NEW WISDOMS

By FANNIE HURST

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IT WAS as if, crash! a skyscraper had collapsed. Or a tornado devastated a forest, or a segment of heaven fallen, obliterating everything in chaos.

That was the way Frederick Farmington felt the noonday he emerged from the office of the most eminent diagnostician in New York city.

Crash. Crash. Crash.

Of course many men before him must have merged from that same office with the same torment of emotions.

But nonetheless, to Frederick Farmington, newly president of his corporation, director of three others of equal importance, vice president of a bank and treasurer of a railroad, it seemed that never had blow smitten a man so in the midst of life!

In the midst of life, Farmington had just been ordered out of it!

That is to say, out of the rushing turmoil of his day-by-days.

There was no longer any use trying to elude the symptoms. The eminent diagnostician had spared no words. Farmington's left lung had two growing sore spots with a threat of one on the right. It was a matter of getting out of town one way or another, his doctor had informed him with rather purposeful brutality. By way of the Adirondack express to the pine forests, or by way of mahogany with silver handles.

In the midst of life Farmington had been ordered out of it.

Standing there on the steps of the doctor's office in the gray of November, it seemed to Farmington, with depression clamping down upon him, that possibly of the two ways—ostracism to the Adirondacks or the way of mahogany with silver handles—the latter was preferable.

Life was so jammed and pulsating an affair when you were in the midst of it as Farmington was! Life in the pine forests with the soughing of wind at night and the creaking of trees by day was all right for a two weeks summer vacation of it. But ostracism to it for what the doctor had termed an indefinite period—

It was a matter of weeks before Farmington finally decided upon his alternative. The flow of life was too quick in him. Life too dear in him. Banishment to the pine woods if need be. But not death.

Farmington was not ready for death.

There were worlds to conquer. Earthly fields to dominate. At forty-three he had tasted too much of the elixir of success to relinquish the cup easily. Life. Life. Life. The battle of Wall Street, the conflict of master industrial minds. The shrewd connivings with the picked business men of the country.

Life. Life. Life. Farmington was greedy for it. The life of the executive. The leader. The captain. It was good to live. And so Farmington surrendered to the prospect of temporary exile . . . with the bitterest pain he had ever known in his life.

In the midst of life, to the silence of pine forest and the long motionless days in a log cabin.

At first there were friends and the days were as clear as steel and the fishing and hunting helped them pass quickly enough, but the camp was on the top of a mountain and the motor roads left off 62 miles before you reached it and train connections were bad and the winter season in town set in with a bang, and the friends fell away.

Those were the days when the loneliness first began to settle upon Farmington. The exile. Breathless, deathless days with only a mountain guide, hired to live with him for company, and the stacks of books and a radio machine and a magnificent mechanical piano.

Those were the days when the loneliness began to settle. And the beauty of the forest to recede and the sound of waterfall to beat into his brain with monotony, and the yearning for the tramp of men's feet and the conflict of quick minds and the excitement of the fray to eat and gnaw at him.

The clear, thin, bitingly cold days of the forest. The pellucid nights with stars like silver Christmas-tree balls waiting to be plucked. A waterfall leaping in glory and suddenly frozen there, a shy and startled loveliness.

All part of the loneliness. The devastating, eating, gnawing loneliness of this man of affairs.

Pain in the lungs. Pain in the heart. Days and days of the kind of pain that made him irascible and difficult for even the old mountain guide, rather scornful and oblivious of the ways of men, to endure.

A gnarled old oak tree of a guide. Strange secrets he knew. Out of the forests. The habits of wild things. The call of the loon. The way of the quick-flanked trout. The footfall of the deer. His lore was full of these delicate, lovely intimacies.

He knew the look in the eyes of a trapped fox and was bitter at the women who wore their pelts.

He loved the prickly little mash of pine cones under him and had a pillow of them on his crude pallet.

He spent long days in the woods and came home more silent than they.

Sometimes it seemed to Farmington he must spring at the throat of this man who was so complacent with the mystery of the silence.

Sometimes, watching him sleep through his own sleepless nights, it seemed to Farmington he must fly at his heart. To tear from it the secret. The secret of his capacity for silence.

The silence that was eating into Farmington. Gnawing into him. Making him a little mad with terror of it.

The radio did its part to help. Yanking the outside world into the heart of the forest. And the mechanical piano and the letters from his friends and the hint of the doings of men in the outside world that came with the weekly parcel post.

But those were only moments out of hours. Hours of torment. Hours of trying to read out of the books, to tear out of the piano, something to counteract the loneliness

Poor Farmington! It is difficult in the haunts of men to learn how to be alone. Farmington frankly had horror of it. He had all his life been the sort of man who would call up a bore of a friend sooner than dine alone. Or sit through a vapid musical show sooner than spend an evening at home without guests. When Farmington so much as traveled from one city to another he took a secretary along for company.

And now, up here in the woods, not even the secretaries would remain for more than a few weeks at a time. Only Farmington and his old guide, who talked back to the birds in noises that resembled their own and who knew secrets of the forests that first had entertained, but after a while began to pall on Farmington.

Two years of this and then, as the saying goes, the house settled. That is, from a nervous, plunging kind of resistance, Farmington receded into a morose kind of acquiescence. Lethargy. Torpor. Or call it what you will. Sometimes days of silence in their little cabin, or the two of them, Farmington and his guide, tramping the woods hour after hour after hour. Silently. There was so little to say. And, strangely enough, so much to observe—quick, fleeting life of the forest. It shimmered with it. Indeed, it kept the senses alert just being on the watch. The perky head of a chipmunk where you least expected it. The slant of late sunlight through trees. Clear, cold music of waterfall. Ever see a pine tree sway in wind? The bob-tailed leap of a rabbit? The wind-polished bole of a poplar? Farmington was the unconscious student in the mystery of this lore. Sometimes the old guide used secretly to smile. Farmington coming home of a dusk with a few choppy words of what he had seen. Mysteries too subtle for many words. Mysteries as lovely as the leap of a deer.

Then a great diagnostician, for a fee that would have been ransom for a king, journeyed up to the mountain shack.

The sky and the pines and the silence had done their work well.

The two sores on one lung and the threat of a sore on the other had entirely disappeared. Farmington had won.

Farmington was released from the forest and given his ticket of leave back to the haunts of men.

And Farmington, after weeks of procrastination with himself, did not take it.

There was not much explaining to be done about it. In fact he never even discussed it with his guide. They just sat side by side smoking pipeful after pipeful of silence. The old guide knew, of course. With the sensitiveness that helped him to know the footfall of a deer.

He knew. The peace had bored its way into Farmington. Far, far from the tramp-tramp-tramp of the feet of men, Farmington had heard the footfall of a deer.

And it was worth waiting for to hear the footfall of another. And another. And another. And all the strange, new wisdoms that went with knowing and loving the delicate sound of the footfall of a deer.

American Indians Not Lacking in Good Ideas

With particular respect to fishing, the American Indian methodology was especially interesting. The harpoon was a favorite implement for taking large fish, the spear or simply a sharp-pointed stick for smaller fry. But the net also was used, and a kind of fish corral was frequently employed on the tidal beaches—a circle of sticks driven into the sand. In the New England region torch fishing was common; the fish, attracted by the light, were speared or netted by the Indians in canoes or actually wading in the water. No better evidence of the natural economy of the race, so frequently denied, can be cited than the custom of fertilizing corn hills with the remains of fish. This was the trick taught to the settlers at Plymouth by Squanto, and a little thought on the subject will suggest that it was an example of pure primitive genius on the part of the inventor. Another exhibition of the same type is to be found in the custom of using mild vegetable poisons to catch fish, but in this case the origin may well have been of the nature of a discovery rather than of an invention.

First Gypsies in Europe

Organized gypsy bands first appeared in Europe at the beginning of the Fifteenth century, and in Italy their number in 1422 was computed at 14,000. Five years later they made their first appearance in Paris, saying that they were Christians of Lower Egypt, driven to take refuge in Europe from the Saracens, and had recently left Bohemia.

Marriage Test

It's a happy marriage if ten years later the one who loved and won doesn't envy the lucky boob who loved and lost.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Porcupine's Weakness

The porcupine has few natural enemies and he never has to seek for food, for he eats bark. He has a real passion for salt, and will eat anything with a salty taste.

Measure of Success

The man who attains the greatest success is usually the man who has the sincerest love for his work.—Fred Sweet.

First Pole in America?

It is said that the first Pole who came to the United States was a young man whom the Dutch colonists of Manhattan in 1659 engaged as a schoolmaster for their children.

Twice Told Tales

Items of Interest Taken From the Files of the Plaindealer of Years Ago

FIFTY YEARS AGO

Pickles have begun to arrive at the factories in this village and the crop is reported quite promising in this section.

The baseball game on Thursday last between the Stars, of this village, and a team from Woodstock, was a very one-sided affair, the McHenry boys winning by the score of 50 to 16.

The ice cream parlor of Wm. Siers has been removed from the store of H. H. Nichols and has been consolidated with that of E. W. Wheeler in Kelter's block, where the public can hereafter find ice cream by the dish or quart at all times. Picnic parties or private families furnished on short notice by leaving orders at store.

FORTY YEARS AGO

"Ranger H." owned by George G. Smith, took first money in 2:50 trot at Nunda, on Saturday. Best time 2:43.

About fifty tickets were sold at this station on Tuesday morning for Elgin, all going to see Barnum's show.

We understand that Barbian Bros. have bought several lots on the east shore of the river, north of this village. Consideration $400 per acre.

This section was treated to a genuine earthquake shock on Friday evening last. Houses shook, dishes rattled, and old mother earth seemed for a moment to be on a regular bender. Everybody was more or less frightened for the time.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

The price of butter was fixed at 24 cents on the Elgin board of trade Monday.

The farmers are kept quite busy these days harvesting small grain. The crop is said to be quite satisfactory.

The gravel which has recently been placed on Green street near the city hall is causing no small amount of trouble for autoists. Machines are being stuck there almost daily.

The McHenry County Automobile club will hold a clam bake on the banks of Fox river Sunday. Dinner which will consist of clams, lobsters and green corn on the cob, will be served at 12:30 o'clock.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

Butter was declared firm at 25 cents on the Elgin board of trade Monday.

The foundation for the new blacksmith shop that will be erected on Waukegan street by Jos. May of Ringwood is now finished. Mr. May hopes to have the building ready for occupancy about Sept. 1.

In the presence of quite a large gathering of relatives and friends, Miss Anna Steinsdoerfer and Mr. Wm. M. Heimer, both of this place, were united in marriage at St. Mary's Catholic church here at 2:30 p. m. on Thursday afternoon of last week. The words that made the two man and wife were spoken by Rev. A. Royer, pastor of the church.

The first Roman Catholic service ever held in Dundee took place at Union hall Sunday morning, at 8:15 o'clock, under the supervision of Father J. Lonergan of Crystal Lake. There are between fifty and seventy-five adherents of the faith in Dundee and Carpentersville who have heretofore gone to Elgin for service.

TEN YEARS AGO

Indications point to a very small pickle crop thruout this territory this year. Altho the factory here has been open for some time, only a few pickles have thus far been received. This same condition, we are told, prevails in most of the neighboring towns.

The Mrs. Peter Freund building on the West Side has been rented to a Chicago man who will open a Perfection bakery therein on or about September 1st. We understand that the machinery and equipment has already been purchased and will be moved to this village at once.

The newly established woodworking plant, located east of Fox river, is now in operation and according to the owners orders are coming in very nicely. The concern is hopeful of landing one contract that will keep the plant comfortably busy during the coming fall and winter months.

Texas Cave Soon Will Be Opened for Tourists

San Antonio, Texas.—Wood's cave, 100 miles north of here, soon will be open for the inspection of tourists, according to plans to beautify Texas highways. The underground recess consists of three main corridors, all more than one-half mile in length, and is of sandstone and limestone formation. The central cavern is 40 feet in diameter and 20 feet high.

Ranch Manager in Texas Hunts Eagles From Air

Marfa, Texas.—Hunting from the air is the way Roy Cleveland, manager of the Cleveland ranch, has been clearing his ranch of the destructive eagle. He has hired Norman Ferguson, aviator, to fly him over the ranch so that Cleveland can shoot the birds from a plane. The birds kill many lambs each year.

Wears "Class" Numerals

Middleboro, Mass.—A turtle shell bearing the initials "E. F. T." and the numerals "1835" was unearthed by a sewer gang here.

SLOCUM'S LAKE

Mr. and Mrs. John Blomgren attended the movies at Crystal Lake last Thursday night.

Mrs. Ray Dowell and daughter, Dorothy, spent last Thursday evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Earl Davis.

Mrs. Clara Smith was a caller at the home of Mrs. Jos. S. Haas at Wauconda last Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Foss were callers at Algonquin Sunday.

Mrs. John R. Knox of McHenry spent Sunday afternoon at the home of her father here.

Mrs. LaDoyt Matthews of Forest Park spent last Thursday afternoon with relatives at Oak Glen Farm.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Foss and son, Junior, called at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Merrill Foss near Crystal Lake last Friday evening.

Mrs. Clara Smith accompanied Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Williams and son, Junior, of Crystal Lake to Edison Park last Wednesday where they visited in the home of Mrs. Emily Smith.

Mrs. Ella Wiant of West Chicago spent last Friday and the week-end with her sister, Mrs. Willard Darrell.

John Nested spent Sunday with friends at Waukegan.

Willard Darrell and guest, Harvey Bailey, were callers at Crystal Lake and Waukegan Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Converse and daughter, Frances, were Sunday supper and evening guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ray Dowell.

Henry Foss and Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Ashby and son, Teddy, of Grand Rapids, Mich., while enroute to Madison, Wis., spent Tuesday and Wednesday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. William Foss.

H. J. Shaffer of McHenry called at the Henry Geary home last Saturday.

Mrs. Willard Darrell returned home Saturday after spending the week at the Elizabeth Condell hospital at Libertyville.

Mr. and Mrs. John Blomgren were Sunday afternoon callers at the home of Mr. and Mrs. George Lundgren at Wauconda.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Williams and son, Junior, of Crystal Lake were Sunday supper and evening guests at the home of Mrs. Clara Smith.

Mrs. Anna Matthews, Mrs. Frank Rowley and daughter, Adelfe, Mrs. Allen Hayford, Mrs. Thomas Stanek of Crystal Lake and Mr. and Mrs. John Blomgren were callers at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Matthews last Thursday afternoon. The folks from Crystal Lake called on the latter's mother at the hospital at Libertyville later in the afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Foss and daugher, Vivian, of Libertyville were Sunday afternoon callers at the home of the former's parents here.

Mrs. George Eatinger spent last Monday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ray Dowell.

John and Charles Witt of Barrington and William Brooks of Waukegan spent last Wednesday afternoon at the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Brooks.

Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Bailey of Davenport, Iowa, returned home Tuesday after spending a few days with relatives at Oak Glen Farm.

Mrs. Lucile Rohman and two friends of Chicago spent a few days the first of the week at the H. L. Brooks home.

Mrs. W. E. Brooks and son, Chesney, were callers at Crystal Lake Monday afternoon.

Miss Althea Coss and mother and Mrs. Geraldine Smith of Wauconda, DeLos Ames and Miss Helen Honeywell of Libertyville and Miss Lillian Tidmarsh and Mrs. Prickett of Wauconda spent last Thursday afternoon at the H. L. Brooks home.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Detrick of Chicago, Hugh Parks and daughter, Jacqueline, of Park Ridge and Orville Granger of Wauconda were Sunday callers at the W. E. Brooks home.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Esping, Mr. and Mrs. Willard Darrell and guests, Mrs. Ella Wiant and Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Bailey were Sunday dinner and afternoon guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Matthews.

Mrs. Fred Nordmeyer accompanied Mr. and Mrs. John Herzing to Fox Lake last Wednesday afternoon and visited Mr. and Mrs. Joe Schrer.

Mr. and Mrs. Miller and Miss Helen Bernier of Chicago spent Saturday evening at the Henry Geary home.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Nordmeyer and daughter, Beatrice, and son, Russel, were dinner and supper guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ed Bauer at Spring Grove.

Miss Lillian Tidmarsh and Mrs. Prickett of Wauconda were callers last Tuesday afternoon at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Willard Darrell.

Marked 50-Cent Piece Ends 20-Year Journey

Bakersfield, Calif.—Twenty years of travel, over thousands of miles and through many states, by the hand of honest men and thieves, ended here for a marked 50-cent piece, when Lee Bryan returning the coin to its rightful owner.

Bryan, grocery store manager, was a clerk in the C. A. Blodgett store, in Spokane, Wash., on March 17, 1912, when his employer marked the 50-cent piece with his initials and the date, to commemorate the birth of a son. Bryan watched the ritual.

Blodgett put the marked coin in the office safe. It nestled alongside a prized dollar, dated 1794.

Six months later the strong box was opened by burglars. They took the two keepsake coins, along with other loot.

Recently, the Bakersfield grocer was counting up the cash at his store. He noted a familiar coin. It was the marked half dollar, with "C. A. B.—March 17, 1912," scratched on its face.

Bryan sent the coin back to his former employer.

One Point of View

All one's life is music, if one touches the notes rightly and in time.

JOHNSBURG

Miss Katherine Althoff of Elgin spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. William Althoff.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Schoewer and son, Hubert, of McHenry were callers here Tuesday evening.

George Miller of Volo was a caller at the home of John Pitzen Tuesday evening.

Bernard Althoff and Miss Mary Althoff of Wheatland, Wis., spent Sunday with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Althoff.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl J. Turner motored to Chicago Saturday.

John Pitzen visited a couple of days recently at Techeny.

Miss Rosemary Schaefer is spending her vacation with Miss Marcella Jerak at Chicago this week.

Mrs. William J. Meyers, daughter, Evelyn, and sons, Leroy and Buddy, were Ringwood callers Wednesday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray Horick of Woodstock spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Stephen H. Smith.

Miss Emma Freund of McHenry visited with Mr. and Mrs. Fred Freund Wednesday afternoon.

Mrs. John Stilling of Lily Lake was a caller here Thursday.

Miss Dorothy Michels is spending her vacation at Lily Lake with Miss Lillian Miller this week.

Mrs. Al Wegner and little daughter, Marion, of Wauconda, Mrs. Peter M. Wagner, daughter, Priscilla, of Mundelein, were visitors in the home of Mr. and Mrs. William Althoff Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Steffes of McHenry visited with Mrs. Steve King Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Skifano of Chicago called on Mr. and Mrs. William J. Meyers and family Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Brueggeman of Chicago and Mr. and Mrs. Louis Althoff, daughters, Anita and Esther, of McHenry were Sunday evening guests at the home of William Althoff.

Mr. and Mrs. Emil Simon of Chicago were visitors here Monday afternoon.

The ladies of the Community club met at the home of Mrs. Fred Smith Monday evening. Prizes were given to Mrs. Fred Smith, first; Mrs. Joe J. Freund, second, and Mrs. Steve May, consolation. Lunch was served at the closing.

Mrs. Joe Freund and Mrs. Hilda May and children motored to Woodstock Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Mike Gorski of Woodstock visited with Mr. and Mrs. Joe P. Miller Sunday.

Jimmie Guyer and Bud Thurlwell of McHenry were callers here Sunday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. John Lay of Spring Grove were visitors at the home of Mrs. Stephen Smith one day this week.

Mrs. Albert Huff and daughter, Shirley, were McHenry callers Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Stoffel and daughter of McHenry were callers here Tuesday.

Mrs. Peter Miller of Lily Lake visited with her father, Henry Stilling, Thursday.

Mrs. William Smith and family of McHenry were callers here Thursday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe N. Miller of Richmond were callers at the home of Henry Stilling one day this week.

Miss Mabel King of McHenry visited with her folks, Mr. and Mrs. Joe King, one day this week.

Mrs. Joe Regner, daughter, Betty, and son, Jimmie, of McHenry were visitors at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Stephen H. Smith Thursday.

Math N. Schmitt and William J. Meyers motored to Crystal Lake Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Bob Welke of Chicago motored out Friday evening to spend Saturday and Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Peter Freund.

Leo Krabbenhoff of Crystal Lake is spending his vacation at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Michels.

Mrs. Joseph Huemann is spending a few days in Chicago.

John Degen and daughter, Jeanette, were McHenry visitors Sunday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. William J. Meyers and family motored to Wilmette to spend Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. John Bohman.

Miss Veronica Schaefer of Chicago is spending this week with her uncle, Mike Schaefer.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Thelen were Woodstock shoppers Saturday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Alex Freund of Chicago motored out to spend Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Stephen H. Smith.

Mr. and Mrs. William J. Meyers, daughter, Annabelle, and son, Leroy, motored to Woodstock Saturday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. John Rauen of Spring Grove visited with John H. Freund Sunday.

Paul Gerasch of McHenry was a called here Wednesday.

Mrs. Math N. Schmitt and daughter, Isabelle, were Chicago callers Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Diedrich of Spring Grove were callers here Wednesday evening.

Miss Evelyn Meyers and brother, Leroy, were Fox Lake callers Wednesday.

The Lady Foresters had their picnic at Fox River Park, Kenosha county. There were about fifty-five sisters present. Prizes in five hundred were awarded to Mrs. Agnes Hettermann, first; Mrs. Emma King, second; Mrs. John Schmitt, third; Mrs. Clara Nell, fourth; Mrs. Martha Tonyan, fifth; Mrs. Joe J. Freund, sixth; Miss Marian Freund, seventh; Mrs. Agnes Freund, eighth; Mrs. Emma Lay, ninth and Mrs. John V. Freund, consolation. Bunco prizes were awarded to Miss Evelyn Meyers, first; Miss Alvina Schmitt, second; Mrs. Alvina Miller, third; Mrs. Emma Bugner, fourth, and Mrs. Anna Lay, consolation. The prize in the sack race was won by Mrs. Peter Freund. In another race, Mrs. Joe Huff won the prize.

Math Welter of Ringwood was a visitor at the home of John Frett Wednesday evening.

Miss Julia Weingart of Chicago spent the week-end with her mother, Mrs. Jacob Weingart.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Justen of McHenry were callers here Wednesday.

Mrs. Gus Vendetti, daughter, Catharine, and Miss Edith Brewer of the Tamarack Country club visited with Mr. and Mrs. William J. Meyers Wednesday evening.

John Lay of Spring Grove was a caller here Thursday evening.

Charity and Politeness

As charity covers a multitude of sins before God, so does politeness before man.—Greville.

Ancient House Made Museum

The Dykeman house in New York city which is now a museum is an Eighteenth century farmhouse. It was erected between 1783 and 1785 by William Dykeman and presented to the city in 1915 by his two descendants, Mrs. Bashford Dean and Mrs. Alexander Macmillian Welch.

Bird "Pirates"

The young of the great horned owl quickly inherit the swift, noiseless movement of their parents. Because they can strike quickly with their sharp talons, they have earned for themselves the name of "tigers among the birds." They live in a world of bloodshed and killing.

Lincoln's Washington Church

Abraham Lincoln, while President, attended the service of the New York Avenue Presbyterian church. He sat in a small room adjoining that in which the service was held. Thus his presence was kept private and no "political capital" could be made of his attendance.

Employment

Employment, sir, and hardships prevent melancholy.—Samuel Johnson.

Grass New Flavor for Pies

A lemon-flavored grass is used to flavor South African pies and custards.

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Light Meat—For Salads

P&G The White Naphtha Soap 10 reg. bars 25c

O.K. Soap The Yellow Bar . 7 bars 25c

Oliv-ilo Wisley's Toilet Soap . 4 cakes 25c

Buckeye Malt and Hops or Hop Flavored Syrup . cat or can 49c

Fresh Fruits and Vegetables

Oranges California Valencia juice size doz. 19c

large size doz. 32c med. size doz. 25c

Potatoes Fancy White . . 15-lb. peck 19c

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