

# Social

BY MARY GWYNN WHITEMAN  
TELEPHONE ONE-FOUR-TWO

**TOMORROW'S CALENDAR.**  
Forndale Review Club.

**BED-TIME DOINGS.**  
The baby said her prayers last night. And in her wee bed snuggled down. Then, later I put out the light. And country way and walled-in town Were sunk in sleep, or so it seemed. And I had drifted to the brink Of dreams that waited to be dreamed. When baby called: "Me wants a jink."

"We wants a jink," she called, and still I lay and did not stir a mite. 'Twas dark, the night was dark and chill. And to go paddling through the night. Tarefooted isn't any fun. And I thought: "She will doubtless sink To sleep," but she had not begun To sleep. She called: "Me wants a jink!"

"Me wants a jink!" she called again. "Me wants a jink!" called loud and clear. And—with a catch in her voice then—"Me wants a jink—can't daddy hear?" Then—she was giggling then, I think—"You must have tuvers on your head. Me said an' said, me wants a jink!"

"Oh, that was it?" I laughed and said, "I'll get and get and get a jink! For you, you noisy touselhead! I will, if I don't touse a wink!" And I got the drink for her, too. And stood beside the tumbling heap. While she drank, then said: "Eyes-o'-blue. Now snuggle down and go to sleep."

Then she said: "Me don't wants to sleep." And held me—"Daddy, make a light. Oh, daddy, me loves you a heap! Me wants to have a pillow-fight! A pillow fight! Now you lie down! Indeed, I'll not—this time of night! No, babe, I'll not! We'd rouse the town!"

And then we had the pillow fight. —Judd Mortimer Lewis in Houston Post.

**Boards' Baseball.**  
The boards from Captain Johnson's and those from Mrs. Bell's will play baseball at Lorena park on Thursday afternoon for the benefit of the Confederate Home.

Just what penalty the losing team must pay has not been announced. Both sides are sure of victory and by so espousing the cause of their boarding house are securing extra rounds of juicy beef steaks and hot biscuits. The play has been called for three o'clock and they want everybody to come.

**Another Cruise Rally.**  
Cruise Day in Ardmore, not only delighted the democrats, but quite charmed the children, who were allowed to march and carry Cruise banners. The little Pennington twins were wild with excitement over the marching and were not to be reconciled over not getting to take part until their mother promised them they could ask some neighbor children over Monday afternoon and have a Cruise celebration all by themselves. So yesterday afternoon the little playmates came and Cruise banners were given the children who marched to their utmost satisfaction, and whose merry laughs and bright eyes augur well for the success of our candidates campaign.

Of course, there was no speech making—but there was ice cream at Post's drug store later—and, maybe, that's a good way to get votes, after all.

**Notice for Publication.**  
State of Oklahoma, Carter County, in the District Court.  
Maude Cox, plaintiff, vs. James F. Cox, defendant, No. 676.  
Said defendant James F. Cox will take notice that he has been sued in the above named court for divorce and must answer the petition filed therein by said plaintiff on or before the 31st day of May, A. D. 1910, or said petition will be taken as true, and a judgment for said plaintiff in said action for divorce, will be rendered accordingly.

Dated this 19th day of April, 1910.  
J. C. THOMPSON,  
Attorney for Plaintiff.

Mrs. D. E. Allen has just returned from Guthrie, where she went to meet a cousin, Mrs. W. G. Ruggles of Springfield, Ill. While in Guthrie Mrs. Al-

len was the recipient of several social courtesies and will remember her visit most pleasantly. Mrs. S. T. Bledsoe entertained Mrs. Allen for a great part of her visit and gave a dining in her honor. Mrs. Allen was also the first Ardmore visitor who was honored with a drive in Mrs. Bledsoe's large touring car.

The special rate to Ober Ammergau has attracted more tourists than ever this year, our neighboring town, Gainesville, sending some half dozen. The price from New York under the Harper Bros. tour will make it possible for many more to attend this year than ever before.

Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Silsbee and daughter, Marie, of Old Mexico are visiting Mr. and Mrs. C. P. VanDonberg. They are en route to California.

Your tongue is coated. Your breath is foul. Headaches come and go. These symptoms show that your stomach is the trouble. To remove the cause is the first thing, and Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets will do that. Easy to take and most effective. Sold by all dealers.

## PRAIRIE CO. SHOWS VAST INCREASE

Guthrie, Okla., April 25.—That the Prairie Oil and Gas Company has largely increased its holdings of producing oil wells in Oklahoma during the past year is proven by the returns of the company to the state board of equalization today. The Prairie fixes its 1910 valuation at \$16,113,818, which is an increase of approximately three quarters of a million dollars over the 1909 returns, \$15,346,489. The holdings of oil and tankage are considerably reduced this year, however, and the new piping is not enough to make any great changes in the figures.

There would have been considerable decrease in the 1910 figures, therefore had it not been for the heavy purchasing of oil producing properties by the Prairie during the last year. In addition to the estimated "production" acquired during 1909, of \$2,000,000, the Prairie also has purchased lately a big property consisting of scattered oil fields which is to be delivered July 1, and which will be taxed locally only for this year.

The returns of 1910 show that the Prairie properties are distributed as follows: Muskogee county, \$618,724; Creek, \$2,776,661; Nowata, \$454,112; Okmulgee, \$738,128; Osage, \$46,777; Pawnee, \$514,164; Rogers, \$84,104; Tulsa, \$3,733,291; Wagoner, \$849; Washington, \$6,628,891. The company increased its holdings in Muskogee county about \$250,000; in Nowata about \$100,000; in Okmulgee about \$250,000; in Tulsa county \$114,400, and in Washington county about \$100,000. Osage county holdings decreased more than \$100,000, much tankage being taken down there. Pawnee and Rogers county suffered slight losses in assessments.

This had proved the right way to manage Mr. Van Norman, and he had always acceded to Madeleine's requests or submitted to her decrees without objection, though there had never been any demonstration of affection between the two.

But demonstration was quite foreign to the nature of both uncle and niece, and in truth they were really fond of each other in their quiet, reserved way. Tom Willard was different. His affection was of the honest and outspoken sort, and he made friends easily, though he often lost them with equal rapidity.

On account, then, of his devotion to Madeleine, and his enmity toward young Tom Willard, Richard Van Norman had willed the old place to his niece, and had further directed that the whole of his large fortune should be unrestrictedly bestowed upon her on her wedding day, or on her twenty-third birthday, should she reach that age unmarried. In event of her death before her marriage, and also before her twenty-third birthday, the whole estate would go to Tom Willard.

It was with the greatest reluctance that Richard Van Norman decreed this, but a provision had to be made in case of Madeleine's early death, and Willard was the only other nat-

# The Clue

By CAROLYN WELLS.  
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**CHAPTER I.**  
**The Van Normans.**

The old Van Norman mansion was the finest house in Mapleton. Well back from the road, it sat proudly among its finely kept lawns and gardens, as if with a dignified sense of its own importance, and its white, Colonial columns gleamed through the trees, like sentinels guarding the entrance to the stately hall.

All Mapleton was proud of the picturesque old place and it was shown to visiting strangers with the same pride that the native villagers pointed out the Memorial Library and the new church.

More than a half-century old, the patrician white house seemed to glance coldly on the upstart cottages, whose inadequate pillars supported beetling second stories, and whose spacious, filigreed verandas left woefully small area for rooms inside the house.

The Van Norman mansion was not like that. It was a long rectangle, and each of its four stories was a series of commodious, well-shaped apartments.

And its owner, the beautiful Madeleine Van Norman, was the most envied as well as the most admired young woman in the town.

Magnificent Madeleine, as she was sometimes called, was one of the haughty, imperious type which inspires admiration and respect rather than love. An orphan and an heiress, she had lived all of her twenty-two years of life in the old house, and since the death of her uncle, two years before, had continued as mistress of the place, ably assisted by a pleasant, motherly chaplain, a clever social secretary, and a corps of capable servants.

The mansion itself and an income sufficient to maintain it were already legally her own, but by the terms of her uncle's will she was soon to come into possession of the bulk of the great fortune he had left.

Madeleine was the only living descendant of old Richard Van Norman, save for one distant cousin, a young man of a scapegrace, and never-does-well sort, who of late years had lived abroad.

This young man's early life had been spent in Mapleton, but, his fiery temper having brought about a serious quarrel with his uncle, he had wisely concluded to take himself away.

And yet Tom Willard was not of a quarrelsome disposition. His bad temper was of the impulsive sort, roused suddenly, and as quickly suppressed. Nor was it often in evidence. Good-natured, easy-going Tom would put up with his uncle's criticism and fault-finding for weeks at a time, and then, perhaps goaded beyond endurance, he would fly into a rage and express himself in fluent if rather vigorous English.

For Richard Van Norman had been by no means an easy man to live with. And it was Tom's general amiability that had made him the usual scapegoat for his uncle's ill temper. Miss Madeleine would have none of it. Quite as dictatorial as the old man himself she allowed no interference with her own plans and no criticism of her own actions.

This had proved the right way to manage Mr. Van Norman, and he had always acceded to Madeleine's requests or submitted to her decrees without objection, though there had never been any demonstration of affection between the two.

But demonstration was quite foreign to the nature of both uncle and niece, and in truth they were really fond of each other in their quiet, reserved way. Tom Willard was different. His affection was of the honest and outspoken sort, and he made friends easily, though he often lost them with equal rapidity.

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**HAY'S HAIR HEALTH**  
**NEVER FAILS TO RESTORE GRAY HAIR TO ITS NATURAL COLOR AND BEAUTY.**  
Satisfy Yourself by Sending Now for a SAMPLE BOTTLE FREE.  
Cut this ad. out and mail with your name and address, and to cents to F. H. HAY SPECIALTIES CO., 30-32 West 17th St., New York, N. Y. U. S. A.

Ardmore Pharmacy, T. N. Coleman, City Drug Store.

ural hair. And now, at twenty-two, Madeleine was on the eve of marriage to Schuyler Carleton, a member of one of the oldest and best families in Mapleton.

The village gossips were pleased to commend this union, as Mr. Carleton was a man of irreproachable habits, and handsome enough to appear well beside the magnificent Madeleine.

He was not a rich man, but, as her marriage would bring her inheritance, they could rank among the millionaires of the day. Yet there were those who feared for the future happiness of this apparently ideal couple.

Mrs. Markham, who was both housekeeper and chaplain to her young charge, mourned in secret over the attitude of the betrothed pair.

"He adores her, I'm sure," she said to herself, "but he is too courtly and polished in his manner. I'd rather he would impulsively caress her, or involuntarily call her by some endearing name than to be always so exquisitely deferential and polite. And Madeleine must love him, or why should she marry him? Yet she is so haughty and formal, she might be a very duchess instead of a young American girl. But that's Madeleine all over. I've never seen her exhibit any real emotion over anything. Ah, well, I'm an old-fashioned fool. Doubtless, they're cooing doves when alone together, but their high-bred notions won't allow any sentiment shown before other people. But I almost wish she were going to marry Tom. He has sentiment enough for two, and the relationship is so distant it's not worth thinking about. Dear old Tom! He's the only one who ever stirs Madeleine out of that dignified calm of hers."

And that was true enough. Madeleine had inherited the Van Norman traits of dignity and reserve to such an extent that it was difficult for any one to be a really close friend.

She had, too, a strange little air of pre-occupation, and even when interested in a conversation would appear to look through or beyond her companion that was discouraging to the average caller.

So Miss Van Norman was by no means a favorite with Mapleton young people in a personal sense, but socially she was their leader, and to be on her invitation list was the highest aspiration of the village "climbers."

And now she was about to marry Schuyler Carleton, the event of the wedding was the only thing talked of, thought of, or dreamed of by Mapleton society.

Madeleine, who always kept in touch with Tom Willard by correspondence, had written him of her approaching marriage, and he had responded by coming at once to America to attend the ceremony.

Relieved from the embarrassment of his uncle's presence, Tom was his jovial self, and showed forth all the reprehensible attractiveness which so often belongs to the scapegrace nature. He sometimes quarreled with Madeleine over trifles, then,

making up the next minute, he would pet and caress her with the privileged air of a relative.

He was glad to be back among the familiar scenes of Mapleton and he went about the town renewing old acquaintances and making new ones, and charming all by his winning personality.

In less than a week he had more friends in the village than Schuyler Carleton had ever made.

Carleton, though handsome and distinguished looking was absolutely without personal magnetism or charm—which traits were found in abundance in Tom Willard.

The friends of Schuyler Carleton attributed his reserved, almost repellent demeanor to shyness, and this was partly true. His acquaintances said it was indifference, and this again, was partly true. Then his enemies, of which he had some, vowed that his cold, curt manner of speech was merely snobbishness, and this was not true at all.

His manner toward his fiancée was all that the most exacting could require in the matter of courtesy and punctilious politeness. He was markedly unobtrusive in public, and if this were true of his behavior when the two were alone, it was probably because Madeleine herself neither inspired nor desired terms or acts of endearment.

Tom's attitude toward Madeleine angered Carleton extremely, but when he spoke to her on the subject he was gently informed that the matter of cousinly affection was outside the jurisdiction of a fiancée.

Tom, on his part, was desperately in love with Madeleine, and had been for years. Repeatedly he had begged her to marry him, and she knew in her heart that his plea was prompted by his love for herself and not by any consideration for her fortune.

And yet, should she marry another, all hope of his uncle's money would be forever lost to Tom Willard.

But prodigal and spendthrift that he was, if Tom felt any regret at his vanishing fortune, he showed no sign of it. Save for sudden and often easily provoked bursts of temper, he was infectiously gay and merry, and was the life of the house party already gathered under Madeleine's roof.

The fact that Tom was staying at the Van Norman house, which of course Carleton could not do, gave Willard an advantage over the prospective bridegroom, of which he was by no means unconscious. Partly to tease the imperturbable but jealous Carleton, and partly because of his own affection, Tom devoted himself assiduously to Madeleine, especially when Carleton was present.

"You see, Maddy," Tom would say, "there are only a few days left of our boy and girl chumminess. I fancy that after you're married Schuyler won't let me speak to you, save in the most formal terms, so I must see all I can of you now."

Then he would tuck her arm through his own, and take her for a stroll in the grounds, and Carleton, coming to search for her, would find them cooing chat in a secluded arbor, or drifting lazily in a canoe on the tiny, lily-padded lake.

These things greatly annoyed Schuyler Carleton, but romance was never an easy task for him, nor did it ever effect Madeleine pleasantly.

"I wish, Madeleine," he had said one day, when he had waited two hours for her to return from a drive with Tom, "that you would have a little regard for appearances, if you have none for my wishes. It is not seemly for my betrothed wife to be driving all over the country with another man."

Magnificent Madeleine looked straight at him, tilting her head back slightly to look beneath her half-closed lids.

"It is not seemly," she said, "for my betrothed husband to imply that I could be at fault in a matter of propriety or punctilio. That is not possible."

"You are right," he said, and his eyes gleamed with admiration of her glorious beauty and imperious manner. "Forgive me—you are indeed right."

Though Schuyler Carleton may not have been lavish of affection, he begrudged no admiration to the splendid woman he had won.

And yet, had he but known it, the apparently scornful and haughty girl was craving a more tender and gentle love, and would have gladly foregone his admiration to have received more affection.

"But it will come," Madeleine thought to herself. "I am not of the 'clinging vine' type, I know, but at

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## If your head itches—



the scalp is protesting. It is telling you that the fatty tissue around the hair roots is being eaten away by bacteria, that the blood vessels and oil glands are losing their strength.

Relieve this condition or your hair will suffer. Put new life into the scalp so it can put new life into the hair. The sure way is to use

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It is an unguent—rubbed in easily—does not grease hair or clothes—but penetrates to the very roots of the hair. Its form and composition give it remarkable vitalizing power—ten times the strength of liquid tonics.

After the first or second application, all itching stops, your head feels easier than ever before and your hair becomes soft, velvety, glossy.

This shows that the bacteria are killed, the blood vessels and oil glands toned up and the fatty tissue once more in healthy condition.

New Age Chemical Co., Guthrie, Okla.

ter we are married, surely, Schuyler will be less formally polite, and more—well—chummy."

Yet Madeleine herself was chummy with nobody save Tom.

They two were always chatting and laughing together, and though they differed sometimes, and even quarrelled, it was quickly made up, and forgotten in a new subject of merry discussion.

But, after all, they rarely quarrelled except regarding Madeleine's approaching marriage.

"Don't throw yourself away on that iceberg, Maddy," Tom would plead. "He's a truly fine man, I know, but he can't make you happy."

"How absurd you are, Tom! Give me credit, please, for knowing my own mind, at least I love Schuyler Carleton, and I am proud that he is to be my husband. He is the finest man I have ever known in every way, and I am a fortunate girl to be chosen by such a man."

"Oho, Maddy! Don't do the humble! It doesn't suit you at all. You are the type who ought to have kings and crown princes at your feet." And Carleton is princely enough in his effects, but he's by no means at your feet."

"What do you mean?" exclaimed Madeleine, angrily.

"Just what I say, Schuyler Carleton admires you greatly, but he doesn't love you—at least, not as I do!"

"Don't be foolish, Tom. Naturally you know nothing about Mr. Carleton's affection for me—he does not proclaim it from the housetops. And I desire you not to speak of it again."

"Why should I speak of what doesn't exist? Forgive me, Maddy, but I love you so myself, it drives me frantic to see that man treating you so coolly."

"He doesn't treat me coolly. Or, if he does, it's because I don't wish for tender demonstrations before other people. I'm fond of you, Tom, as you know, but I won't allow even you to criticize the man I am about to marry."

"Oh, very well, marry him, then, and a precious happy life you'll lead with him—and I know why."

Madeleine turned on him, her eyes blazing with anger.

"What do you mean? Explain that last remark of yours."

"Small need! You know why as well as I do." Tom pushed his hands into his pockets and strode away, whistling, well knowing that he had roused his cousin's even temper at last.

In addition to some of her Maple-

ton friends, Madeleine had invited two girls from New York to be her bridesmaids, Kitty French and Molly Gardner had already come and were staying at the Van Norman house the few days that would intervene before the wedding.

Knowing Madeleine well, as they did, they had not expected confidence from her, nor did they look forward to cozy, romantic boudoir chats, such as many girls would enjoy.

But neither had they expected the peculiar constraint that seemed to stand over all the members of the household.

Mrs. Markham had been so long housekeeper and even companion, for Madeleine that she was not looked upon as a servant, and to her Kitty French put a few discreet questions regarding the exceeding reserve of Mr. Carleton.

"I don't know, Miss French," said the good woman, looking sadly disturbed. "I love Madeleine as I would my own child. I know she adores Mr. Carleton—and yes, I know he greatly admires her—and yet there is something wrong. I can't express it—it's merely a feeling—an intuition, but there is something wrong."

"You know Mr. Willard is in love with Maddy," suggested Miss French.

"Oh, it isn't that. They've always had a cousinly affection for each other, and—yes, Tom is in love with her—but what I mean is, aside from all that. The real reason that Madeleine flirts with Tom—for she does flirt with him—is to pique Mr. Carleton. There! I've said more than I meant to, but you're too good a friend to let it make any trouble, and, any way, in a few days they will be married, and then I'm sure it will be right—I'm sure of it."

Like many people, Mrs. Markham emphasized by repetition a statement of whose truth she was far from sure.

(To be continued)

**The Call of the Blood**  
for purification, finds voice in pimples, boils, sallow complexion, a jaundiced look, moth patches and blotches on the skin—all signs of liver trouble. But Dr. King's New Life Pills make rich red blood; give clear skin, rosy cheeks, fine complexion, health. Try them. 25c at Ardmore Pharmacy.

**Adrien Hotel Arrivals.**  
Mrs. Carle Jones and son, city; Mrs. J. B. Boone, city; E. Clark, Muskogee; W. E. White, New York; R. B. Wadsworth, Dallas, E. O. Graham, Kansas City; B. T. Baker, Oklahoma City; A. W. Grove, Tishomingo; L. G. Davy, New Orleans; W. M. Conway, Chicago; H. B. Buchanan, New York.

**AYER'S HAIR VIGOR**  
In ingredients: Bayberry, Glycerin, Sassafras, Sulfur, Potash, etc. Show this to your doctor. Ayer's Hair Vigor promptly destroys the germs that cause dandruff. It removes every trace of dandruff, and keeps the scalp clean and in a healthy condition. Does not Color the Hair.

**We Don't Mind the Owner**  
watching us while we are doing a job of plumbing for him. We do honest work all the time and it makes no difference who looks on or who doesn't. We shall be glad to figure on your next job. If we get it you and I will both be pleased.

**CHILDREN WHO ARE SICKLY**  
Mothers who value their own comfort and the welfare of their children, should never be without a box of Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children. For use throughout the season. They break up Colds, Cure Feverishness, Constipation, Teething, Diarrhea, Headache and Stomach Troubles. THEY NEVER FAIL. Sold by all Druggists, etc. Don't accept any substitutes. A true package will be sent FREE to any mother who will address Allen S. Condit, Le Roy, N. Y.

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**LUZIANNE COFFEE**  
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ANY PATRON-PLEASING GROCER WILL SUPPLY YOU  
**THE REILY-TAY**