THE NOVEL OF THE YEAR BY GEORGE A. CHAMBERIAIN

ADULB

Jake Remp, a Texan representing an Jake Remp, a Texan representing an American erchid firm in South America, seeks refuge with Genry. Together they said in returning Lieber's horses and sattle after the drought and are at Lieber's

CHAPTER XXIV .- Continued.

CE to them was a sort of national emblem. It carried them back. Varied memories accompanie each stage of its formation-memories of frost and the blazing woods, of cool long drinks and half-forgotten revelries. Lieber broke the silence, offering a choice of wine or whisky, but Gerry shook his head at both and Kemp, after a lingering look at the squat bottle, followed suit. Lieber half filled three glasses with the ice and added filtered water. They dram and filled again. Ice water in the desert! It made them smile on each other as though they had found some undiscovered elixir. "Ice water in the desert," thought Gerry, and the phrase seemed to him more than ords—it seemed to paint Lieber dimly, but as the mind saw him. The veranda at Lieber's was like that

of Fazenda Flores, only much bigger.
It looked out upon a wide stretch of desert, but away at the rim of the desert one could feel the river. The roar of the falls mumbled in the ear. It came from so far away that one had to strain one's ears to actually define it. After supper they gathered on the veranda. They sat in rude, rawhide chairs which were comfortably strong and tilted them back to the national angle. Lieber and Gerry smoked corn husk cigarettes, but Kemp stuck to his yellow papers. Gerry did not want to talk. He sat where he could watch the strange pair whose com-panion he was for a night. Into the souls of Lieber and Kemp the long silences of solitude had entered and became at home. They were patient of silence. Speech had its restricted uses. They still had their hats on. Lieber's was pushed back, Kemp's was drawn forward. Kemp was

came back to Gerry, "It's a long trail from the Alamo to New York, but the whole country's under one fence." Texan, Pennsylvania Dutchman and New Yorker might be social poles, but tonight they seemed strangely near to each other. Lieber stopped plying a toothpick and troke the silence. "Did you find this ten-derfoot any help to you. Kemp?" Gerry had noticed from the first a cer-

dies

talk of a man self-educated in culture. The books back there in the big living-room explained it. He had learned to talk

from books.

Kemp closed up his knife deliberately, stuck his hands in his pockets and stretched out his legs. His chair was tilted back in deflance of the laws of gravitation. "Consider ble time ago now I used ter sling the name of tende foot around pretty free," he remarked in his low drawl, "but a little shrimp fm the States, beggin your pa don, Mr. Lansing, come out to Conitown some years back and taught ine hid some others that the's some tende foots born west of the Mississip"."

to shut him up, but Lieber and Gerry sat like relies of a stone age. Kemp went on. "This young feller was a lunger 'nd thin so you c'id look through him and even in health he c'idn't b'en bigger than a minute. He was so insignif'e'nt that no-



"When I looked up, I seen the Shrimp beatin' his cayuse past me.

body took notice on him, even to frame up a badger fight. He jest natu'ally wasn't wo'th the trouble. The was only one thing he c'ld do. He c'ld ride and Sam Burler said he c'ldn't rightly do that. Sam explained that the hosses thought he was only a fly and nover done no he was only a fly and nover done no more'n whisk the tails to get him off. "Well, one afternoon the was 10 of us sittin' on the gallery of the Lone Star, some waitin' fo' somebody to set 'em up and some fo' the poker game to sta't, when along comes this here Shrimp on Crossbred, the pride qua'terbred race hose of the bull range. The' wasn't man ner woman in the township that wouldn't a-backed Crossbreed to beat the sun to daylight and Crossbreed knowed his dooty e brought the money back every time. Well, 's I say, along comes the Shrimp a-ridin' in I'm the Gap, lookin' kin' o' white around the gills. We'd seen the hoss whu'l with him some ways down the road 'nd he'd only saved himse'f by the ho'n 'nd pullin' leather gene'ally.

"'Well, young feller, says Sam Burler, 'ol' Crossbreed's some playful today. You b'en holdin' him in consider'ble I s'pose 'nd he's getting onpatient.'
"''Holdin' him in!' says the Shrimp.
'He don't need no holdin' in, 'nd the

only thing he's ever onpatient about is

looked the Shrimp over kind o' evil 'nd says, 'I s'pose you seen lots o' hosses that e'ld beat him.'

"Yes, says the Shrimp, 'I have 'nd what's more I got \$20 in my pocket that says that with 200 ya'ds sta't I c'n beat

him to the Gap on my ol' cayuse.'
"Well, strangers, there sin't no tende foot anywheres too insignificant to rob.
We all dug out money or borrowed it
and sure enough the Shrimp he took us fo' \$2 each. They picked on me to ride Crossbreed. The' was the usual condi-tions—bareback and stockin' feet 'nd a

quirt but no spurs,
"Well, the ain't much mo' to tell. Sam
Burler paced off the Shrimp's sta't and
placed him 'nd then Shorty Doolittle let
off a shotgun and we was away. Of
Crossbreed was sure hungry. He chawed up that road like it was carrots in spring and befo' the Shrimp 'ad his sleepy cayuse was half way to the Gap we passed 'em an then somethin' happened so terrible sudden that I'm wonderin' about it yet. All I know is that one minute I was facin' the same way as Crossbreed an' the nex' I was in the air facin' his tall. I landed in the ditch about the time he got back to the boys that was too he filed to stop him an' when looked up I seen the Shrimp beatin' his cayuse past me. An' jest then my eyes an' nose opened. I made out to discover the ca'cass of Sam Burler's ol' gray that me an' Sam had dragged into that ditch three days befo'. I don't have to tell you that no hoss with blood in him will pass a, en'enss. "It took the Shrimp conside'able time

to get even his old cayuse past it, an' it took him some longer to ride to the Gap an' back than it did me to get to The Lone Star 'nd I was walkin' slow with some limp. When he finally did get back he was lookin' jest a shade mecker'n his old cayuse, an' he got a solemn welcome. Sam Burier ma'ched in behind the bar an 'we followed him. He hended the bar an' we followed him. He handed over \$40 to the Shrimp an' he says, says Sam, 'Gent'men, I reckon the drinks is on all on us, but the house sets 'em up.' An' that Shrimp says he wasn't drinkin' but he'd have a two-bits segar if Sam didn't mind. The's tende'foots 'nd tende'foots."

There was a broad grin on Gerry's face when Kemp's low monotone faded out altogether and a smile in Lieber's blue eyes, but neither said a word. From the corral came the grunts and sights of cattle bedding down. Horses stamped in the stables. Over the great ware-houses where Lieber stored and sorted his goatskins the moon crept into view. From the men's quarters came the throb of a sultar accompanying a wailing, plaintive voice.

There was the smell of living things in the air. Through it all and so inter-woven with life that its solemn undernote was forgotten, sounded the distant, incessant boom of the falls.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE next morning Gerry was up early. A nervous after his first night's absence from Fazenda Flores. Kemp watched him saddle his horse. "That ain't one of the five," he remarked. "No," said Gerry. "I traded the roan for the iron-gray. Do you think I was

"I ain't sayin'," said Kemp cautiously.
"I don't want you should think I was teachin' you, Mr. Lansing, but that hosa ain't no iron-gray. There ain't no such color for a hoss as I ever heern tell on. The hoss is a blue an' he's a true blue."

"All right, Kemp," said Gerry, smiling. You've named him true blue and True

Blue he is from this day." Lieber came out in pajamas and called them for coffee. When they were seated he proposed to Kemp that he make his Gerry had noticed from the first a certain hesitancy in Lieber's speech and a alight accent that was not so much forsign as collequial. Lieber's talk was the house, absent-minded like. Sam Burler in the proposed to kemp that he make his headquarters at the ranch for a while. The advantages were evident. It was a congregating point for the natives from miles round. Goatskins came into Lie-

ber's from hundreds of miles up country. They came singly, in donkey loads or in whole pack-trains. Sometimes they passed directly into his hands from the producer; sometimes they ran through a

chain of transfers, from hand to hand. All news centred at and radiated from Liebers. The same men that brought in gostskins would be glad to add orchids to their stock in trade.

Kemp grunted his thanks. He had valted two years for this offer. The realization of the obligation Lieber was put-ting him under embarrassed him. He began to talk, "These greasers," he said, take a lot o' teachin' sometimes, an' sometimes they don't, F'r Instance, you can tell 'em that Cattleyas are wo'th

money and that the rest o' their para-sites ain't, an' after they seen you throw Bu'lin'tonias an' Oucidiums an' Miltonlas into the discard fo' three months steady, they begin to sober down to jest Cattleyns 'nd realize that it's no use holdin' a four-flush against a workin'

At the scientific names dropping so in construously from Kemp's lips, Gerry stopped cating and looked up. Lieber's face wore the smile of one who had heard it before, but is quite willing to hear it all over again.
"But," continued Kemp, "ye" e'n puil

till you're blin' an' you can't hend 'em around to see that onless a Cattleya has an' no good to the market besides bein' a

victim to race suicide.
"As to their bringin' in Bu'lin'tonias an' Oncidiums an' Miltonias, I never get enpatient o' that. How c'n a greaser ever learn that a Miltonia Spectabilis Morel-tana that looks like pigeon's blood in a purple shadow ain't a commercial prop osition, while the Cattleyas is? When he's in the woods an' a smell straight I'm heaven draps its rope on him an' Bu'lin'tonia Fragrans ain't just as good

a Bu intonia Fragram ain't just as good business as a Labiata?

"Time was when orchids was an am-bition; now they's leat a business. If God-a'mighty hadn't a scattered 'em through the ends o' the earth an' given 'em wings to fly an' claws to hold on half way up to heav'n the 'd be an orchid trust right now an' orchids would be classed on the market with bananas. Last time I was hum I seen a bunch o' Cattleyas in O'Reilly's window in El Paso, Seemed in O Relly's window in Ed Faso, Seemed like a bit o' po'try had jumped the fence 'nd landed in O'Riley's heart. In my mind's eye I seen him impo'ting them plants an' nursin' 'em an' turnin' out early in the mo'nin's, watchin' fo' 'em to bloom. I went in an' had a talk. Well. gent'men, the O'Riley's orchids. out with a separator. Them plants was growed by a nursery back East and shipped out to O'Riley by fast freight when they was in bud at so much per plant. When the blooms was used up, he shipped the plants back an' got a fresh lot. He put a price of two fifty a bloom on the flowers an' when he found they was sellin' he put it up to five dollars. He said them flowers was wo'th more'n a column o' advertising space in the El

Paso Blizzard an' cost a dern sight less.
"In Eurup, it's some different. They's collectors hankerin' after new varieties an' houses that keeps men lookin' for 'em, but in America, you ma'k me, if an orchid don't make up well on the missus' bodice or on the table, it ain't business;

an' they's a few million children growin' up to the idea that if it ain't a Cattleya

ain't an orchid.
"When I come out the fust time the ouse told me I c'ld shove in a few samples of the varieties outside the reglar line; they'd come in handy for flower shows 'nd an occasional collector. An' I did. I shoved 'em in plenty. An' the house wrote me they wasn't runnin' a curfosity shon an' that Americans wasn't buyin' sold bricks so's to exhaust the buyin sold bricks so's to exhaust the stock they had on hand an' if I didn't mind would I please confine myse'f to commercial orchids. Commercial orchids. That's my mount an' I'm ridn' him steady, but I can't he'p thinkin' that they's many a missus back hu., an' man, too, that would catch the breath to see the blood pu'ple of a Miltonia lookin' up from its press leaves or to swell the from its green leaves or to smell the smell of the Bu'lin'tonia—a smell that can talk an' say things that a man can't." Kemn came to himself, blushed and hurried out as if on urgent business.

hurried out as if on urgent business. Lieber looked at Gerry's thoughtful face and smiled. "Who'd have thought he'd ever talk that way in daylight?" he said. "I think," replied Gerry. "It was your offering to let him make this place his endquarters. It rattled him and started im off. I could see he was grateful," Perhaps that was it," said Lieber. "He's a queer one. He never asked me.
It just occurred to me to suggest it, because I'm getting to enjoy having Kemp
around. Look at last night."

Gerry nodded. His eyes fell o. the clock and he got up with a start. The sun was at its highest when he reached Fa-zenda Flores. He caught sight of Father Mathias' great white umbrells on the bridge and urged True Blue into a final gallop. But Father Mathias was not un-der his umbrells. Instead, Gerry found Margarita and her toddling son. hast been away a long time," said Mar-garita, reproachfully. "The priest is at the house and I took his umbrella that I and the Man might watch for thee in

the sun."

Gerry jumped off his horse and kissed her. Then he picked up his son and set him in the saddle. Margarita screamed. True Blue arched his neck and looked cautiously around at his featherweight burden. The young horse stood very still widle. Margarita fought past Gerry's arm while Margarita fought past Gerry's arm and dragged the Man from his perilous perch to her bosom. And manlike, the Man protested with a bad-tempered, whole-lunged wail that rent the air and prought Dona Maria and the priest to the

corner of the house to peer at them with eyes shaded under cupped hands. A few days later the rains came in carnest. Unceasing rrents that drew a continual hum from the tiles of the roof, sought out cracks, forgotten during the long dry season, and dripped in to remind

the cozy household that outside the whole world was wet. Gerry spent two days in the wet closing his sluice gate and shoring it from the in-side against eventualities. Then he re-paired to the house and, after lavishing his inforced idleness on his son for a day or two, began to work feverisally on further knick-knacks for the house. ther knick-knacks for the house. Occa-sionally he sallied ou- and cli bed the slippery roof to mend a leak, Margarita, frightened, taking her stand in the rain to guard over him with disconcerting cries and warnings. When, occasionally, there happened to be a truce to the down-pour, he hurried out with Bonifacto to battle against prolific weeds that sprang to weird heights in a night.

CONTINUED TOMOROW

GOITRE OPERATION FAD CONDEMNED BY DOCTOR

By WILLIAM A. BRADY, M. D.

WE REGRET to say that goltre opera-tions in some cities have degenerated lit will naturally rise, and hence the ven-tilator should be placed near the ceiling. into a veritable fad. If we had an exophthalmic goitre we

would not accept as final the opinion of an operating surgeon as to the advisability of surgical treatment. We should desire the opinion of our attending physician, after he had observed the progress of the case at least a few weeks and preferably under medical and general treatment. In fact, the family doctor's advice would take first place, the surgeon's second place, in our decision,

There seems to be an impression among a certain group of surgeons that endemic or exophthalmic goltre won't get well unless a portion of the diseased thyroid gland is extirpated. If this were correct, the surgeon's decision to operate would be entirely justifiable. But this happens to be incorrect. Fully one-third of the cases of exophthalmic goitre seen in private practice do ultimately progress to complete recovery after a period of years. If all patients could avail themselves of the physiological rest which is so helpful in the treatment of most cases of exophthalmic goitre, there would be but rare need of operation.

Medical treatment should be continued from 6 to 24 months. Surgical treatment frequently leaves

the patient in an exhausted state (exhaustion caused by the disease, not by the operation), which requires many months of careful medical treatment after the operation in order to restore fairly

Of course there are exceptional cases of very severe exophthalmic goitre in which operation must be considered as a life-

operation must be considered as a saving measure.

Nevertheless, too many surgeons are doing too many gotire operations, and too many patients are apparently anxious to submit to this fad. It appears to have taken the place of the former appendicitis fad. Nowadays, good surgeons do not insist upon an operation in every case of

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Dentist Ought to Know

My dentist laughs at the emetine treatment and tells me pyorrhoea is not due to amebas, but to streptococci. He ad-vises scaling, vaccines and local use of an iodine-zinc-lodide-glycerine solution

an foline-zinc-folide-grycerine solution every day or two.

Answer—In your case, the dentist ought to know best. If he found streptosocci, and not amebas, under the microscope, he is competent to back up his version. As for scaling, that is practiced by most dentists, and it is usually necessary. The emerical treatment does not mean neglect. emetine treatment does not mean neglect of the mouth; on the contrary, the dentist should co-operate with the doctor in the treatment.

Ventilator Flues Do you approve of ventilators near the

floor, carrying the air out into a flue which conveys it between the partitions to a ventilator on the roof? Answer—Yes, but since expired air is varmer "than any other air in the room

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> LINGERIE MADE TO MEASURE

Proposesur of most my specialty Engagements by appointment. MARGARET SHIPLETT, 1813 Arch. WOMAN PROFESSIONAL TALKS

ON AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY Miss Laura Reeves Says Bank Account and Friends Needed for Success

THERE are two very important I regulaites for the amateur photographer who would be a professional," remarked Miss Laura Reeve, one of our best-known women in this sort of work. 'and those two things are a good bank account to start on and plenty of friends preferably the kind of friends who want have pictures taken." Knowing how interesting this special art

has proved to many a camera flend who spends hours in developing, printing and sosing subjects just for pleasure, the possibility of turning these into a lucrative business naturally presented itself to the mind of the writer. It was in answer to a question on the opportunities which are open to women photographers, and in response to the many inquiries on the subject which have been sent to the EVENING LEDGER, that the project was referred to so able a judge.

"You see," continued Miss Reeve, "photography is an expensive hobby. Your apparatus costs a great deal, and every improvement in this line must be looked into, and the newest 'stunts' adopted if you want to be a success. You can't conthe yourself to portrait work, either. It isn't possible. There must be a supplementary knowledge of enlarging, reducing, developing, retouching and any amount of technicalities of this kind.

"Taking interiors is an art in itself, and every good photographer has to know it. These supplementary arts, such as I have already described, are what you might call staples. They are, in you might call staples. They are, in other words, money-making. If you want to devote your time to art you must re-sign yourself to going without money for a while—the length of time depending in a large measure on your friends. If they want artistic work, and are willing to pay for it, well and good." A broad smile accompanied Miss Reeve's twinkling eyes as she made the last remark. Evi-dently she had no illusions as to art for art's sake.

"What would you suggest as the best way for a woman to learn the professional side of photography? And is there any opening for her when she has mastered

it?" she was asked.

"Get yourself into somebody's studio,"
she returned promptly, "if you can find
any one who will be bored with a beginner. Learn how things are done and do the same. If you want to learn, and your professional is willing to help you, there should be no trouble.

"The Lantern and Lense Gild, of this city, holds meetings every Wednesday afternoon at 3 in the Fuller Building. This Gild is composed of professional women photographers and amateurs. a studio fitted up for all kinds of tech-nical work, we discuss the newest 'kinks' along these lines, and there is always something interesting to learn. The only thing necessary to the amateur to join is that she be vouched for by at least two members of the Guild."

"What marks the dividing line between the amateur and the professional?" came the next query. "Only the courage to hang out your shingle," laughed Miss Reeve. "A gentle-



MISS LAURA REEVES

man told me once that it required at least

10 years for any business to get on a paying basis. Now, in answer to the question about the opportunities which

are open to women photographers, I

should just say this—there are women and women, and they may or may not be successful photographers. It isn't a ques-

tion of a hobby, it is a question of a liv-ing, and once a woman does succeed, her chances for making a living are as good as any man's. But she needs tact, and

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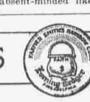
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spring models and

weaves with many

realm of fashion.

FARMER SMITH'S



RAINBOW CLUB

A LITTLE TALK ON COURAGE

Dear Children-If there is one thing in this world which is admired more than all others, it is COURAGE. It takes a great deal of courage to be a child. When you are grown up, people have a tendency to let you alone, but when you are a child ,it sometimes seems as if the whole world is against you, especially automobiles.

The average young child does not know what FEAR is, but as he grows up he is presented with all sorts and kinds of fear which he must shake off before he has any courage.

If you go out in the street and lie down, every wagon, automobile and vehicle that comes along will run over you, BUT if you STAND YOUR GROUND, if you stand up, everything will go around you. Courage requires determination and the world loves those who are

determined. It takes little courage to do what is wrong compared with the courage it takes to do what is right. If you know what is right, the only thing to do is to stand up and watch the wagons and automobiles go around you.

It takes courage to speak the truth. It takes courage to get up in the morning, it takes courage to wash your face, it takes courage to go to school and to recite your lessons. There is not anything in the world that does not require a certain amount of

It takes courage to go through the world without a loving mother and it takes courage to make your way without the strong guiding arm of a father and-and-it takes supreme courage to go along fighting our battles ALONE. FARMER SMITH,

Children's Editor, EVENING LEDGER.

Our Postoffice Box How do you do, Thomas Marks, of Minersville, Pa. He found many Rainbows for us right in that very town. We can wager Minersville is a lot brighter than it used to be.

> Are we right, Thomas? Katherine Knox, West Chester, sent in some very nice little water color drawings which we are going to hang on the clubroom wall. Please send in some black-

ink drawings, THOMAS MARKS Katherine, so that they may be exhibited in the club

James Vito, Carpenter street, the well-known cornet player, wishes the Rainbow Club every success. Robert Belford, South Sheridan street, sends his best regards to every one. Janet Thomas, Haddonfield, N. J., writes in about her little kitty. She says, "He's a dear little pet. He plays hide-andro-seek with me. I get a cake or something he likes and go hide and very time he finds me I give him the cake," Janet doesn't always

play with her kitty. She spends a lot of time helping her own dear mother and daddy. Mary Neary, Coral street, says that she is overjoyed at our plan of making pin money. She is working very hard. What one little girl can do other little girls can do. Think of it, money all your own. What about you, EVERY

LITTLE GIRL? Anino Saulle, Montrose street: We would be very pleased to have you come to see us. Carl Weiss, South Darien street, wants to join the pin money squad. We have sent him full particulars and wish him a great big SUCCESS.

FARMER SMITH, EVENING LEDGER:

I wish to become a member of your Rainbow Club. Please send me a beautiful Rainbow Button I agree to DO A LITTLE KINDNESS EACH AND EVERY DAY - SPREAD A LITTLE SUNSHINE ALL ALONG THE

WAY: Address Age School I attend

Farmer Smith's Frog Book

WILLIE TREE TOAD AND THE FLY

Willie Tree Toad swung himself down from the cherry tree unto the window sill of the farmhouse in the hope of catching a fly. He sat there for a long time, knowing that if he could only get a great big fly for his breakfast, it would be worth waiting for. As he sat there, half awake and half asleep, he saw something crawling up the window.

"Ah!" he said to himself. "Here is my chance."

He looked again and as he did so he caught sight of Mr. Fly looking at him and Willie opened his eyes wide and said to himself, "How dare that impudent fellow look at me in that way?"

Willie crawled up nearer and

nearer. "Look out!" came a squeaky voice. "Look out for what?" asked Willie. "You will bump your nose," reolied the voice.

"Never mind about my nose," answered Willie, as he gave a spring. "Ouch! OUCH!" he cried.

"I told you so," came the voice "Why didn't you tell me you were

on the other side of the window pane?" asked Willie of Mr. Fly. "You wanted to eat me up and I was kind enough to tell you to look out and now you scold me. Better look before you hop next time," said Mr. Fly, with a smile, as he flew

Do You Know This?

1. Name two monuments in Philadelphia and tell why they were erected. (Five credits.)

2. What avenue in the southern part of Philadelphia is always cool? (Five credits.) 3. Build as many words as possible

from DIRECTION. (Five credits.) Pin Money

Those who wish to earn money after school and on Saturdays should write a letter to Farmer Smith, Room 418, the EVENING LEDGER.

(1) Is it true that when arsenic has

been taken medicinally for a long time, it can't be given up without detriment? (2) Is it safer to take arsenic in solution than in solid form? Answer—(1) No. (2) No. But some-times easier.

Arsenic

A bechive's hum shall soothe my ear; willowy brook that turns a mill. With many a fall shall linger near. Around my ivied porch shall spring Each fragrant flower that drinks the dew.

And Lucy, at her wheel, shall sing

A Wish

Mine be a cot beside the hill;

-S. Rogers. Loyal Legion Meets

The Dames of the Loyal Legion will old their stated meeting at the College Club, 1300 Spruce street, this afternoon at There will be an address by Mrs. T. T. Mitchell, the society's historian, "The Life of Lincoln." Mrs. Frederick Payne will talk on "The Navy



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