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You undergo no dangerous surgical operation; you wear no truss or appliance of any kind; you suffer no pain; you are not kept away from your business, and your rupture is cured forever, and held as firmly as the cure never had a rupture in your life.



READ WHAT OTHERS SAY.

Webster City, Ia., Dec. 18, '07. Dr. H. H. De Pew, Des Moines, Ia. Dear Doctor: I have just received your letter asking how I was getting along. I will say I am sound and well. Never felt better in my life. Have done some very hard lifting and am still sound. Would not carry the rupture again for \$1,000. All praise to your method. You are at liberty to use my name where and when it may benefit you. Yours with kindest regards. C. W. COLEMAN.

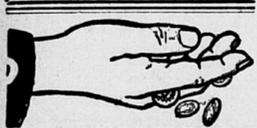
R. F. D. 3, Box 71. Mr. Coleman is a widely known stockman, being a large dealer in feed. Polled cattle and Duroc-Jersey swine. Mr. Coleman was cured of a bad rupture May 30, 1907.

I also refer you to the following as some of my cured patients: Mr. Jas. Chittick, age 72, Stuart, Ia. Treated Oct. 10th. Mr. Martin Dunn, age 57, Waukeo, Ia. Mr. Robt. Hill Cook, Jamaica, Ia. W. A. Seelye M. D., aged 60, Spirit Lake, Ia. Mr. R. E. Austin, age 81, Tama, Ia. Remember I do not ask you to believe this until you see for yourself. DO NOT PAY ME ONE DOLLAR UNTIL YOU ARE CURED. Come and see me now, no matter what shape you are in. If you cannot come yourself just cut out the slip below and send it to me with your name and address, for my free book.

DR. H. H. DE PEW, Suite 531, Utica Bldg., Des Moines, Ia. Office hours, 9 to 5. Sundays, 9 to 12.

FREE RUPTURE BOOK COUPON Dr. H. H. De Pew, 528-531 Utica Bldg., Des Moines, Ia. Please send me at once your Rupture Cure Book absolutely free, with absolute proofs of cures by your De Pew Method.

Name..... T-R-2-28 Town.....



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The loose money that slips thru your fingers and leaves nothing to show for it, amounts to a considerable sum every year. You can have all that money, with 4 per cent interest, to use when you need it. Just start a savings account in the

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For information and Tickets, apply to the GREAT WESTERN AGENT

HEARST AS A FACTOR

If Bryan and His Party Temperize on Public Questions Radicals May Secede

INDEPENDENT VOTE UNCERTAIN

Will Be Either Nonentity in Campaign or a Strong Factor - Hearst Candidacy in New York Would Complicate Presidential Situation - Political News.

Washington, Feb. 28.—With the prohibitionists planning to poll a million votes and Mr. Hearst's independent party in the field with a presidential ticket, the coming campaign is going to be one of perplexity for the old party managers. They will have to guess, they cannot foresee, just where the prohibition and independent candidates will get their votes. While this uncertainty will lend interest to the contest, it will not increase the content of the republican and democratic national chairmen.

In the days when the populists were the most formidable third party it was comparatively easy to tell where their vote would weaken and where it would strengthen either of the old parties, and the same was true in the days of the greenbackers. The campaign managers may be able to guess with something approaching accuracy where the prohibitionists will get their extra votes this year, but no man will be able to foresee where nor to what extent the voting strength of the independent party will develop.

A good many politicians, both republicans and democrats, are willing to concede that should Mr. Hearst himself be the candidate of the independent party he may get a good deal of the million votes that the prohibitionists expect to poll. There are several congressional districts, it is declared, where the Independence league would stand a chance of electing members of congress, but there has been no announcement as to whether the new party expects to make congressional nominations. The course of the national party which has grown out of Mr. Hearst's personal organization in New York will be largely determined by what the old parties do at Chicago and Denver. Should either of the parties nominate "reactionary" candidates or adopt "reactionary" platforms, Mr. Hearst, it is said, would regard it as incumbent upon himself personally to take the field as the candidate of the new party.

It is announced by followers of Mr. Hearst that Mr. Bryan's personal views are sufficiently radical to meet the demands of the independent party, but that if Mr. Bryan temperizes with the opposition in the matter of platform or accepts a non-radical as a running mate he need expect no help from the independent party. Mr. Hearst is not ordinarily counted among the "reactionaries," he is declared to be far too conservative to meet the requirements of the Independence league. There is there any other man mentioned for the republican nomination, unless it be LaFollette, who could hope for any Hearst support.

It generally is admitted that should Hearst become a presidential candidate it would complicate the situation in New York state that the result could not be forecasted. Campaign managers would stay awake nights trying to figure out whether he would draw more votes from the republican or the democratic ticket.

Representative "Bob" Henry of Texas, feels that he has been vindicated by the demand of Indiana democrats that their state convention should endorse President Roosevelt. It is so far as the president has advocated enactment into law of democratic policies. Henry wanted the democrats in congress to hold a caucus for that very purpose, but the proposition did not meet with the favor of his colleagues. Henry's idea was that it would embarrass the republicans in congress and be good democratic politics, but other democrats feared it might embarrass the democratic more than the republican party, so the thing was dropped. It was this plan of Henry's, which was given wide publicity when he advanced it, which led to reports that democrats in congress favored the nomination of Roosevelt as the democratic candidate for president. The story caused so much trouble that several prominent democrats have felt called upon to make speeches from the floor severely criticizing the president.

That paper out in California which has started a petition canvass for the nomination of Roosevelt for a third term, isn't likely to create much of a sensation in the political arena. Several months ago it might have attracted attention, but there no longer is any serious thought of Mr. Roosevelt as a 1908 possibility. If there ever was a time when he might have been prevailed upon to accept the nomination, things have gone too far now in the opposite direction.

There remains the possibility, of course, that there may be a stampede for Roosevelt in the convention at Chicago, but a situation which would result in such a stampede would not be brought about by petitions.

KIDNEY, LIVER AND BOWELS. Sickness is next to impossible if you keep the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels in perfect working order with an occasional dose of Dr. A. W. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. Mr. S. B. Holden, No. 2245 Cass Ave., Grand Rapids, Mich., says: "I have for years been subject to sluggishness of the liver and constipation, the kidneys were also inactive and caused me a great deal of pain across my loins. I got some of Dr. A. W. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills and they cured the inactivity of the organs rapidly and easily. I would not be without them. Write for a box at all drug stores. Write for a free sample, Dr. A. W. Chase, Buffalo, N. Y."

Oddity in the News

Boys Rout Man Who Attacks Girl.

Chicago.—Snowballs thrown by school boys routed an unidentified man who attacked Harriet Wells, 8 years old, at the DuSable school yesterday afternoon. The screams of the girl attracted the attention of the boys, who pursued the stranger for blocks, bombarding him with snowballs.

The stranger, who had been observed by the boys earlier in the afternoon, seized the girl as she was coming up the basement steps of the school house. Her screams brought several boys on the run, and the man looked up at the sound of approaching feet to get a hard snowball in the face. Then he released the girl and fled. When Policeman Thomas of the Stanton Avenue station appeared he was given a description of the man, but failed to locate him.

Shot Down Chute; Unharmed. Winsted, Conn.—Walter Humphries, employed by a Torrington coal dealer, was shot thru a coal chute yesterday evening, twenty tons of coal came out alive.

He opened the trap doors in the bottom of a car standing on a sidetrack over the elevator pit, but the chute was frozen and did not move. He mounted the car with a pack and was attempting to loosen the mass. Suddenly the coal started to run into the elevator pit and he was carried thru the trapdoor to the pit and buried. Workmen dug him out after an hour's hard work. He was unharmed.

Mouse Waltzes to Music of a Harp. Warsaw, Ind.—After several months of training, Miss Mary Lightfoot has taught a common mouse to waltz to the music of a harp.

Every evening at exactly 7:30 the rodent appears in Miss Lightfoot's music room and will enjoy an hour's dancing. Then a supper of grated cheese is given the little animal, which, after finishing, twirls his whiskers, nods his head, and shoots back to his hiding place.

This seems to be the first woman who does not cringe at the sight of the little animal, that is so repulsive to others of her sex.

"Bad Luck" Convict Back in Jail. Trenton, N. J.—Sheriff William Wilbur and the attendants at the Mercer county jail fear something is going to happen because John Coan, Jr., of Princeton, is back, and when he is in jail things always happen.

Coan was committed to jail five years ago. The next day John Dennis, a prisoner, fell and hit his head. He died an hour later. Six months afterward Coan was back in jail, and that night a fellow prisoner died suddenly. The third time he returned a convict was taken ill and died the same evening. Coan's fourth entrance was marked by the escape of five prisoners.

Six months ago Coan came back again. The same afternoon Albert Berry, held without bail, mysteriously escaped.

Would Steal to Avoid Toil. Philadelphia, Pa.—Rather than have his daughter toil for her living I would steal to support her," was the dramatic utterance of Mrs. Evelyn Woods, Twenty-ninth street, and Rietwood avenue, when she and her 20-year-old daughter were arraigned before Magistrate O'Brien today to answer to a charge of shoplifting.

Creditors with sharp noses scented the whirlwind afar off and hounded him in with unsettled accounts, mostly hers. Somebody placed a lien on his horse, a deputy sheriff began to follow him about, all credit ceased as by magic, and men crossed the street to avoid meeting with an old companion in direct road.

Still, alternately stupefied by his own grief and maddened into the necessity for action, he packed a suit case, crawled out of the rear door, toiled across country and found a farmer to drive him twenty miles over a sandy road to a local railroad crossing, where he managed to board a train for Albany.

At Albany as he stood panting and sweating on the long concrete platform waiting for a private car, he saw the private car, switched from a Boston and Albany train, shunted to the rear of the Merchants' express.

The private car was lettered in gold on the central panel, "Algonquin." He boarded the Pullman coupled to it forward, pushed through the vestibule, shoved aside the Japanese steward and darky cook, forcing his way straight into the private car. Quarrier, reading a magazine, looked up in astonishment. For a full moment neither spoke. Then Mortimer dropped his suit case, sat down in an armchair opposite Quarrier and leisurely mopped his reeking face and neck.

"Scotch and lithia!" he said hoarsely. The Japanese steward looked at Quarrier, then, at that gentleman's almost imperceptible nod, went away to execute the commission.

He executed a great many similar commissions during the trip to New York. When they arrived there at 5 o'clock Quarrier offered Mortimer his hand and held the trembling, puffy fingers as he leaned closer, saying with cold precision and emotionless emphasis something that appeared to require the full concentration of Mortimer's half drugged faculties.

And when at length Mortimer drove away in a hansom, Quarrier's Japanese steward went with him—perhaps to carry his suit case—a courtesy that did credit to Quarrier's innate thoughtfulness and consideration for others. He was very considerate. He even called Agatha up on the telephone and talked with her for ten minutes. Then he telephoned to Plank's office, learned that Harrington was already there, he always kept ready in town and presently went bowling away to a conference on which the last few hours had put an entirely new aspect.

It had taken Plank only a few minutes to perceive that something had occurred to change a point of view which he had believed it impossible for Quarrier to change. Something had gone wrong in his own careful calculations, some cog had slipped, some rivet given way, some bed plate cracked, and Harrington, evidently had not been aware of it, but Quarrier knew it.

The Fighting Chance. By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS. Copyright, 1906, by the Curtis Publishing Company. Copyright, 1908, by Robert W. Chambers.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

If a man's grief does not awaken his dignity, it does not awaken his respect. It was too late now to go tinkering in the dark for trouble. Plank understood that. Coolly, as though utterly unaware that the machinery might not stand the strain, he started it full speed.

And when he stopped it at last, Harrington's head was grimed to atoms, and Quarrier had looked on without comment. There seemed to be little more for them to do except to pay the miller.

"Tomorrow," said Quarrier, rising to go. It was on the edge of Plank's lips to say "Today," but he was silent, knowing that Harrington would speak for him. And the old man did, with out words, turning his iron visage on the man who had been grimed to atoms. But Quarrier coldly demanded a day before they reckoned with Plank. And Plank, profoundly disturbed, shrugged his massive shoulders in contemptuous assent.

So Quarrier and Harrington went away, the younger partner taking leave of the older with a sneer for an outworn prop which no man could ever again have used for the support of despair. But Quarrier coldly demanded a day before they reckoned with Plank. And Plank, profoundly disturbed, shrugged his massive shoulders in contemptuous assent.

For now, whether Harrington lived or died, he must be counted as nothing in this new struggle, darkly outlining the initial strategy in Quarrier's brain. What was coming was coming between himself and Plank alone. The secret must be attained swiftly, with accuracy and with the aid of no man. For he did not count Mortimer a man.

At the door of Major Belwether's house Sylvia's maid received Quarrier smilingly, saying that her mistress was not at home, but that Mrs. Mortimer saw which saved Quarrier the necessity of asking for a private conference with Lella, which was exactly what he had come for. But her first unguarded words on receiving him as he rose at her entrance into the darkened drawing room changed that plan, too—changed it all so utterly and so much for the better that he almost smiled to think of the crudity of human combinations and inventions as compared to the natural machinations of fate.

Lella said, laughingly: "Oh, you are too late, Howard. We are dining with Mr. Plank at Riverside Inn. What in the world are you doing in town so suddenly?"

"A business telegram. I might have come down with you and Sylvia if I had known. Is Plank dining with you alone?"

"I haven't seen him," smiled Lella, evasively. "He will tell us his plan of course when he comes."

"Oh!" said Quarrier, dropping his eyes and glancing furtively toward the curtained windows. At the instant a hansom drove up. Sylvia sprang out lightly up the low steps, and the silent, shrouded house rang with the clamor of the bell.

Lella looked curiously at Quarrier who sat motionless, head partly averted, as though listening to something heard by him alone. He believed perhaps that he was listening to the voice of fate again, and it may have been so, for already for the third time all his plans were changing to suit this new ally of his—this miraculous fate which was shaping matters for him as he waited. Sylvia had started up stairs like a fragment whirled, but her flying feet halted at Lella's constrained voice from the drawing room, and she spun around and came into the darkened room like an April breeze.

"Lella! They'll be here at a quarter to 7!"

Her breath seemed to leave her body as a shadowy figure rose in the uncertain light and confronted her.

"You?"

"Didn't you recognize the car outside?"

"She had not even seen it, so excited, so deeply engaged had she been with the riotous tumult of her own thoughts. And still her hurt, unbelieving gaze widened to dismay as she stood there halted on the threshold, and still his eyes, narrowing, held her under their expressionless inspection.

"When did you come? Why?" she asked in an altered voice.

"I came on business. Naturally, being here, I came to see you. I understand you are dining out?"

"Yes, we are dining out."

"I'm sorry I didn't wire you, because we might have dined together. I saw Plank this afternoon. He did not say you were to dine with him. Shall I see you later in the evening, Sylvia?"

"It will be too late!"

"Oh, tomorrow then! What train do you take?"

Sylvia did not answer. He picked up his hat, repeating the question carelessly, and still she made no reply.

"Shall I see you tomorrow?" he asked, swinging on her rather suddenly.

"I think not. I—there will be no time."

He bowed quietly to Lella, offering his hand. "Who did you say was to dine with you—besides Plank?"

Lella stood silent, then, withdrawing her fingers, walked to the window.

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"Yes—a man I like." "A man I dislike," he rejoined with the slightest emphasis. "I am sorry," she said simply. "So am I, Sylvia. And I am going to ask you to make him an excuse. Any excuse will do." "Excuse? What do you mean, Howard?" "I mean that I do not care to have you speak with Mr. Sward. Have I ever demanded very much of you, Sylvia? Very well. I demand this of you now."

And still she stood there, her eyes wide, her color gone, repeating: "Excuse? What excuse? What do you mean by excuse, Howard?"

"I have told you. You know my wishes. If he has a telephone you can communicate with him."

"And say that I—that you forbid me?"

"If you choose. Yes, say that I object to him. Is there anything extrajudicial in a man objecting to his future wife dining in the country at a country man with a notorious outcast from every decent club and circle in New York?"

"What?" she whispered, white as death. "What did you say?"

"Shall I repeat what everybody except you seems to be aware of? Do you care to have me explain to you exactly why decent people have ostracized this man with whom you are proposing to figure in a public resort?"

He turned to Lella, who stood at the window, her back turned toward them: "Mrs. Mortimer, when Mr. Plank arrives you will be kind enough to explain why Sylvia is unable to accompany you."

If Lella heard she neither turned nor made sign of comprehension. "He will dine at the Santa Regina," he said to Sylvia. "Agatha is here, and I'll find somebody at the club to—"

"Why bother to find anybody?" said Lella, wheeling on him, exasperated. "Why not dine there with Agatha alone? It will not be the first time, I fancy."

"What do you mean?" he said fiercely under his breath. The color had left his face, too, and in his eyes Lella saw for the first time an expression that she had never before surprised in any eyes except her husband's.

"What do I mean?" repeated Lella. "I mean what I say, and if you don't understand it you can find the key to it, I fancy. Nor shall I answer to you for my guests. I invite whom I choose. Mr. Sward is one. Mr. Plank is another. Sylvia, if you care to come—"

Marion Harland, Janet McKenzie Hill, Mrs. Rorer and all known cooking authorities say beans must be baked. They may differ on the method of preparation, but all agree on the "bake."

HEINZ Baked Beans are really baked. Baked in real ovens with the heat radiating from top, bottom and sides. Baked until tender, mealy, appetizing and digestible.

Baked to a rich golden brown. That's why

WEINZ Baked Beans

are always bought by those who know real baked beans.

HEINZ Baked Beans have the good old-fashioned flavor—that's because they are oven-baked in the good old-fashioned way, and then put up in the HEINZ Improved Tin, hermetically sealed without solder. After this each tin is thoroughly sterilized, thus preserving the natural oven-flavor of the true baked beans.

Three ways: With Tomato Sauce; Plain Pork and Beans (Boston Style); Vegetarian—without Pork.

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY, Pittsburgh, Pa.

One of the 57

"I do care to come," said Sylvia. Her heart was beating violently; her eyes were on Quarrier. "If you go," said Quarrier, showing the glimmering edge of teeth under his beard, "you will answer to me for it."

"I will answer you now, Howard. I am going with Mrs. Mortimer. What have you to say?"

"I'll say it tomorrow," he replied, contemplating her in a dull, impassive manner as though absorbed in other things.

"Say what there is to be said now," she insisted, the hot color staining her cheeks again. "Do you desire me to free you? Is that all? I will if you wish."

"No, and I shall not free you, Sylvia. This—all can be adjusted in time."

"As you please," she said slowly. "In time," he repeated, his passionless voice now under perfect control. He turned and looked at Lella. All the wickedness of his anger was concentrated in his gaze. Then he took his leave of them as formally, as precisely as though he had forgotten the whole scene, and a minute later the big motor car ran out on a half circle, backed, wheeled and rolled away through the thickening dusk, the glare of the acetylenes sweeping the deserted street.

(To Be Continued.) Uncle Allen.

"It isn't every man that will hang himself if you give him plenty of rope."

observed Uncle Allen Sparks. "I merely helps some men to get stranded a little quicker; that's all."

\$100 Reward, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio. Sold by all druggists, 75c. Take Hall's Catarrh Pills for constipation.

No Annoyance to Him. Gwendolen (much embarrassed)—"I have to apologize to you this evening, Mr. Whackster. The girl has been cooking onions in the kitchen, and the odor fills the house."

The Young Man (not at all embarrassed)—"I don't mind that a bit, Miss Gwendolen. I've just been eating onions myself."

(Dense silence.)

Eat California Oranges for Health. A leading medical authority says: "The orange is acceptable to the palate, of benefit to the digestion, laxative in action and gives tone to any meal." In California alone has the orange reached perfection, through scientific cultivation under ideal climatic conditions. The California Fruit Growers Exchange pick, sort, select, clean, pack and guide the shipments of the choicest oranges from the most highly cultivated groves. Their trade-mark shown here is your assurance of full-flavored, tree-ripened, perfect fruit. In the same prime condition when you get it as it was on the tree. It is your privilege to insist on this brand—the best California orange. California Navel Oranges are Seedless.

Baked Beans That Are Really Baked. Heinz Baked Beans are really baked. Baked in real ovens with the heat radiating from top, bottom and sides. Baked until tender, mealy, appetizing and digestible. Baked to a rich golden brown. That's why WEINZ Baked Beans are always bought by those who know real baked beans. HEINZ Baked Beans have the good old-fashioned flavor—that's because they are oven-baked in the good old-fashioned way, and then put up in the HEINZ Improved Tin, hermetically sealed without solder. After this each tin is thoroughly sterilized, thus preserving the natural oven-flavor of the true baked beans. Three ways: With Tomato Sauce; Plain Pork and Beans (Boston Style); Vegetarian—without Pork. H. J. HEINZ COMPANY, Pittsburgh, Pa. One of the 57

Soda Crackers with crack to them Soda Crackers with snap to them Soda Crackers with taste to them. Uneeda Biscuit. Oven-fresh—Oven-crisp—Oven-clean— 5¢ In dust tight, moisture proof packages. Never sold in bulk. NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY