WOMEN'S INTERESTS

"THEIR MARRIED LIFE"

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Helen actually felt as if she had accomplished something when she left Mrs. Mapes that afternoon. The woman had hardly been cordial, but then Helen sympathized with her. The clubwomen had been handling the matter all wrong. The thing to do was not to interfere, but to help matters so that interference would not be necessary.

The woman was not ignorant, she might even be attractive if she were dressed properly, and no doubt she had as much pride as any one else. She did not want the matter of her husband's shortcomings bandied about by a lot of curious women.

By the time Helen had reached her own station she had forgotten the heat, and was filled with the idea of speaking seriously on the subject at the next Current Events Club meeting.

The apartment seemed cool after all Helen had been through, and she tossed her hat gayly on the bed and went out into the kitchen. Mary met her at the door.

"Mr. Curtis phoned, ma'am, he won't be home to dinner to-night."

Helen felt as if a glass of cold water had been suddenly dashed into her face. It was the first time since she could remember that Warren had ever done such a thing.

"What message did he leave, Mary?"

"He didn't leave a message, ma'am; he just said to tell you that he wouldn't be home to dinner."

'Didn't he say that he would be working at the office?'

"No, ma'am," protested Mary.

Helen turned away and went slowly back into the livingroom. She had come home filled to the brim with her afternoon's success. She had planned to tell Warren all about her visit and the plans she had for bettering the condition of Mrs. Mapes, and she had hoped against hope that Warren would pat her on the shoulder and say "Good work!"

At least she could telephone the office—that would give her some satisfaction—although there was not a chance that he would be there.

HELEN IS SUSPICIOUS

Just as she had expected, a call at the office brought forth the "no answer" reply from central. She wondered vaguely what Warren would have said and how he would have explained himself if she had been at home to answer the telephone. Every bit of suspicion and bitterness that she had resolutely banished from her mind came back with tenfold added.

When Mary called her to dinner she hardly knew what answer she threw back. Mary, the efficient and kind-hearted servant, came into the room and touched Helen on the arm.

"Come, Mrs. Curtis, and eat just a little dinner. I have fixed everything so nicely." Mary was too tactful to say anything about Warren, but Helen knew intuitively that unless she rallied a little pride to her aid the girl would surely suspect that something had gone wrong.

"All right, Mary, I'll try to eat a little bit. The tramping about in the heat has given me a headache, and you know I never eat much in hot weather." And she smiled a forced little smile and walked out into the diningroom, where she managed to choke down a few mouthfuls.

Back n the livingroom her brain caught hold of all kinds of things and she thought of Lola Wilcox with a sinking of the heart. Was she to have nothing but pain and distrust for the rest of her life? Was there never to be any more peace for her?

If she had to worry like this every time they met an unusually attractive woman life would not be worth living. Then in her anguish of spirit she thought of Ned Burns. There was one thing about it. If Warren insisted upon making her unhappy she would not stay at home and mope about it. She would go as far as he did, and Ned Burns would be willing to stand by her to any extent.

Helen waited until 7.30 and then resolved to call Warren again. She waited a minute while the call went through and then Warren's voice across the wire made her heart stand still with sudden relief.

"Hello," Warren aid, a little irritably.

"Hello," Hello responded. "Mary gave me your message. What's the matter, Warren? Shall you be much later?"

THE REASON WHY

"I can't tell. I'm tied up here with some shipments, and it's hot enough to kill a man in this office."

"I called you up before, and you weren't in,' Helen explained deprecatingly.

"I went out for a bite to eat," Warren explained. "Where were you all afternoon?"

"I was busy on an errand for the club, dear," Helen said indefinitely. She would wait to tell her news. "I did think, though, that you might have left a message for me."

"Nonsense," Warren remarked brusquely. "I suppose you were all excited and wondered where I was going."

"I naturally would be curious to know why you didn't come home for dinner," Helen responded, a coolness creeping into her voice. How heartless Warren was at times, and how little he responded to her moods!

"Well, I'll have to ring off now," he said in his most businesslike tones. "I'll see you later — perhaps in an hour or so."

"Shall you want anything to eat?"

"Oh, no; I had a good dinner. By the way, bumped into Miss Wilcox down at Wallingford's. She was with a party."

"Did you?" Helen remarked as casually as she could. "Whom did you have dinner with?"

"I was alone part of the time. Cravens rushed in for a bit and sat with me, but he was in a hurry, so I was really alone. Well, so long—see you later. Don't worry, for heaven's sake." There was a click of the receiver.

No matter where Warren went, Lola Wilcox seemed to pop up. It was almost uncanny.

(Another instalment of this interesting series will appear here soon.)

The Social Pirates

Story No. 15

BLACK MAGIC

Plot by George Bronson Howard. Novelization by Hugh C. Weir.

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Mary Burnett suddenly held up a warning hand, and tip-toed to the door. The trio behind her stopped their laughter, and looked after her curiously. They, too, had heard the sound of voices, raised in argument, in the entrance hall of the fashionable apartment building, where Mary and her chum, Mona Hartley, had taken a small suite.

Mary opened the door softly, and peered out. In the hall were standing a man and a woman—the former especially noticeable because of the costume of an East Indian which he wore, and the tan on his face, suggesting a recent return from the tropics. His companion was quite obviously a woman of wealth and refinement. Her gown bore all the signs of the expensive simplicity of a fashionable designer. Just now her face was unnaturally white, and she was staring at her escort with wide eyes.

The East Indian stepped closer to her, and passed his hand swiftly before her eyes with the gesture of a professional conjuror. The woman

One of the Weird Fake Spirits.

stiffened, her breast heaving, her hands clenched. The man peered closer into her face, shrugged, and, stopping, inserted a key in the door of the opposite apartment, motioned for her to enter. It was not until the couple had disappeared that Mary turned, and then she saw that her companions were gathered about her shoulders. They, too, had witnessed the strange tableau.

"Can you beat it?" gasped Rodney Grant, the young newspaper reporter, who, in company with Casper Carson, the millionaire philanthropist and social worker, had been calling on the girls. "Was the woman really hypnotized?"

Carson frowned, as he stepped back into the living room. "I don't like the looks of it," he said soberly. "There was something about that little scene which—" He stopped, hesitating for a word, and Mary, motioning the others back, stepped softly across the hall until she was just opposite the door. Kneeling down, she peered through the key-hole. She saw the Hindoo make more passes in front of the woman, and then, under the domination of his stronger will, the woman handed him a paper. Then the curious couple left the apartment. A moment later Mary, with a skeleton key, entered the room and seized the paper, which proved to be a safe combination. She copied the figures and returned to her room.

"Looks like a combination," said Grant.

"It is a combination, stupid!" returned Mary. "And that is why the Hindoo wanted it. The poor woman is evidently completely in his power, and was probably obeying orders when she came here with him tonight."

Carson nodded thoughtfully. "I am going to do some investigating," he decided. "First, I am going to see what the janitor can tell me about our curious friend."

The janitor was quite ready to talk when Carson showed him a five dollar bill, but he could supply little information except the fact that the occupant of the apartment was a Hindoo, who gave the name of Hadj Rulu, and that he had quite a large number of visitors, most of whom were well dressed ladies, who came in private automobiles. As for the rest of it, the man kept only one servant, a Hindoo like himself, paid his rent promptly, and had little to say to any one.

As it developed, it was quite as much coincidence as skill that Mary and Mona chanced on the next clue to the case. They were passing a fashionable hair-dressing establishment on a shopping tour the next afternoon when a woman emerged from the doorway, and crossed the walk just ahead of them. It was none other than Mrs. Wallace.

Mary and Mona watched her step into a private limousine and drive away.

"Whatever in the world is the matter?" cried Mona as Mary suddenly seized her arm.

"I have thought of a way to reach the heart of my mystery!" was the quick response. "I am going to call on Mrs. Wallace this afternoon, and see if she doesn't want to hire my professional services! I am going to be a hair dresser and manicurist," explained Mary, "one who specializes in giving home treatments to wealthy citizens."

Two hours later, Mary rang the bell at the Wallace home, and explained the nature of her errand to Mrs. Wallace, who agreed to have her begin treatment the next day.

Mary was rising when a maid entered and announced, "Mr. Hadj Rulu." Evidently the maid was unfamiliar with the Hindoo's native prefix, and it was apparent also that she was in awe if not fear of the visitor. At once Mrs. Wallace's gay manner vanished. She fell back in her chair, gripping her fingers convulsively, her face whitening. With an effort she roused herself, and followed the maid, apparently forgetting Mary's presence entirely. The girl glided behind a chair until Mrs. Wallace had reached the stairs, and then followed.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

DON'T BE MERCENARY

I am eighteen and love a young man one year my senior, who earns a small salary. He is very ambitious. And his intentions are of the best. Kindly advise me if I should break our acquaintance? MAY B.

A girl as young as you ought to have an attitude of friendship rather than love toward a boy who interests you. You can well afford to wait a number of years before marrying, and if your interest in this young boy lasts it will be a fine thing on which to base marriage some day in the future. Don't be so mercenary as to put him out of your life just because he has not a great deal of money.

FRATERNITY PINS

Several months ago a friend of mine who was a college student gave me a fraternity pin which I have worn at various times. My friends tell me that wearing the pin is a sign that we are engaged. Is this true? ALICE.

Many college fraternities have as one of their rules the demand that no member permit any but his wife or a very near relative to wear his fraternity pin. But this does not apply to all fraternities. Since the young man gave you the pin and has said nothing of marriage to you, inference is that his society has no such rule

BLACKHEAD IN TURKEYS AND MEASURES FOR ITS PREVENTION

An Ailment From New England Now Common Throughout the Turkey Area

Symptoms of a Disease Serious Among All Fowls and Death to Turkeys

By M. L. Longfield

Author and Practical Poultryman

Blackhead strikes a blow at turkey-raising. Vitality of the germ adds to its menace. Symptoms are unmistakable, with spotted liver typical. A post-mortem decides doubt. It is akin to white diarrhoea. Sparrows, gamebirds and fowls scatter the germs. Inspection of new stock, frequent change of range, and use of turpentine are recommended.

Fortunate is that turkey-raiser whose flock has never been menaced by blackhead. This Hercules among ailments is formidable because no treatment positively counteracting it has been discovered. It is comparatively a recent pest. A quarter of a century ago it was nameless. Now we hear of its ravages from every section where the turkey has its habitat. Sometimes it is recognized for itself; again, it is confused with some simpler disease of similar symptoms. Probably many promising flocks have succumbed to an anonymous ailment unfamiliar to their distressed owners, yet wearing their livery of blackhead.

The first reports of the activity of this disease came from Southern New England. Massachusetts and Rhode Island in the late '90s were beginning to drop below their usual production of turkeys for which they had been famed. From estimating their shipment by the ton, they began to count them by the pound. To-day that New England industry is not to be compared with its once huge proportions.

Turkey-raisers in general complained of a fatally effectual disease which attacked the birds at all ages, killing off the majority before they were six weeks old. Few reached maturity. Losses were calamitous singly and in the aggregate. The Rhode Island Experiment Station began an investigation. The result was the first authoritative account of the ailment. Their findings are generally accepted. Since then the disease has traveled to be the bane of turkey-raisers in nearly every State.

Characteristics of Infection

One need not be a pathologist to suspect or to recognize blackhead. In turkeys of varying ages it has various manifestations and durations, but certain symptoms are always present. They are loss of appetite, consequent emaciation and weakness, and a white or yellowish diarrhea. In very young birds the heads are grayish or pale; in those whose wattles are beginning to color and in adults, the head turns dark due to congestion, which gives the disease its name. In a typical case, the turkey first declines food or picks indifferently, and develops diarrhoea. After a day or two, it gives up trying to follow its mates. It has a distressed look and sometimes it stands and swallows as though it were endeavoring to rid its throat of an obstruction. It has an inveterate thirst. In three days or a week, according to its age and vitality, it yields the battle.

The post-mortem decides definitely whether the trouble is blackhead. In an older victim, or one in which the disease has most stubborn resistance, the liver exhibits spots, white or grayish, autograph of this infection. Besides, the caecum or blind pouch is enlarged to several times its diameter and contains a core. If the turkey has drunk much water, it will be collected in the pouch, while the remaining intestinal tract is empty. This latter condition is always present in cases of short length, and in little turkeys, though the liver-spots may be lacking. Occasionally in an acute attack, the gizzard is discovered filled with undigested food. This condition seems to be responsible for the symptom of continually swallowing observed in some affected ones.

To be sure, the victim of blackhead must be dead, that there may be no doubt as to the disease, for the unscientific observer. Yet, if an ailment of this nature invades a flock without explanation and is resistant to all treatment, the raiser may reasonably suspect its identity. If it is proved, her first step is to take measures to prevent its spreading. This depends upon a knowledge of the ailment's origin.

The Persistent Parasite

The cause is a minute parasite. Entering its host by way of the mouth, it finally reaches the liver and intestines where it establishes its little laboratory for reproducing itself and disintegrating the tissues. Infection of the older birds is not always fatal. The mature turkey of rich vitality may maintain an equal struggle for months, meanwhile remaining a constant menace to its healthy fellows; a feathered Typhoid Mary. Fattening such a turkey, especially on corn, often turns the balance. It succumbs at last to the enemy within. For this reason, turkeys in which the infection is semilatent may seem to sicken unaccountably and die at fattening time. The germs of new individuals cast off in the excrement of infected fowls, remain dormant in the ground from one season to another for several years ready to enter business actively the moment they find a stand. For this reason, established turkey-runs are taboo with the experienced raiser. Other fowls are acceptable hosts, but resist more sturdily.

How Blackhead Traveled

How this parasite has finally journeyed from New England throughout the States may only be conjectured. It is reasonable to believe that turkeys shipped from one point to another have been responsible in part. Pigeons and quail are susceptible to its infection, and rats and mice are carriers. Perhaps among its other activities, the sparrow has hastened the prevalence of this pest. Certainly they may bear germs from farm to farm in their free-lance feeding. Some intelligent people believe that certain farm seeds and commercial fertilizers share the responsibility for its dissemination. The parasite once settled on new territory exercises the right of squatter sovereignty. It is difficult to dislodge. It is said that the soils of certain New England States are so impregnated with the parasite that even the gamebirds are being depleted.

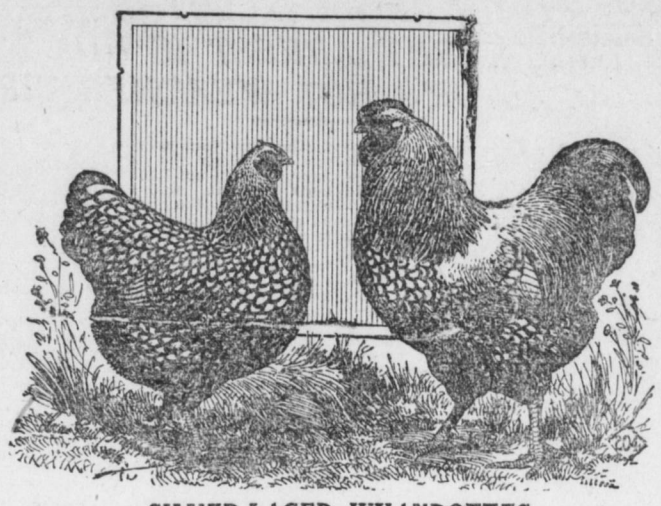
Scientists declare there is no cure for blackhead. Knowing these facts concerning it, how can raisers protect themselves. Prevention, is the reply. Since it attacks all poultry, turkeys should be raised apart, and never allowed to feed where fowls run. Fresh-turned ground, as far as possible, is recommended for turkeys. Their habit of ranging abroad may be encouraged. New stock should always be subject to the closest scrutiny. Mopy or light-weight turkeys or "finicky" feeders are suspicious. If possible, one should acquaint one's self with the history of the flocks from which one's breeders are selected. At the first sign of sickness, the ailing turkey should be isolated. Upon the appearance of blackhead, prudence would dictate the removal of the healthy turkeys to a new range such as a wheat or hayfield. The sick turkey may be put in a coop reserved for hospital purposes, and be dosed, if the raiser is experimentally inclined. Air slaked lime is a cheap, effectual disinfectant to use around the coops and feeding boards. For a few days after a suspicious case has been removed, copperas (sulphate of iron) or permanganate of potash may be used in the flock's drinking water. This is not absolutely essential, since the parasite is in the earth or in the excrement of infected birds. All dead turkeys should be burned or buried deeply. A plentiful supply of charcoal in rations is a wise precaution.

Turpentine Versus Parasite

The only treatment I have found helpful is turpentine. I do not offer it as a cure, but I do know that it has been used again and again with gratifying results to prevent general infection of the flock. I speak particularly of turkeys old enough to eat wheat. On a farm where blackhead has claimed victims at various times for some years, the farmer at first indication of its activity, begins to use turpentine. For twenty birds of ten weeks' age, he mixes 1 tablespoonful of turpentine with 1 quart of wheat for breakfast. As they grow accustomed to the taste, he increases the dose to two tablespoonfuls. After a week, he omits the turpentine unless the birds continue to sicken, which seldom happens. Those turkeys just infected often improve and apparently recover. After decided emaciation and loss of appetite appear, there is no hope. While an infected fowl remains in weight, it has a chance. The use of turpentine in early infection seems to devitalize the germ. Emaciation bears testimony to the work of the parasite in liver and intestines, for these organs are greatly impaired by the infection.

The Rhode Island Station investigators are inclined to believe that blackhead and white diarrhea in young chickens are correlative, or identical. Outward signs as well as microscopic examination tend to confirm the theory.

It cannot be denied that blackhead is to be feared by turkey-raisers. Yet its appearance on a farm need not entirely dishearten. Prompt measures to isolate sick birds, burning of carcasses and use of turpentine prevent its spreading. If the acreage permits it, the healthy turks may be removed to another pasture, preferably a wheat field, to which other poultry has no access. If the disease has obtained such a foothold as to make heavy inroads annually in the flock, as a last resort it would pay to dispense with the industry for a year or two. In this time the parasites lose vitality if they do not wholly disappear. With a new and healthy flock and a rising tide of hope, the turkey-raiser may start afresh.



SILVER-LACED WYANDOTTES

Early in the history of fancy poultry breeding in America an attempt was made to produce a Cochin Bantam with the beautiful lacings of the Seabrights. A Seabright cock was crossed with a Cochin hen. When the size of this ogspring proved too large to class as a bantam, they were dubbed Seabright Cochins. Other crosses of Silver-Spangled Hamburgs and Cochins were made and the blood of the two crosses intermingled. The resulting fowls were mated to a fowl known as the Eureka, which was the result of a cross of Silver-Spangled Hamburgs on Dark Brahma females.

When these two strains were brought together more uniform specimens were produced. The fowls had rose-combs and their plumage was much the same as it is to-day. The females are beautifully laced black and white in all sections and the male laced in the breast and body and striped in the neck and saddle. This coloration, while very crude at that time and not to be compared with its beauty as it has been refined and is bred to-day, was sufficient to get the American breeders in favor of the fowl. In addition to its attractive coloring, the new breed proved to be heavy layers.

Such was the origin of all Wyandotte fowls. All other varieties are descended from it in some way. The Silver-Laced Wyandotte enjoyed immense popularity, rivaling the famous Barred Rock, until the White Wyandottes appeared.

The Silver-Laced Wyandotte is hard to breed true. It is doubtful if any other variety of poultry is as difficult to produce. It is ideal for the home flock, however. The hens are heavy layers of large eggs. They get broody and are good mothers. The chicks, like those of the other American breeds, are rugged and active and rapid growers. When full grown this variety weighs 7½ to 8½ pounds for males and 5½ to 6½ pounds for females. They are docile and easily confined, doing as well in confinement as on free range.

Is poultry culture a safe venture? Is it easy to make money with hens? Thousands are interested in the problem, and it is gaining prominence every year. In next week's article, entitled "Keystones That Insure Success in Poultry Culture," the writer puts it squarely up to the reader what may be expected, both from the poultryman and from his flock.

Special Programs of Church Music Tomorrow

Musical programs in the city churches to-morrow, have been announced as follows:

Pine Street Presbyterian.—Morning: Prelude—"Andante con moto (Sonata C sharp minor)", (Gleason); anthem—"The Lord's own Holy Day," (Shelley); offertory — "Mediation," (Riemenschneider); postlude—"Postludium in A minor," (Merkel). Evening: Prelude—"Second Andatino in D flat," (Lemare); anthem—"The Day is Ended," (Bartlett); offertory—"Prayer," (Thomas); postlude—"Postlude in D," (Tours).

Market Square Presbyterian.—Morning-Sunrise, Demarest; Pastorale from 1st Sonata), (Guilmant); solo, by Miss Middaugh, "O Rest in the Lord," (Elijah), Mendelssohn: Meditation, Kinder; finale (from 1st Sonata), (Guilmant). Evening: Allegro and Andante, (from 4th Sonata), (Guilmant); quartet, "Softy Now, the Light of Day, (Huhn): Chason Triste, (Tschaikowsky); finale (from 4th Sonata), (Guilmant).

Ridge Avenue Methodist. — Morning: Prelude—"Andte in G," (Batiste); anthem — "How Sweet the Name of Jesus Sounds," (Williams); Offertory — "Allegretto," (Wolstenholme); postlude—"March," (Clark). Evening: Prelude—"The Question," "The Answer," (Wolstenholme); anthem—"Your Lord and King," (Wilson); offertory—"Largo," (Handel); postlude—"March," (Mendelssohn).

Fourth Reformed.—Morning: Prelude—"Fantaisie," (DuBois); offertory — "Berceuse" (from Jocelyn), Godard; tenor and baritone duet—"While the Earth Remaineth" Peace; postlude—"Alleys," (Stainer). Evening: Prelude—"Festival Fantasia," (Tschirch; offertory—"Consolation," (Liszt); male quartet—"Jesus is Passing This Way," (Hoffman); mixed quartet—"Sweet Hour of Prayer," Bradbury; postlude—"Grand Choeur," DuBois.

St. Stephen's Episcopal Vesper Musical Service at 4.—Duet and choir—"I Waited for the Lord," Mendelssohn, (Masters Harry Etter and John Shumberger). Organ—"Meditation," d'Evry. Bass solo.—"The Lord is My Light," Allitsen; Clarence H. Sigler. Anthem—"The Radiant Morn Hath Passed Away," Woodward. Alfred C. Kuschwa, organist and choirmaster.

CROWN CARNIVAL QUEEN

Special to the Telegraph

Atlantic City, N. J., July 29.—Thousands of visitors from many cities at the City Park to-night witnessed the crowning of Miss Claire Helene Roesch, of Philadelphia, as Atlantic City's carnival queen, with picturesque ceremony, inaugurating the celebration of Naval Day at the shore.

This Is the Birthday Anniversary of—

H. L. DERR

One of Harrisburg's prominent contracting painters. He has had some of the largest contracts in the city and is in business at 1612 Regina street, with his three sons. The firm is known as H. L. Derr & Sons, contracting painters. Mr. Derr was born in Liverpool, Perry county, and has been a painter for thirty-nine years. He came to Harrisburg eight years ago to continue his business here.

"BABY IRENE" IS GIVEN TO MOTHER

Judge Flays Wealthy Mrs. Dollie Matters; Orders People From Courtroom

Special to the Telegraph

Chicago, July 29. — Baby Irene, a year-old child, motherhood of whom has been claimed by two women, was awarded to the Canadian girl, Margaret Ryan, by Judge Landis, in the Federal District Court yesterday. Mrs. Dollie Ledgerwood Matters, the other claimant of the child, did not testify.

It was a day of dramatic incidents in the court of Judge Landis. To the 300 spectators it was nothing less than a series of dramas with climaxes as the final scenes of a melodrama.

The stirring feature came at the conclusion of a scathing address which bristled with Judge Landis's own brand of sarcasm for all those concerned in the "Matters baby case" conspiracy. It was the manner in which the Judge directed the nurse to turn "Baby Irene" over to the Canadian girl, Margaret Ryan.

"Nurse," commanded the Judge, "give that baby to its mother."

The nurse, who sat between Margaret Ryan and Mrs. Dollie Ledgerwood Matters, rose and looked startled. She hesitated to hand the baby to either claimant until the right one was indicated by the Judge. First she looked at Mrs. Matters, then at Margaret Ryan, then at Judge Landis. The crowd in the courtroom held its breath. The Judge slowly raised his hand and, pointing a finger at Margaret Ryan, said:

"There she is, and you know it."

Margaret Ryan sprang forward with a glad cry and seized the child. Mrs. Matters buried her face in her handkerchief and cried. And the court crowd, forgetting that it was in the court of Judge Landis instead of a theater, burst into applause. This act ended the play for the audience.

"Throw everybody out of the courtroom," the Judge directed the bailiffs when he had recovered from his astonishment and anger.

First Motor Truck Driven Over Pikes Peak Is I-H-C

Telegram just received as follows: "Model F International Motor Truck just driven over Pikes Peak road—the world's highest highway—to an elevation of 12,000 feet, as far as the road was completed, without any adjustments on the truck. The first motor truck to succeed in reaching this elevation."

C. J. Stevens in charge of the Motor Truck Department of International Harvester Company of America, 619-21 Walnut street, telling of this special Pikes Peak climb, also many other endurance tests in the mountain districts of Pennsylvania, says this demonstrates that their new Models F and H are marvels in power and easy control and made for hard work.

The satisfactory records of these late Models during the past several years has been well established and many firms having most motor truck experience have been selecting these high class trucks from the standpoint of service and economy. International Motor Trucks are constructed on the pleasure car basis, but are through and through a commercial car, a result of many years' experience and testing over the rough roads and mountain trails, and are built to give good service with solid tire equipment.

No company has had more experience in building motors and using the proper high grade materials produced from our own mines. The force feed oiling system used insures proper lubrication.

The International power plant is built in a subframe with a three (3) point suspension to chassis frame, which counteracts much of the jar and jolts.

The gear drive used in International trucks is powerful and durable, requiring little attention, and has proven its low up-keep cost.

International trucks, Models F and H, are left-hand drive and center control, with three speeds forward and reverse. Water radiator is back of motor, preventing damage in case of collision.

Many attractive features are embodied in the present International Models

CAN YOU TRUST HIM?

Dear Miss Fairfax: I have been going out with a young man for about two years. During this time he was my sincere friend. Last week he told me that he was engaged, but did not love the young lady to whom his mother forced him to become engaged. He told me that he loved me and if I promised to marry him he would break his engagement with the young lady whom he did not love. I really love him. B. H.

If this young man were sincere in his friendship for you, he had no right to devote himself to you at the time that he was permitting himself to be, as he puts it, "forced" into an engagement with another girl. I'm afraid he is going to make, not one, but both of you, unhappy. If he will honorably explain the situation to his mother, to the other girl and to your people, perhaps it will be all right for you to risk an engagement with him. But assure yourself of his loyalty before you permit your affections to go any deeper.

Build the Everlasting Way

Good sand and gravel and the highest grade of Portland Cement make concrete that grows harder and stronger with age and puts an end to painting, repairing and rebuilding. Concrete can be made fireproof, waterproof and practically wearproof. For best results, we recommend

ALPHA THE GUARANTEED PORTLAND **CEMENT**

which is tested hourly during the making but costs no more than any other high-grade cement. Our customers who have once used ALPHA always continue to use it, because every bag is sure to be of full binding-power.

Let us tell you how much cement you will need for that work you are thinking of. We shall also be glad to give you an 80-page book, "ALPHA Cement—How to Use It," that tells and shows how to make dozens of everlasting improvements.

USE ALPHA CEMENT THE GUARANTEED PORTLAND

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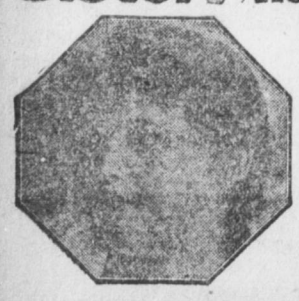
CONCRETE FOR PERMANENCE

Sister: Read My Free Offer!



I am a woman.
I know a woman's trials.
I know her need of sympathy and help.

If you, my sister, are unhappy because of ill-health, if you feel unfit for household duties, social pleasures, or daily employment, write and tell me just how you suffer, and ask for my free ten days' trial of a home treatment suited to your needs. Men cannot understand women's sufferings. What we women know from experience, we know better than any man. I want to tell you how to cure yourself at home at a cost of about 12 cents a week.

If you suffer from women's peculiar ailments causing pain in the head, back, or bowels, feeling of weight and dragging down sensation, falling or displacement of pelvic organs, causing kidney and bladder weakness or constipation and piles, painful or irregular periods, catarrhal conditions and discharges, extreme nervousness, depressed spirits, melancholy, desire to cry, fear of something evil about to happen, creeping feeling along the spine, palpitation, hot flashes, weariness, sallow complexion with dark circles under the eyes, pain in the left breast or a general feeling that life is not worth living,

I INVITE YOU TO SEND TODAY FOR MY FREE TEN DAYS' TREATMENT

and learn how these ailments can be easily and surely conquered at home without the dangers and expense of an operation. When you are cured, and able to enjoy life again, you can pass the good word along to some other sufferer. My home treatment is for young or old. To Mothers of Daughters, I will explain how to overcome green sickness (chlorosis), irregularities, headaches, and lassitude in young women and restore them to plumpness and health. Tell me if you are worried about your daughter. Remember it costs you nothing to give my home treatment a ten days' trial, and does not interfere with daily work. If health is worth asking for, then accept my generous offer and write for the free treatment, including my illustrated booklet, "Women's Own Medical Adviser." I will send all in plain wrappers postpaid. To save time, you can cut out this offer, mark your requirements, and return to me. Send today, as you may not see this offer again. Address,

MRS. M. SUMMERS, - - - - - Box H, SOUTH BEND, IND.

A Discovery about your TEETH

Tonight, if you will closely examine your teeth after brushing them, you will make a surprising discovery.

Though you have been cleaning your teeth regularly, you will find an accumulation of tartar on the enamel and bits of food deposit hiding between the crevices. Your dentifrice has not been REALLY CLEANING!

Loss of teeth is usually due to one of two conditions—Pyorrhea or Decay—both of which ordinarily develop only in the mouth where germ-laden tartar is present.

CLEAN your teeth—REALLY CLEAN them! Senreco, a dental specialist's formula will do it. Senreco embodies specially prepared, soluble granules unusually effective in cleaning away food deposits. Moreover, it is particularly destructive to the germ of Pyorrhea.

Go to your dealer today and get a tube of Senreco—keep your teeth REALLY CLEAN and protect yourself against Pyorrhea and decay. Send 4c to Senreco 304 Walnut St., Cincinnati, Ohio, for trial package.

"PREPAREDNESS"
See your dentist twice yearly
Use Senreco twice daily

The tooth paste that REALLY CLEANS

Senreco

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