

# The Diamond Cipher

A Baseball Romance

By W. A. PHILON

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## SYNOPSIS.

Secret Service Chief Wilkins, puzzled over the theft of the government's cipher, calls to his aid Detective Pinkwell. They think they have discovered a new cipher, when the office boy, Brockett, tells them it is "The Diamond Cipher" and starts for the ball park. Brockett, Chula Lon Kan, a Siamese; Ramon Solano a Cuban, together with some twenty other youngsters, practice baseball, playing until dark. One of Wilkins' stenographers is seen to pass a paper to a mysterious stranger.

## CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

Solano half-turned, and peered through the twilight. "Rude form, I know," he spoke, half-apologetically, "to stare after a young lady. I was just wondering, though, where I had seen her lately—several times, in fact. A-hem, Harry—she has met a friend."

Half a block up the street, a little man, his head scarcely up to the stenographer's shoulder, had emerged from the shelter of a doorway. He lifted his hat with ceremonious precision, and bowed over the young woman's extended hand. Miss Lawson checked her onward walk for the fraction of an instant, and the young men, idly glancing towards the couple, saw a flash of white passing from the girl's hand into that of her new-met friend. The little man bowed again; Miss Lawson walked on, and the little man came down the street with a rapid, jaunty stride. As he passed the boys, his face was for an instant in the dying light of the day, and the strong, brown features, with a wide scar across one cheek, were clearly outlined.

He was a Japanese.

When Brockett presented himself at Chief Wilkins' private office in the morning, none of the other clerks had as yet appeared. Miss Lawson, however, was already at her desk—it had long been her custom to come early and work late, with an intelligence, a faithfulness, and an attention to detail which had won her repeated commendations from the chief. As Brockett crossed the office and halted at the chief's particular door, the girl looked up, threw the boy a sunny smile, and resumed the polishing of some small factor of her typewriter. Brockett returned the smile, knocked lightly on the frosted glass, and heard a loud "Come in."

Chief Wilkins sat at his desk, flanked by the burly Mr. Pinkwell. Three big leather chairs nearby were occupied by three stately gentlemen, whom Brockett, with natural surprise, recognized as the secretary of war, the secretary of the navy, and General Cole, commander of the army. The boy's precipitated entrance, distinguishedly conclave, could only struggle against sudden dispersal of his thoughts and senses into the semblance of a cloud of wandering bees, and, in default of a clear comprehension of the situation, could only stare inquiringly at the grim face of the chief.

"Mr. Brockett," came the incisive tones of the chief, cutting through the boy's understanding like a spear-point thrown from a long, long distance, "will you give these gentlemen another demonstration of your cipher?"

The spear-point went clear through, and Brockett woke up.

"Why—yes—of course. How shall I demonstrate it?"

"Suppose," explained the chief, "we have General Cole dictate a sentence to you. Write out that sentence in your cipher. Then read the sentence back again to us—just to show that the cipher is clearly intelligible to you yourself. After that—if you so wish—explain the key of the cipher."

Brockett had shaken himself together, and the group of dignitaries no longer over-awed him. Pad and pencil ready, he waited for the general's words, and the soldier, slowly, sententiously, dictated.

"Send Eighth cavalry, 385 men, to Laredo. Support with First Infantry by Friday. No guns at present."

Brockett penciled briskly, and handed the general a sheet scribbled bewilderingly in this fashion:

L SH E BH BOSTON R Pos T pos PO W WP COBB TO TO PO pos SH BH TC L in FA FA TC W TO SH HR TO 3BH CUBS HR E SB W E TO W WP AB WP SB W HR FO pos WP UMP 2BH in E L pos TO FA W SH L SH E TO.

The sheet of paper went around the circle, and then back to Brockett, who promptly read off the general's original dictation. Silence followed for a moment, and then the general, slapping his hand sharply on his knee, exclaimed: "By blazes! Gentlemen, it's too much for me!" A general burst of laughter followed, and Brockett felt the last traces of embarrassment melt rapidly away.

"Mr. Brockett," interrogated the chief, after the merriment died down, "how old are you?"

"Nineteen, sir."

"What education, if I may ask?"

"High school, sir. Then one year at Columbia. Had to leave when my father died."

"Yes, I see—making it essential for you to support the family, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir."

"Speak any languages besides English?"

"I have picked up Spanish from a friend, a Cuban, Ramon Solano."

"H-m, h-m. That accounts for your remark yesterday—that a Cuban might understand this cipher. Have you shown it to your friend, Solano?"

"Yes, sir. In fact, he suggested some of the points in the cipher, and can read it as well as myself."

"H-m, h-m. Rather sorry about that. Is this Solano a good, square fellow?"

"Best in the world, sir. He's a real American in everything but his birth-place, chief. I'll vouch for him every time."

sages, without danger of their being transcribed by hostile influences, a service of the most notable kind will have been performed for the country. Do you follow me?"

Brockett nodded eagerly, but Solano could not shift his great black eyes from the general's visage. The old warrior resumed his speech.

"Mr. Brockett, a key of your cipher, and a message, written in that cipher, must be carried, by a messenger on whom we can unhesitatingly rely, to a person—a person whose name can be revealed only to the messenger and one companion—in the City of Mexico. You are the inventor of the cipher, and can instruct in the use of its key more rapidly, more successfully, than any other man. You are also, I believe, honest, loyal, and fairly resourceful. Furthermore, you say that you have learned to speak a little Spanish. How would you like to carry a message of importance, and a key to your cipher, as far as the capital of Mexico?"

Brockett choked up, flushed, and stammered a vague sentence which he in all probability meant to signify acceptance of the proffered honor. The general smiled reassuringly.

"You don't say it very clearly, son, but your meaning is easily understood. Now, then, something along the same lines. If you had a companion on this journey, a man who spoke Spanish by right of birth and blood, and who could be trusted as absolutely as yourself, the chances of success would be more than doubled. Ramon Solano, I knew your father. I have heard good reports of you. If you are even half the man your father was a dozen years ago, you are already selected for this commission."

The Cuban gazed straight into the eyes of the fighting man, and the general understood.

"Now, boys," the veteran continued, "let's get busy without delay. You will please make arrangements with the folks at home for a somewhat prolonged absence. While you are gone, Mr. Brockett, your mother will receive your salary—and perhaps a little more. Mr. Solano, you are not in government employ—"

The Cuban waved a supple hand.

"I have ample resources of my own, general, and shall consider it a pleasure to expend them on such a mission."

"Nevertheless," answered General Cole, "the government will take the liberty of supplying you both with the funds needed in the completion of the enterprise. Enough money to cover all probable expenses will be advanced you, and when you reach the frontier arms, horses, general equipments, and trustworthy guides will be found. Tonight, Mr. Brockett, you will receive

full instructions at your home. Read them over carefully—you also, Mr. Solano. Be ready to start tomorrow afternoon. I need hardly remark that you are not supposed to speak of the commission with which you are entrusted—not even to your most intimate friends. As to your parents—that, of course, is a different question. I think that is all, boys—go home and bid your good-byes. You will know all further details in the evening."

Brockett hurried home to break the strange news to his mother, while Solano agreed to notify his father that he had decided to preface his vacation by a few extra weeks of travel, and made all possible speed to the nearest Western Union office. The Cuban picked up a pad of cable blanks, and reached for a pen. It was broken. Another pen proved equally useless, and Solano fumbled in his pocket for a pencil. A little man seated on the next stool turned quickly, and proffered him an ink-pencil, one of those annoying contrivances which were invented a few years ago to displace both lead pencils and fountain pens—and which are now a memory, and nothing more.

"Very annoying, the unpleasant delay," said the little man, amiably. "Permit me that I am of a little assistance."

And Solano, as he scribbled his brief cablegram, gave thanks, with true Latin politeness, to the stocky, scar-cheeked Japanese who had walked past Brockett and himself the previous evening. When the Cuban left the telegraph office, the little brown man caught up the pad of cable blanks, scrutinized the impressions left by his message, and, despite the fact that the cablegram had been written in Spanish, seemed to have no trouble in deciphering its meaning. Whatever information he gained, however, seemed to afford but small satisfaction. He smiled mirthlessly, tossed the pad back upon the counter,

and walked out into the busy thoroughfare.

Brockett's mother, a sweet-faced, thoroughly feminine, but thoroughly sensible woman, did not offer any serious objections to her son's acceptance of the strange commission so shortly to be entrusted to his care. Mrs. Brockett, in fact, cherished an abiding belief in the foresight and the cleverness of her boy—a belief that he could take care of himself under all most any circumstances. Bertha Brockett, Harry's only sister, was much more worried over the possible dangers of the journey than either her mother or the young athlete himself. She forecasted terrors of the road and hobgoblins of the passes. In her sixteen-year-old imagination, Mexico teemed with bandits, Yaqui savages, and ferocious insurgents. As Miss Brockett was not only eloquent, but extremely pretty, her arguments might have dissuaded almost any young adventurer—unless the adventurer happened to be her brother. Sisterly counsels and entreaties have been wasted on the wandering winds for many centuries, and, presumably, always will be.

Young Brockett had dined, had received some excellent advice from his mother, and had rebuffed the imploring sister with much humor. He was glancing over the evening paper, and waiting the arrival of Ramon Solano or of the messenger who should bring him his instructions, when the doorbell tinkled lightly. Bertha, answering the bell, admitted a stocky, well-dressed man of middle age—a swarthy little fellow, with one cheek crossed by a broad, indented scar. The boy at once remembered the Japanese whom he had seen stop Miss Lawson on the previous night, but gave no sign of recognition as he looked inquiringly at his Oriental visitor.

There was Old World politeness in the courtly bow with which the stranger preface his self-introduction.

"I speak to Mr. Harry Brockett, yes?"

"At your service, sir. You are Mr. —"

"I am Mr. Yuzimoto. Of Tokyo. Importer of Oriental goods."

"Won't you sit down, Mr. Yuzimoto?"

"Thank you, yes. May I speak of the business that brings me to you, Mr. Brockett?"

Brockett, wondering, nodded his assent, and the Japanese spoke suavely.

"Mr. Brockett, I am a man who has much, very much, of business trouble. There are many who are competitors with me in the honorable occupation of importing Oriental wares. You doubtless can comprehend it so?"

"Perfectly, Mr. Yuzimoto."

"There are, of these who are com-

"To me? Why, what can I do for you?"

"That shall now be told you, Mr. Brockett. I could now make use of some new, some very difficult correspondence cipher. If in English, that would be very good—my firm has at home most admirable English educated clerks. Friends of mine tell me that you, Mr. Brockett, have devised such a cipher. A cipher of most honorable excellence. If this cipher were to be adaptive to the use of commerce, I would pay well. I say, in fact, Mr. Brockett, I pay modestly high moneys. Suppose that you demonstrate for me the idea of your cipher. If it shall

prove satisfactory for the commercial purpose, I pay you \$5,000. And, that I show I am a man of business, and that I do not waste the valuable time, I am sorry, much, that I say this of my pay you, if satisfactory or no, \$500 that you only demonstrate for me the ideas of the cipher."

The smiling Japanese had drawn forth a thick, prosperous-looking wallet, and was fumbling with it when Brockett, slowly, but emphatically shook his head.

"Mr. Yuzimoto, you have been misinformed. I cannot imagine where you gained your information, but it is wrong, completely wrong. I have no cipher for sale, and am sorry that I cannot oblige you."

Mr. Yuzimoto sighed as he replaced the portly pocketbook.

"I am deeply sorry, Mr. Brockett, that you should lose the opportunity for enlargement of fortunes. Perhaps you will reconsider. Maybe I call upon you another time. I will bid you the honorable good evening."

The Japanese had hardly departed when Ramon Solano put in an appearance, much to the delight of the Brockett family, with whom the Cuban was a prime favorite. Greetings exchanged, the boys plunged promptly into the subject of mutual interest, Solano firing the first gun.

"No message yet from General Cole?"

"Not yet. Just had an odd caller, though."

"The Jap we saw talking with that stenographer last night? I passed him as I came in. Curious thing; when I cabled to Havana this afternoon, he was beside me at the Western Union office, and loaned me an ink-pencil."

"He did? Was there anything specially important in the message?"

"Nothing at all aside from informing my father that I would take an extra month for my vacation, beginning now. Even if he could have read it—it was in Spanish, too—that wouldn't be of much value to him."

"Hardly. I am beginning to do some extensive thinking about that Jap, though. Listen to the proposition he made me ten minutes ago. And Brockett rapidly outlined the tempting offer made by Mr. Yuzimoto.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Interest in Collections.

It is quite the fashion among smart folk to flock to sales of rare books, furniture, of pictures, even when they have no intention of buying. For each of these collections is the result of a lifetime of study, and the opportunity to see them as a whole cannot recur again, while individually the pieces, passing into private hands, may be lost to the public for years. For this reason young girls are sent with their governesses to see the treasures that will soon be scattered far and wide, and even whole classes from fashionable schools are taken for morning views. Such visits, naturally, do more for the artistic education of these fortunate young folk than weeks of lecturing and photographs.

rest in a quart bottle. Although everybody knows that one eye may often have an ailment not shared by the other, few remember to refrain from using the same cup for both eyes without washing it after the first has been bathed.—Harper's Bazar.

Circumstantial Evidence.

There was considerable chaff in the air, and Sniffley didn't know whether it would be wise to begin a conversation with Mrs. Sniffley or not. Finally, however, the silence became too acute for comfort, and he decided to risk it.

"Beautiful morning, my dear," he observed, as he lathered his chin.

"Don't you talk to me, Mr. Sniffley," retorted the lady. "I am disgusted with you. You needn't fool yourself into thinking I don't know in what condition you and Mr. Bagley came home last night. I overheard your conversation."

"Conversation!" said Sniffley. "What did I say?"

"You said you didn't know, when Mr. Bagley asked you which keyhole was the right one, and there's only one on the door!" said Mrs. Sniffley.

One Place Where Living Is Cheap.

In the Blue Nile region in Egypt a native laborer can live very comfortably on six to eight cents a day.



THEY SAW A FLASH OF WHITE PASSING FROM THE GIRL'S HAND INTO THAT OF HER NEW-MET FRIEND.

petitor against me, some, whom I do not know by name definitely, who resort to means not wholly honest, I own countrymen, but it is truth I tell you. I have reason to believe that my correspondence, both in Japanese and in English, is as you say it, held up, read by these not so honorable competitors. So I have come to you, Mr. Brockett."

## Illiteracy in Foreign Armies

The returns showing the educational attainments in the Swiss army are less pleasing than those of Germany, the illiterates in the land of philosophy being only .02 per cent. In Switzerland a little more than one per thousand were unable to read, and one in a hundred read with such difficulty that they could not comprehend what they had read. Still this is better than investigations made in France show. The Temps concludes that the insufficiently instructed amounted to 16.5 per cent and the illiterates to 8.5, so roughly we have 25 per cent of the French army illiterate. But on the other hand 17.2 per cent held diplomas or certificates and those whose instruction was considered sufficient amounted to 32.7 per cent.

Care of the Eyes.

One of the most important things to consider in connection with caring for the eyes is the bath, and this should preferably be of rain or distilled water. A pinch of salt, well dissolved, adds value to an eye bath, and a most soothing wash, which is administered in a little eye-cup that fits over the open eye, is made by dissolving a level teaspoonful of boric acid in a quart of filtered or distilled water.

Boric acid must be dissolved in boiling water, and then added to the

## Buckeye Notes

Findlay.—Mrs. John B. Maxwell, 70, the mother of 14 children, is dead here.

Cleveland.—The charter of the Tug Firemen's association was revoked by the International Longshoremen's association, when striking firemen refused to return to work on tugs of the Great Lakes Towing Co. Tug captains and engineers belonging to the Licensed Tugmen's Protective association refused to join the striking firemen and will take out the tugs.

Lorain.—They are telling a good story about Dr. W. C. Hall, a well known Lorain dentist and sportsman. Dr. Hall went to Haron to fish for bass. While wading in the rifles he plunged to the bottom of a deep pool. When he came up he sputtered and then laughed, for in his hand, empty when he plunged, the doctor had a string of fish two feet long, including all varieties.

Newark.—The health authorities are getting after milk and ice cream dealers. One milkman was fined \$50 and costs for selling skimmed milk. This milk was used in making ice cream, and the ice cream dealer who used it was fined \$10 for selling the product.

Bellefontaine.—Disappointed because she was denied permission to wed Guy Wilcox as a graduation present, Laura Bergschicker, who had just received her high school diploma, left secretly for Detroit. Later she telegraphed her parents that she and Wilcox had married.

Akron.—The Democratic judicial convention held here nominated former Judge S. G. Rogers of Akron and Thomas S. Conway, former mayor of Cleveland.

Cincinnati.—An anti-cigar campaign of considerable proportions is likely to be an aftermath of the charity conference, owing to the interest aroused among Cleveland people by the presence in the city of Miss Lucy Page Gaston of Chicago. Miss Gaston is one of the official delegates from Illinois appointed by Governor Deneen, and is superintendent and founder of the Anti-Cigarette League of America.

Cincinnati.—Proprietors of country newspapers in nine states assembled here and decided to organize a national association. Melville Thatcher, general manager of the National Publicity bureau of Scranton, Pa., presided. The executive committee chosen was: John M. Mulford, Milford, O.; J. E. Caskey, Greensburg, Ind.; B. B. Cass, Aurora, Ind.; H. V. Walter, Middletown, O.; C. B. Unger, Eaton, O.; A. B. Jordan, Dillon, S. C. In September a permanent organization will be perfected.

Warren.—Two farmer boys were carried to death by the swift current in the Mahoning river, when their rowboat was hurled over the dam at Mahoning park. A third boy, shot far out from the boat as it was flung over the falls, escaped the deadly grip of the undertow and was saved. Jessie Layton, 18, and Clarence Wark, 20, were the victims. Joseph Layton, 16, brother of Jessie, was rescued. They lived near Leavittsburg, a village three miles from here. The boys started out in the afternoon to enjoy a few hours rowing on the river. They procured a boat at Mahoning park and for some time rowed up and down the stream without going near the dam. Just before dusk the boat was allowed to get too close to the falls and was gripped by the swift current.

Cleveland.—James Kenealy, for many years weather forecaster in Cleveland, died at his home in this city. Mr. Kenealy had been ailing for the past ten days and during most of that time had been kept from his work. A few days ago he suffered a slight stroke of paralysis which became serious later. He was under the treatment of a Christian Science practitioner. He continued to grow worse until death came to his relief. Mr. Kenealy was 80 years of age. He had spent 37 years in the government service attached to the weather bureau and had served as forecaster in a number of the country's most important weather forecasting posts. He was born in Stamford, Conn., and, after obtaining a common school education, entered a printing office and followed the trade of printer for several years. He never attended college. At the age of 23 Mr. Kenealy left the printing office and went to Washington to enter the government service.

Columbus, O.—The last survivor of eleven men who thirteen years ago were pioneers in the use of the X-ray in America, Dr. Lewis M. Early, is dead at his home here. Death came after a 13 years' fight against a cancerous growth which was caused by the X-rays. Possessed of iron will and a strong constitution, Dr. Early outlived the ten other men who were similarly afflicted. He was the second citizen of note of Columbus, who gave his life in this way. The other, a professor at Ohio State, died more than 11 years ago.

Lorain.—Leading grocers of Lorain have devised a scheme to protect themselves from financial loss entailed by replacing ancient eggs with good ones when customers complain. These dealers have adopted the system of assigning a number to each wholesaler or farmer from whom they purchase. Each egg when it enters the store is numbered with the number corresponding to the name of the seller. If the housewife finds an egg that offends she calls the grocer, gives the number, the egg is replaced and the original seller is required to make good to the grocer.

Chillicothe, O.—Clyde, aged 3 years, son of J. T. Dupue, was horribly mangled by a shotgun and will die. The child found the gun behind a door and dragged it over the floor. The trigger caught in the carpet and the charge of 100 shot entered the body.

Ashtabula Harbor, O.—William Kelly, aged 32, Brockton, Mass., a seaman, fell into the hold of the steamer Mariposa just as she was leaving port. He was working at the hatches. He sustained serious injuries, the left lung and other internal organs having been punctured by a broken rib.

## KEEPING BABIES IN HEALTH

Success of Tent Scheme Last Summer So Pronounced that It Will Be Repeated.

Mothers of little babies that suffered much from the intense heat in the early part of July last summer will be interested in the success of the "baby tent" scheme adopted in some of the big cities.

The tents are placed on flat roofs of tall buildings and in open lots, with eight little cradles or cots in each tent. When all was ready mothers of babies under two years were invited to leave them at the nearest available tent, over night, so that the youngsters, in addition to enjoying the privilege of sleeping out of doors, could also receive the attention of trained nurses and doctors free.

Some of the tents have a perforated iron pipe extending along the ridge pole and connected with the city water supply. On very hot nights the water was turned on and allowed to stream down over the canvas. "By evaporation it greatly reduced the temperature inside the tents. Some of the tents were also kept cool by the use of large blocks of ice in tubs before the entrance. Electric fans blew the cold air from the ice into the tents sufficiently to keep the babies comfortably cool.

This is the way some of the poor babies are being cared for, but the ideas could be utilized by anyone who had the welfare of the baby at heart.

That Was Different.

A stern father who had repeatedly told a young man who was paying his addresses to his daughter not to visit the house again without his permission, which he never intended to give, was surprised when late one evening ring at the doorbell late one evening to see the young man waiting on the step.

"Sir," said he in anger, "didn't I tell you not to call again, sir?"

"Yes," said the young man. "I know, but I didn't call to see your daughter. I came on behalf of our firm about that little bill."

"Oh—er—er—" stammered the stern father, "call again, will you?"

The Village Cut-Up.

"Charley Billings always has something funny to say, no matter what happens."

"I know it. He's awfully comical."

"I often wonder how he thinks of the humorous thoughts he has. He's just perfectly killing. I never heard him call an umbrella anything but a bumbershoot."

BURNING ITCH WAS CURED

"I deem it my duty to tell about a cure that the Cuticura Soap and Ointment have made on myself. My trouble began in spotsches breaking out right in the edge of my hair on the forehead, and spread over the front part of the top of my head from ear to ear, and over my ears which caused a most fearful burning itch, or eczema.

"For three years I had this terrible breaking out on my forehead and scalp. I tried our family doctor and he failed to cure it. Then I tried the Cuticura Soap and Ointment and used them for two months with the result of a complete cure. Cuticura Soap and Ointment should have the credit due, and I have advised a lot of people to use them." (Signed) C. D. Tharrington, Creek, N. C., Jan. 26, 1911.

Itching Scalp—Hair Fall Out.

"I will say that I have been suffering with an itching on my scalp for the past few years. My hair fell out in spots all over my head. My scalp started to trouble me with sores, then the sores healed up, and crusts formed on the top. Then the hair fell out and left me three bald spots the shape of a half dollar. I went to more than one doctor, but could not get any relief, so I started to use the Cuticura Remedies. I tried one bar of Cuticura Soap and some Cuticura Ointment, and felt relieved right away. Now the bald spots have disappeared, and my hair has grown, thanks to the Cuticura Soap and Ointment. I highly recommend the Cuticura Remedies to all that are suffering with scalp trouble." (Signed) Samuel Stern, 236 Floyd St., Brooklyn, N. Y., Feb. 7, 1911. Although Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold by druggists and dealers everywhere, a sample of each, with 32-page book, will be mailed free on application to "Cuticura," Dept. I, Boston.

His Choice.

"This enterprise is a promising one." "Is it? But what I'm lookin' for is a paying proposition."

No thoughtful person uses liquid blue. It's a pinch of blue in a large bottle of water. Ask for Red Cross Ball Blue, the blue that's all blue.

The man who sings his own praise seldom gets an encore.

Garfield Tea, the Natural Laxative is made entirely of carefully selected pure herbs.

If you would discover a woman's weakness, keep quiet and listen.

Libby's Tasty, tempting and appetizing Corned Beef

Fine for a light luncheon or a hearty meal. Ready to serve—no cooking odor to permeate the house, and economical as well. Makes excellent corn beef hash.

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