

YOUTH RIDES WEST

By WILL IRWIN

Copyright by Will Irwin

CHAPTER IX

Had Town Marshal McGrath assaulted Marcus Handy on a day when the camp was booming along at its usual pace, the politics of Cottonwood might at once have rushed forward to a climax. I speculate yet on this, wondering if it all would have turned out more happily, in that event, for Marcus Handy and me. More and more the "business element" and the better men who lived by industry—which meant of course most of us—were beginning to see a change must come. But also, more and more had the gamblers, the dispensers of vice and the actual criminals grown insolent and overbearing through immunity. To meet this situation head-on would have taken all a man's courage with both property and life. If the citizenry of Cottonwood, boasted in common as a virtue, it was courage. But things were going very well for most of us; decent, public opinion in general, while deploring our civic condition, inclined to let well enough alone. It needed a dramatic incident to crystallize the western spirit of fair play, to translate sentiment into action. This unfair and brutal assault by a sworn officer of the law might have served that purpose—but for the discovery on Hayden hill.

The ebullient joy inspired by that event left no room in the public bosom for any other emotion. By afternoon the camp had become a madhouse; by night, a joyous chaos. It was settled now, said the public opinion of the bar-rooms. Cottonwood was a "permanent camp." Permanent! She was the greatest camp ever discovered in the Rockies—in the world—in the universe!

Even Marcus Handy, nursing his physical and moral injuries, was caught up in the universal wave of optimism and enthusiasm. He had better reason than most of the rest. Before I had finished staunching his wounds, I had broken the news in one confused burst; and hastened to inform him that he was to be my partner. Marcus balked a little at that.

"I'm afraid you're letting your generosity get away with you, boy!" he said. "But it's the way I'd expect you to act," he added shyly.

"Someone's got to stake me, or I can't develop that claim," said I, "and it had better be you than anyone I know." The man's quaint habit of secrecy about his most vital affairs had infected me, and I had never told him about my background in the East.

"All right; I guess I'll take a whirl with you," announced Marcus at last. "If I can keep any of my money out of the maw of that d—n a paper company!"

So was born the partnership which developed and operated the Upper Case claim on Hayden hill, which was the name given the location, in honor of Buck. For of course, when we came to name it, we used a printing term. Let me tell here, once for all, the story of the Upper Case, simple but typical. Hayden hill was "spotted." The ore, as many learned by hard experience, lay in pockets, great and small, and not the most experienced geologists could prophesy their lay from the surface conformation. The Hayden and Croly tunnel tapped one of these pockets—nearly the greatest. Our shaft was only fifty yards away, yet never, from the morning when we turned the first shovelful of earth until the night when its mouth was boarded up as a dangerous prospect hole, did it turn up an ounce of paying ore. After we had sunk to a depth below which carbonates had never yet been discovered on Hayden hill, we abandoned it as a bad job. Then a geophysicist with a theory that a deep sulphide formation underlay the whole hill made offers for some of the unproductive or worked-out claims. We sold for just enough money to pay Marcus back what he had sunk in it, plus a block of stock. I am keeping the stock yet—as a souvenir.

But Marcus, when we had patched him up with court-plaster from the drug store, displayed a nobler emotion than greed of gold or hate of man. "She's the biggest story that ever came out in this camp!" he said. "We've got to spread ourselves! We're making history, boy. When Cottonwood is capital of the state, this issue of the Courier will be framed in the statehouse for a souvenir! You know the story. Write it for all you're worth."

My story finished, Marcus sent me forth to get an interview with Buck. Estimating the probabilities, I repaired straight to Huffaker's. My judgment had me right. Already, the first story of the hotel was finished and occupied; and the dining-room and bar, as I approached, radiated light, bubble and song. I pushed inside. Buck, still in his red flannel shirt, his overalls tucked into his muddy boots, was dining in state. Heading a long table heaped with food, planked with champagne bottles, he had seated Jim Huffaker at his right, Isidore Cohen at his left. The company was pleased out with "mining men," brokers, even Taylor the banker—the financial aristocracy of the camp. I had scarcely stepped through the door when Buck saw me and rose to his feet, roaring boisterous welcome.

"Gents!" he cried, rapping for order with the butt of an empty bottle. "There's the mascot! There's the tenderfoot that brought me luck! Step up, kid, and let 'em see you. He's going to be rich too! Jim, 's my credit to him! All right, 's my credit to him! So I was surrounded, congratulated, welcomed prematurely to the financial aristocracy. While the false light of adulation tickled my vanity as well as my sense of humor, I had no desire to sit with the mighty that evening;

life had moved so fast since Buck's messenger woke me as to yield no opportunity for seeing Constance. On the plea of urgent business necessity, I got Buck away from the table, dragged him past the clutched, congratulating hands, shut him up in a back room of Huffaker's bar, and interviewed him.

"Well, Buck," I said, "now that you're rich, what are you going to do? Go East and settle down?"

"East, h—l!" exclaimed Buck. "These here Rockies is good enough for me!"

"Here in Cottonwood?" I asked. "Sure! Cert! What's the use of movin' to New York or Frisco when we're going to have New York right here?"

"Buck," I warned from the depths of my Yankee caution, "it's certain you have a very rich mine. There may be a million dollars down there, enough at any rate so that you might invest it and—"

"Sure I'm going to invest it!" said Buck. "Don't think I'm going to blow it all in, do you? In mines, I'll own this here camp before I'm through."

"But mines are a matter of luck," I interrupted.

"Cert. And my luck has turned," replied Buck simply. I had no time for further argument, because a new delegation of prominent citizens was pounding at the door; and Buck, lapped in such jobs as he had never before known, was in no mood for introspection.

I hastened to Mrs. Barnaby's late. Glancing through the door, I saw that the place at the head of the table was cleared; Constance had supped and departed. I went round to the sleeping tent and called. At the sound of my voice she came running forth into the twilight, both hands outstretched.

"I hear that you have struck it," she said, "and oh, I'm glad!"

I went all a-tremble; except for memory of that afternoon in the gulch, I should have lost my self-control again. She seemed to perceive my emotion; for she said quickly:

"We mustn't talk here by night this way—people gossip—I've had to make it a rule not to see men callers in the evening. Good night, Robert; I hope your claim makes a million!" and was gone through the tent-flap. Had I yielded to my impulses, I should have torn the canvas into shreds.

Reading page-proofs that night, I glanced up at Marcus, who was looking a form.

"Aren't you going to refer to the McGrath episode?" I asked.

"Nope!" said Marcus cheerfully. "Crowded out to make room for more interesting matter. By the way, boy—don't you go taking this matter up with Marshal McGrath. Next time he'll shoot, and I don't want to lose my best and only reporter. Just keep out of his way. We're going to get the criminal news for the Courier from others than the appointed authorities."

"Is the campaign for municipal government abandoned then?" I asked, and held my breath for the answer. I esteemed Marcus, and did not like to think that he lacked nerve.

"No," he replied. "But when I cut my wolf loose again, old boss, he's going to bite!" To which cryptic utterance he put a period with a resounding blow of his maul on the block.

The days passed, bringing the advance-guard of a new rush to Cottonwood camp. Again we were crowded beyond all possibility of accommodating our pilgrims and strangers. At about this time Mike, the day bartender of the Silver Dollar saloon, began to loom up from the hazy mists of my general acquaintance. For some weeks now he had held a loose connection with the Courier as a solicitor of printing jobs on commission and a gatherer of small news items. The Silver Dollar, which stood just where the glories of Main street encountered the cheap, open brothels of Pearl street, had a hard name in camp. Rumor called it headquarters for the thug element. As for Mike—I never knew his other name—he was a small, hunched, fat man with a dead, inscrutable face and the appearance in his street clothes of a respectable and somewhat self-effacing mechanic. He said little at any time, and that little in a voice which sucked the words in through a set of narrow teeth slanted backward like an anaconda's. He used to bring his information as rough notes, written in a business hand whose Spencerian flourishes contrasted oddly with its grammatical atrocieties. Only by a process of painful cross-examination could I extract the human lights which made the story.

When we severed relations with the marshal's office, Mike became at once invaluable. Our necessary criminal news we got from his reports; and we never missed an essential item. Twice, after I had drawn from him his budget of information, he stepped over to Marcus, spoke a quiet word; they retired then to the space behind the printing-press—the only private place in our office—and talked in whispers. Except for the uncomfortable feeling of being on the outside and a touch of amusement at my editor's mania for dramatic secrecy, I gave little thought to these conferences.

One night Marcus did not come back from dinner. Mike, reporting at eight o'clock as was his habit, laid down his budget of notes and gave his usual unilluminating explanations. He had only two unimportant hold-ups and a case of assault and battery; I put aside his notes to "work up" when I had finished the "telegraph" news. But Mike did not at once depart. For fifteen minutes he stood around the office, shifting from one foot to the other and asking faintly at intervals

when I expected the boss to come back.

"Say," he said at last, "I got business that won't wait. Give this note to the boss as soon as he comes in, will you? It's important."

I took the piece of folded copy-paper, slipped it into my pocket. A minute later, in fear that I might forget it, I laid it on the desk before me. I was working furiously that night. The telegraph matter finished, I turned to Mike's items. Absently, I unfolded the note with the rest, read it over at one glance of the eye before I realized what it was doing.

"Proved that somebody in town informs when they is money shipments," it read. "Regular sistem. May have interesting facts to-morrow."

I folded the note quickly, put it back into my pocket. When Marcus arrived half an hour later I gave it to him, wondering if the honorable and discreet thing was to admit my mistake or to keep silence. I decided on silence. Of course, I would keep his secret; and to let him know that I knew would only disturb him. A little guiltily, however, I watched him read it. He whistled, caught up his hat and hurried through the door to be gone for another half-hour. The loose ends of this affair began to knot themselves together in my mind. Mike, of course, was a detective, admirably placed in the Silver Dollar, admirably concealed by the device of giving him desultory employment on the Courier. But was he Marcus Handy's man alone—or whose?

The next day brought another tiny, significant incident—like a jet of steam from a verdant and blossoming earth, which indicates the volcano awakening to eruption underneath. But whereas my deductions from Mike's notes revealed to me part at least of the hidden truth, the meaning of this at the time escaped me.

Through a still summer afternoon, with the great mountain above seeming very near, I had ridden out to Hayden hill. Ostensibly, I made this journey in order to report progress on our development work to Marcus; in reality I went to gloat. That place

up a little!" He withdrew the unlighted cigar from his mouth, spat a loose piece of wrapper from his lips. "Tryin' to break myself of chavin'!" he remarked. "Jim Huffaker said a dry cigar was the best way. But it ain't very satisfyin'."

We drifted into the gossip of the day. Buck's claim was developing beyond all expectations! Still the ore body seemed to widen out; and still it grew richer. One sack which had gone down to Denver assayed eight hundred dollars to the ton. Shorty had been shirking his share of the work. "Drunk a heap," said Buck. "And then there's that girl from Red Nell's house."

"Two of the other claims had already reached 'signs.' 'You'll break into it yourself any day, now,' pronounced Buck. Hadn't been any symptoms of claim-jumping yet. Probably because the crooks in town knew what kind of men had located on Hayden hill. "That was just blind luck," he commented. "The right kind of men got locations here. Had a mine owners' association before they'd scratched ground. And we'll stand together, too. Anybody that tries anything funny up here is monkeyin' with a buzzsaw. I guess the camp's next in order." He paused a moment.

"Sacramento diggings," he added in a low, even tone.

"What?" I asked. Buck was seldom cryptic.

"Guess you ain't a member of our lodge," laughed Buck; and at once changed the subject to the shortage of mine hardware.

If I thought at all of this curious phrase, it was to reflect with amusement that Buck had probably joined by now every secret order represented in Cottonwood.

I looked up to realize that if I kept straight on, I must pass round the corner of the jail. I had taken that course from the suburbs, where I had gone to look for a freighter with a bear story, in pure absentmindedness born of a troubled mind. The dazzling interest of my dual job as reporter for the Courier and owner of the Upper Case mine had saved me, all this time, from that sickness of the spirit which afflicts unhappy lovers. But sometimes when I was alone—as tonight—the hopeless misery of my situation and the uncertainty of the path I was following came over me in a wave of black, tormenting misery.

I hesitated just a moment. Not since the day when he beat up Marcus Handy had I encountered Marshal McGrath face to face. Subconsciously, I had been dreading the meeting. Of course, I should look through him, as though he were "not there." Then, probably, the marshal would taunt me—or Marcus, which would come to the same thing. If I answered him in kind, he would probably shoot. I had no illusions as to my chance in a pistol match with the marshal. Moreover, Marcus had again and again implored me not to hunt trouble in that quarter. On the other hand, if I failed to answer in kind I should lose all standing; should be known simply as a tenderfoot that backed down. And by now my growing position in camp had become sweet, so young was I.

In the shadow of a cabin which blocked the approaches from the hillside to the jail, I hesitated, my pride disputing with my prudence. I glanced at the jail. Brilliant light flooded through its front window illuminated Marshal McGrath's rocking chair. I noted, on the hairy edge of the belt of light, two male figures standing close together as though in conversation, and the outlines of a horse. But neither was the marshal. All this in the mere pause of an interrupted step.

I was about to advance, certain that the chance of meeting my enemy was remote, when the two men stepped out into the belt of light. One, though his face lay in shadow, I recognized as the talkative Charlie Meek. The light shone full on the face of the other. It was a comely countenance; my first, photographic glimpse recorded a brow running almost without break into a straight regular nose; from beneath his black slouch hat, now pushed back on his head, emerged a tuft of curling blond hair. Then he turned from profile to full face, and smiled at some remark of Charlie Meek. And I saw that a loose mouth marred his comeliness.

I had lifted my foot to step forth and boldly to pass the jail, when he stooped, picked up the reins, led his horse's head and forequarters into the belt of light. The motion stirred in me a faint memory which held me, searching my brain, to the spot. The face was new. Yet that motion reminded me of something significant, dramatic, perplexingly in the depths of memory. Charlie, talking in low tones over his shoulder, thrust his key into the lock of the jail. A forward motion of the horse blotted out his figure. The stranger mounted; the horse swung round backward and sideward as an independent steed will. On his buckskin flank lay a white marking—shaped like the upper half of a pear, the head and shoulders of a veiled woman.

That was the horse I had seen in the bushes after the robbery of the Cottonwood stage! And the rider . . . when I saw him before, he was masked. But that motion, that figure were the same. As certainly as though he had confessed it, I knew that this was the man whom I had been lying along the rock covering the stage passengers, whom I had seen mounting that same horse with the pear-shaped marking.

That was the horse I had seen in the bushes after the robbery of the Cottonwood stage! And the rider . . . when I saw him before, he was masked. But that motion, that figure were the same. As certainly as though he had confessed it, I knew that this was the man whom I had been lying along the rock covering the stage passengers, whom I had seen mounting that same horse with the pear-shaped marking.

"Hello!" he cried as I approached; and then, somewhat sheepishly: "What think of the new shell?"

"It's great. It's swell," I said, suppressing my smiles. "You must be cashing in."

"Nope!" replied Buck. "Not till next week. First shipment started to Denver yesterday. Don't have to pay. Everybody gives me tick." Then, reverting a little shyly to the fascinating subject of his clothes:

"Since the boys elected me president of the Hayden Hill Mine Owners' association I kinder feel I ought to dog



Buck Strode From the Big Bonanza Chewing an Unlighted Cigar.

ORCHARD GLEANINGS

ANTHRACNOSE IS SERIOUS DISEASE

The agricultural experiment station of the North Carolina State college has just issued Bulletin No. 248, "Anthraco-nose of Dewberries and Its Control," which gives the results of several years of investigation with this disease, which has seriously affected dewberry growing in North Carolina. The bulletin is published as the result of work done by Prof. F. A. Wolf, formerly of the experiment station staff, and B. O. Dodge of the United States Department of Agriculture.

The authors state that anthracnose is the most serious disease affecting the dewberry crop and is due to a fungus which spreads more easily and rapidly in rainy weather. The anthracnose girdles the canes, causing them to die, and causes the berries to become scabby or brown, dry and woody. After several seasons of continuous work in fighting the disease, Doctor Wolf found that the best way to control it was to remove thoroughly and destroy all growth immediately after harvest, and to spray the new growth.

"There are three critical times when the applications should be made," says the bulletin. "The first is during August when the new growth is about one foot high; the second, as soon as possible after the canes have been tied up in the spring, and the third as soon as the petals have fallen. Bordeaux mixture 4-4-50 is recommended as probably the best spray material to use."

It is pointed out also that new plantings should not be infected by using old cane stubs which have been attacked by the disease.

The bulletin gives the latest fertilizer recommendations for growing dewberries, and outlines successful methods used by some of the leading growers of the section in combating diseases and in raising good crops.

In Hunting for Rabbits Use of Ferrets Barred

Many of our orchard men are greatly troubled by rabbits. These animals gnaw trees, eat shrubs and make nuisances of themselves generally. Under the law farmers may kill such rabbits if they can catch them in the act of destroying property but that is not satisfactory. With a good ferret they could clean out their premises and save much trouble and expense, writes John T. McCormick in the Rural New Yorker. But the conservation law will not permit the use of ferrets—and farmers want to know why? We therefore asked the secretary of the conservation commission to explain. Here is what he says:

"As you know, rabbits are one of the species of game protected by law, and can only be legally taken during the open season for the same with a gun fired at arm's length without rest between sunrise and sunset, except that the owner or occupant of farm lands may take rabbits at any time of the year and in any manner, except by the use of ferrets, where they are doing damage to property."

"The habits of the rabbit when not foraging for food are to live in burrows, and when hunted they will immediately take to the burrows for protection and, therefore, can be very easily captured, in the event that the use of a ferret is permitted. The ferret is placed in the burrow and either kills the rabbits that it finds in there or drives them out, and they are then readily captured by the hunter, either in a bag or in their hands or taken by means of shooting. This is the reason why the law was passed prohibiting the use of ferrets in hunting rabbits."

Proper Summer Pruning to Establish Fruiting

At certain stages in the care of an orchard, fruiting can be better established or maintained by the proper use of summer pruning. For instance, if the tree has a densely shaded top, early season thinning out of the upper part of the top tends to hasten instead of delay fruiting. Also, pinching of strongly growing shoots sometimes induces blossom bud formation if increased growth in diameter is made after the tipping is done. The trouble with this operation is that there is no certainty of how much growth will be made after tipping. It has already been noted that giving a dormant season type of cutting in the summer time after nearly all the growth of the season is completed, fails to give the growth type which is associated with blossoming. If the need of the tree seems clear, and the type of response can be somewhat clearly forecasted, try such summer pruning as fits the case. If it is to be used merely as an experiment, leave it alone, or at least be prepared to be satisfied with an experimenter's results.

I had lifted my foot to step forth and boldly to pass the jail, when he stooped, picked up the reins, led his horse's head and forequarters into the belt of light. The motion stirred in me a faint memory which held me, searching my brain, to the spot. The face was new. Yet that motion reminded me of something significant, dramatic, perplexingly in the depths of memory. Charlie, talking in low tones over his shoulder, thrust his key into the lock of the jail. A forward motion of the horse blotted out his figure. The stranger mounted; the horse swung round backward and sideward as an independent steed will. On his buckskin flank lay a white marking—shaped like the upper half of a pear, the head and shoulders of a veiled woman.

That was the horse I had seen in the bushes after the robbery of the Cottonwood stage! And the rider . . . when I saw him before, he was masked. But that motion, that figure were the same. As certainly as though he had confessed it, I knew that this was the man whom I had been lying along the rock covering the stage passengers, whom I had seen mounting that same horse with the pear-shaped marking.

Grape Leaf-Hopper

It is a good plan to spray for the grape leaf-hopper when the nymphs or young insects are present in the greatest numbers. Use 40 per cent nicotine sulphate at the rate of one-fourth pint to 50 gallons of soapy water. Add two pounds of soap to the 50 gallons of water, or if you wish to control fungus diseases at the same time use the fourth-pint of nicotine sulphate with 50 gallons of bordeaux mixture 4-4-50. In spraying, hit the lower sides of the leaves forcibly.

Early Synthetic Perfume

The first synthetic perfume was made in 1850.

Found Beauty in British Factories

Britain's factories are beauty marts, if the opinion of Sir Thomas Legge, senior medical inspector of factories, is to be taken without question.

In the last factory he visited Sir Thomas says that 72 per cent of the damsels employed were good looking—of the Rossetti, Burne-Jones, or Greek type—27 per cent were average looking and none at all were bad looking.

To put the issue beyond doubt, Sir Thomas has admitted publicly that he takes a serious interest in the matter of looks because it is an important one for the welfare of the country. Twenty years ago, according to him, 30 to 35 per cent of the working girls of the country suffered from anaemia; today not more than five per cent suffer from it. Open air life, exercise and high wages, he says, been the chief contributory causes toward making the average worker in Britain an example of health as well as good looks.

When the "Elocution Queen" Was Supreme

I think that elocutionism, as perpetuated by those who have taken lessons, is now prohibited by law in many of our states, but it was almost an epidemic in the "seventies." Tall brunette ladies of intense personality, and always suffering from a slight cold, would travel from town to town and collect their victims into halls, and goose-pimples them with "Rum's Maniac," "Curfew Shall Not Ring Tonight," and "The Fall of the Perverse Mill." I can think of only one form of entertainment more devastating than the serious recitation given by the lady professional who bites her words, and that is the humorous or laugh-provoking selection attempted by the same type of performer.—George Ade, in Hearst's International Cosmopolitan.

Probably Tootin' Her Own

The young college girl, whose first-hand knowledge of country life and all things pertaining thereto was rudimentary, visited a friend on the latter's farm.

Among the many things of interest to her was the cow and to her surprise she learned that the animal had horns. She stood watching the cow for a while, discussing with her friend this feature of the animal's physiology, and then turned away. The cow bawled. "Oh, which one of her horns did she blow?" breathlessly demanded the college girl as she grasped her friend's arm.

GATHERED GEMS

Skunks make good mouse hunters.

Do not grasp after what has not been given you.

Money is a good servant but a bad master.—Bacon.

We have more idleness in the mind than in the body.

And when fate summons, monarchs must obey.—Dryden.

Fidelity bought with money is overcome by money.—Seneca.

We learn wisdom from failure much more than from success.—Smiles.

Dignity and pride are of too near relationship for intermarriage.—Madame Delury.

Modern northern Indians prefer hardwood canoes to the romantic birchbark variety.

Life is not a speculation. It is a sacrament. Its ideal is love. Its purification is sacrifice.

It is in the power of man to make paralytic maladies disappear from the face of the globe.—Pasteur.

A retired bunko man says that love is not the only thing that needs the services of an expert oculist.

The machinery investment of an up-to-date midwestern farm has increased from \$1 an acre to \$10 an acre in the last 50 years.

The use of soft coal will make laundry work heavier this winter. Russ Bleaching Blue will help to remove that grimy look. At all grocers.—Advertisement.

Frequently

Bella—Have you ever met the only man you could be happy with?

Della—Oh, lots of them!

Gospel Prophet

Isaiah is known as the great Gospel Prophet, since he is spoken of so often in the gospels and because many of his prophecies are recorded as fulfilled in these books of the Bible.

Be sure of good bread: use Yeast Foam

If your children do not possess a keen appetite

try home-made bread: they love its flavor and need its nourishment.

Send for free booklet "The Art of Baking Bread"

Northwestern Yeast Co. 1730 N. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.

YEAST FOAM

YEAST FOAM

YEAST FOAM

YEAST FOAM

YEAST FOAM

YEAST FOAM

YEAST FOAM

YEAST FOAM

YEAST FOAM

YEAST FOAM

YEAST FOAM

YEAST FOAM

HUSBAND DID THE WASHING

His Wife Confined to Her Bed by Ill Health

Because of his wife's frequent ill health, Mr. J. F. Gage was obliged to do the washing and cooking for the family.

One day when Mrs. Gage was confined to her bed, he brought her the newspaper to read. Among the advertisements she noticed a letter from another sick woman telling of the help she had received from Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"I'll try it," she decided.

Her husband brought home a bottle and only a few days after she had begun to take it she felt well enough to be up around the house. Gradually her general health improved until she is now able to do her own work.

In a letter which Mrs. Gage recently wrote, she said, "I have taken twelve bottles and feel like a new woman." She has told many women about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and one of her friends is now taking it. Her address is Mrs. J. F. Gage, Route 5, Brownwood, Texas.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been taken by women for more than half a century with very satisfactory results.

Clear Your Skin
With
Cuticura
Soap to Cleanse
Ointment to Heal
Absolutely Nothing Better

Golf Courses for Women

Golf courses for women only are common in England and Scotland. Feminist desire for complete independence is the cause for the separatist movement.

SONGS That Are Sweeping the Country

"Kentucky Lullaby"

"Out of My Dreams"

"Don't Forget the Pal You Left at Home"

(All Have Ukulele Accompaniment)

35c Per Copy ALL 3 FOR \$1

Get 'em from your Music Dealer or direct from Publisher.

Forster Music Pub., Inc. 218 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago

FOR OVER 200 YEARS

haarlem oil has been a world-wide remedy for kidney, liver and bladder disorders, rheumatism, lumbago and uric acid conditions.

GOLD MEDAL HAARLEM OIL CAPSULES