

The American Girl Who May be a Queen



THE DUKE OF THE ABRUZZI

Washington.—If the king of Italy should die, and his son, the prince of Piedmont, and his cousins, the duke of Aosta and the count of Turin, and the duke's two sons, the Prince Amadeo and the Prince Aimeone, then the duke of the Abruzzi would be king.

It is a remote possibility, of course, but the chance has given great international significance to the impetuous suit of the popular duke of the Abruzzi for the hand of that athletic and charming American beauty, Miss Katherine Elkins, daughter of the senator from West Virginia.

But should it all go right; should the king of Italy give his consent—to say nothing of Mr. Elkins—then the senator's daughter will come nearer being a queen than any American girl has ever been before.

There is nothing in the Italian law to prevent it. If the marriage is legally consented to by the king, the duchess of the Abruzzi takes her place among Italian royalty. And should chance make her husband king, she would be queen. Think of it—an American girl queen of Italy!

Everybody in Washington knows Miss Katherine Elkins. She made her debut in 1903—she is 25 years old now. Her father is a multi-millionaire, owning railroads, mines and lumber enterprises enough to capitalize the kingdom of Italy. Her grandfather, Henry Gassaway Davis, once a senator, too, is also a vastly rich man—so rich that he ran for vice-president once. Much of this wealth will eventually go to Miss Elkins. Just now Miss Elkins has \$2,000,000 which she can call her own.

Insisted on Her Own Way.
When Miss Elkins was ready to enter society she showed of what stuff she was made. She ruled against anything that savored of just a debutante tea.

"If I can't come out without this nonsense," she declared, "I won't come out at all."

So it went on, season after season, until the duke of the Abruzzi came here. He had met American girls before, but here was a different kind.

This particular pair met at the Italian embassy. The duke had come to America in command of the Italian warships sent to take part in the festivities at Jamestown.

It was very apparent that Miss Elkins made a deep impression upon the duke. He not only lost no opportunity to be near her, but he developed a ready wit in making other opportunities.

The Italian warships sailed back to sunny Italy. The duke was in command and perforce had to go along. Washington forgot he had ever been there.

But not the duke!
Nor Miss Elkins.

In the summer she went abroad with her mother, as usual. It chanced that the duke of the Abruzzi ran across the Elkins party in Paris. They met again in Vienna.

Drawn Back to America.

Though there was no Italian fleet to come here in the autumn, the duke of

the Abruzzi found it necessary to come to America. He also chanced to be wherever the Elkins family were. When Miss Elkins came to New York, a few weeks ago, the duke was there. When it was announced that she and her mother were going to Florida for a brief outing, the duke of the Abruzzi decided to run down there, too.

They went to Palm Beach. Nobody there knew the fascinating Italian who was so devoted to Miss Elkins, and somehow it happened that no one got a chance to meet him. Had Palm Beach only known it—Miss Elkins' "new man" was none other than a possible successor to the Italian throne!

The little party journeyed on to St. Augustine. There the secret came out. People began to ask questions. Could a prince of the blood royal make honest love to an American girl? Would not such an alliance be morganatic of itself?

Italian law was looked up—no, if the king consented, it wouldn't matter who the wife was at all. Queens in Italy enjoy but courtesy titles, anyway; should the duke of the Abruzzi become king his wife would surely be queen in name.

Then came the gossip.
Was there an engagement? Had the Italian duke proposed to the American girl? What would the king of Italy say? What would Senator Elkins say? Did they love each other? What would the dot be?

Elkins Family Say Nothing.
The Elkins family became quite mute. No announcement could be had from either the young woman in question or her distinguished father. Meanwhile the cables to Rome were kept hot. Would his majesty give his consent? His majesty didn't want to. He felt that a royal prince should marry into a noble family.

"But I love her," was the gist of the duke's cable in reply.
And what could the poor king do?

Meanwhile Senator Elkins had to endure all kinds of chaffing in the senate.
On March 17 Mrs. Elkins, Miss Elkins and the duke arrived in Washington from Florida. The party breakfasted together at the Elkins home, and afterward the duke went to the Italian embassy. Then he disappeared. Bland smiles were the only answers to inquiries for the duke. At the Elkins home no information was forthcoming.

It was very plain that the duke must do the talking first. But he wouldn't. He stayed in Washington for a few days, constantly calling at the Elkins home. Society got out its blue books. Soon it was discovered that he wouldn't have to give up his chances to the Italian throne should he make an American girl his wife. Further, it was explained that the marriage need not be a morganatic one, provided the king of Italy gave his consent.

However, there was all kinds of delightful mystery in Washington and Rome. Not a word that was authoritative was formally spoken. The Elkins family were mum; so was the Italian court.

"It's All Right," Says the Duke.

Then the gallant duke decided it was time to take a hand himself. It wouldn't do to leave Washington by train in the regular way—that would attract too much attention. So he had Miss Elkins take him to Baltimore in her automobile, and there he took the train to New York, where the Lusitania was waiting to sail.

"It's all right," was all he would say before the ship sailed with "Signor Sarto," as he chose to call himself.

Promptly the cables began to buzz. Rome declared that the duke of the Abruzzi was coming home in order to get the king's full consent to his marriage with the American girl; that she would become a Roman Catholic; that her father would be ennobled, and that the marriage would take place here next autumn.

Once the dispensation is obtained from the Vatican, the marriage may be solemnized anywhere in the world. The rule of the church, however, is that the bride's parish is the proper place for the ceremony. Because of this the marriage—if there is to be one—will be celebrated in the United States and not in Italy. Italian law requires that the minister of the interior and the president of the senate be

present at the wedding and certify to it. That is, if it takes place in Italy; but if it takes place in America, the presence and certification of an Italian consul or ambassador is all that is necessary.

The duke earnestly objected to any talk about a dot. He is rich in his own name; he declared that if Miss Elkins was to have any money it was none of his affair.

Duke Born in Madrid.
Luigi Amadeo, now duke of the Abruzzi, was born in Madrid in 1873, just 13 days before his father abdicated. He has two older brothers, the prince of Aosta and the count of Turin. Before them, however, comes the king of Italy's son, Crown Prince Umberto, four years old. The prince of Aosta has two sons, six and four years old, all of whom, beside the count of Turin, stand between the duke of the Abruzzi and the throne.

Though he stands high in the Italian navy, the duke of the Abruzzi gets his chief claim to fame as an explorer and mountain climber.

Nine years ago he ascended Mount St. Elias, in Alaska, one of the tallest American peaks. Two years later he sought the north pole. One of his party reached 86 degrees 33 minutes north, beating Nansen and holding the world's record until Peary beat it.

His Name Free from Scandal.
Clean-lived and with his name untouched by any kind of scandal, he entertains the most romantic affection for his aunt, Queen Marguerite, who played the part of a mother to him after the death of Queen Victoria, while he was yet in infancy. He has shown his devotion in many touching ways. When he sailed and explored Ruwenzori, he gave her name to its loftiest peak. He is the third of three brothers, the two elder being the duke of Aosta and the count of Turin. He has also a half-brother, Count Salemi, the issue of his father's marriage to Princess Letitia Bonaparte.

The fortune of the duke of the Abruzzi is estimated at \$2,000,000. He has less than his brothers, owing to the fact that he has met personally the expenses of his various expeditions, but there is still more property yet to be divided among the brothers. He has a private income from his moth-

er's estate of about \$10,000 a year. As an admiral of the royal navy, he receives an annual salary of about \$6,000 and from the royal treasury he receives close to \$100,000 a year.

As the duke spends nearly all his time exploring the wilds and the most dangerous corners of the world, it is reasonable to suppose that his wife will be his companion in his future expeditions. As Miss Elkins is a thorough sportswoman, she is doubtless as capable as any man of scaling mountain peaks. She has even intimated to some of her very intimate girl friends that she and the duke will spend their honeymoon in an expedition to some out of the way corner of the globe.

Met at Washington Ball.
The duke met Miss Elkins at a ball in Washington given by Mr. and Mrs. Larz Anderson. Col. Bromwell, aide to President Roosevelt, introduced the handsome young Italian prince to the senator's daughter.

Everybody in Washington exerted themselves to entertain the duke when he was here officially, but it was left to Miss Elkins to make the ten-strike.

"Let me do something for you," she said, chatting one day with the duke. "I'll give you a dinner, a dance or a theater party."

"I'll take them all," answered the duke promptly.
So, one day, many of the friends of Miss Elkins received cards to a dinner in honor of the duke of the Abruzzi. After the dinner Miss Elkins announced that they would attend the theater, and off they were whirled in autos. After the theater the entire party was whizzed up to Rauscher's, the Sherry's of Washington, where Miss Elkins had invited a party for dancing.

To his amazement the duke had enjoyed a dinner, the theater and a dance all in one evening.
But that is nothing new for Miss Elkins. She has always had her own way. She is the only daughter of the senator by his second marriage. She is a girl of brilliant mind, much originality and pronounced will power.

If, by a rare chance, she should be called on to grace a throne, Washington knows she would do it well.

At this point I interrupted her. I said: "I think he has crossed the river into Canada." She informed me to the contrary. I mention this for the purpose of impressing upon you the fact previously expressed, viz., a clairvoyant is not influenced by a suggestion as is one who is merely hypnotized and does not pass beyond that stage.

To resume. She said: "I see him go up Jefferson avenue (she had never been there). I see him turn down Woodward avenue, then out Griswold street, then to the left on Clinton street, and he is now in a story-and-a-half house (giving the number).

Again I interrupted her by asking her how she knew it was Detroit and how she knew the names of the streets. To this she replied (mark her words): "I move among the throng, but I know it not. I cannot talk with them, but I can see. I saw the name of the station and, on the lamp posts, I read the names of the streets; in fact, just the same as if I were there in body. But I have not told you all. Listen! He has shaved off his whiskers and has assumed another name."

I asked for the assumed name and she gave it without hesitation. The next day I called on the wife, gave her a diagram of her husband's movements, the number of the house and his assumed name. She sent a friend to communicate with him. He found him without difficulty. He inquired for him first by his right name, but was informed that no such person was there; then by his assumed name. He was ushered into his presence. He was, as described, whiskerless.

Truly this was remarkable, and the more so as a first experience. Was it telepathy or clairvoyance? In this case, as in the previous one, I am frank to admit that all the knowledge obtained may have been telepathically received; but was it?

Premotions and Impressions.
All premonitions are impressions, but all impressions are not premonitions. An impression may be the forecasting of a pleasurable event; a premonition is the foreshadowing of approaching danger or evil. It does not follow, however, that the event foreshadowed is inevitable. The shadow is merely to warn you of imminent peril which, if you are wise, you will divert by heeding the warning.

Do not mistake imagination for premonition. All premonitions are intuitive, and all intuitions are correct. Whenever you are in doubt, it is not intuition; intuition never doubts. When anyone asks you: "What makes you think so?" and you can answer with positive assurance, "I do not think it, I know it," that is a true impression on which you may rely.

Is it possible to foretell the future? Only in a limited degree. I think that God, in His all-wise providence, has dropped the curtain between us and the future in the general, everyday affairs of life; but upon certain occasions, as in approaching danger, He kindly lifts the curtain to give us fair warning that we may avert that which would otherwise prove disastrous.

How does He acquaint us with this fact? By a special dispensation of providence? I think not. God is no respecter of persons. That which we call "soul" is but a spark of the All-Soul. It possesses all the potentialities of God Himself, but in a much lesser degree—in the proportion of the spark to the whole.

The subjective mind is the mind of the soul; the highest faculty is intuition. It possesses the power to perceive that which is not within the range of the objective vision, and it is always on the alert for the safety of the one in whose temple it dwells; its first law being self-preservation.

This subjective perception is what I believe to be true clairvoyance, and when the warning is heard, true clairvoyance. I give, herewith, an illustration in my own experience that cannot possibly be accounted for by telepathy; therefore, a clear case of clairvoyance.

Way back in the "seventies" there occurred what was known, and is still remembered by many, as "the Ashtabula disaster."

Before the train pulled out from Boston I had entered the fated sleeper with the intention of securing berths for a lady friend and myself. We had barely taken our seats when I heard—or thought I heard—these words: "A wreck, a wreck; get out of this car, get out of this car."

I recognized it as the still small voice that came to warn us of approaching danger. It was a premonition received through Impression. The impression came as words; yet I cannot say that I actually heard them (clairvoyantly) and I am sure that my friend did not hear them. Suffice it to say I heeded them. We left the train, but not until I resorted to a little ruse to meet the prejudice of my friend, who had no patience with what she called my "eccentricities"—lacking better word.

To prevent any anxiety on the part of her father, at whose request I was accompanying the daughter, I immediately telegraphed him of our delay; and then, after the train had pulled out, I took back the little white lie I had told for the purpose of saving her life—and mine.

She did not believe my premonition—not then; not until we had passed safely over that great gully at Ashtabula, and she, with a shudder, looked down into that yawning chasm and partially realized what "might have been" had it not been for my "eccentricities."

As is well known, not a passenger escaped from that sleeper; hence the question naturally arises, "Why should you be the only one to receive the warning message?"

I am not sure that I was, but I am sure that I was the only one who heeded.

I am often asked why I did not warn the others. Because the warning would not have been accepted and I would have been looked upon as a fit subject for the lunatic asylum. Besides, had the passengers really believed it, there would have been such an exodus that the railroad officials would have probably "looked me up" and then "locked me up" for disturbing the peace.

During the civil war I was, for a short time, quite ill while in camp. A comrade called at my tent and insisted on my going with him to his tent. I told him that was out of the question. He was impelled by an unknown power (which neither of us then understood) and would not take no for an answer. He raised me to my feet and, with the aid of another comrade, I was being helped to his tent, which we had not yet reached when, with a terrible crash, a tree fell across my tent, deeply burying into the ground the blanket upon which I had just been lying.

Telepathy? I think not. Clairvoyance? Without doubt. My own subjective mind undoubtedly perceived the danger, but for some unaccountable reason my objective mind did not get the impression. My comrade was impelled to act quickly. The only telepathy was from my subjective mind to his, but that was after the danger had been perceived by my subjective mind. It was, it is true, a roundabout way, but the object was accomplished. It could not have been telepathy, as by no possibility could the knowledge of the accident-to-be have been in anyone's else mind.

The night before Lincoln's assassination he had a dream of his approaching death, and on the evening of its fulfillment he was narrating it to Stanton. Booth's mind was necessarily intent on his murderous plan for days before the assassination, and especially so during the hours immediately preceding the moment when the murderous scheme was to be put into operation. Lincoln, you will observe, was duly warned, but he heeded it not. His subjective mind perceived it, not necessarily clairvoyantly, but possibly telepathically, as it existed in the mind of Booth. In either case it furnishes us a fine example of premonition; its origin, its accuracy; its benefits, when heeded; its inevitable results when heeded.

In conclusion I desire to say that the foregoing articles have been written with the hope of interesting those who have heretofore given no thought to the subjects included in "Psychic Phenomena," to clear away the clouds that have obscured the broader view of the seeker after psychological facts; to encourage everyone to step over the threshold into that larger life that awaits them here.

"The 'Now' is eternal and will be forever;

There is not a future, nor will there be ever;

We clutch no 'To-morrow,' no matter how clever,

It's 'To-day' and 'To-day,' to-morrow comes never.

I know it's so here, and it may be forever."

If you wish to come in touch with your higher self you should learn to listen to the promptings of that still small voice—the sleepless sentinel on the watchtower of the human soul.

Listen well, heed well, and all will be well.

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FACTS FADS FALLACIES

Dealing with Personal Magnetism, Telepathy, Psychology, Suggestion, Hypnotism, and Spiritualism.

By EDWARD B. WARMAN, A. M. Eminent Psychologist and Hygienist.

SPIRITISM. Clairvoyance.

In one of the leading cities of Ohio, a very prominent man, a man of influence and of unlimited credit at the banks, suddenly disappeared, and, with him, about \$20,000.

Being in the city at the time, I persuaded a young lady to allow me to hypnotize her in order that she might become clairvoyant, and, thereby, find the whereabouts of the man—he being known to both of us.

She consented, but informed me that she did not believe in either hypnotism or clairvoyance, and that nobody could hypnotize her, as many attempts had been made and all had failed.

I encouraged her to express herself freely; in fact, helping her to unload her objections. When this was done she became passive (a necessary condition) and in less than two minutes (no longer time is ever required with a good subject) she was so thoroughly hypnotized that she passed readily into a clairvoyant condition.

She went (clairvoyantly) to his home. She saw him quietly leave his home in the night (I say "saw" him, as that is a clairvoyant expression). She saw him board a train, saw him leave the train at Detroit, Mich.

At this point I interrupted her. I said: "I think he has crossed the river into Canada." She informed me to the contrary. I mention this for the purpose of impressing upon you the fact previously expressed, viz., a clairvoyant is not influenced by a suggestion as is one who is merely hypnotized and does not pass beyond that stage.

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MISS KATHERINE ELKINS

HATE BOUND TO BREED HATE

Nothing Truer Than That Revengful, Bitter Thoughts Will Inevitably Recoil on Those That Harbor Them.

How little we realize when we throw thunderbolts of hatred toward another that these terrible thought shafts always come back and wound the sender, that all the hateful, revengful, bitter thoughts intended for another are great javelins hurled at ourselves!

How many people go through life lacerated and bleeding from these thrusts which were intended for others!

Think of what people who refuse to speak to another, because of some fancied grievance or wrong, are really doing to themselves! How this venom intended for another poisons their own minds and cripples their efficiency!

A kindly feeling, a feeling of good will toward another, is our best protection against bitter hatred or injurious thoughts of any kind. Nothing can penetrate the love shield, the

good-will shield. We are unharmed behind that.

It does not matter what feelings of revenge and jealousy a person may have toward us, if we hold the love thought, the charitable thought toward him, his javelins of hate will glance from us, fly back and wound only himself.

How easily, beautifully and sweetly some people go through life, with very little to jar them or to disturb their equanimity. They have no discord in their lives because their natures are harmonious. They seem to love everybody, and everybody loves them. They have no enemies, hence little suffering or trouble, says O. S. Marden, in Success Magazine.

Others, with ugly, crabbed, cross-grained dispositions, are always in hot water. They are always misunderstood. People are constantly hurting them. They generate discord because they are discordant themselves.

He is lifeless that is faultless, declares a French proverb.

TOMBS OF SPANISH ROYALTY

Most Gorgeous Burial Vault in the World is That in Which Repose the Bodies of Spain's Former Rulers.

The escorial in which for nearly three centuries the kings and queens of Spain have been buried is said to be the most gorgeous burial vault in the world.

It is an octagonal chamber, 36 feet across, with its walls, save where the coffins stand, entirely overlaid with precious marbles. The staircase which leads to it is of marble with jasper walls. The general effect is unspeakably splendid. In the midst of this magnificence are the massive black marble caskets let into the walls, containing the bodies themselves. They are all exactly alike, inscribed simply with the names of the different kings and queens. There is room for just six more monarchs and their consorts.

Of another character altogether is the vault devoted to Spain's royal children—princes and princesses. Here white marble rules, and very

charming are some of the effigies over the tombs. The local name for the vault is "the place of the little angels," and though many of the princes who lie here were not at all angelic in their lives the impression left by the white marble wings of the statues is one of spotless purity.

One unfortunate Spanish king, Don Jaime II. of Aragon, is daily on view in the cathedral of Palma, in Majorca. The sarcophagus of the place takes you to a yellow marble monument in the choir, opens a cupboard, and pulls out a very ordinary coffin with a glass lid. As poor Don Jaime died in the fourteenth century, he is not now at all a lively spectacle. His mummy is made gay, however, with imitation royal robes—cottony ermine, and so forth.

And They Usually Fail.
Too many young people depend on their father's money taking them through this world, and their mother's prayers making everything right in the next.—Atchison Globe.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe his perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by his firm.

WALDO L. KIRKMAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Whenever we will what is good, we are better because we willed.—Howson.

Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna

Cleanses the System Effectually, Disperses Colds and Headaches due to Constipation; Acts naturally, acts truly as a Laxative.

Best for Men, Women and Children—Young and Old. To get its Beneficial Effects Always buy the Genuine which has the full name of the Company

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. by whom it is manufactured, printed on the front of every package. SOLD BY ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS. One size only, regular price 50¢ per bottle.

P & O

Over 1400 Different Styles and Sizes, for two thirds of a century the World's Best

Why? Because 66 Years of knowing how has been hammered into every one of them.