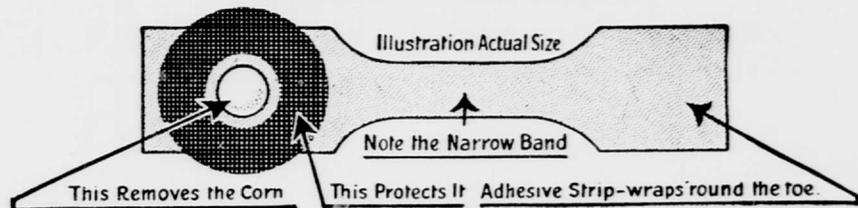


Every Corn Comes Away Freely



This is the "Blue-jay way" to remove corns:

Place the downy felt ring of a Blue-jay Corn Plaster directly over the corn so the medicated center rests on top.

The ring prevents chafing and stops all pain instantly.

At the same time that wonderful medication begins its persuasion—no pain whatever.

In 48 hours the thing is completed—you simply lift the corn out.

Neat, simple and safe. Absolutely effective.

No spreading liquid to make the toe sore—no mushy salve. Nothing at all hurtful or disagreeable.

Millions today are free from corns because of these marvelous little corn plasters. More than 10,000 are sold every day.

But the one way to know is to try them. Get a package today of any druggist. Only 15c.

We will make good the above if you wish, before you pay any money. Just say "Blue-jay" on a postal and we'll send you a plaster—free.

Blue=jay

15c and 25c per Package

Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters

Corn Plasters

Bauer & Black, Chicago and New York—Makers of Surgical Dressings, Etc.



The Deaf Can Hear

The Electrophone

is an electrical wonder. It multiplies sound waves so the deafest person can distinctly hear as well as those with perfect hearing.

Can be used at home before deciding to buy. No treatment required; gives instant assistance. Thousands in use. Write for particulars. **STOLZ ELECTROPHONE CO., 374 Stewart Bldg., 92 State St., Chicago**



Remove That Bunion You can do it yourself

without pain, irritation or inconvenience. My bunion plaster removes the pain immediately and completely, and what's more, it removes the enlargement and restores the natural shape of the foot. It has done so in thousands and thousands of cases, and it will do the same for you. You probably have bought a dozen worthless bunion remedies, which did you more harm than good, and very likely you think there really is no bunion remedy that will do you any good. To convince you that my bunion plaster will completely remove the pain and the bunion I am willing to send you a plaster absolutely free. All you have to do is to send your name and address and I will send you the bunion plaster. Write today and it will be mailed to you promptly.

FOOT REMEDY COMPANY
3513 West 26th Street - Chicago, Ill.

DENT'S Toothache Gum



Stops toothache instantly whether there's a cavity or not. Is not dissolved in the mouth, but stays right on the spot. Stops decay. Don't take substitutes. See that you get Dent's Toothache Gum. At all druggists, 15c., or by mail. Dent's Corn Gum cures corns and bunions, 15 cents. **C. S. DENT & CO., A Swell Affair. 60 Larned St., Detroit, Mich.**

Bunions INSTANTLY RELIEVED

and lasting comfort guaranteed by using **THE FISCHER BUNION PROTECTOR**

It reduces swelling, stops friction and irritation and keeps the shoes in shape. Over 250,000 sufferers benefited. **FREE TRIAL** We will send this sure Bunion Relief on 10 Days' Trial. Nopay! If it fails, send size of shoes and if for right or left foot.

THE FISCHER MFG. CO., 923 3d St., Milwaukee, Wis.

Hay Fever and Asthma

Sufferers from these two afflictions can be greatly relieved by the use of a little device which we will send to any address to be tested 7 days before you decide to keep it.

This device filters the air. The dust, pollen and other foreign matter, which produce irritation that causes Hay Fever and the paroxysms of Asthma, are eliminated. Relief is immediate. The delicate membranes of the nasal cavities are rested and protected so that the affected parts have an opportunity to regain their normal powers of resistance. This device is not a cure, but it gives relief instantly. Thousands are in use. They are not annoying and cannot be seen when worn.

Send name and address so that we may let you have a 7 days' test of this little device. The Nasal-filter Company, 401 Globe Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Darken Your Gray Hair

DUBY'S HAIR COLORING HERBS restore gray, streaked or faded hair to its natural color, beauty and softness. Prevents the hair from falling out, promotes its growth, prevents dandruff, and gives the hair a soft, glossy and healthy appearance. It will not stain the scalp, is not sticky or dirty, and is composed of roots, herbs, barks and flowers. Package makes one pint. It will produce the most luxuriant tresses from dry, coarse and wiry hair, and bring back the color it originally was before it turned gray. Package postpaid for 25 cents, or five packages for \$1.00. **OZARK HERB CO., Desk G, St. Louis, Mo.**

Corns

You don't need to put up with aching corns. A-Corn Salve cures them by taking them out by the roots. No pain or danger.

15 cents at druggists' or by mail. **Giant Chemical Co., Philadelphia**

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to show the troops just what a new Minister of War could do. Everything was very stately. The only regret they had was that the quite honorable Kaid Whitney could not be there to hear the noise. If I had permitted, they would have sent the full garrison of Fez to accompany us to the coast. 'A company, Sidi, will do.'—'What, nothing but a company?' said his Excellency Sidi Suleyman. 'Why not a division?'—'Because,' said I, laughing in his face, 'you know, and I know, Sidi, that with a certain forty men I can pick I can cut my way round the world!'—'Quite true,' said he, 'provided they were led by one of two men.'—'Who is the other?' I asked. 'The American who fights the guns,' he answered, 'and who, I am certain, has seen the light and will some day come back to be among those of his faith, the unbeliever who shouted with us "Bismillah Allah Wahid." And, Dick, if you ever do come back to this country after you've carried off that sister of mine, God help you if you forget your Moslem faith!'

He leaned back and laughed while the Consul slipped quietly in and seated himself on a wicker chair marked for abandonment. "Well," the Kaid continued, "everything was dignified enough until the boy Sultan came riding out on a big white horse for which he has taken a violent fancy. The sword bearer pranced gaily ahead, and the slaves slashed away at imaginary insects. His Majesty is not permitted by court etiquette to give any recognition to salutes, or anything else for that matter; but at the last minute he dropped out of his saddle, ran across where I was standing, leaped up, and threw his arms around my neck, and gave me as sturdy a hug as could any boy in all England. To tell the truth, it kind of got me. By Jove! I held the nipper in my arms, suddenly remembering that I had known him since he was a baby and time and again had carried him through the streets of Fez on the pommel of my saddle asking myself whether or not he would ever own a throne. It almost upset me. I felt as blubbery as he did, and, don't you know, before ever I thought I promised him that if ever he needed me I should come."

"Well, you'd do it, wouldn't you?" the Hon. Bob burst out. "You wouldn't leave that poor little cuss to fight his battles alone, if it ever came to be a showdown?"

"Certainly not," Clarke answered, and then, with a return of his carefree humor. "I could not do that, could I, after gaining the assurance of him and all his ministers that everything the retiring American Consul had asked would be carried out to the letter?"

The Hon. Bob settled back into his chair with a stentorian sigh of content. "I have made good, haven't I?" he said. "I've got everything I asked for. In fact, I've got more than I wanted, both here and at home. Now I never had any idea that I should ever go to the United States Senate; but Washington does look a heap better than Fez to me, and, more than that, it'll be a nice resting place for all of you to come and stay with me until my term is done."

He turned in his seat to face the American and said insistently, "Dick, you don't want to forget that you've given me your word that when I leave the Senate you're to quit the army, and that all of us, Charlie and Hamilton and Margaret and you, are to live together. I want you by me, because no one can tell what's going to happen. Why, I'm not bettin' that I may not be an English Earl myself some day. The only thing I failed at, and I'll tell you this now that we're goin' to leave this country to-morrow, is that I've come to the conclusion I'm a terror of a cupid!"

THEY made one last inspection before bidding goodby to the palace. The dawn was to find them on their way to the coast, and this was to be their last opportunity. In a silence bordering on awe, they passed back through the outer court and into the Garden of Fate. Slowly they walked along the graveled paths until they stood beside the great fountain in front of the tiny house. It was not flowing. Everything was silent and still. None of them ventured to step upon the broad marble way which had known so much of tragedy. No one spoke. Each seemed to feel that any word in that spot would be an act of desecration. They were bidding goodby to the place in which had palpitated extremes of love and hate, and in which for a moment they had taken part. The white walls bordering it had looked unfeelingly down on Kingdoms changed, ideals shattered, and hopes abandoned; on laughter and tears, and on new loves springing up from bud to bloom. It had changed the lives of all who had ever entered it, from the Berber maid to those of the vast outer world who had heedlessly wandered into its gorgeous thrall. It had witnessed the downfall of two heirs to a

throne, the death of the innocent, and a compact of peace. Men and thrones had passed away and dynasties had changed; but it was still breathing with life, every shrub and flower attesting its perpetuity.

Silently, as they entered, they passed from it. With his own hands the Hon. Bob pulled the huge stone gate shut. The rusty wards of the lock whined in protest. He carried the key, as an evil thing, to the well in the outer garden and dropped it into the black depths. There was a splash of river water and it was lost. The Garden of Fate was sealed, as it had been sealed those many years before when a sorrowful Sultan pressed his signet to the heated wax. Superstition would furnish those to come a better lock. The tangled weeds and shrubbery might again run across its length and the tapestries rot and molder on its walls; but for these at least, it was forever closed.

THE END

CANNON ON THE FOURTH

GEORGE, will you be on duty to-morrow? This was asked of George Winters, the veteran elevator conductor of the House of Representatives, at Washington, on the afternoon of July 3, 1909.

"I shall certainly not be on duty to-morrow," he replied, "and for the good and sufficient reason that if I should be on duty to-morrow it would be my last day on duty; should be discharged, if I reported for duty to-morrow."

"Quit your joking ambiguity, George," was the reply, "and write out a diagram of your joke. What does it mean?"

"It means business," said George. "Speaker Cannon was here a little while ago, and I asked him if he would be here to-morrow. He told me it was none of my business; but said he would like to know why I asked the question, and I said:

"If you are to be here, Mr. Speaker, I shall be here to run the elevator; but, if you will not be here, I shall go on a picnic down the Potomac River."

"Well, you go on the picnic, then," said the Speaker. "If I am here I shall run up stairs. I'm only seventeen-three years young."

"But I replied that, if he was to be here, I'd surely be here, and not let him run up stairs. Then he put his hand on my shoulder, and said: "George, I mean business when I tell you that I'm not come here to-morrow, and spend your Fourth of July in this building, merely to carry me up stairs if I happen to come here, I shall discharge you not only for disobedience of orders, but for being a fool."

"So you see, of course," said Winters, "that I must not be here on the Fourth of July, or the Speaker might keep his word and discharge me for those two reasons."

THE SUNNY SIDE OF A TREE

IN Charleston, South Carolina, the writer came across a man transplanting palmetto trees in a public square. He noticed that each tree had a small white string tied to one leaf frond. Not seeing how such a thing could identify any particular tree, as all the strings were exactly similar, he asked what they were for. He was informed that before the tree was dug up a string was tied to the part facing the morning sun, so that when the tree was replanted it could be placed with the same face to the east; that a palmetto tree would die if transplanted in any other manner.

Is it possible that in all tree transplanting this rule is followed? It certainly is not necessary in plants of one or two seasons' existence. The reason apparently is not hard to understand. If a plant gets used to having one side warmed first every morning for several years, its sap there consequently expanding and becoming quickened, it is extremely probable that certain automatic actions are set up that require the same routine for good working. However, no explanation of the phenomenon can be recalled.

WHAT NAPOLEON COULDN'T DO

AN incident connected with Napoleon when he was in exile at Elba is commemorated on the island to this day by an inscription affixed to the wall of a peasant's house.

A man named Giacomini was plowing when the famous exile came along one day and expressed an interest in his work. Napoleon even took the plow handles and attempted to guide it himself; but the oxen refused to obey him, overturned the plow, and spoiled the furrow.

The inscription runs thus: "Napoleon the Great, passing by this place in MDCCCXIV, took in the neighboring field a plow from the hands of a peasant and himself tried to plow; but the oxen, rebellious to those hands which yet had guided Europe, headlong fled from the furrow."