

500 FRENCH BRIDES DROP U. S. HUBBIES

Betrothed Girls Are Coming to America at Rate of Ten a Month to Try Luck

Special Cable Dispatch. Copyright, 1921 Paris, May 26.—Although almost two years have elapsed since the last Paris went home, an average of ten French girls monthly are going to the United States to marry Americans.

WILLS PROBATED Two wills probated in the office of the Register of Wills today dispose of estates valued at \$54,500 to relatives.

Reading Excursion to Lebanon and Hershey Harrisburg \$3.25

Sans Souci Philadelphia's Most Beautiful Restaurant Special 90c Luncheon

\$325 3-Pc. Overstuffed Tapestry Suite Special This Week \$95 Only

FRIDAY & SATURDAY CANDY SPECIALS 1 lb. L'Aiglon Both for \$1

THE DAILY NOVELETTE

Unlucky Jim By Lottie Wallace Simmons "JIMMIE, I do believe you are the unluckiest boy in Greene Center!"

"You're always sick or getting hurt, or something," complained his mother, as she tied on the bandage.

"I'm unlucky—I'm unlucky," chanted little Jim a half hour later as he pedaled a worn-out velocipede as fast as his short, fat legs would let him.

All this happened years before any one in Greene Center paid much attention to the law of probabilities.

"Ah! that Tomato Sauce!" A cartoon illustration of a man with a mustache looking at a plate of food.

HEINZ OVEN BAKED BEANS with Tomato Sauce

Yes, you detect it at once—that delicious flavor and tang of Heinz famous Tomato Sauce.

The Heinz method of actually baking in dry heat ovens retains the food value of beans as well as the flavor.

Bob's one ambition in life was to be the village constable, and he couldn't understand any one wishing to leave Greene Center.

"You'll wait, won't you, Sally?" Jim had said. "I'll surely come back when I have won a fortune, and the day I come to claim you no one in Greene Center is going to dare to call me 'Unlucky Jim'."

He was about 100 miles from Greene Center when the crash came. Jimmie landed on top, so to speak. It was a terrible wreck, but he had not received a scratch.

"You must be lucky, boy," some one said at his elbow.

SING WITH FALSE TEETH? SURE! Dr. Wernet's Powder

Old-Time Prices AT THE MARKET ST. BEEF CO.

Old-Time Prices AT THE MARKET ST. BEEF CO. (Continued)

Old-Time Prices AT THE MARKET ST. BEEF CO. (Continued)

Jimmie turned to face the speaker. "Yes, I am the luckiest fellow in the world."

"Where are you bound?" he asked. "Nowhere in particular," replied Jimmie, briskly.

"Where are you going?" Jimmie's voice was eager. "To the gold fields."

"I'll go!" was the quick answer, and the two shook hands.

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gold hoop; then rings and things galore. Sally's eyes would have popped out of her head if she could have seen the glittering collection, most of it marked with the letter 'S'.

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the world. Adjusting his helmet he was about to move on when something attracted his attention.

"Hello, Bob, great day!" Robert stared for a moment, then a light broke over his face.

"Well, bless my soul! It's Unlucky Jim!"

Next complete novelette—The Joy of Living

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As Robert reached the wrecked machine a man, apparently unharmed, scrambled out from under it on all fours.

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AMERICAN STORES CO. Memorial Day, May 30th Let us not forget

TRICK RAILROAD WAGES AND WHY—A special story from Washington by Norman W. Baxter

PUBLIC LEDGER