "He is No. 13 on the list." She opened her little notebook and pointed to a list of names. Twelve had been scratched out. The thirteenth was Percy W. Hutch, "He is a lawyer, but he is never in his office. We don't know

tauch more about him," Leave that to us," said Blackle "We'll tell you all about him when we hand you that \$40,000. Me back to the works on the jump, ladies, I kiss you chastely on the foreheads."

His long legs were springing down the steps a second after, and, nodding significantly toward the small man as te approached Wallingford, be came up to the rail on the other side of Mr. Hutch and asked:

What do you think of the next race,

"Lady Lou." J. Rufus promptly re plied, waiting for his cue. "I know Lady Lou's sure money, because she was touted to me by a barber whose cousin was a stable boy ten years

"No chance," was the contemptuous naswer as Blackle graned at the small man. "I'll tell you why. No 'Lady' horse has won a rare this meet. Lady Bwiscoe came in last in the first race today; Lady Sandy fell down yester day and broke her collarbone; Lady o' Dreams was ruled off the track for staggering under too much hop. Nevertheless. Jimsey, my boy, I'll let you Hutch before I go to bed tonight, and bet on her against the deld-for a hun-you'll help. The girls are waiting for dred even.

J. Hufus was about to reject this outrageous offer with proper indignation, but he caught something in Blackfe's eve.

"You poor follop!" he commiserated. "I linte to rob an imbodile, but you're

"Help yourself," gusts returned Blackle, and he winked at the small man. "Better get in stranger."

"Any more at that price?" tranger was moist lipped at hought of a bet so attractive.

"Certainly?" A slight flash of tem-ser in the broad chested Jim. He urned to the stranger. "You're on, eighbor, for a hundred."

The pallid blue eyes almost sparkled. Little Stranger was not there at the eginning of the next race, but as Lady Lou streaked past the judges, an asy winner over the field by three good lengths, there was a mumbling ust back of the big, pink faced Jim and the lean jumping jack on the fence -the small man, imploring to the very ast for some hound out of the pack to verhaul the winner,

"Oh, I guess I'm a boob!" exulted J. Rufus, turning his round and radiantly eaming countenance on Mr. Daw and Little Stranger. "I guess I'm a blek! dentlemen, produce-and smile!"

"That wasn't in the bet," objected Blackle, relinquishing his hundred, and at that moment both Mr. Daw and Mr. Wallingford turned in response to a ow gurgle from Little Stranger. His hand was in his hip pocket, and there was a green pallor on his face, a green glaze in his eyes.

"I've been touched!" he husked. Somebody lifted my leather!"

Blackle and Wallingford looked at ich other speculatively. Blackle grin

"Well, such things will happen, Mr. Welsh," said Wallingford, with a suspicion of a snark. "If you will leave your pocketbook exposed just before you have to pay a bet, Mr. Welsh, we must all take the consequences. Mr. Weish.

The small man, his green pallot urning to purple indignation, was druggling for speech.

"My name's Hutch," he hotly stated I get rolled out for \$400, and the only onsolation I have is for a fresh fat man to call me a welsher! Would I have come back here if I had intended o welsh on this bet? No living man can put a finger on a crooked act of

"How about a dead one?" suggested Blackle, and keen Jim Wallingford lifted his eyebrows as he saw on the contenance of Mr. Hutch a fleeting omething.

"I swallow my words," apologized J Rufus genially.

"Thanks," returned the insuited one mewhat mollified. "If you gentlemen are going into the city after the next ence I'd like to have you stop at my office and get that hundred."

They went to Mr. Hutch's office where they saw several letter files narked "Richard Lundy" and "Lundy Estate." Hutch gave Wallingford a sheek for \$100.

"We owe you a dinner, sport," Wal ingford urged, pocketing the check You should have that much of a rake off on a rough day. Come-out, and we'll open a bottle of bubbles!"

"I'll Join you later," said Mr. Hutch is he saw them to the door. Wonderful entertainers, Mr. Wal ingford and Mr. Daw, A dinner for Mr. Hutch, an evening at the theater with Mr. Hutch, a supper to Mr. Hutch, a luncheon, a spin to a road house, hospitality on tap all the time But at the end of three days the enter alament committee withdrew into Wallingford's downtown suit in a hote



"I'll join you later," said Mr. Hutch showing them to the door.

near the pulsing red heart of Broadway, and glummed. The pretty Warden orphans had been sent out to 'frame' a spirit medium scare for Percy, but even the after world was of no interest to hard Hutch.

"If you can't do any business with this againt eyed runt why don't you can him?" grumbled the friend of the ommittee, a man so baldheaded that e was more restful to the eyes with his hat on-Onion Jones. "I ain't seen plece of money for so long that 1 wouldn't know how to make change

or a nickel." When Onlon had departed with a bor owed twenty Jim turned to Blackle. "What is this new hope?" he de-

manded. "Leave it to ma!" And there was the map of glee in the beady black eyes. "Not if you're cooking up any stronprotested Wallingford " arm play." never saw the inside of a jall but once. and I got my first gray hairs just try

ing to get out." "You didn't get your streak of yellow there," reforted Blackie. "You took that in with you. Now you listen to me. I'm going to have the goods on als forty thousand, and I'm whetted.

Ring for a drink!" "What'll you have?" asked Walling ford, going to the phone.

"Anything." grinned Blackle. want alcohol on my breath when Percy gols here."

When Mr. Hutch came blithely and sagorly to be entertained at no expense to himself he found Wallingford his clear eyed and genial self, but the

usually chipper Blackie Daw, redolent of whisky, the fumes of which rose chiefly from the lapels of his coat, sat odding in a chair. He roused himself astantly, however, and grabbed Mr. Hutch by the hand.

"Glad to see you, sport!" he greeted he visitor with thick cordinity, "Let's out and get an appetite!"

Mr. Daw was rather a nulsance that fternoon. He was usually the life of the party, but now he was a deadener and, moreover, a constant source of humiliation to his companions. He went to sleep in leather padded nooks in several hotel bars, and he constantly went to sleep in the limousine, though whenever the machine stopped he woke with a jerk. They couldn't lose him from the party. No, sir!

In the office of Mr. Hutch, where J. Rufus invariably left something to come after the next day, tired nature



Blackie Was Still Snoring, and They Threw Water in His Face to Rouse

at last had its way. Mr. Daw stum bled to the old horsehair couch, pillow ed his head on the hard wooden arm and had started to snore before he ould cross his arms.

By George! It was nearly 3 o'clock. Wallingford had to get to the bank. appose they left Daw here for half n hour or so? Mr. Hutch looked to e right; he looked to the left; he ooked at Mr. Daw. He shook Mr. Daw again-a lifeless lump, except for that even, unbroken snore. Perhaps it would be best to let Mr. Daw recuper te from his intense fatigue.

After the spring latch had clicked te slumberer snored on and on for a olld two minutes; then he suddenly pened his bright black eyes, grinned, umped up and boited the door. As swiftly and as silently as a cut be ressed to the safe, stooped down and ook hold of the knob with his long, ensitive flugers. He turned the knob lowly, his head cocked sidewise, his ars listening intently for the click of he tumblers, and when at last the loor swung gently open there came on his face a smiling beatitude which was

lmost angelic. Blackle Daw was still snoring when is companions returned to the office and after pouring water on his face and finding that he was totally use ss for the purposes of entertainment hey took him to Wallingford's hotel o lay him away, and Onion Jones ame auxiously out of his concealment I Jim's dressing room as Mr. Hutch eparted from Jim's parlor.

Rough stuff wins!" exulted Blackie. alsing from the bed with one Jerk and exhibiting an astounding case of quick couperation. "I had the time of my ife burgling. If I were younger I'd to into the business."

'Aw, cheese!" grunted Onlon Jones

'Is this guy alive or dead?" "He's pink meat," reported Blackle. It's a romance. 'Hollow' Hutch's mly business is the estate of the late Amos Lundy. Percy gets \$2,000 a ear for that. And he's been spending \$10,000 a year, which he is supposed to be sending the heir, one Richard Lundy.

"Where's Richard?" inquired Walingford-"dead?"

"Nobody knows; but it's a strong hance. The first quarterly remittance was returned from South Africa five cars ago. Butch held back the check intil three more were returned; then ie cashed them, and he hasn't worked ince. His steal from the Warden es rate was a side bet." "What a cinch!" Onlon Jones

Wallingford lit a fat black eigar and

"I knew this fellow was a crook the ninute I laid eves on him." he ob erved.

"You couldn't make a mistake out at hat track," glumly put in Onion Jones. Get to it. fellows. Talk about the I want to get used to the

"It looks easy," J. Rufus puffed conentedly. "How much is there left f the estate, Blackie?"

"Only a little over fifty thousand futch has been dipping in on the capial to pay himself that ten thousand a

"A little over fifty thousand, ch?; ousldered Wallingford. "Well, we can ave that much of the Lundy estate rom a crooked administrator, Rehard turns out to be dead Hutch will have to hand over the fortune to the state and go to the pen for what and the postman came in with a spe-ac stole, and if Richard turns out to clat delivery letter. Wallingford and he fortune to Richard and go to the en for what he stole."

"The scoundrel?" grinned Blackle. "Say!" Onion Jones suddenly sat up and mopped his head agitatedly. On out when he got one he was a firm beever in it. "Did this squint eyed runt

ver see the missing beir?" "Nix!" Blackie tossed over a faded etter. "I hold this out, Jim, because be signature might be useful,"

"No forgery," frowned J. Rufus. "What's the matter with you?" demanded Blackie impatiently. "I'm going to get you an electric coupe and a foot warmer!" Wallingford was studying the letter with interest.

"Mr. Lundy looks forward with pleasure to a meeting with Mr. Hutch," ne rend, "So they never met." "Then I'm the missing belr!" an-

ounced Onion Jones with eagerness. "No, Onion," said Blackie, "you don't get a speaking part in this. All you do is hop a train for Chicago and mail a reservation for me?" a letter from the missing beir, stating that he's on the way."

"Good dope!" Wallingford's approvuse the signature to throw a scare into | your rooms." Hutch. But I don't see how that rescues the balance of the Lundy fortune." "You don't?" Blackle was sitting on

a corner of the dresser, daugling a spider-like leg and grinning with sardonic joy. "Well, Jim, it's the good old safe and sane and saultary way. The chief ingredients are your winning personality and a brick." Two mornings later they were sit-

door. It was about time for that Chiengo letter, and they were whiling away the time with tales which had a point and a moral.

"Bob Simmons was so crooked he could see the back of his own neck," laughed Blackle, "but he was the boy for quick action."

"And no piker," added J. Rufus. "He ran an American branch of a London leather firm, and at the end of the first year he'd spent so much of the firm's money that the Bank of England began to sag; so they came over to see about

"Low down trick," drawled Blackie When a man's used to spending a trust fund the owner has no business to sneak in on him."

"That was Bob's idea of it," Wallingford went on. "The first be knew that the end was near was when the British brothers got wedged in the custom house and had to telephone for help. Bob didn't even stop to think." Jim paused to light one of his fat black cigars. It was Percy who broke the

"What did be do?" he asked, "Emptied the safe, rushed down to the bank and converted everything of the firm's he could into cash, and while the British brothers waited for help Bob sailed for South America."

Mr. Hutch laughed and relaxed in his chair. He had been sitting up rather stiffly. "Say, fellows, let's go to South Amer-

ica?" suddenly proposed Blackle Daw,
"To which?" smiled J. Rufus, "For "Play the ponles," urged Blackle, with carefully graduated enthusiasm. Why, the slowest borse in a race down there goes so fast he's safe to put your

money on! What about it, Jim?" "Get your bat," promptly responded Wallingford. "If you're on the level. when's the next boat?" And he reached in his pocket for the morning paper. Percy Hutch blinked. He was learning by degrees to be a sport, but this

was too swift for him. "You can lose enough money in little old New York," he observed, wondering if they were actually in earnest,

"There's a boat at 3 o'clock," announced Wallingford, "Blackle, look up the number of this steamship company, and I'll make the reservations. Better come along, Hutch,

phone book. "Here's your party, Jim." There was a thoughtful silence while



There Was a Thoughtful Silence While Wallingford Secured His Connection.

and Percy Hutch's mind began to open" Wallingford actually engaged passage for two on that South American boat. "We'll have to circulate, Binckle," said Wallingford briskly, rising from

"What's the rush?" drawled Blackle "I can pack in an hour, and you can get money in ten minutes. We'll have time for lunch with Percy, and"- He stopped abruptly. The door opened, s alive Hutch will have to hand over Riackie could almost see the Chicago postmark through the hand which held he envelope.

There was a polite walt as Mr. Hutch receipted for the letter and opened it. Then Wallingford slyly stepped on on was seldom afflicted with an bles. Blackie's foot to make him look hu-

> "What's the matter, Butch-bad news?" naked J. Rufus, Hutch's face had turned alle green.

and green was in his pallid eyes. "Eh?" he husked through dry lips

glanced to the right, he gianced to the ieft. "I've-I've been sporting a little too much, I think. I"- His voice "Ready, Hutch?" asked dwindled down into nothing at all. Richard Lundy would arrive in the

morning! "Just a minute!" Hutch was all nervous eagerness now. He opened his desk and drew from it a small packet of papers. He hurriedly threw open his safe and took another small packet of papers from a tin box. "How about

"I'll see to it." offered Blackle promptyou here at 2 o'clock, boys. Can I pack al was instant and hearty. "We only some things for you, Percy? I know

Percy stopped. It might be well not to go back to his rooms. "Yes," he decided.

As the trio stepped into Wallingford's limousine a baldheaded man with a wide brimmed bat scowled at them from the shelter of the deep clgar store doorway at the side of the office building entrance.

Just nearing 2 o'clock, the shining limousine of J. Rufus Wallingford ting in Hutch's office, watching the stopped again in front of Hutch's office, and from it there emerged, first, J. Rufus, an expression of great care and responsibility on his round pink countenance. Then there merged Percy Hutch, with his hat pulled down over his eyes and in his hand a battered leather bank bag with strong hasps and handles. This he carried as cautionsly as if it were a basket of eggs.

"Hist! Hist! Hist!" Both Percy and Wallingford looked oward the cigar store door, but there was nothing to be seen. J. Rufus, elernally alert, walked over in that direc tion, and there behind the angle be be held Onion Jones, most marvelously got up, wide felt hat, red bandkerchief around his neck, stiff brown shooting cont, wrinkled top boots with the trousers stuffed in them.

'What the"-"Sh!" And the flat palm of Onion ame up with a warning gesture. "Get

rid of your party, quick!"
"Huh!" Much perplexed, Walling ford joined the nervously waiting Hutch in the lobby. "Go on up to the office. I'll be there in a minute."

"What is it?" busked Hutch, fear uddenly filling him to the oozing point. "Better lay low," whispered J. Rufus, studying Percy with a dawning smile. Don't stir from the office till you hear

"I won't," he promised Hutch. And be hurried back to the elevator. "Now what's up?" demanded Wal ngford, joining Onion Jones.

"Blackle wants you over at you ooms right away," mumbled Onion agitatedly. "No, you're not to telehone. You're to slam straight over, and I'm to sneak upstairs and shadow

"Hub!" said Wallingford, and he ran his fingers through his bair in perplexity. "Why are you wearing that fool make-up?

"Ask Blackle, Hustle, Jim!" And he fairly pushed Wallingford out to the waiting limousine. The instant the our started Onion Jones hurried into the elevator and a minute and a balf inter entered the office of P. W. Hutch,

"This is Mr. Hutch," be stated, with deasant assurance. "What do you want?" asked Percy.

bag between his feet. Well, Mr. Hutch, I'm the missing under him and had sat ou him, heir," announced Onlon, removing the you that letter from Chicago I thought wouldn't get here until tomorrow morning, but I beat it on the same train as the letter. Howdydo?" And shrill splutter came from beneath the

be extended a fat palm. "Y-yes," acknowledged Percy, looking at the fat palm, but he drew back his own hand; "of course, Mr. Lundy,

you'll have to identify yourself." "Oh, will I?" The missing heir's nails made four pink streaks on his in his chair. gleaming scalp, "Well, Mr. Hutch, if yon're going to run in any rankaboo on me, especially after holding out my \$10,000 a year for five years, I'll have you pinched right now and identify from you." myself afterward!"

"Th-there's no need to be hasty, Mr. Lundy," quavered Percy, struggling among a thousand depressing thoughts.

If you are Mr. Lundy"-"If I am!" yelled the missing helr. Look here, you Hutch; I'm Willie Hep to you! You've been putting a crimp in my rightful fortune, and if you hand me any of your lip I'll stripe your coat crossways. Settle quick, and you get off easy. Give me what's left, and I won't say a word about what you swiped. I'll give you ten minutes." And the missing heir glanced apprehensively toward the door.

Percy Hutch paused. The language of the missing heir was not quite the o possibilities as the huge and capable language of his letters, and the offer of the missing heir was suspiciously generous. On the other hand, the facts, and be seemed to have an idea of vigorous methods,

"You can't settle an estate in ten minutes, Mr. Lundy," argued Percy in desperation. After all, he was an attorney. He glanced down at the black bag. Suddenly he lifted his head, and there was a glimpse of life in the pallid eyes. He had a saving thought. 'You'll at least let me compare your signature. Write your name on this piece of paper." Onion Jones guiped with the shock

of that suggestion, and just then he heard a noise at the door. "Give me that money!" be howied. The knob turned, and the door opened, and in walked J. Rufus Wallingford and Blackie Daw, each focusing a deadly gate on the guilty Onion.

Wallingford had started away, and

they had compared notes. Blackie had sent no message to Jim, nor had he "Ready, Hutch?" asked Wallingford

suavely, ignoring the missing heir. "Why, no," faltered the trustee of the Lundy estate. "This gentleman claims to be Richard Lundy, and I'll have to stay and settle the estate."

"Give me that"-

The speech of the missing bair was suddenly interrupted from behind by a clasp on the collar so firm and so tight that it choked him. The steellike hand of Horace G. Daw was on ly. "Here's your hat, Hutch. I'll meet | that collar, and the other steel-like hand had clutched the missing heir by the slack of the corduroy trousers while the pointed black mustaches of Mr. Daw lifted, displaying two rows of snarling white teeth. Thereupon the missing heir, entirely outside his own volition, began to walk Spanish toward the door. It was the snave J. Rufus who opened that door, his own stubby mustache lifted to reveal two rows of snarling white teeth, and it was the toe of J. Rufus Wallingford's



Blackie Set the Bag on the Desk and Jabbed Hutch in the Eye. highly polished boot which assisted the

missing heir into the hall. "The fathead!" panted Mr. Wallingford to Mr. Daw as they slammed the

They found Mr. Hutch regarding them with widening eyes as they confronted him, and the upper tip of Mr. Hutch was lifted, revealing two rows of snarling white teeth.

"It's a frameup!" charged Percy excitedly. "You get me to draw all this money so you could take me to South America and skin me!" "Some guess," admitted Wallingford. as Blackie slipped the bolt of the door.

But this amateur double crosser gummed the schedule." "Now, look here, Perce." Blackle stepped briskly up to the desk. "The first thing you're to remember is not

to holler, or you'll get us all pinched. Where's that bag?" "Between his feet!" called Wallingford, peering through the opening of the desk, and Blackle and Mr. Hutch bobbed down at the same time. They faid hold on the black bag beneath the desk from opposite sides, and pull-

ed and hauted. Suddenly Hutch stopped the strugstanding behind the desk, the black gle with a loud "Huh!" for Jim Wallingford had pulled Percy's knees from

Biackie threw back his raven locks "At 3 o'clock!" gasped Percy.

"Three's a lucky number," Blackie while Percy gazed in stupefaction on the desk, at the same time jabbing while Percy gazed in stupefaction on the desk, at the same time jabbing "How much will we give him. Jim? "Oh, the tickets and a couple of thou-

> "Let him up." advised Blackle, "He hasn't breath enough to scream." Percy rose with his hands on his stomach and gasped violent objections

> sand," considered Wallingford, and a

until Blackie pushed him gently back "Rush, Percy," he admonished: we're saving you from further crime.

"Yes," agreed J. Rufus, looking down at him sympathetically. how well off you can be, in place of in Jall, where you belong. You can go to South America and lead a better and more useful life. How much is in the bag, Blackle?"

"Just a minute," begged the ne trustee of the Lundy estate, and finished counting the neat little packs of big bills. "Fifty-six thousand six hundred odd. Jim.

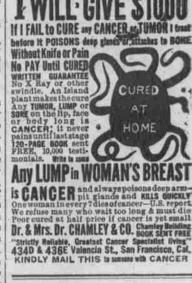
"Give him \$5,000 and the bag," generously decided Wallingford, "I'll have you crooks pinched!" shricked Percy.

"Don't aggravate us, you cheap emscorned Wallingford. "You can't identify money, and you can't prove that we took this. All you'll get if you raise a holler is an investigation, missing heir knew some important and any honest jury would know that you charged us with the theft in a feeole attempt to hide your own. They'd soak you fifteen years. Why, we'd help send you over, you hollow not! Give him \$4,000. Blackto."

> "Damn It, Wallingford"-"Three thousand, Blackle." Percy Hutch closed his lips tightly for fear he might say more.

"Do not be harsh, Jimmy," grinned Blackle. He had been looking down thoughtfully into the bag. He took out the Warden \$40,000 and wrapped the money in a newspaper; he took out \$10,000 for the expense fund and slipped It in his pocket; then he dropped the steamer tickets in with what was left. "I prefer even money." he explained. "Percy gets Onlon's share, Jim. I don't like the missing beir's

Blackle's taxl had dashed up just as work. It's rough stuff!" [Another adventure next week.]





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