If You Need a Medicine You Should Have the Best

Have you ever stopped to reason why it is that so many products that are extensively advertised, all at once drop out of sight and are soon forgotten? The reason is plain—the article did not fulfill the promises of the manufacturer. This applies more particularly to a medicine. A medicinal preparation that has real curative value almost sells itself, as like an endless chain system the remedy is recommended by those who have been benefited to those who are in need of it.

A prominent druggist says, "Take for example Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, a preparation I have sold for many years and never hesitate to recommend, for in almost every case it shows excellent results, as many of my customers testify. No other kidney remedy has so large a sale."

According to sworn statements and verified testimony of thousands who have used the preparation, the success of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root is due to the fact, so many people claim, that it fulfills almost every wish in overcoming kidney, liver and bladder ailments, corrects urinary troubles and neutralizes the uric acid which causes rheumatism.

You may receive a sample bottle of Swamp-Root by parcel post. Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., and enclose ten cents; also mention this paper. Large and medium size bottles for sale at all drug stores.—Advertisement.

COUNTRY NOT ALL BARBARIC

Women in Certain Tribes in the Sahara Said by Travelers to Be Held in High Esteem.

A Danish mission to the Hoggar (a mountain pass in the center of the Sahara), recorded a number of interesting scientific facts and drew up maps of the district explored, says the Detroit News.

The Touaregs live under large tents made of skins; they are socially divided into nobles and commons, and their manual labor is performed by blacks, who were formerly slaves, but who were liberated when the French occupied the territory.

The religion practiced by the Touaregs is Islamic in origin, but does not strictly follow the usual Islamic rites and customs, as is shown by the fact that women play a prominent role in the administration of the government of the country and the home. The women are not veiled; their skins are very fair and they often have beautiful features. In marked contrast with strictly Mohammedan communities, Touareg women are allowed to receive visitors in the absence of their husbands.

Fight Engine Resistance.

Builders of the "bat-wing" airplane designed the craft to overcome the resistance of struts, wires and fuselage that in the usual type of machine consume almost three-quarters of the engine power, says the Washington Star. The improved design is a great double chambered aerofoil that terminates at right and left in the conventional ailerons and that tapers in the rear to a tail that has the usual elevator and rudder. The aerofoil measures 100 feet from tip to tip and swells in the front to a thickness of seven feet. In that bulge is a cabin 30 feet long, eight feet wide and six feet in height. This plane is an internally trussed cantilever structure covered with wood veneer so tough that the wing surfaces can be walked upon.

Bush, but No Wine.

"Why do you keep cultivating that big mint patch by the roadside?"

"A lot of people," replied the keeper of the wayside restaurant, "smell it, look hopeful and then turn in. Of course, after making a few cautious inquiries they feel under obligations to order buttermilk or something. I'm using that mint as a decoy."

Much Obliged.

Spic (contemplating loan)—How are you fixed for money?

Span—Oh, I have enough for tonight. Thanks just the same.—Williams Purple Cow.

FRECKLES

Don't Hide Them With a Veil; Remove Them With Othine—Double Strength

This preparation for the treatment of freckles is usually so successful in removing freckles and giving a clear, beautiful complexion that it is sold under guarantee to refund the money if it fails.

Don't hide your freckles under a veil; get an ounce of Othine and remove them. Even the first few applications should show a wonderful improvement, some of the lightest freckles vanishing entirely.

Be sure to ask the druggist for the double-strength Othine; It is this that is sold on the money-back guarantee.

ABSORBINE

Stops Lameness from a Bone Spavin, Ring Bone, Splint, Curb, Side Bone, or similar troubles and gets horse going sound. It acts quickly but quickly and good results are lasting. Does not blister or remove the hair and horse can be worked. Page 17 in pamphlet with each bottle tells how. $2.50 a bottle delivered. Horse Book 1 free.

W. F. YOUNG, Inc., 510 Lyman St., Springfield, Mass.

DON'T EXPERIMENT ON YOUR EYES

MITCHELL EYE SALVE

heals inflamed eyes, granulated lids, styes. Soothe. Safe. Speedy. 25c at all druggists.

Pesky Bed-Bugs P. D. Q.

Try just once P. D. Q.—Pesky Devils Quietus—the preventive of all Bed Bugs, Roaches, Fleas and Ants. Every family should use P. D. Q. house cleaning time to guard against the Pesky Devils and to prevent worries. P. D. Q. is not an insect powder, but is a new chemical that kills insects and their eggs. Each package contains, free, a patent spout, to enable you to get to the hard-to-get-at places and save time. Price 35 cents.

A 35 cent package makes one quart, enough to kill a million insects and their eggs. Your druggist has it or can get it for you. Mailed prepaid upon receipt of price by the Pesky Chemical Works, Terre Haute, Ind.

Matrimonial Adventures

The Lost Columbine

BY

Julian Street

Author of "The Need of Change," "After Thirty," "Abroad at Home," "American Adventures," "Mysterious Japan," "Bits Coventry," etc.

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A GLIMPSE OF JULIAN STREET

Of all the many qualities that belong to Julian Street the one I think that impresses you most is youth. He has the kind of youth that is progressively permanent—he is cast in an ageless mold. He has the personality that years spent in genuine craftsmanship bring—and he has worked hard for his success. "Pegging away," is what he calls it.

Oh, yes, he sold his first story out of hand, and he has been selling constantly ever since, but that means real labor and toil. He is unhurried, seemingly almost slow in his method of production, but he arrives very firmly, and always you feel in him the power to keep on arriving—the ability to better his many achievements.

There is about him, too, the knowledge of the big author who sees directly, and feels sharply the deeper things, but his great talent lies in treating facts. If it be books of travel he is writing, or people, if it be stories, with a certain inimitable charm that is entirely his own.

All of his work shows the keenness of fine observation—little trulams, subtle points in characterization—and the interest to keep you reading to the end.

"The Lost Columbine," written expressly for the Star Author Series of Matrimonial Adventures, delicate in plot, is yet poignantly full of meaning—it holds a special interpretation for both men and women.

MARY STEWART CUTTING, JR.

I

"About this fancy-dress ball at the country club tonight," said Archibald Welkins, as his wife, looking very lovely in a French-blue housedress, poured the morning coffee. "I don't quite like the idea, do you, Eleanor?"

Her large blue eyes turned up to him inquiringly.

"What don't you like about it, dear?" she asked.

"Oh, this fool notion of husbands and wives dressing separately—not knowing about each other's costumes."

Often in the eight years of their married life he had been disturbed by her trait of remaining silent when she disagreed with him, and now, as she did not reply, he stated more explicitly what was in his mind, saying: "I think we'd better tell each other what we're going to wear."

"We'll find out when we unmask," she said.

"But I think the idea of secrecy is all nonsense," he insisted with a little show of heat.

"Pass Mr. Welkins the marmalade," his wife said to the maid.

He helped himself, then repeated: "I think it's all nonsense!"

But she did not answer. He had never known a woman with Eleanor's capacity for silence. It gave her a mysterious power.

"The steward at the club told me they'd had over five hundred acceptances," he went on. "Of that means a mixed crowd, and I'd like to know what your costume is going to be so I can look after you."

"That's sweet of you," she answered, "but I'm sure I shan't need looking after."

"You might," he declared.

"Oh, I don't think so—not at our own country club."

"But I tell you it's going to be a mixed crowd. You're a darn pretty woman—and a blonde." And as again she was silent, he added in a tone that held a hint of accusation: "Blondes always attract more attention."

"Take some hot toast," she said to him as the maid appeared. He took some, and waited till she left the room. Then he said:

"I wonder why men always think good looking blondes are—" But he did not finish the sentence.

"Are what?" she asked.

"Well, anyway," he declared, "fancy dress makes people reckless. They feel that the lid's off. There'll be a lot of flasks, too. There's so much more drinking since prohibition. That's another reason why I want to know.

"Know what?"

"What?" he repeated irritably. "Just what I've been asking you—what you're going to wear."

"I don't think it would be playing the game to tell," she said. "How do you like this bacon? It's a new brand."

"Look here," he said sharply, "you can't put me off that way! You say you don't need looking after, but your memory doesn't seem to be so good as mine! Before your flirtation with that dolled-up French officer you fell for, I used to think you didn't need looking after, too! But I guess I—" He stopped.

Having thrown in her face the one indiscretion of her married life, he instantly regretted it. He always did. He always told himself that to keep referring to it was to take a mean advantage of her, and that he would never speak of it again. Strange that he could not overcome the jealousy left with him by that episode of several years ago, when, ever since, she had been so circumspect. After all it had been only a mild flirtation, and the Frenchman wasn't very young. He was a fool to keep thinking of it, and a greater fool to harp upon it.

He said no more, but left the table, angry with her and angry with himself.

II

In the interest of secrecy it had been arranged that the wives should dine and dress together in certain houses in the neighborhood, while the husbands dined and dressed in others, and that all should arrive at the club masked. Archibald Welkins consequently left the limousine to be used by his wife and her friends, and taking the bag containing his costume, which was supposed to resemble King Charles II, drove in his roadster to Tom Bayne's house, where he found a group of men, some of them already in their finery, some dressing, all with cocktail glasses in their hands.

By the time he had donned the regal wig and knee breeches, and drank three cocktails, he began to change his mind about the fancy dress ball. It was an amusing idea, this secrecy. He was going to have a good time. Nevertheless, when he asked Eleanor what she was going to wear she should have told him. He still felt some resentment about that.

Tom Bayne had an excellent cellar. With dinner he served large highballs and his Scotch was exceptionally good. As Archibald Welkins was leaving with the others, he caught his reflection in a mirror and approved thereof. The jewelled star shone brilliantly upon his breast; the black silk stockings admirably set off his leg, which was a good leg, and the long, dark, curly wig gave him, he thought, a mysterious appearance. What did he care, after all, about Eleanor's refusal to tell him what her costume was to be? He wasn't going to worry about Eleanor tonight. Not he! He had offered to—that was enough. She didn't know what he was wearing, either. Yes, he was going to have a good time!

With an Arab sheik, a Chinaman, and a soldier in the buff and blue of the Continental army as his passengers, he drove to the club, handling his roadster dashingly, and to avoid being recognized by the cut, parked beside the drive at some distance from the door, and walked with his companions to the clubhouse.

The doors and the French windows were open; dancing had already started; they could hear the music as they walked across the grass. Inside the ballroom Welkins paused to review the animated spectacle. Masked soldiers, clowns, coolies, court beauties, bullfighters, odalisques, woman jockies, geishas, harlequins, cowboys, Spanish senoritas, mandarins, pirates, nymphs, Turks, sailors, peasants, whirled to the music of the jazz band.

Looking them over as they circled past, he presently thought he recognized his wife. She was dressed—if indeed it was Eleanor—as a French court lady, with patches, a high powdered wig and a panniered gown of flowered silk, and was dancing with a Roman gladiator. He watched her around the room. Her height, her figure, her carriage were Eleanor's, and the costume had a dignity characteristic of his wife's taste. When she had passed several times he was quite certain of her.

Presently he became interested in Cleopatra, who fox-trotted into view with Napoleon. Eleanor would have made a handsome Cleopatra, too, but he felt sure she would never appear in public in such scant attire.

That Cleopatra woman was certainly attractive, though! He cut in on her and, as they danced, talked in a false voice, endeavoring to guess at her identity. But the fair Egyptian was popular. An Indian Rajah soon snatched her away, leaving King Charles II free to seek out a fascinating Columbine who, several times, had passed near him in a dance, and seemed responsive to his glances.

Presently, with a beau of the Colonial period, she came down the floor, a sprightly figure in a short black satin dress with a waist cut to a deep V in back, springy little skirts, thin openwork stockings and ballet slippers. With her huge white ruff and her black cocked hat pulled down at a saucy angle over bobbed red hair, she looked the incarnation of irresponsible gaiety.

He cut in and found that her dancing confirmed his impression. How light, how responsive she was!

"I've been aiming to catch you!" he told her, disguising his voice by pitching it low.

"Ave you, 'monsieur?" she chirped. "Well, zen, we are sympathique, for I too 'ave look at you, you beeg, 'andsome man!" The minx. She gave his hand a squeeze—which he promptly returned.

"Are you French?" he asked in his assumed voice, "or are you putting on that accent?"

"What you sink, monsieur?"

"I think," he said, "that if you're putting it on you do it very well."

"Merci, zen," said the wicked king! 'Ow is your Nell Gwyn?" she asked.

"Never mind Nell Gwyn," he said. "It's you I'm interested in. Don't tell me you're just a nice little married woman in disguise—wife of some man who commutes to business in New York and drives a ball around these links on Sundays."

"You 'ope I'm real naughty French girl?" she asked, archly.

"Indeed I do!"

"Well, zen, follow me! And with that she disengaged herself and flitted swiftly through a French window leading to the terrace.

Pursuing, he lost her momentarily, for in the darkness her black dress gave her an advantage, but as she scampered down the stone steps toward the lawn and the links, he caught sight of her white ruff, and sped after her. As she disappeared behind a large syringa bush he heard a rippling laugh, and running to the other side, caught her in his arms. Then, as she was panting and laughing, and as it was dark, and they were masked, and the syringas smelled so sweet, he placed his hand beneath her chin, tilted it up, bent over, and was about to seize the fruits of victory, when she eluded him and ran off laughing, in the direction of the drive.

A prisoner, who escapes and is recaptured pays an added penalty, and when after another chase over the silver-green of moonlit grass, Charles II grasped the skirt of Columbine, and exacted what he deemed just tribute from her lips, he was surprised and flattered by the apparent willingness with which she paid.

Indeed it was that willingness which made him confident that she would not again become a fugitive, and he was holding her lightly when, in a flash, she was off once more, this time running toward the clubhouse.

Just at the doorway he caught up; but his appeal to her to stay outside was unavailing.

"No," she said, firmly, "you are a naughty boy, an' I 'ave fooin' you out. My 'usbun' would not like it."

"Your husband does not need to know," he urged, "nor my wife, either. That's what makes a party of this kind such fun—husbands and wives not knowing each other's costumes."

"Yes," said she, "but I 'ave already 'ad fun enough, my king." And with that she passed into the ballroom.

By the door they stood for a moment watching the dancers.

"Look!" he exclaimed suddenly. "There's another Columbine. She's like you—exactly like you, even to her red hair!"

"Yes, we came togezzer."

"But suppose I were to lose you," said he, "how could I find you again? How could I tell the two of you apart?"

"Zat is a question!" she said.

"Let's dance and talk it over."

"No, monsieur," replied the Columbine, "now I mus' dance wiz some wan else." As she spoke a cowled monk came up, and in a moment she was dancing off with him.

"Meet me here afterwards," urged King Charles as she moved away.

But she shook her head.

"How shall I find you, then?" he demanded, following.

"I don't sink you can!" said she, and again he heard her tantalizing laugh.

He retired to the doorway and watched for her, but by the time she came around again she was with a Sicilian brigand. He cut in. But apparently this was the other Columbine, for she did not seem to know him. Her step was not so light as that of the one he sought, nor did she speak with a French accent.

Never mind! He would find his lost Columbine.

When, at midnight, the dancers unmasked, he hastened about the ballroom and the adjacent apartments looking for the Columbines, but now he could find neither of them. Nor could he find his wife, nor yet the white-wigged lady of the French court whom he had identified with her.

Where could Eleanor be? She ought to be in the ballroom. That was where a well-behaved woman belonged at a party such as this. It wasn't wise for a pretty woman to go wandering about outside, in the moonlight, with a strange man, masked. Since prohibition there had been a lot of drinking, and fancy dress made people reckless, anyway. Temporarily he forgot the Columbine in his concern about his wife's behavior, as he looked for her upon the terrace and the lawn.

Failing to find her he returned to the club and telephoned home.

"Hello?" He was surprised to hear Eleanor's voice upon the wire.

"I've been hunting for you all over the place," he said. "What took you home so early?"

"Oh, I got enough of it."

"Didn't you have a good time?"

"I had an exceptionally good time," she assured him.

"But I don't understand why you went home, then."

"Fancy dress makes people do all sorts of things," she said, and before he could comment upon the cryptical character of the remark, she asked: "Have you been enjoying yourself?"

"Oh, I've had worse times," said he. And thinking to have one final look for his lost Columbine, he added: "I guess I'll hang around for a while if you don't mind."

"No, I don't mind at all. Good night, dear," and she hung up the receiver.

III

"Well, dear," said Archibald Welkins next morning as his wife, looking very lovely in a shell-pink house gown, poured the coffee, "it was a pretty good party, wasn't it?" And as she nodded, he went on in an expansive tone: "Made it rather amusing, after all—husbands and wives not knowing each other's costumes—don't you think so?"

"Yes, very amusing," she said.

"I was quite sure I recognized you," he told her.

"Oh, were you?" She looked up quickly.

"Yes, in a French court costume, with a high powdered wig."

When she smiled and shook her head he was surprised.

"That wasn't you—honestly?"

"No, honestly."

"What was your costume, then?"

"I went as a Columbine," she said; and addressing the maid: "Pass Mr. Welkins the strawberry jam."

In silence he helped himself, spread jam upon a piece of toast, ate it, and drank his coffee. Then:

"There were two Columbines dressed exactly alike," he ventured.

"Yes," said Eleanor. "This is the last of that new bacon. Have you made up your mind yet how you like it?"

"Oh, it's very good," he answered abstractedly. "Both the Columbines I saw had red hair."

"Wigs," she returned, succinctly.

"Wigs?" he repeated, surprised. "They didn't look like wigs."

"Men aren't very quick at detecting such things," said she. Then, to his infinite surprise she added: "Do you remember that nice French officer I liked so much two years ago?"

"Why, yes."

"Well, he wore a toupee."

"He did? How do you know?"

"I noticed it the first time I saw him."

"Um," he said, and sat reflective for a time, then: "Look here, dear," he went on, "Let's never speak of that French officer again. It was long ago, and anyway it really didn't amount to anything."

If he expected recognition of this magnanimity he was disappointed for she did not speak.

"Who was the other Columbine?" he asked in a casual tone as he was about to rise from table.

"Evidently someone who went to the same costumer I did," his wife replied.

"But—" He checked himself; then with some feeling, added: "I don't think they ought to send out duplicate costumes for the same party, do you?"

But she failed to reply.

Often in the eight years of their married life he had been disturbed by her trait of remaining silent when she disagreed with him.

WHY YOU ARE WHAT YOU ARE

By EDNA PURDY WALSH

(©, 1923, Western Newspaper Union.)

LIPS TELL MORE THAN WORDS

Lips with high lights on their rounded mounds at two sides of the center, and shaped as the drawing, are interested in the opposite sex mainly for caressing. The mental interest is dormant.

The curved lines of the musical mouth denote artistic ability and emotion. Eloquence and dramatic sense are present and their possessor will be interested in the opposite sex at all kinds, especially in the theater.

The loveless mouth is thin and hard looking, minus graceful curves and color.

Altruistic love has full lips without sensuality, and with the corners turned slightly upward or straight—never down. From these lips will come words of love for the public, while

the hands are forever doing deeds of philanthropic work.

A thin-lipped man may be affectionate at times, but his affection is not permanent.

An open mouth is not a symbol of thought. The well-balanced individual, mentally, has lips neither too large nor too small, and while the lips are not held tight as in the miser, they are held well under control.

FOUR TYPES OF LIPS

It isn't safe to ask the individual with the particular lips to eat in the kitchen. In fact, no one ever thinks of asking her to do this, because she is the first one to say something cynical about someone's house, furnish-

ings, or clothes, and her friends "get her number" instinctively before they offer her paper napkins, homely kitchen fare or pork shanks.

Everything enthralls the individual with enthusiasm written in his lips. He has a distinct place in life, cheering people on. Whether help with the hands is given them or not, with actual co-operation, is a different story.

The less enthusiasm for objects or individuals other than self, the thinner will be the lips. The more they turn down in this manner the more pessimistic and fault-finding will they be. Much money will the owner hoard to himself if he works for it, but when he gets it he doesn't know how to use it, for he has forgotten how to help others and be happy.

The playful lips are often pretty lips. Their central portion is the largest and the upper lip is considerably longer than the lower one.

The protruding under lip has doubtful qualities, and when the corners sag down it is also brutal.

YOUR EYES HAVE TOLD ME SO

The faculties that close the eyes are destructiveness, alimentiveness, amativeness, secretiveness, acquisitiveness, mirthfulness and approbativeness. Eyes do not close in the above way of their own accord. They are closed by the operation of the selfish faculties most active in the individual.

Faculties that open the eyes giving the honest expression are cautious, sublimity, ideality, hope and spirituality.

Mirthfulness gives small horizontal lines at the outer corners of the eyes. Secretiveness tends to pull down the eyelids. The faculty of sublimity

gives large bright, speaking eyes, with large pupils. Combativeness gives wild, stern eyes. Cautiousness causes tears to run, as this faculty opens up the tear glands. Calculation fills out the outer angles of the eyes and gives a bony development in the outer eyebrow above.

An individual with the faculty of hope well developed will have eyelids strongly curved in the center. He refuses to be depressed. He expects something to turn up, and speculates in money matters. "Just wish for money and it will come to you," says he. If his wife dies he says, "It was for the best. She is happy now and will not suffer any more."

EYE IS MORE THAN CAMERA

The eye takes more pictures in a day than all the cameras in the world. Its versatility is so great, and its muscles so sensitive that it reveals the thoughts themselves in its expres-

sions, contractions, and in the position of the lid over the eyeball.

The sensual, amative thoughts contract the lower lid of the eye. The true eye of affection and conjugality is open, the lid is round above the eyeball. Instead of straight, so it is in the amative eye.

Great distance between the eyes denotes an excellent faculty of form needed by the artist in composition.

A fine, deep-seated, alert eye indicates a keen, rapidly operating brain. When the brow overshadows the eye, keen perceptiveness as to color, form, number, weight and size are present.

The more prominent eye is more emotional than the deep-seated, small eye.

The eye of the successful public speaker is full underneath the eyes, and the eye protrudes at the inner corners. The faculty of language which is strong in him presses the eye downwardly and outwardly.

The small eye sees more detail than the large one, but the larger eye has a greater sweep of vision.

HOW TO STUDY THE NOSE

For easy diagnosis of a nose it may be divided into three parts, the part that is the largest, comparatively, indicating the predominating temperament of the individual.

The bony upper part represents the motive or executive temperament. The noses of Napoleon, Generals Sheridan, Sherman and Logan and Admiral Dewey have this section prominently developed. Lincoln and Grant were also of the motive temperament, showing a greater corresponding nose development in this section than in any other.

The end of the nose represents the mental temperament, and in writers such as Robert Louis Stevenson, Eugene Field and Herbert Spencer this region is long and prominent, and smaller in the upper region.

Those of the vital temperament have a large development of the nose at the wings. When the person is distinctly vital, and not a mixture of other temperaments, one never finds

him with a long mental region of the nose or with a well-developed motive region. The largest section is always at the wings.

The well-balanced nose, equal in its regions, denotes a harmonious combined temperament.

Completing the "Decline and Fall."

It was on the day, or rather night, of the 27th of June, 1787, between the hours of eleven and twelve, that I wrote the last lines of the last page, in a summer-house in my garden. After laying down my pen I took several turns in a berceau, or covered walk of acacias, which commands a prospect of the country, the lake, and the mountains. The air was temperate, the sky was serene, the silver orb of the moon was reflected from the waters and all nature was silent. I will not dissemble the first emotions of joy on the recovery of my freedom, and perhaps, the establishment of my fame. But my pride was soon humbled, and a sober melancholy was spread over my mind, by the idea that I had taken an everlasting leave of an old and agreeable companion.—Gibbon.

Unkind Cut.

"I do wish I could hear of a parlor-maid," said Mrs. Brown, as she was paying a call. "Why," said her hostess, "perhaps Lizzy would do." "Is she going to leave you?" asked the other. "Yes," said the hostess; she says she wants to go somewhere where they haven't much silver to clean."

Cynic Will Ask Why.

A Chinese gentleman always sends a pair of geese to the lady of his choice, and they are looked upon as the emblems of conjugal fidelity.

Post-War Railroading

Banker Bernard Baruch of New York was talking on the Aquitania about European railroads.

"They used to be more punctual than our own roads," he said, "but now—dear me!

"An American was traveling through the picturesque country of Brittany on one of the Breton lines. He didn't want to miss his dinner at Quimper, and at every station he would study his watch gloomily. A brakeman came down the corridor and the American poked his watch at the man and said:

"How late is this train, anyway?"

"The brakeman laughed and waved the watch away from him.

"That's no good here, sir," he said. "You want a calendar."

Warning!

There never was a green apple that didn't have a grudge against a marauding boy.—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

Jam & Jelly Making now an exact science

Fresh Fruits are Plentiful!

Use the short Certo process for making jam and jelly with Berries, Cherries, Peaches and other fruits in season. You will find these are the best jams and jellies you ever tasted.

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They positively absorb road shocks and check the rebound. They not only cushion the jolts and jars, but eliminate sidesway, front wheel wobble and hard wear on springs, frame, tires and tubes.

Gentlemen: I get better comfort and travelling my entire town of Thomas, Oklahoma, and I feel sure that I am well pleased with them. My Ford riding like a big car and I feel like it is worth the cost. I do not think you could recommend them too highly. I have had my car about two months and have not had a single jolt or bump since checking robusts, giving greater comfort and preventing sway and roll. Yours very truly, Gentlemen.

Very sincerely yours, H. A. UNGER.

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AGENTS

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