The TATTOOED ARM

By Isabel Ostrander

©1922 NEA Service, Inc.

BEGIN HERE TODAY

Mystery surrounds the sudden eccentricity of three wealthy and sedate brothers, one of them the father of youthful Patricia Drake. Alarmed because of the evident terror which has gripped the trio, Patricia asks the advice of her guardian, Attorney John Wells, and tells him that two weeks ago her father, Hobart Drake, a Wall Street broker, clothed himself in a sheet and went to the town square where he delivered a mock oration.

A few days later her uncle, Roger Drake, an eminent scientist, made a burlesque of a scientific address. That morning, the third brother, her uncle, Andrew, was found seated on the floor playing with tows. The three are sane, sober and respected men.

Wells asks Owen Miles, detective sergeant, to investigate, and Miles becomes butler in the household.

GO ON WITH THE STORY

"General history of the family and the way the neighbors regard them," Scottie grunted. "I've come especially to warn you of a rumor of some strange actions of Hobart Drake's in Wall Street to-day. He's home, the night."

"Yes, and calm and more self-contained!" Miles exclaimed in surprise.

"That's because his mind is made up," returned Scottie. "Unless the rumor is unfounded—our friend Hobart is planning to retire or make his getaway. He has started to wind up his business affairs. Overheard anything?"

"Nothing."

Briefly Miles told his colleague of the events which had occurred since his installation as the pseudo house servant.

"Andrew is the only one who seems to be unaffected, but there is a forced and unnatural note in his boisterous cheerfulness. I don't know whether we're dealing with a bunch of lunatics or that they are the victims of some obscure form of villainy that is unprecedented in the annals of the department, and I am on the point of developing nerves over the problem myself! I'll be glad when you tackle your job here."

Miles watched until the bulky form had vanished. Then he entered the kitchen door and fastened it behind him.

He had started for the servants' stairway when a flickering glow from the front of the house made him pause with every sense alert.

Noiselessly he crept toward it and saw that it emanated from the drawing-room. Noiseless advanced the spot of flame and hiding behind a [illegible] he came to his eye and then [illegible] of medal.

[illegible] aside a fold of the [illegible] which draped the doorway and peered in. There was no light save that from the tiny blaze burning in the fireplace, but against it he saw outlined a hooded, hideous figure in a loose [illegible] before the hearth and while the [illegible] a narrow tongue of flame leap up, glistening on a heavy coil of silvery hair which hung to the floor. It was Miss Jerusha Drake!

Holding his breath and moving silently inch by inch, Miles slipped through the curtains and into the shadow behind a tall cabinet, from around the farther side of which he could gain a more direct view of the crouching form. It was swaying back and forth and now a low, indistinguishable mutter not unlike some weird incantation issued from her lips.

The flame died and Miss Jerusha drew a deep breath.

"Done!" The mutter resolved itself into dull, monotonously intoned speech at last. "Ashes, every one! If only the [illegible] had never been conceived this horror would not have descended upon us. They are destroyed, but their very fumes breathe poison!"

Hands clutched at her throat as though she were indeed choking and for a moment the woman seemed on the verge of collapse. Then catching up a small object which had laid on the rug by her side she rose and turned. A tiny pin-point of light shot out before her and Miles saw that the object she carried was an electric torch, its very gleam distorting her face with the wisps of gray hair falling about it, into the semblance of the veriest witch.

He shrank back fearful lest she discover his presence, but Miss Jerusha stared straight before her with the wild blank gaze of one who looks upon the hideous visions of a mind distraught and slowly, gropingly she passed from the room.

CHAPTER VII.

A soft rain was falling when Miles awakened the next morning and in the clear, gray light the scene which he had witnessed in the drawing-room seemed vague and unreal. That creature with dishevelled hair and crazed eyes could not have been the dignified, self-contained Miss Drake, nor could that cryptic speech have issued from her lips!

Hastening out into the hall he opened the door of the closet under the stairs. The mail bag was hanging in its accustomed place and the handy man's first task of the morning was to take it to the postoffice.

There was no sign of life about the house and Miles soon had a kettle boiling and expertly steamed open two envelopes.

The first felt so bulky that he was not surprised to take from it a folded inner envelope inscribed: "Mr. Richard Kemp." It was unaddressed but the accompanying letter was explanatory:

"Millie, dearest:

"I am going to ask a most tremendous favor. I am not allowed to see or even write to Dickie any more—it isn't that he has done anything, he is the darlingest boy alive, but both our families have decided to break up our happiness and Aunt Jerusha watched me like a lynx! Will you put the enclosed letter in one of your own envelopes and address it to Dickie for me? For heaven's sake don't fail me for I am simply heartbroken!

"Hastily but with fondest love,

"Pat."

Miles smiled to himself as he resealed the letter with its enclosure, but his gravity returned when he opened the final envelope:

"My dr. Brother," he read.

"I take my pen in hand to let you know that I am well and hope you and all are the same but I can't say as much for the folks. The house has not been the same since Andrew came back from foreign parts more noisy and fresh like than when he was a boy only different but up to his old tricks. He played a joke on the houseman Monday and scairt him so he left. Hobart has took to liquor and made a holy show of himself in the town. Roger has got himself in a mess too over a speech he made in the schoolhouse last week. I am commencing to think they are all getting queer again like they was years ago when they first come into the money. Do you recollect what I told you about their actions? Seems like it was yesterday. Miss Jerusha has not been herself lately and no wonder with the gossip and all and she has put a stop to Pat going out with that nice young man I wrote you about but I guess it will come out all right.

"Y'r aff't sister

"Hitty."

Slowly Miles replaced the letter and gummed the flap o fthe envelope together once more. He had heretofore regarded the lugubrious Mehitabel as negligible, but he realized now that she might be well worth cultivating. She thought "they were all getting queer again" like they were when their inheritance came. That was the outstanding phrase in her letter which struck him with the greatest force.

Miss Jerusha was her calmly reserved self at breakfast, and Miles could perceive no trace of the emotion which had possessed her at midnight.

"Ashes, every one!"

"I wonder if you will go on an errand for me, William?" asked Roger. "I know it is raining, but I have an important letter which must go in the next mail."

"I'll go at once, sir."

Absorbed in his thoughts the detective had plodded mechanically along the path and it was with a start of surprise that he saw the raincoat and bedraggled broad-brimmed hat of Andrew Drake just ahead. He was walking rapidly beside a taller, more distinguished figure. Miles recognized him as the visitor on the night of his arrival, the next door neighbor, Enslee Grayle.

What could these two, so widely dissimilar in character and proclivities, have in common? Miles hastened his footsteps and was almost at their heels when they turned abruptly off at the head of a lane between two tall hedges. He was about to continue to the village when he turned to find a woman beside him. She was dressed in a tailored suit of brown which displayed the buxom lines of her figure with rather startling frankness; a face that was undeniably pretty although of a coarse type, and bold hazel eyes gazed into his from beneath a fringe of all-too-yellow hair.

"I sye, 'oo is that man?" she demanded with an imperative nod toward the pair who had struck off down the lane. "Friends o' yours?"

"The man in the raincoat is Mr. Andrew Drake and the older one is his neighbor, the owner of the house from which you say they came. His name is Mr. Enslee Grayle."

"'Ow, is it?" Her eyes shifted from his to rest contemplatively upon the two figures already misty in the slanting rain. "Strike me pink if I didn't fancy one o' 'em was an old pal o' mine!—I sye, 'ow far is it to the station? My car broke down a mile back and I've got to be at the studio in New York at twelve."

"The station is half a mile further on, but here comes a jitney and it appears to be empty." Miles gestured toward a ramshackle taxi which was rattling down the road.

"Wot luck!" She waved to the driver of the approaching vehicle and then once more her eyes sought the lane. "Andrew Drake," you said, and the white-headed old toff is Enslee Grayle? My mistyke!—Well, cheerio! If you've a cinema in this giddy metropolis watch for little Maizie—To the station, my man, and look sharp!"

CHAPTER VIII.

Miles hastened to the village, mailed Roger's letter and lost no time in returning to the house.

The dreary day drew to a close and the evening passed uneventfully.

The family were finishing breakfast the next morning when the rumble of a well-known voice sounded from the kitchen.

"Ze new gardenaire, he ees arrive," announced Pierre.

"Hello, Jack!" Miles grinned as he advanced, for the absence of the grizzled, sandy beard had wrought a vast change.

"I'll take you to Miss Drake—" Miles led the way to the hall. "Study her, Scottie, for she's in on this, too! Whatever it may be that is affecting the men of the family, she is sharing it!"

(To be continued.)

Make Better Bread
Ask your grocer for
ROYAL YEAST CAKES
STANDARD OF QUALITY FOR OVER 50 YEARS

Song of the Trippers

Gold finches round the purple floss
Of thistles all a-blow
Have loosed the little keels of brown,
And pilotless they float from town
To the far ocean's flow.

And we released from mill and loom,
From wage and work set free,
Float light of heart as thistles blown,
The faery fleets of thistledown,
And Commonsense may pitch and drown
Now we are near the sea.

We know a blue and elfin foreland,
Its pines than dreams more fair;
A young slim moon with clear white eye
Peeps laughing from the twilight sky;
Snow-breasted swallows circle by,
With gulls, all summer there.

Tom Fool in velvet cap of foxglove
And harebells at his feet
Plays daylong there, plays nightlong there;
He makes the winds his dulcimer;
The merry sea flutes back his air
And dances to his beat.

The water twirls, the water skirls,
His windy cap nods he;
And past him dance and play the clown
And faery fleets of thistledown
That venture out to sea.

—Geoffrey Johnson.

Apron Strings

"My Dear," said Sybil to me when we were discussing life-in-general, "I distinctly foresee the shipwreck of Jeannie's marriage—she flourishes the apron-strings too much!"

When fluffy little Jeannie got engaged to "Big Ben" Travers there had been quite a sensation. Frankly—we were all of us in love with Ben; but we all of us imagined he'd marry somebody statuesque and frightfully nice—"accomplished," too, as grandmamma might have said! Then suddenly he fell very much in love with Jeannie.

I think the whole business rather turned Jeannie's head; you see, she had just been one of our set, dancing and playing games all together, and then suddenly she became a Real Romance and Big Ben Travers' fiancee.

There is no accounting for the people who fall in love with each other; but you can nearly always account for those who fall out of love!

Keeping Him on a String

It was dreadful, truly. Though at first Ben did not see how dreadful. It was "Ben this"—and "Ben that" (you know how maddening that can be), and then she began to make Ben fetch and carry; she "cut" her dances with him; she flirted round and let him trapse after her, and, and great booby that he was, he followed—so, very much did he love her.

But all this was only the prelude to the more serious business of apron-strings. After they were married Jeannie set to work to make a real "married man" of "Big Ben." Nearly every night she fetched him from the office; he felt rather a fool but couldn't bear to hurt her feelings by telling her not to do it too often—she 'phoned him any and every old time; sometimes just to tell him not to forget to call at the fishmongers, or to command him to hurry home as Mum and Dad and Betty and Billy and Bonny were all coming in to dance.

Then, when he did arrive, she'd call out as he came in: "Do hurry, Ben, and change!—Billie's sleeping in your dressing-room so change in the bedroom, and oh! Ben, mind you put on the socks I've put you out, and Ben! do take off your muddy shoes downstairs. . . ."

Maddening!

Well, you can imagine how maddening that sort of thing gets when it's practised in public and private, day in and day out. And when "Little Ben" came, matters only became intensified.

And now? Well, people just ask Ben out without Jeannie whenever they can, and both Ben and Jeannie are puzzled and resentful.

"Anyhow, what could Ben have done?" asked Sybil.

"It's a great pity that he couldn't put her over his knee and spank her hard. . . ." I believe I replied—for, didn't I say in the beginning that we were all a little fond of "Big Ben"?

To Let

They came round the hedge to find a white gate, and then they saw the house.

They might perhaps have found it difficult to convey to anyone but each other how supremely beautiful the house seemed to them. At the sight of it Sylvia gave a little cry of rapture, and grasped Mary by the arm. It lay long and low to the South like a happy cat stretched to the sun; it was roughly of that E shape dear to the Elizabethans who had built it, with an ample porch and little square room above marking the letter's middle stroke, and extending forward at either end as if with arms to embrace them. Its old brick walls were covered at one side with a great ivy that sprang from the earth with a gnarled trunk like a tree, the other was hung with a tangle of vine and wisteria and passion-flower wonderfully intermingled. Great bosses of green moss clustered on the old roof of red tiles that were stained too with grey and ocherous lichens, and on either side of the bricked path that ran between the gate and the brown nail-studded door was a space of green grass edged neatly with clipped box, with an apple-tree or two slanting their trunks to the ground.

They leant over the gate taking it in. "It is, it really is, the house of my utmost dreams," said Mary softly, as if too loud a tone might blow the vision away.—From "The Book of Wells."

The First Moose Trophy

Bringing out with them the first moose shot in Quebec the 1928 hunting season, Mr. of Miami, Florida, reached que, Que., at the conclusion of Vermillion River section with out- The moose secured by Mr. Hock inches and while far from being the serve, was a splendid trophy and was the day on which the hunting opened.

what was probably since the opening of and Mrs. Oscar Hock, Montreal from La Tu- a successful hunt in the fitter Armand Tremblay, had an antler spread of 74 largest secured in the pre- shot in the early morning of

NEW BEAUTY for YOUR CLOTHES
By Mae Martin

You can look attractive and stylish on less. Learn how to give new beauty and variety to your dresses and add individuality and charm to things around the home by the quick magic of home tinting and dyeing. Perfect results are possible only with Diamond Dyes. Each package represents the perfection of 50 years of dye-making. They never streak, spot or run. They are real dyes, like those used when the cloth was made.

Diamond Dyes are easy to use. The "know-how" is in the dyes. Fashionable tints appear like magic right over the out-of-style or faded colors. Insist on Diamond Dyes and save disappointment.

"Color Craft," my big new book of dollar-saving hints, will be sent you FREE. Write Mae Martin, Diamond Dyes, Windsor, Ontario.

Why Hurricanes?

Wind's Destructive Blast is Caused by Pumping Force of Central Swirl

Washington. — The birthplace of West Indian hurricanes, such as that which has just devastated Porto Rico and how and where they blow, are the subjects of a bulletin from the headquarters of the National Geographical Society.

"Most of the so-called West Indian hurricanes come into existence over the warm seas, somewhere between the West Indies and the coast of Africa," says the bulletin.

"They are probably gentle little eddies of air at first, but gather momentum owing to differences in temperature and air pressure, until they become gigantic whirls sucking air toward their central vortices like gargantuan vacuum cleaners.

"The observer in the path of a hurricane can hardly believe that these destructive winds are swirls. He sees the effects of, and feels a straight blast of air moving at great speed, overturning ships, trees and buildings. If he watches long enough he will see this destructive blast almost completely reverse its direction. These winds are created by the pumping force of the central swirl; and while the centre itself may be moving across the country at the leisurely rate of eight or ten miles an hour the winds rushing inward from all directions to disappear up the 'spout' reach terrific speed. The usual maximum speed is 100 miles an hour. The fact that the hurricane at San Juan blew at a rate of 132 and perhaps 150 miles an hour stamps this storm as of extraordinary violence."

Bee Travels 3,500 Miles From America by Mail

Colonel Lammon on opening, at the Crystal Palace, London, on Sept. 5, the sixth annual exhibition of bees and honey organized by the Kent and Surrey Beekeepers' Association, London, drew attention to Lady Margaret of Modena, a queen bee which had arrived the day before, alive and well, after making the unprecedented journey of 3,500 miles by post from America in fourteen days.

Colonel Lammon suggested that as soon as communication by air was regularly established between Europe and America it would greatly improve the breeding of bees, as it would form a means of rapid transit of queen bees with little danger to their lives.

At the exhibition there had been placed on view over three tons of honey for competition; also bees-wax, vinegar and other liquids and solids made from honey or with the aid of it. It was claimed by the exhibitors that, as a food honey takes a leading place, seven ounces of honey being equal to twelve ounces of beefsteak.

Disarmament and Industry

London Sunday Times (Cons.): While the victorious nations of the war have been expending huge sums on the upkeep and development of military, naval and air forces, Germany, deprived by the terms of peace of the right of necessity to do so, has been free to divert the whole of the money and enterprise that would have gone on armaments to the development of her industry and commerce. The result is that she is today—ten years after the war ended—a thriving nation, able at least to hold her own with any other in Europe. Here is a lesson that must not be lost. In proportion to its extent, disarmament will set free for work of constructive development funds now locked up in weapons of destruction.

The Fireplace

The tiles of a fireplace, though small items in themselves, can easily ruin the appearance of a fireplace, even of a whole room if all other details are perfect. Builders of houses are proverbially prone to think that the same color means the same tone; they give you green tiles or blue, because your room or paint is green or blue, but it just happens to be the wrong green or blue, what pain for watching eyes? People moving into new houses should insist upon supervising such details themselves. Builders are generally willing to meet them and let them choose their own patterns. It is even worth while to pay a little more and buy your tiles—some of them are so beautiful—from firms which specialize in them. Get a few odd ones if you do. They make lovely teapot stands.

Learning to Swim

Now the swimming season is over, and probably many of you can swim. Have you ever tried swimming on your backs?

In order to swim on your back you must, of course, turn over. This is done exactly as you turn in bed. Drop the arm and leg opposite to the side to which you turn, and as it were embrace the water with the other. This achievement is a perfectly natural one, and you have only to obey the impulse of your will to accomplish it.

Having turned over, let your head lie well back, no other part of the body being out of water, the hands close to the hips, then strike out as in breast swimming.

Two attorneys, one decidedly glum of countenance, met on the street. "Well, how's business?" the first asked of the dismal one. "Rotten," the pessimist replied. "I just chased an ambulance 12 miles and found a lawyer in it."

"Did yer git anything?" whispered the burglar on the ground, as his pal emerged from the window. "Naw; the bloke wot lives here is a lawyer," replied the other in disgust. "Hard luck," said the first. "Did you lose anything?"

The mind proceeds from principles to demonstrations.—Pascal.

Teas of finer quality are unchanged in price. An avalanche of the cheaper grades has made possible a slight reduction in that class of tea.

"SALADA" TEA

A Tea of Finer Quality

The Lost Princess

By F. A. M. OGDEN

Once upon a time there lived a king who had one daughter. Now this daughter's name was Joyce. Joyce lost her mother when she was only a baby and so the king married again. He married a queen who had already a daughter and who was named Elizabeth Ann. And Joyce was a beautiful maiden with long golden hair down to her ankles and big blue eyes and long curly eye-lashes and had such a sweet temper. Elizabeth Ann was like her mother who was such a terrible looking creature with straight eye-lashes and long stringy hair. Now the queen knew that the king loved Joyce with all his heart and would not listen to anyone calling Joyce names so one day she thought of a plan. She was going to put her in a boat all alone and sail her away, where no one could find her again. She told Elizabeth Ann about it. The next day Elizabeth Ann went in the garden to ask Joyce if she would go far a row in the lake, and Joyce very willing to do anything went. As Joyce went in the boat Elizabeth Ann stepped out and let the boat go out and as it happened there were no oars so poor Joyce went floating out into the sea. A little while later Elizabeth Ann ran in the castle to look for her mother and she found her with her husband sitting in his parlor. The queen when she saw her daughter came out to see what news she had. "Mother it worked," she said quietly but joyfully. "Did it darling," she said. "Now if your father asks where his daughter is, tell him that she has been taken suddenly ill and that she doesn't wish to see him. Do as I tell you and then you will do right." The King at that moment called Elizabeth Ann. She ran in happily as she was dying to tell him about his beloved daughter.

"Where is Joyce," he asked.

Elizabeth Ann stared at the king.

"Where is my daughter," he asked angrily.

"Well," began Elizabeth Ann, "you see, I asked Joyce to go for a walk with me," she began getting nervous, she began biting her handkerchief she thought it was easy to tell a lie but she made a great mistake. "I asked Joyce to go with me for a walk and as I was walking ahead I happened to turn back and saw Joyce had fainted."

"Fainted," yelled the king.

"Where is she anyway?" he asked.

"She is sick and doesn't wain to see anybody."

The king began to get suspicious at the way she was answering his questions. So he told her to go.

She ran out at at he knew she was telling lies. "I'll find out what became of her" he thought to himself.

The next day he got a message. A princess was found in the floating sea. "Dear me, that must be my daughter," he said. Now the queen heard of this. At that moment the king came out. "This is some of your work," he said angrily. Elizabeth Ann ran down the stairs as she was frightened when he was angry. The next day one of his heralds brought Joyce back to the castle, and Joyce told her father all about it and he banished the queen and her daughter to a far country and Joyce and her father lived all alone and happy ever after.

Superfine Fudge

There is a knack in getting fudge just right, and one likes to make sure that a creamy product will reward one's efforts. Here are the ingredients from a recipe of a college student who was a postgraduate in the art of good fudge making.

Four cupfuls of sugar (preferably half brown), 1½ cupfuls of evaporated milk, ¼ pound of unsweetened chocolate, ⅛ pound of butter, 1 can of marshmallows and 1 tablespoonful of vanilla. These quantities make what is considered a "double batch," but this amount beats better than a smaller one, and it will keep moist and creamy a week or more if packed in a covered tin box.

Here's the technique: Melt the chocolate first and cream in the sugar. Add the milk, stir it while cooking until the sugar dissolves and no longer, unless it seems to be sticking in the bottom of the pan. When nearly done, test it in cold water. If it forms a ball that holds together well, it is done. Avoid overcooking. Remove it from the fire and place it in a pan of cold water until it cools a little. Add the butter, marshmallows cut in quarters, and vanilla. Beat it as long as possible to do so before turning out, or until the marshmallows look uneven and bumpy.

A Wish

A certain Colonel Macleod, speaking in the name of a Scottish town, was making a complimentary speech to George the Fourth on his accession to the throne, and ended his address by wishing His Majesty a reign as long as that of the Sun.

"Then do you wish my successor to reign by candle-light?" asked the king with a smile.

Father: Madge is that young man ever going home? Daughter: We've been talking that over and we've decided that it all depends upon you.—Life.

Dinner for Five

Beef loaf
Creamed onions
Baked sweet potatoes
Fruit salad Hot Rolls
Devil's food cake
Ice cream

Beef Loaf

Put through the food chopper 2 pounds of fresh pork, and [illegible] onion. Add 1 cupful of bread crumbs and a well-beaten egg, also a [illegible] pepper and 1 teaspoonful of salt. Mix well together and form into [illegible] Lay on a greased baking dish and bake in a hot oven. Leave open for the first 15 minutes, or until the top is nicely seared, to keep the juices in. Simmer together for 10 minutes [illegible] of canned tomatoes, [illegible] leaf, a bruised sprig of parsley, [illegible] spoonful of minced sweet pepper and a stalk of celery cut into small pieces. Strain and pour the liquid over the loaf, then reduce the heat and bake in a moderate oven, basting frequently until the meat is done. To the liquid in the pan add enough water to make 1 cupful. If gravy is desired, thicken with flour paste as usual.

Fruit Salad

Cut into slices: 2 bananas, [illegible] of pineapple and the pulp from [illegible] oranges; add 1 cupful of grapes halved and seeded, a dozen each of dates and marshmallows cut into small pieces and ½ of a cupful of blanched almonds. Whip in enough from the dressing to give the salad the consistency of apple sauce and serve ice cold on a bed of apple cup.

Fruit Salad Dressing

Beat the yolks of two eggs [illegible] slowly the juice from 2 lemons, ½ of a cupful of maple syrup, 1 teaspoonful of salt, 1 teaspoonful of cornstarch and sugar, and [illegible] the dry ingredients [illegible] all the water used. Pour the liquid [illegible] water and stir [illegible] When the dressing is [illegible] ful of whipped cream.

Devil's Food Cake

Cream [illegible] cupful of shortening, add the eggs and [illegible] cupful of [illegible] in which has been dissolved [illegible] Sift together three times [illegible] of sifted cocoa and [illegible] powder. Add [illegible] with part of the flour. Stir [illegible] mixture slowly into the [illegible] flour, add the raisins, 1 teaspoonful of vanilla and last, the stiffly beaten whites of the 2 eggs. Bake in moderate oven about 25 minutes, 45 minutes if in a loaf.

An icing especially good with cake is made by peeling and cutting a ripe peach and mixing with it one cupful of sifted powdered sugar sufficient to make the frosting spread well.

To Save Time

Prepare in the morning the [illegible] loaf and the sauce to be served with it, and [illegible] them in the [illegible] Potatoes may also be made [illegible] baking and the onions [illegible] the cake and the salad [illegible] and a quarter hour [illegible] An hour later put the [illegible] in the oven and put the potatoes in the [illegible] Set the table [illegible] remain until [illegible] serving the meal. [illegible] order the ice cream. [illegible] before serving time put the [illegible] the oven to reheat. With the [illegible] of the bag, twisted to remove the air, he rolls still taste as good [illegible] baked. Cream the onions and [illegible] them on top of the oven to keep [illegible] When meat and potatoes are done dinner is ready to be served.

WRIGLEY'S NEW HANDY PACK P.K. CHEWING SWEET

A treat in the Peppermint-flavored sugar-coated jacket and another in the Peppermint-flavored gum inside—utmost value in long-lasting delight

3 handy packs 5¢