TELL-TALE THUMB-PRINTS.

FINGER MARKS OF CRIMINALS LIFE LONG AIDS TO THEIR DETECTION.

Individual Finger Marks Permanent Through Life-Adoption of System for Identification of U. S. Soldiers and Sailors.

A few weeks ago Inspector McLaughlin of the New York City Detective Bureau received remarkable evidence of the value of thumb-print identification. A letter was brought to him through the mails from London containing the picture and record of a noted criminal whose thumb-print, with his name and description, was sent to London to test the efficiency of this new method of recording distinguishing marks of criminals. By means of the thumb-print alone, the English police identified the criminal captured by the New York police, whose record in England includes eight imprisonments on charges of larceny. The prisoner was caught by Inspector McLaughlin in the corridor of the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in April. There were no charges against him in this were no charges against him in this country at the time, but the Inspector decided that his captive was an English "crook." It was found that two patrons of the hotel had been robbed and the prisoner was detained for a thorough investigation of his case. Meanwhile the Inspector sent the thumb-print to London and the reply brought a photograph of the "crook" and a duplicate photograph of his thumb-print and his record.

THE BERTILLON SYSTEM.

For some time the criminal bureaus of prominent cities have been using the Bertillon measurement system which also includes making two phowhich also includes making two photographs of the suspicious character, but the French system and photography have fallen short in many cases, as a scheming criminal can adopt various subterfuges to cheat the law, but there is no way of changing the character of his thumb-print, for there are no two people whose thumbs are exactly alike, and each person has his own individual thumb-print whose character remains the same from the day of birth to the end.

OLD AS THE HILLS. There is nothing really new in this mode of identification, as from time immemorial the Chinese have known



MAGNIFIED THUMB MARK SHOWING DISTINGUISHED LINES. the fact that every man carries on his finger-tips the proofs of his identity, and passports in the Celestial land that passports in the Celestar land bave consisted of a government-stamped piece of oil paper on which the traveler has to record his digital-marks before setting forth on his consistency of the land of the lan journey. So in India, where deeds transferring land have for centuries past been signed among the illiterate past been signed among the illiterate peasantry by a thumb-mark. Within recent years the government of India has extended this native custom to postoffice savings bank books, military and civil pension certificates, emigrants' contracts, mortgages on growing crops, and other transactions where false personation has to be guarded against or an authenticated guarded against or an authenticated acknowledgment of money received has to be made. Naturally, also, the system was promptly adopted for the identification of criminals, and it was an Indian police officer, E. R. Henry, inspector-general of police in Bengal, who carried to England his experiences in the work and when appointed ences in the work, and when appointed



THERE ARE NO TWO THUME PRINTS

chief commissioner of police in London, introduced the method into New Scotland Yard.

FINGER PRINTS NEVER CHANGE.

Finger-marks continue permanent CHAPTERS. through life. Injuries may partially destroy them, but as the injury heals the original lines reassert themselves as before. In growing youth the ball of the finger enlarges; so does the pat-tern, but its distinctive tracings are absolutely unchanged, whereas the Bertillon method is applicable only to adults, when bone measurements have become fixed. "Yet youthful criminals, for their own sake, as well as for society's are worth watching at every the society are society to the society that the society is a society that the society that the society that the society is a society that the society that the society that the society is a society that the soci

stage of their career, and the fingerprint system is the only means of identification yet devised that makes

this practicable.

Not only is it virtually impossible that any man's ten finger-prints, one after the other, should resemble in mere general mathematical form each of those of another man, the chance against any such coincidence being calculated by Professor Francis Gal-ton, the eminent anthropologist and mathematician, as one hundred and sixty-four million against one, but it is equally impossible that any two finger-prints should be identical in every detail.

Recently the United States government has also adopted the thumb-print system for identification of the print system for identification of the sailors and soldiers in service, as this might become useful not only in cases of desertion, but also to more readily identify the be less of those who have fallen on the field of battle.

SHERLOCK HOLMES.

what I should do if some sporting kind what I should do if some sporting kind of publisher were suddenly to stride in and make me a bid of forty shillings or so for the lot "When the book at last fell into the hands of Mr. Andrew Lang, then acting for Messrs. Longmans, Green & Company, the success of Micah Clarke was assured; and its outbook literapy ergory placed and its author's literary career placed on a firmer footing. The "Sign of the Four" followed in 1889, in which the Four" followed in 1889, in which story Sherlock Holmes, who had made his bow to the public in "A Study in Scarlet," reappeared and increased Dr. Doyle's rising reputation. His heart, however, was in the historical novel, and in 1890 he followed up the success of Micah with "The White Company in the preparation of which he read one hundred and fifteen volumes, one hundred and fifteen volumes, French and English, dealing with the fourteenth century in England. His delight in the work is expressed in his own words: "To write such books," he once said, speaking of Micah Clarke and The White Company, "one must have an enthusiasm for the age about which he is writing. He must think it which he is writing. He must think it a great one, and then he must go deliberately to work and reconstruct it.
Then is his a splendid joy."

STUDY IN SCARLET FOR \$125.00. write historical romances, and whatever his personal estimate of his great detective may be, the fact remains that in Sherlock Holmes he has created a character whose exploits are as familiar as household words, and who has entered into the very fibre of Anglo-Saxon life and literature. It is actually said that at times Dr. Doyle has expressed a wish that Dr. Watson had never met Sherlock Holmes. It is on record that he thought so little of "A Study in Scarlet." the story in which Sherlock Holmes first appeared, that he sold it outright for \$125. The value of Sherlock Holmes has gone up since those days, however.

Dr. Doyle acknowledges some indebtedness to Dupin, the detective in Poe's short stories, "The Murders in the Rue Morgue" and "The Purloined Letter." This is the more interesting for the reason that in "A Study in Scarlet," Sherlock Holmes is made to speak rather contemptuously of Dupin's skill and acumen. To quote Dr. Doyle again: "In work which consists in the drawing of detectives there are only one or two qualities in the drawing of detectives there are only one or two qualities forced to hark back upon them constantly, so that every detective must really resomble countries and own the room, watch in hand. Anne addown the room, watch in hand. Anne smilled at him across the crocuses. "You may just as well put that watch out of sight." she cried, as she placed a bowl of flowers on the piano. "No more calls to-night, Daddy, in this storm, and 'company comin', too."

Slipping her arm through her father's she led him close to the nodding blossoms. "Pretty fine crocuses—for March," she said, her eyes dancing with mischief, as she reached up and bestowed a kiss upon him so vigorous as to-light, Daddy, in this storm, and 'company comin', too."

Slipping her arm through her father's he led him close to the nodding blossoms. "Pretty fine crocuses—for March," she said, her eyes dancing with mischief, as she reached up and bestowed a kiss upon him so vigorous as to-light her each lim close to the nodding blos However, Dr. Doyle may prefer to

which one can use, and an author is forced to hark back upon them constantly, so that every detective must really resemble every other detect to a greater or less extent. There is no great originality required in devising or constructing such a man, and the only possible originality which one can get into a story about a detecone can get into a story about a detec-tive is in giving him original plots and problems to solve, as in his equipand problems to solve, as in his equip-ment there must be of necessity an alert acuteness of mind to grasp 's and the relation which each of them bears to the other."

CONSTRUCTION OF SHERLOCK. Dr. Doyle went to work, therefore to build up a scientific system in which everything might be logically reasoned out. Where Sherlock Holmes differed from his predecessors was that he had from his predecessors was that he had an immense fund of exact knowledge upon which to draw, in consequence of his previous scientific education. He was practical, he was syr ematic, he was logical, and his success in the detection of crime was to be the result, not of chance or luck, but of his characteristic qualities. With his characteristic qualities. "With this idea," says Dr. Doyle, "I wrote a book on the lines I have indicated and produced 'A Study in Scarlet." That was the first appearance of Sher-lock; but he did not arrest much at-tention, and no one recognized him as being anything in particular. About three years later, howe r, I was asked to do a small shilling book for Lippincott's Magazine, which publishes a year of the publishes and the publishes and the publishes a year of the publishes a year of the publishes and the publishes a year of the publishes a year of the publishes and the publishes a year of the ye lishes, as you know, a complete story in each number. I didn't know what to write about, and the thought occurred to me, 'Why not try to rig up the same chap again?' I did it, and the result was 'The Sign of the Four.' Although the criticisms were favorable, I don't think that even then Sherlock attracted much attention to his individuality." But this shows Mr.

GET INTO GOOD COMPANY.

Doyle's modesty.

We are preparing for publication in this Magazine Section a treat for our readers, and will very shortly present to you that most interesting novel of Sir A. Conan Doyle's, "THE WHITE COMPANY," full of excitement and adventure, with a pretty love story running through it, which ends "just right" and leaves everybody feeling good. . JOIN US NOW AND GET READY FOR THE OPENING

In spite of all the talk and rumpus in the House of Representatives over an attempt to eliminate the free seed farce, with its attendant enormous expenditure, when it came to a yea and nay vote of the members a big majority stood in favor of the appropriation. Each year congress creates a diversion by inveighing against the proposition, and then enthusiastically votes it into the agricultural bill.

Crocuses in March. BY EDITH DOANE.

"Anne! Whatever in the world—"
The speaker, her fur coat white with snow, stood transfixed in the doorway. "Crocuses!" she gasped. "Crocusese!" in early March—with the snow outside en deep and more to follow! Cro-

an inch deep and more to follow? Crocuses—"

Words failing her, she stepped inside
the heavy curtains and regarded the
scene before her with astonished eyes.
It was a pretty room and long, with
a blazing fire or pine logs at one end;
a room that bespoke warmth and home
and comfort. But the newcomer saw
none of these. It was the mahogany
table in the centre at which she gazed
nypnotically, where masses of yellow
crocuses glowed in reckless profusion.
They raised tremendous golden heads
from long, slender vases; they flamed
over the edges of a pewter jug in riotous confusion.

over the edges of a pewer jug in fac-ous confusion.

The girl standing beside the table poked the last slender green stalk into-place, and, stepping back, regarded her work with fine triumph. She turned a flushed face toward the doorway.

"The only trouble" she said impres-"The only trouble," she said, impres-vely, "will be to make him believe

sively, "will be to make him believe they grew."

"Grew?"

"Yes, grew, naturally," with a vague wave of her hand in the direction of the window and the softly whirling flakes outside. "He won't believe it,"

"Who won't believe it,"

"He has the crocus hobby as seriously as daddy, and they kept at it until in a moment of wild enthusiasm Daddy insisted that his crocus came up in March. Once—" apologetically—"we did have a crocus the last day of March."

"But who-" began Dora again. "Daddy saw he doubted it, but he didn't care, for by that time he had begun to believe it himself; so when he said he was coming to New York in March he invited him out, insisted, set the date and all. This is the date, and," Anne dimpled, "here are the crocuses."

"Anne," insisted her chum, firmly, "will you please attraction with and

"Anne," insisted her chum, firmly,
"will you please stop saying 'he' and
'him' and tell me who and what you
are talking about?"

"John Rexall," essayed Anne. "The
man daddy met in camp and liked so
well that he chummed with him, even
though he shot more game than daddy
did himself. He has money and good
looks and—"
"Crocuses," suggested Dora,
Anne dimpled again. "If only I could
make him believe they really grew!"
The door at the further end of the
room opened to admit a gray-haired
man, rugged but kindly featured, who
came down the room, watch in hand, came down the room, watch in hand. Anne smiled at him across the crocuses.

Anne protested faintly.
"Yes, I will," Dora insisted. "He is only eighteen, but he will be company."
"Of course I should like it," agreed

"Of course I should like it," agreed Anne.

Dora swept a parting glance over the room. On every side flowers gleamed in yellow splendor.

"When I consider these wasted March crocuses," began Dora,
Anne giggled. "And the florist's bill for the same."

At this Dora gave way and relapsed into a helpless fit of laughter, whereupon Anne laughed, too, half hysterically, helpless to stop herself—laughed until the crocuses shook in their tall vases—and both girls sank into chairs, laughing and breathless.

"It's a judgment—because I wanted him to believe—they grew," cried Anne, wiping her eyes.

him to believe—they grew," cried Anne, wiping her eyes.

An hour later Anne descended the wide, open staircase. Her trailing gown hung in soft, straight lines; a row of tiny pearls clasped her throat; some crocuses were tucked in ner belt, and one crocus nestled in her hair.

At the bottom step Johnson waited. "Gentleman to see you, Miss Anne. I done put him in de library."

"What is his name?"

"I disremembered to ask him his name. He said yo' all was expectin' him."

him."
Her face cleared; Tom, of course.
Only the firelight illuminated the library, casting flickering, ruddy rays upon the slender figure that came slow-ly toward the centre of the room; a very sweet and attractive figure, indeed, it seemed to the eyes of the man standing waiting in the shadow. Nearer and nearer she came, and the man stepped forward, offering his hand in easy, pleasant greeting, and then stood spell-bound.

bound.

A vision in soft shimmering white pressed close to his side—his hand, his arm, was grasped in a warm though unmistakable hug. "You were a dear, good boy to come," the vision said. "I—" he began helplessly.

The next moment an embarrassed young man faced an equally embarrassed young woman with crimson cheeks and indignant eyes.

"Why didn't you speak?" she demanded wrathfully. "I thought it was Tom." She stopped in a vain search for

all." She forced herself to the usual conventionalities.
So this was John Rexall, this man whom she instinctively dreaded—perhaps it was the flickering firelight that gove that shifting gleam to his eyes.
She touched a bell. "A light, Johnson," she commanded, half nervously, "Mr. Rexall, allow me to present—" Her words trailed off into amazed silence. The room behind her was empty, A door closing softly at the further end where the erstwhile admirer had gone.

One o'clock chimed the tiny timepiece on the mantel. Outside the sound
was repeated somewhere in the distance to graver, deeper tones. Anne
shivered. Two hours had passed since
the household had settled into silence,
but so far no sleep had come to her
eyes. She had not even undressed, but
still sat upon the hearth rug in front of
the fire in her cozy bedroom, staring
into the glowing coals.

It was dreary waiting, but some
vague fear had kept her awake, hoping nervously for her father's return,
listening anxiously for the first sound
of his horses' hoofbeats on the gravel
outside. Indeed, if he did not come
soon she had the horrible conviction
that she would scream. In vain she
tried to reason it away, sitting, her face
in her hands, her eyes on the clear
glowing coals. What matter if she instinctively distrusted the man her father had found companionable? Was
that such an extraordinary thing?
What if the man she had found congenial—"for you know you did like
him," she said to herself, "even if you
did—" Here her cheeks supported by
the slim hands grew unaccountably hot.
What if this man had chosen to take
his departure suddenly?

the slim hands grew unaccountably hot. What if this man had chosen to take his departure suddenly?

Was that so strange? He had come to see her father, and she herself told him that her father was not at home. But reason as she might, the vague misgiving remained.

At the sound of the clock she shivered slightly, and getting up from her lowly position she drew back the curtains of her window. The storm had ceased, and the snow lay lightly on branch and wall; the night was brilliant with moonlight, clear as day, full of hallowed softness. softness.

watch back into his pocket and smiled at her disappointed face.

"Explain it to John Rexall, and take good care of him. With him to look after you I shall not worry as to your safety." And with a quick goodby he was gone.

The sound of his departing horses' hoofs had hardly died away when Johnson appeared with a telegram.

"For de doctah, Miss Anne," he announced.

Anne took the envelope from the outstretched tray and opened it.

"Whom is it from?" queried Dora.
Anne twisted the missive into a little yellow ball and threw it defiantly among the crocuses.

"It is from Mr. John Rexall," she answered, with as much indignation as if that young man had just been convicted of some heinous crime, "and it says that great and august personage is delayed by the storm and will not be here to-night."

"And you will be left alone—"

"There are the servants. I do not mind," returned Anne.

"But this house is so isolated and the grounds so large," Dora deliberated.

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"Anne protested faintly.

"Yes, I will," Dora insisted. "He is important properties of the household, and then, pass, may here and over her eyes, looked leis
"Yes, I will," Dora insisted. "He is important properties of the household, and then, pass, may here and over her eyes, looked leis
"The sound of his departing horses' house she had worn that evening in her belt, now lying wilted on her dress-ing table, caught her eye. "I forgot to look at the flowers and worn that evening in her belt, now lying wilted on her dress-ing table, caught her eye. "I forgot to look at the flowers of the flower and will attend them now; anything is better than waiting here."

She left her room and walked swiftly along the lower hall, which was almost as light as day. It was the eerle time of 'night. Not until she was close to the library did she notice a tiny gleam of light creeping from beneath the door.

At first the light da She stood for a while, spellbound by

gloom did not await her.

Fushing open the door very gently, she entered the room.

At first the light dazzled her sight. She advanced a few steps, unconsciously treading lightly, as she had done all along, lest she would wake some member of the household, and then, passing her hand over her eyes, looked leisurely up. The fire was nearly out. She turned her head, and then—then—she uttered a faint scream and grasped the back of a chair to steady herself.

With his back to her—all unaware of

man, evidently—and extremely good to look at. Just now amusement struggled with admiration in the clear-cut features, as he stepped forward and features, as he stepped forward and "Please forgive me," he began, quite along an held out his hand.

"Please forgive me," he began, quite blance. "I did not know—it was so blance. "I am sure Dr. Nelson will interced to me," he went on, pursuing his advantage.

Anne smiled. "Dr. Nelson is not at home. I am his daughter," she said simply.

"Then we are already old friends," and spetember your father—but first did along the word of the man's throat; his face grew livid. He flung up his hands, palm outward. In the library door, bowing pomporsly as he held aside the hangings to admit a slender, dark-eyed man, who advanced a step into the room and then stood uncertainly in the dim light.

"The surprise on Anne's face was poult of the part of the falling embers of the dying fire disturbed the stillness that reigned within a slender, dark-eyed man, who advanced a step into the room and then stood uncertainly in the dim light.

The surprise on Anne's face was poult of his was John Rexall, this man whom she instinctively dreaded—per dujks she ride. He has counted so on your coming—we were quite distressed over your telegram. So glad you managed to get here after quite distressed over your telegram. So glad you managed to get here after quite distressed over your telegram. So glad you managed to get here after quite distressed over your telegram. So glad you managed to get here after quite distressed over your telegram. So glad you managed to get here after quite distressed over your telegram. So glad you managed

doctor's voice:
"Nothing surprising, Rexall, I warned

you things were pretty lively here—in March." The day, begun so strenuously, was fast drawing to an end. The shadows closed softly in on the white world outside; inside the bright light of the great pine fire streamed cheerily over

the room. he room.

Anne tucked herself comfortably in the huge Davenport. "If one corner of the huge Davenport. "If this thing keeps up much longer," she announced, dramatically, "I shall lose

my voice."
"As bad as that?" laughed John Rex all. "Every bit. This last harrowing re-tal to Tom makes the third since

all.

"Every bit. This last harrowing recital to Tom makes the third since luncheon,
"I can understand," she went on, reflectively, "that that man might have gotten hold of your telegram in some way, either at the station or on the road, and so discovered that you were expected and delayed, and in that way conceived the idea of impersonating you. That part is clear enough. But what I cannot understand is how he knew we did not know you by sight."

"His face was familiar. I have seen him somewhere before. Probably he was hanging around the camp last fall, and judged I would know only the doctor. He had to take some risks—probably conceived the whole idea at once when he saw the doctor leave. Sort of spontaneous inspiration," as it were."

"His weak point was in not knowing you had come."

"He did not know it at first. I fancy

"His weak point was in not knowing you had come."

"He did not know it at first. I fancy he had a fairly clear idea of my presense later in the game."

"But is he—"

"Never mind him now," he pleaded. "By your own statement you are in danger of losing your voice over him and I want you to save your voice," he continued, softly, "for better pur-

poses."
Anne looked up at him. "Yes?" she

"I want you to save it to talk to me-

"To let me know you better—to write to me. Then, perhaps, next year, when the crocuses come again, you'll promise me more—when you know me."
His face was very grave.
"Well, perhaps,"—Anne's dimples showed in sudden mischief—"in March," she added, "when the crocuses come in March—again."—The Star.



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"T—" he began helplessly.

The next moment an embarrassed young man faced an equally embarrassed young woman with crimson cheeks and indignant eyes.

"Why didn't you speak?" she demanded wrathfully. "I thought it was Tom." She stopped in a vain search for words with which to annihilate this presuming interloper. "You know I thought you were Tom," she added indignantly.

"Would that I were," fervently thought the new comer. Curiosity tempered the wrath in Anne's eyes as she raised them to the face above her. The face of a gentle-

s good as Arbuckles' Ariosa!

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