What should she say to him?

THE DOUBLE CROSS

THE STORY

Jim Stanley, New York business man, orders his desk audi ness man, orders his desk audiphone taken to his home, intending to finish his dictation there. Rollo Waterman, his partner, comes in. Both are in love with Doris Colby. Stanley proposes tossing a coin to determine which shall 3rst propose to Doris. Waterman wins, Nina Morgan, Waterman's secretary and mistress. terman wins, Nina Morgan, Wa-terman's secretary and mistress, has overheard his conversation with Stanley and resents Wa-terman's plan to desert her. Wa-terman says he is pēnniless and must make a rich marriage. He urges Nina to tell Doris that Stanley has wronged her (Nina). Doris admits to her father her interest in both men, but is un-able to decide which to marry able to decide which to marry. Nina tells Doris her story, exacting a promise that Doris will not tell the source of her information. Doris is convinced of Stanley's duplicity and is broken-hearted, realizing that it is Stanley she loves. Waterman proposes and Doris accepts him. Stanley accepts the situation, and as a wedding present gives his share of the business to Waterman. He arranges with his his share of the business to Waterman. He arranges with his secretary, Frank Wilson, to take charge of his other business interests. He is going to India. Doris tells Waterman part of Nina's story and he promises to "try" to find the girl. Frank Wilson, aware of Waterman's crookedness, leaves his employ. The latter begins to importune Doris latter begins to importune Doris for money. Bromfield, the gambler, is pressing Waterman for payment of gambling debts. At waterman's urging Doris wears her magnificent diamond neck-lace to the opera. That night it disappears. Doris' father enlists Bromfield's aid in tracing the

CHAPTER IX—Continued

-10-"My dear Bromfield," exclaimed the

lawyer, reproachfully. "Oh, I know-I know a good deal more than you perhaps think of what

is going on in your mind." "I have endeavored to make myself very clear."

"You have done so. But just now I can promise nothing."

"I ask for no promise, except that you will do what you can for me."

"Very good," concluded Bromfield. "I will do my best to serve you in this matter, Mr. Colby. I will make inquiries in certain quarters. A good many people commonly regarded as undesirable citizens, have reason to be grateful to me for various small services, and possibly some one of them may be able to help both you and me just now. I do not know, but- You see, Mr. Colby, though you may not think it, we-criminals are often grateful for kindnesses received." And with this shot Brom-

Leld departed. He had spoken the exact truth when he said that he had no knowledge of the present whereabouts of the diamonds. Nevertheless, he had seen them not long after their theft. They had been offered him in payment of a gambling debt. He had flatly refused to accept them.

"No!" he said to his debtor. "How dare you bring them to me like this? 'em away. I have never in all my life been concerned with any kind of theft, and never in my life do I wish to be. Put 'em in your pockettake 'em away! I wil' never consent to be the receiver of stolen goods."

The debtor departed with the jewels, and presently his debt was paid n cash. Bromfield knew, of course, how the money to settle the obligation must have been obtained, but that, he figured, was none of his business. His skirts were clear.

Some six hours after Bromfield left Mr. Colby in his office, a shabby little man rang the bell at the tradesmen's entrance of Bromfield's establishment A few moments later he entered the office where Bromfield sat. The itor was in no way abashed by the

""Mike," said Bromfield, "you or Charlie know anything about these Colby diamonds? The lids of Mike's left eye tlickered

lightly. "I wan't 'em," said Bromfield.

"Yeah?"

"Yeah. Colby's a friend of mine.

('an you get 'em?" "Might."

"Get 'els then."

"Might take a few days." "Oh, sure. Got to chase around to

get 'em together again I suppose."

"Philly in on it?"

"Yeah." "One-Eye?"

"Nope." "Oh well-nothin' to me who's in

on it Get 'em-that's all."

"One-Eye, he-er-er-kind of-e -er-. Bromfield seized a pen, wrote six

words on a piece of paper and flicked it across the desk. "Give him that." he said. Mike picked up the paper, glanced

at it, stuffed it in his shoes. 'This is Monday," went on Bromfield. "How soon?"

"Wednesday night, mebbe." "Right. Take a drink and beat it."

Mike did both of those things, On Thursday morning next Mr. Colby, in going through the letters on his office desk already opened by his

secretary, encountered the following "Mr. William Bromfield presents his compliments to Mr. Alexander Colby and requests the favor of a perBy A. E. THOMAS Copyright, By Dodd, Mead and Company, Inc. W. N. U. Service

this afternoon between the hours of three and four. R. S. V. P."

The lawyer smiled a quizzical smile, and took up his telephone.

Late that afternoon he spent onehalf hour with Doris over the tea cups. This was a custom which had grown in frequency of late. Though he had always been close to his daughter, of late he had seemed to be drawn to her even more intimately than of old. He began to see that she needed him, and though he regretted the cause, he was not ill-pleased with its result. The talk had fallen on the subject of the stolen jewels.

"It does seem, papa, as if the police were right," Doris was saying. "It seems as if it must have been some-

body in this house." "Oh, I don't know," said Mr. Colby "The modern crook is a most resource-

"I should be so glad to know," Doris should almost be willing to give up all hope of seeing that necklace again in exchange for the assurance that the thief was no one whom I had known and trusted.

"I feel exactly as you do my child, but I would not give up hope. I have a presentiment that somehow, in some way, that necklace will come back."

Mr. Colby departed from his daugh ter's drawing room that afternoon a little happier than he had been for some time. For weeks he had been convinced of her unhappiness. Not a word had ever been exchanged between them upon that subject, but he knew, and she knew that he knew. Until she spoke he would continue to be silent. But he believed that the thing must come to a separation. He believed, too that Waterman would fight if he could. He had wished for a weapon which he could use if it ever came to a fight. Now, at least, he had that weapon.

CHAPTER.X

It was in the month of October that Jim Stanley had departed for the East. It was in the following October that he returned. Wilson had known for five days that he was on his way. He had received from San Francisco a telegram which said: Arriving on the 24th. Engage hotel accommoda

Wilson had done just that and no more—that is to say, he had held his tongue. And now, as he stood awaiting the arrival of the Limited, he wondered in whose company his employer was returning. The heart of the little clerk beat a trifle faster as he stood there waiting. Not only was he to meet his best friend fter long separation-there was that, of course, but there was something more. He had a feeling that something exciting was about to happen. What it was he could not tell, but his sensations were those of a man who has covered his ears in anticipation of an explo

Stanley's quick eye caught Wilson's face the instant he emerged from the gate, followed by a company of porters loaded down with assorted luggage. He seized the clerk's hand in

both of his own. "Well, well, Frank," he cried, with that doubt was ended. Swiftly his boyish enthusiasm. "God bless your soul! Here you are, eh? Here you ley everything that he knew, and ev are. I knew you'd be here. I'm d-n glad to see you, Frank!"

"Thank you, sir," was all Wilson could say. He had no way of expressing what he felt, but it was no necessary. Stanley knew quite well. Still holding Wilson's hand, he turned and glanced over his shoulder to waiting figure which, even in this place of cosmopolitan apparitions. seemed most strange. The figure was that of a man, not old, yet certainly ot young, not far from the height of Stanley himself, clad from neck to feet in oriental robes, girdled at the waist. Upon his head he wore a tur ban. Of his features the eyes and nose alone were clearly visible, for the rest of his face was darkly bearded to his cheek bones. The stranger fixed his steady eyes upon the sec-

retary. "Frank," said Stanley, while the group of porters shifted uneasily under their burdens, "I want you to know my very good friend, Swami Ramanara-Swami, my secretary, Mr.

Wilson." "How do you do, Mr. Wilson," said the Swami in his slow, precise and

careful English. "Mr. Wilson has been in charge of my affairs during my absence in the East. You will probably see a good deal of him during your stay in New York, for he is sure to find many ways of making himself useful to you. He has a gift for that sort of thing." And again Stanley turned upon Wilson the smile that the little man loved.

"I should be most happy," he said. His arms folded upon his breast, the Swami inclined his head gravely. "And now, Frank," said Stanley,

"let's get along." As the taxi whisked away from the terminal, Stanley peered eagerly through the window. Upon the southeast corner there stood a skyscraper. On the day that Stanley had left New York the place had been a hole in the ground. He said this to the Swami. who merely murmured, "Ah."

"I'm afraid." laughed Stanley to Wilson, "I'm afraic that we're going sonal interview at Mr. Colby's office to have a hard time surprising the duty.

Swami. He has seen and known so many wonders in the spiritual world. that our material miracles may not interest him much."

"All these things," murmured the Swami, with a slight gesture that sun med up all New York, "are of the moment. The spirit is eternal."

The three men dined together in Stanley's apartment in the hotel, "Wilson allowing himself to be persuaded to remain.

After the meal, Stanley asked, Well, what is the news?" "Oh, nothing of any great impor-tance," answered Wilson. He had news enough, but this was not the moment to tell it.

"Waterman well? And-Mrs. Waterman?" continued Stanley. "I believe so."

"I want to see them right away. Excuse me." He took up the telephone. Plaza 2076, please-yes."

As he waited for the answer, Stanley continued. "They haven't either of them been very communicative. I got one letter from Waterman-waitanswered, "that it was a burglar. I ing for me when I reached Yokohama else. What Waterman said to her would have been specification of the state of the said to her would have been specification." -but none at all from Doris. Yes-



"How Do You Do, Mr. Wilson," Said the Swami in His Slow, Precise and Careful English.

Plaza 2076? Yes-may I speak with Mrs. Waterman? Just tell her it's Mr. Wilson." He smiled at the secretary, adding sotto voce, "I'll give her a little surprise."

In a moment he said: "Hello-yes -is that you-is that Doris? Yes, it's me! It's Jim, all right. Couldn't fool you, eh? I'm just in.—I'm very well. and you?-That's fine. When can I see you? How about this evening, after dinner?-Yes.-That'll be won derful-yes. How is Rollin? Good. All right, after dinner then-Au re-

During this conversation Wilson's eyes never left Stanley's face. As Stanley's ear caught for the first time the sound of the well-known voice, there flashed across his face a look that was not lost upon the secretary a look that told in a fraction of a second th secret of his heart. If Wilson had been in any doubt before,

nd worked. Ought he to tell Stanerything that he guessed about Water man's affairs and his relations with his wife? Or ought he to hold his tongue about it and let Stanley see himself, make his own observa tions, draw his own deductions-and answer questions when they were asked? As Stanley hung up the receiver, Wilson decided to hold his

tongue for the present. Doris Colby Lung up the telephone receiver automatically. Her heart bounded in her breast. Jim Stanley v:as back!-Jim!! A wave of happiness surged over her whole being. For the first time in months she was happy. In a little while she would see him again, take his hand, hear his voice-Ecstasy! A few moments of

Swiftly her mind reviewed the events of her life since Jim had gone

a vay. She could not talk of thatshe must not let him guess to what Agriculturists Have Consista pass things had come. There had been changes enough in many ways, but she suddenly realized that nothing had changed in relation to Jim. Nothing-yet everything. Then she had believed him to be a scoundrel. She had accepted Nina Morgan's story at its face value. Now she disbe-lieved it utterly She had recovered her faith in Stanley. Why? Why?

in it. Why was it? At this instant the door of her morning room opened, and her husband appeared. Instantly, with the terrifying illumination of a flash of lightning the answer flashed upon her. It was because she loved Jim Stanley! This she knew suddenly, beyond peradventure of doubt, as she looked upon her husband. In the great white ight of this illumination all her life suddenly took on a new meaning, a new value. Cold dark places were lighted up, old proportions were re-arranged. Her husband was there, b. t he meant nothing. Jim had returned! 'n a little while she would see him! She could think of nothing and what she answered him she could

It was illogical. There was no sense

It was not until they sat at dinner to determine what she ought to do, organize her forces to carry it ing the meal for reflection. She and Rollin had little to say to each other Just now he himself had sufficient ma-terial for reflection, so that the meal passed in almost total silence.

In the drawing-room, after dinner, moments.

"Doris, old girl," he said, "I'm sorry control. to be so dull tonight-but the fact is I'm terribly worried."

matter?"

"Oh, business, as usual." "You've been speculating again?"

"Well-yes." but many times, to keep out of the ture has been upheld by the farmers

"I know-"

He's got to."

out of it.-Oh, I wouldn't tell you about it, if I weren't driven to it. tions. It's humiliating enough for a man to be forced to ask his wife for money. even if she has plenty of it."

Doris allowed herself the first jeer of her married life. "It's a humiliation," she said, "to which you seem throughout the country from falling to have accustomed yourself pretty into a trap and being obliged to wait well. I don't mean to be ungenerous, but you know how often this has hap-pened." their error. They are solidly behind Hoover and his farm relief plans." "That's true enough," he admitted.

"I've no excuse except that I've had the rottenest luck that anyone could imagine. Everything I've touched has gone wrong, and now, well,-if I can't raise \$35,000 by tomorrow morning, I shall be completely wiped out."

"You mean the business-?" "Oh, no, no,' he said hastily, "the

sonal account." Doris had not been listening to his tergiversations for the better part of he was lying. She knew that he was lying now, but she only said, "All right, Rollin, I'll write you my check for \$35,000, with the understanding that this is absolutely the last time. I'm perfectly willing to give you an allowance, since that is the kind of man you are, apparently. But if you get caught again in the stock market, it's at your own risk. Is that understood?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Stonewall Jackson as Sized Up by Pickett

General Pickett, whose Civil war letters have recently been published. once expressed himself to his wife or the character of Stonewall Jackson. His comment is particularly interest ing because of Allen Tate's biography of Jackson:

"Lawton, who is one of his generals says Old Jack holds himself as the god of war, giving short, sharp commands, distinctly, rapidly, decisively without consultation or explanation Being himself absolutely fearless, and having unusual mental and moral, as as physical courage, he goes ahead on his own book, asking no ad vice and resenting interference. He places no value on human !!fe, caring for nothing as much as fighting, un less it be praying. Illness, wounds and all disabilities he defines as in efficiency, and indications of a tack of patriotism. Suffering from insomnia he often uses his men as a sedative and when he can't sleep calls them up marches them out a few miles, then marches them back. He never praises his men for gallantry, because it is their duty to be gallant and they do not deserve credit for doing their

"Well, I only pray that God may spare him to us to see us through. If General Lee had the northern resources, he would soon end the war; Old Jack can do it without resources." -From a Minton Batch & Cc. Bulle-

A Fellow Newsboy It was raining. & little newsboy hurriedly turned a corner just in time to bump into a larger newsboy coming around in the opposite direction. The little fellow fell and dropped his papers into the gutter-ruined! The other assisted the wee fallen brother to his feet, brushed him off-and divided his papers with him. Both departed in high spirits -- culumbus Dispatch.

What Ed Howe Likes I love accomplishments, good taste. success. The greatest enjoyment 1 find in a "show" is the cleverness of those who attract the audience. I like to see people attract attention; display taste and sense, earn large wages, and be with their big pay .-

ensation, then a chilling thought. NEW YORK FARMERS NEVER WITH SMITH

ently Opposed Him.

Al Smith, swinging into the West in the hope of capturing the farmer vote. is preceded by the devastating statement of Charles S. Wilson, former commissioner of agriculture of New York state, to the effect that New York farmers have been definitely against him in each of his five campaigns for the governorship.

Mr. Wilson, himself a large farmer, has sent out broadcast an analysis of Smith's past five campaigns, showing that in each one he was elected by the vote of New York city, the seat of Tammany politics.

Outside of New York city, Smith ties.

"As a candidate for governor," said treat. Wilson, "Smith would have been defeated, outside of New York city, at erant airedales have a habit of geteach of the elections in which the ting in trouble) and he yowled and would have been snowed under. He thing except maybe to swear a couple would have failed by net losses rang- of round oaths. Bum had a reason ing from 93,000 to 410,000. Election to howl, for he was on a tiny ledge statistics show that he has been a jutting out down the Palisades cliffs half an hour later that she was able local leader only, and a survey of and looking down 225 feet to an abansentiment in New York state show doned rock quarry. The ledge was telephone Stanley not to come. That that many of his supporters as gov- 75 feet below the top of the cliff. would be the wise thing to do. She ernor do not consider him of Presinust have time to get herself together, dential caliber. He has never been a

the last two elections of Smith It was then that Bum set up a considthese days that was not perfunctory. are far from proving that he has made any gains in the confidence of the state at large. On the contrary, called the police. A big fat fellow has lost a considerable share of the he broke a silence that had lasted support he had previously received in the districts outside of Tammany

"New York farmers, knowing Smith intimately," continued Wilson, "have With an effort she turned her mind no faith in his farm relief proposals, o what he was saying. "What's the and I want to warn the westerners to whom he is carrying his promises, that he has consistently failed to alleviate the farm conditions of his own state. All of his measures have been "I suppose I need scarcely remind consistently blocked by the legislayou that you promised me, not once, ture, and the attitude of the legisla-

in a body.
"They have recognized clearly that "And that you've repeatedly broken it would be detrimental, if not suicidal, to entrust the great agricultural "You don't understand, Doris. There interests of the state to an agriculare times when it seems impossible tural board appointed by a Tammany to do anything else, and when a man governor. It must be remembered that gets as deep in a hole as I am. he'll New York is one of the leading agritake almost any chance to get out. cultural states of the Union, in spite of the financial and industrial activ-"How deep is this hole you're in?" ity which involves so much of its "Not so very deep, but it's deep effort, and the farmers' problems in enough to bury me in if I don't get many cases are parallel to those of the farmers in the farther west sec-

"Therefore, when they make it plain that they have no confidence in the Smith farm relief proposals, they do so with the sincere hope that they may save their fellow agriculturists four more dreary years to rectify

Women Will Approve

"The recent signing by 15 nations perch, then remembered a fellow over Paris is undisputable evidence of the Republican party's policy of international good will and understanding, usiness is all right. This is my per- William H. Hill, Hoover-Curtis campaign chairman in New York, told a

group of business men. dreamed of," he said. "There is no question of his desire for peace among nations and, with this treaty, which snapping viciously at everything in has been praised throughout the sight. world, to begin with, he will be able intentions of America.

"The Kellogg pact should constitute country to vote for Hoover and continue the policies of a Republican administration which has shown itself a puppy. so alert in grasping the opportunity to further international friendship," said Mr. Hill. "Women, women's clubs and women's magazines have long been striving for concrete evidence of the country's desire world peace and they have it in the Kellogg treaty and in the pronounce ments of Hoover that he will no cease his efforts until actual world peace is obtained. It should encourage the thousands of women workers in the Hoover campaign, moreover, because they have, for the first time, an issue of their own standing out prominently in the pledges a Presidential candidate has made to the nation.'

For Hoover and Law Gifford Pinchot, militant dry cru-

sader and former governor of Pennsylvania, let it be known that Her bert Hoover's stand on the liquor question, above all else, was responsible for his decision, not only to support the Republican nominee, but to take the stump for him. He said, "I'm for Hoover and against Al Smith. That goes without saying." Asked his wet and against it."

HE WAS BUM DOG. BUT HE KNEW HOW TO PICK FRIEND

Gets Into Trouble, But Is Lucky to Have Palled With Fireman.

New York.-Nobody ever called Bum a nice dog. If they had he prob ably would have bitten them. doesn't belong to anyone in particular, for he isn't that kind of a dog. He chases automobiles and cats, barks at children, and never wears a muzzle. But Bum knows how to pick his friends, and that is the reason her is still chasing cats over in North Bergen, N. J., tonight.

Whenever Bum gets hungry or lonesome-and itinerant airedales do get fared thus in his five campaigns; In hungry and lonesome-he trots right 1918, carried two counties; in 1920, carried none; in 1922, carried thirteen out of fifty-seven; in 1924, car
over to the North Bergen fire house. Milk of Magnesia has acidity completely checked, and the digestive organs
and there is one fine fellow, Fireman all tranquilized. Once you have tried ried one; in 1926, carried four coun- Fred Stockfish, who always takes Bum down to the butcher's shop and stands | worry about your diet and experience treat.

Bum got in trouble one night (itin-

Meets With a Mishap.

Some time during the night Bum state leader, because he has never had abandoned his chase of automoorganize her forces to carry it gained the confidence of the state at through. She had plenty of time during the meal for reflection that are at large. "The same statistics manifest that he last two elections of Smith little clump of bushes on the ledge. erable howling.

Finally, next morning, somehody came, and crawled out to the edge of the cliff. He saw Bum snarling and



Bum Came Up as Calmly as a Puppy

Hoover's Pcace Stand snapping at the bushes on his tiny friends with dogs by talking nice to them.

Firemen Come With Ropes.

The firemen came with ropes and hooks, half of North Bergen following behind. Fred Stockfish took one look "The treaty constitutes a founda- over the cliff and began tying a rope a year without being able to tell when tion upon which Herbert Hoover, if around his waist. He recognized his elected, will proceed to build the friend. Two of his buddies lowered greatest world peace structure ever away and the fireman hung feet first, looking downward 300 feet. He saw as he neared the ledge, a crazed dog

> Bum, his teeth bared, jumped at to demonstrate further, the peacful the fireman as his shoes touched the ledge, but the snarl died in the dog's throat when Stockfish spoke. Then a new appeal to the women of the the fireman told the airedale in pats and words that everything was all right and Bum came up as calmly as

> > "Fred's got a way with dogs," grinned the fat cop, as Bum darted away and the crowd started shaking hands with Stockfish.

Seal Attacks Stroller

Along Scottish Coast stroller who came across it resting on the beach at Banff. The animal emitted a growl and snapped at the man's leg. It then lurched forward and seized with its mouth a shovel the man was carrying. A number of people gathered, and together they stunned the animal and threw it back into the water. It was four feet long and weighed about 200 pounds.

Father Dies as Girls Run Two Miles for Aid

York, Pa.-Two girls, one eleven, and the other but eight, ran two miles to their home to tell their mother that their father was pinned under his truck. The girls were thrown clear of the truck when it overturned after their father, Oliver C. Curran, Broguereason, he said: "I'm dry and for the ville postmaster, lost control of it. The Eighteenth amendment. Al Smith's truck fell on Curran. Curran was



A Sour Stomach

soda to bring a little temporary relief of gas and sour stomach, Phillips this form of relief you will cease to

This pleasant preparation is just as good for children, too. Use it whenever coated tongue or fetid breath signals need of a sweetener. Physicians will tell you that every spoonful of Phillips Milk of Magnesia neutralizes many times its volume in acid. Get the genuine, the name Phillips is important. Imitations do not act the

PHILLIPS of Magnesia

Consolidated Operations

At Worcester, Mass., says the Boston Globe, three generations of Fred Halsteads lost their tonsils within the space of 45 minutes. Fred Halstead, fivty-seven; his son, Fred, Jr., twentynine, and his grandson, Fred III, four and one-half, were the three who made a family event of what might have been scattered incidents.

Silk From Coal

Among the by-products from coal at a German plant is viscose artificial silk, several tons of which were produced this year. The amount is expected to be doubled when new factories are completed in 1929. Benzine has also been extracted.

Good Advice "Keep your troubles scattered."

"Don't let 'em hold a convention."-Louisville Courier-Journal. Rather Exclusive

our husband belong to?

Ethyl-I'm the party An expedition has sailed from New York to dredge the ocean bottom in the region of the Azores, seeking the supposedly lost continent of Atlantis.

Virginia Ham-What party does

Why do pretty women marry homely men? Because the homely men

HELPED DURING MIDDLE AGE

Woman Took Lydia E. Pink ham's Vegetable Compound Denver, Colo.—"I have taken six



as I found nothing before this to help me. I had help me. I had so many bad feelings at night that I could not sleep and for two years I could not go down town because I was afraid of falling. My mother took the Vegetable Compound years ago with good results and now I am taking it during the Change of Life and recom-mend it."—Mrs. T. A. MILLER, 1611 Adams Street, Denver, Colorado.

Turkey Takes Census

The population of Turkey, according to figures published by the director of statistics, based on the latest census, is 13,660,275 inhabitants. Of this number 1,044,306 live in Turkey in Edinburgh.—A seal attacked a Europe and 12,615,960 in Turkey in Asia.

> Visiting is such hard work that it is surprising so much of it is carried on.

To Cool a Burn Use Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh Money back for first bottle if not suited. All dealers,

GREAT BLOOD REMEDY Liver, kidneys, rheumatism, dropsy, cancer, running sores, eczema, tape worms, stomach trouble. Gives you Pep. King of Roots cleans gystem once a week, follow with 30 Barks and Roots Compound on Blood. Testimonials and Pictures free. Write at once to R. I. Bigley, Herb Spec., 715 5th St., Huntingdon, Pa. Old Books Wanted. Early printed books, laws, pamphlets, autograph letters, postage stamps purchased at substantial cash prices, J. L. Hook, 13 So. Market Sq., Harrisburg, Pa. Florida Dairy—Poultry farms, 10 acre tracts, easy terms or will trade for stocks merchan-dise equal value, Write quick, Florida Lands Co., 16 W. Ashley St., Jacksonville, Fla. ARE YOU AMBITIOUS?

Big Opportunity Directory, 10c coin.

MOSCO SERVICE, FAYETTEVILLE, ARK.







Buddie Knows a "Rise" Out

By PERCY

CROP A

(Copyright, W. N. U.)

