

AROUND THE HOUSE

Remember Our Feathered Friends.—Birds welcome bread crumbs and suet when winter winds are howling, but don't forget to provide shelter for them so they may eat in comfort. Roosting boxes are easy to make and save the life of many a bird.

Tasty Sandwiches.—To vary the plain peanut butter sandwich, mix peanut butter with chili sauce, spread on slices of hot buttered brown bread, and put together with crisp lettuce leaves. Garnish with slices of dill pickle.

When Boiling Suet Pudding.—Put three or four slices of orange rind in the water. These will collect all the grease, and the pudding will be light.

For Home Dressmaking.—Make a small pincushion and sew it to a "bracelet" of elastic. Stick some pins in the cushion, slip the bracelet on your left wrist and the pins are always handy.

Bacon in Stuffing.—Bacon, chopped small, should be added to all stuffing. It gives a delicious flavor.

Haddock With Tomatoes.—Lay a small dried haddock in a pan with a little water and bake for ten minutes. Remove skin and bones, and flake the fish into large flakes. Melt two tablespoons butter in a saucepan, fry a little chopped onion lightly in it, add one-half cup canned tomatoes, and cook until soft. Put in the fish and a little chopped parsley, season, stir over low heat until all is thoroughly hot, then serve.

NATURAL WEALTH from NATURAL RESOURCES

Vast wealth has been created and big profits made from Wyoming's natural resources. Projected developments in Sublette County are expected to produce the next oil sensation and result in even greater profit opportunities. Have you \$100 that you could invest in easy monthly payments with a good chance for big profits? It costs nothing to investigate and may lead to fortune. Write today for free information. C. ED LEWIS, Evanston, Wyo.

Life's Best Fruit
Toil is the law of life and its best fruit.—Sir Lewis Morris.

Nation Celebrates 250th Anniversary Swedenborg's Birth

AMAZING as it seems that one mind could encompass so many varied realms of knowledge, nevertheless it is true that Emanuel Swedenborg, the 250th anniversary of whose birth is being celebrated this year, made important contributions in many fields of science, theoretical and practical, in statesmanship, philosophy, and religion. In 1716-1718 he published the first scientific periodical in Sweden, containing records of his mechanical inventions and mathematical discoveries, which included the first airplane design to have fixed wings and moving propeller, the first air-pump to employ mercury, and the description of a method for determining latitude and longitude at sea by observations of the moon among the stars. In the "Principia," a work on physics and cosmology, he arrived at the nebular hypothesis theory before Kant and Laplace. He was 150 years ahead of any other scientist in his works on the functions of the brain and spinal cord, and on the functions of the ductless glands. Swedenborg served as an active member of the parliament of his country for more than fifty years, introducing fiscal reforms and much general legislation. At the age of fifty-five Emanuel Swedenborg discontinued his scientific pursuits and began his work as a theologian, publishing the "Arcana Coelestia, Apocalypse Explained"; "Heaven and Hell"; "Four Doctrines"; "Divine Love and Wisdom"; "Divine Providence"; "Apocalypse Revealed"; "Conjugal Love"; "True Christian Religion"; and other miscellaneous theological works. Information regarding the life and achievements and the works referred to, will be sent without charge by application to the Swedenborg Foundation, 51 E. 42nd St., New York City.

Commemoration Edition
SWEDENBORG LIFE AND TEACHING
By George Trobridge
Prepared in commemoration of the 250th Anniversary of the birth of EMANUEL SWEDENBORG now being celebrated throughout the world. A book of 348 pages, handsomely bound in semi-limp imitation leather covers, gilt lettering and rounded corners. 25 cents postpaid; paper edition 10c. "Heaven and Hell" by Emanuel Swedenborg, 5 cents postpaid (mailing cost). Address: SWEDENBORG FOUNDATION, Inc., 51 East 42nd Street, New York

Mistress of Monterey

VIRGINIA STIVERS BARTLETT

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WNU Service

SYNOPSIS

In Spanish-governed California of 1783 a conflict between Church and State is represented by two friendly enemies, frail old Fray Junipero Serra, Franciscan missionary, and Don Pedro Fages, civil governor. After telling Serra he is sending to Mexico for his wife and son, whom he has not seen for eight years, he refuses his aid toward founding the Santa Barbara Mission. Dona Eulalia agrees to go to California, accompanied by her diuena, Angustias. Don Pedro sends for Serra, telling him that two priests are on their way from Mexico with Eulalia and young Pedro and that he is leaving to meet them. Fages engages a young Indian girl, Induzela, as maid for Eulalia. Eulalia sails from San Blas. It is a desolate trip. From the port of Loreto, a large cavalcade loaded with Eulalia's party starts out for the long overland trip. Eulalia, accustomed to luxury and comfort, bitterly regrets having been persuaded to come. The two priests, Fray Mariano and Fray Bartolomeo, call on her and arouse her suspicions as to their genuineness. As the cavalcade stops at various missions, Eulalia hears rumors of the approach of her husband. While Don Pedro plans a great fiesta to welcome his wife, Eulalia plans her costume. Don Pedro welcomes his beautiful wife and young son. Eulalia is toasted as the Queen of the Californias. On the long journey to Monterey, the reunited couple are royally entertained at the Presidio at San Diego. Eulalia disapproves of the democratic relations of Don Pedro and his people. Pleading weariness in the midst of the feast she goes to bed where Angustias tells her she knows Eulalia is again to become a mother. Don Pedro is disturbed by the developments in the mission. The priests and deacons Serra's disappointment in them. Limping from mission to mission, Father Serra has a vision of St. Francis and tells his saintly master that he will be ready to join him when Santa Barbara Mission is founded. Meanwhile Eulalia finds there is a conflict between Serra and Don Pedro and plans to use the priest as an ally. After a flattering welcome at Monterey, Eulalia is bitterly disappointed in the presidio.

CHAPTER XIII

Fog crept in from the sea, smothering the Royal Presidio of San Carlos de Monterey, and the Mission San Carlos Borromeo in a damp clinging blanket. It hung in wisps from the pines and cypresses, and muffled the sounds of the horses' hoofs as the Governor and his party traveled the two leagues of the Via Crucis from the presidio to the mission.

La Gobernadora, riding in a litter, watched the gray tatters lift for a revealing moment, showing odd tortured shapes of gharled cypress. Then a breeze from the sea would blow, hiding everything again in gray veils. She could hear the ocean, whispering, sighing, breaking into crashing cries as the waves met frustration against rocky crags where the cypress hung precariously. Shivering, she pulled her velvet mantle around her, burying her chin in the robe of supple otter skins. Her Indian bearers trotted along the narrow road with an even lope, half-naked, glistening with moisture. At one side of her rode the Governor in such gravity as became the Governor of the Californias on his way to mass.

At the other side of La Gobernadora rode Pedro the Younger, his small face serious. Following the Governor's party came the entire population of the presidio, riding in order of their rank: the officers, their wives, children and servants; the soldiers, their women, children; the storekeeper, the blacksmith and other artisans. It was Eulalia's first visit to the Mission San Carlos. She was curious about the place, eager to hear Padre Junipero; he who spoke words of flame with a tongue of gold. She had not seen the Padre Presidente since her arrival at Monterey, but had pondered deeply upon the strange man of God, and sought to discuss him with the Governor. To him she had expressed herself with an admiration for the monk which, in its heartiness, was foreign to her usual expressions of regard for others. Silently in her own mind, she was building great hopes. Serra was strong, the strongest man in California except her husband, and sometimes she wondered if he were not stronger than the Governor himself.

But he was the man she needed. And her need was greater than the guilty fear of him which assailed her at times. Then there was Captain Nicolas Soler. He was an ally of a different caliber. But with the two of them on her side—Serra, bringing his fanatic belief and strength in his holy convictions to bear on the Governor, and Soler, with his personal ambitions and desires to worry and harry Don Pedro—her own hopes of leaving the province she hated might be realized. She stirred impatiently in the litter.

The Governor leaned over her with a smile. "Are you comfortable, my soul?" he asked tenderly. She nodded indifferently, and he spoke again. "I am sorry for your sake that it is foggy for your first trip to the mission. For myself, I like the fog as well as the sun. It is all one to me, whether the air be hot and dry, or cold and damp, just so it is the air of California." The bell sounded suddenly closer, and then Eulalia saw the white-washed walls of the mission. Through a great gate in a palisad-

ed wall, the people from the presidio passed, by low buildings and conical Indian huts—jacals—to the door of the little church.

At the entrance a priest, in his ceremonial vestments, met them, swinging an aspersorium that sprinkled holy water on them, while two little Indian neophyte acolytes swung censers that smoked with burning copal.

As they bowed their heads for the priest's blessing, Pio of the yellow umbrella, now in spotless white trousers and shirt, his head encircled in a red handkerchief, spoke to the Governor. Don Pedro excused himself and followed Pio, as La Gobernadora entered the church.

The Governor followed Pio into the sacristy. Standing upright in the center of the small apartment that was almost filled by a great chest of drawers sent from Spain to hold the priestly vestments, Fray Junipero was in his sacerdotal robes.

He spoke abruptly without any ceremonious preamble.

"I have been awaiting you, Don Pedro Fages. You have not been to see me. And I have not been to the presidio. The time that has passed since my return has been spent on my hands and knees, day and night, in close communion with Our Seraphic Father."

Serra's eyes gleamed large in his wrinkled face. The pupils seemed to spread over the entire iris, and they gleamed feverishly. Deep lines made furrows from nose to twitching gray lips. Fages noticed that his hands clasped and that tremors shook his frame constantly.

"Father," said the Governor, "I will forgive the lack of ceremony with which you greet the representative of your King, for I see you are ill."

"Ill?" said Fray Junipero hoarsely. "Ill in body? Not I. But my soul suffers agonies untold. I have



"Are You Comfortable, My Soul?" He Asked Tenderly.

not called you here to speak of these things. I call you here to ask you about a faith broken, a promise unkept."

Fages started to speak, but Serra moved close to him. "Do you remember your promises, before you went away? No? Where is the mission to Santa Barbara? Where are the Franciscans you promised me? Where the soldiers to guard the work? Where is that mission, Pedro Fages?"

"Father—" "You will remind me that you brought two Franciscans with you. I need not tell you what they are. You know them. Why did you bring Rubi and Gili here? To insult me? To desecrate the Mission San Carlos, whose bricks are made from my flesh and moistened with my blood?"

He tottered and Fages put a hand toward him. "Fray Junipero—" "Touch me not! Your hands are unclean! You are betraying your trust! Betraying the Holy Church—" Fages took a quick breath.

"Fray Junipero!" he cried sternly. "Those are serious charges against me! I did not choose the two priests who came from Mexico. They were sent by others."

"Then I am betrayed in Mexico!" "No! No one is betraying you! But your own suspicions are—" "Ah—ah—mea culpa—mea maxima culpa—" He tottered again. Again the Governor moved to support him, but Fray Junipero staggered to the great chest and leaned against it.

"Leave me, infidel, unbeliever! You who stand in the way of the Mission of Santa Barbara—dearest wish of my heart—to be the brightest pearl in the Virgin's crown.—Go! And if it were in my power to send you—like Lucifer out of Heaven—away from this land your pres-

ence curses, I would do it, God help me, I would do it!"

He choked, and bent his head in his hands. Tears trickled through the fingers that had woven and sewn raiment for Indians, and built adobe houses to shelter the heathen.

The Governor went quickly from the apartment. Then he walked slowly into the church, knelt a moment and sat beside his wife. She looked in alarm at his face.

"Pedro," she whispered, "what—" He touched her hand. "Nothing," he said, "hush."

She could hear his heavy breathing. His fingers strayed to his beard. Then Fray Junipero entered the church, and they rose.

He celebrated the mass in a hoarse voice, then turned to climb the steps to the pulpit. Eulalia gasped when she saw his face, gray above the stiff richness of his broad-clothed robe. Twice he stumbled and nearly fell. Eulalia watched the veined hand on the rail of the balustrade with fascination.

A bell, suspended from the center of the wooden canopy over the pulpit, rang mysteriously. The Indians turned their eyes toward it, saw it ringing without aid of human hands, and fell to their knees in superstitious awe.

Then the priest began to speak. The huskiness left his voice, and it rang loud and clear in the still church. What he said, Eulalia did not know, but the words poured forth in ringing cadence.

Suddenly, feeling her husband beside her gripping the arms of the chair with both hands, she caught the import of Serra's words.

"There is one among you who is sent by the devil! Listen not to him! Satan is lashing his tail in this land! Oh, beware, gentiles, beware the tempter's voice! Listen to the words of God that come through the lips of our Father Junipero Serra, who is nothing—noting himself—and who wishes to suffer, only to suffer for all your sins as Jesus Christ and His Holy Mother suffered. Pains unspeakable—pains unbearable—thus—"

He tore open the breast of his robe. Eulalia, through a mist of agonized emotions, saw the thin chest encrusted with half-healed sores and ancient scars.

The Indians moaned. A sigh ran through the congregation. Serra raised a cross, its lower end sharpened into a point, in one hand. In the other he balanced a stone.

Lifting both with a wide gesture he brought the cross against his lacerated chest, and pounded the cruel point again and again into his flesh with the heavy stone.

He staggered down the steps and mounted the altar. Seizing one of the branched candelabra he held it aloft a moment.

"Ye who fear!" he cried. "Ye who fear, behold the courage God gives those who are true to Him!" His eyes glared straight at the Governor.

He plunged the burning candles against his breast. The flames sputtered and died, extinguished in his blood.

A shriek rose above the sighs and sobs of the congregation. On the dirt floor at her husband's feet lay the wife of the Governor in a dead faint.

That evening Don Pedro sat beside Eulalia, watching her anxiously. When at last, to his delight, she smiled wanly and dismissed the alarmed Angustias, he knelt to kiss her listless hand.

"How you frightened me, alma mia, my soul," he murmured tenderly. "Do you feel better now . . . stronger?"

"I suppose I am better, though I feel dreadfully weak, oh, dreadful-

ly, Pedro," she replied listlessly. Really she was deliciously relaxed and comfortable. "So you were frightened when I swooned, really frightened?" she asked after a moment.

"Of course!" he said, kissing her hands again.

"Pedro," she said thoughtfully, "why was Padre Junipero so angry, so bitter, this morning? Are his sermons always so . . . so fiery?"

He told her of the scene in the sacristy.

"So you see," he concluded, "he believed he had reason to denounce me. But, by Heaven," he said bitterly, rising to his feet and beginning to pace the floor, "I am not to blame for his defeat. If he were in his right mind he could not believe I maliciously and deliberately chose those two racially Franciscans to found the Mission Santa Barbara. But he does believe it, and there will be endless trouble for me from this affair." He tugged at his beard. "I must establish the peace with Fray Junipero in some way. Officially, of course, I can overlook everything. But personally, something must be done between us. And God knows what it can be, or how it can be done."

Eulalia's eyes were closed, but her mind was working busily. The Governor paced the floor back and forth, back and forth.

"Pedro mio," said the lady softly, opening her eyes at last. "I think that here is something I can do. Why not let me try to be the peacemaker between you?"

The Governor stopped his pacing. "That would be wonderful," he said after a thoughtful silence. "The Padre Presidente would never come here, unless I ordered him to. And of course I would not do that."

"Of your Excellency," said the Governor's wife with a trace of railery, "sometimes you are very stupid. Of course you couldn't order him here. But a poor helpless lady, who has been blessed by the Holy Virgin, and is unable to make the long pilgrimage to Carmelo, might send for a spiritual adviser, a father confessor . . . might she not?" She questioned softly.

The Governor stared at her a moment, then smiled broadly.

"She might. And then . . . ?" "If your Excellency will leave that to me," answered the lady with a demure smile.

The Governor laughed aloud. "I will then!" he cried, and knelt to kiss her hand.

Over his bowed head, La Gobernadora smiled at some inner thought and nodded her head thoughtfully.

CHAPTER XIV

"My Lady, he is coming. Padre Serra is coming!" exclaimed Angustias from her lookout at one of the barred windows. "He is walking across the parade-grounds toward the palacio."

"Ah!" said Eulalia with an excited flutter. "Quick, Angustias, hand me my sewing. You, Induzela, pull up a chair here to the fire for the holy father, and be quick about it. Angustias, is there chocolate made? Escabellito! Where are you, you imp! Here, get where you belong."

The child flopped on the floor facing the fire, and La Gobernadora settled her feet comfortably on his round back. "All right, Angustias. Open the door for him."

When Junipero Serra, who had trudged across the hills from the Mission Carmelo, limping on his ulcerated leg with Pio beside him, reached the door of the palacio, he paused. Angustias, with a deep bow and murmured greeting, ushered him within.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Doctor, With Long-Handled Brush, Can Make Lions Perform a Series of Tricks

Before an evening dress audience of members of the British Medical association and their wives and daughters, Dr. R. H. Hunter, lecturer in anatomy at Queens university, Belfast, Northern Ireland, entered the lion's den at the Belfast Zoo, armed only with a long-handled brush, and made the animals perform a series of tricks, writes a correspondent in the New York Times.

Lions and lionesses circled, stood on their hind legs and lay down at the bidding of the doctor, who is used to training wild animals. In addition to being a lecturer of the university, he is a curator of the zoo. "I draw the line at polar bears," said Doctor Hunter to reporters after the performance. "I would run for my life from one of them. They are so uncertain. They appear to be perfectly gentle and then have a sudden lapse. A lion may leap and bite you once and hold on, but a polar bear goes on biting you all the time."

"My worst experience was in this zoo with a fully grown leopard. He had escaped just as I was entering the zoo and I tried to capture him by catching hold of his tail.

"He turned on me and I hit him in the face and knocked him over. He was 'bagged' by keepers with sacks and got back to his box. But I was badly bitten."

"I use my brush to push the lions whenever necessary and they take the hint. Whips or sticks only enrage the animals, but the brush does not hurt them."

"I have given up golf altogether for lion taming. In comparison golf is far too slow. I get as much exercise in half an hour in a lion's den as a week's golf would give me, and you need to be ace-fit for it."

Polar Eskimos Friendly
Polar Eskimos are a friendly happy people who live farther north than any other human beings. They rove the Arctic from Greenland to Alaska. Skin tents are their habitation during the brief summer; snow igloos their winter homes. Their food, save for a few birds' eggs and berries, is exclusively flesh—the seal, bear, fox, whale, walrus and reindeer being the provender. They are prodigious eaters, hence their plumpness and perhaps their good nature.

Pain in the Stomach

By **DR. JAMES W. BARTON**
© Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.

WHEN pain occurs in the stomach—stomach-ache—it is only natural to think that there is something wrong with the stomach itself—inflammation of the lining of the stomach, ulcer of the stomach, and cancer of the stomach. All three do cause pain in the stomach and this should never be forgotten, but the liver and gall bladder are more often to blame.

However, there are a number of causes for pain in the stomach, and the time the pain occurs after eating often tells just what is likely to be the cause of the trouble.



Dr. Barton

Dr. F. W. Sherman, Owensboro, in the Kentucky Medical Journal says: "The painful diseases in the upper part of the abdomen—the region of the stomach—belong to three main groups—inflammations, ulcers, and cancer. Stomach pain is nearly always in the pit of the stomach, but occasionally it may be to the left or right."

"In inflamed conditions of the stomach the pain is likely to appear soon after eating. "Ulcer of the stomach gives pain within one or two hours after eating, while duodenal ulcer (ulcer of the duodenum or first part of the small intestine) is somewhat later (three or four hours).

May Be Gall Bladder.

"One of the commonest causes of pain in the stomach is gall bladder disease. It is responsible for more stomach disturbance, so-called indigestion and flatulence (gas) than anything else."

"Disease of the pancreas may resemble gall bladder disease in its persistence but the pain is more often at the back than at the front. "Disease of the spleen may cause pain in the stomach region but the pain is usually to the left side and lower down."

Thus there are many disorders causing pain in the stomach, besides those above mentioned, that are not due to stomach disease.

Disease of the oesophagus (tube carrying food from the throat to the stomach) is noticed when food is swallowed, whereas stomach disease—ulcer—is about two hours after eating, ulcer of duodenum three or four hours after eating, and gall bladder, liver and pancreas disease, from four to five hours after eating.

Cancer of the stomach usually causes a constant pain or uneasiness and is often thought to be just chronic indigestion.

These points about pain in the stomach and when they occur, should bring relief to many who have pains in the stomach.

Take Big Meal at Noon.

A factory superintendent consulted his physician regarding his weight, which was from 15 to 20 pounds above the usual ideal weight for height, age and body build.

His physician, knowing that the patient disliked the idea of dieting, the counting of the calories, the daily exercise when he believed he was getting enough exercise at his work, made this suggestion.

"You are on your feet most of the day with three floors of employees under your supervision; you are thus getting plenty of exercise. However, you eat a fair-sized breakfast, a light lunch, and a big dinner at night. As far as the day's need of food is concerned you are getting the right amount and the right kinds of food. Now, instead of eating a light lunch at noon, go out at noon and eat the big meal—exactly the same foods and amounts as you eat in the evening. If you were doing hard mental work this big meal at noon would not perhaps be wise, but your work of covering three floors—walking about the floors and climbing the stairs—will not only use up the big meal eaten at noon, but this work will also use up some of the fat now present on your body. Then eating the small meal at night—enough to supply the body's needs during a quiet evening and a restful night's sleep—no more weight can go on the body. When you eat a big meal at night, sit around and read the paper, or go out for an evening of bridge with a lunch following the game, there is no possible chance for this large amount of food to be used by the body; and in your particular case fat gets stored in and on your body."

The patient followed this advice faithfully. He lost five pounds the first month, three pounds the second, two the third, and one more each month for three months; eleven pounds in all. This was done with no change in amount or kind of food eaten or no change in amount of exercise; in fact no change in his daily habits whatever except that the big meal was taken at noon instead of in the evening.

TIPS to Gardeners

Get Flowers Earlier

GARDENERS can get earlier bloom from many flowers by starting them indoors from seed and setting the plants in the open soil when frost danger is past. Plant seeds of the following indoors about six weeks before the plants are to be set out: Delphinium, pink, gaillardia, lobelia, myosotis, pansy, Iceland poppy, salvia, stock and verbenas.

A week or two later the following can be sown indoors: Ageratum, snapdragon, aster, dahlia, nicotiana, petunia, phlox drummondii, salpiglossis, scabiosa and vinca rosea.

Seed may be procured at your corner store sufficiently early to permit indoor planting. With a number of popular flowers, however, there is no advantage to be gained by early starting indoors, according to Gilbert Bentley, flower expert of the Ferry Seed Institute.

In this class are sweet alyssum, calandula, callopolis, candytuft, four o'clock, marigold and nasturtium.

Smooth Sailing

The stabilizer in the Italian liner Conte di Savoia, which eliminates rolling more than 2½ degrees to either side in the roughest weather, weighs 750 tons and cost nearly \$1,000,000. The 175-ton flywheels in its three gyroscopes require a period of nearly three hours to attain their maximum speed of 910 revolutions a minute.—Collier's Weekly.

2 Steps in Fighting Discomfort of COLDS



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Victors in the End

The universe is so made that truth and justice alone can endure.—James Anthony Froude.

Watch Your Kidneys!

Help Them Cleanse the Blood of Harmful Body Waste
Your kidneys are constantly altering waste matter from the blood stream. But kidneys sometimes lag in their work—do not act as Nature intended—fail to remove impurities that, if retained, may poison the system and upset the whole body machinery. Symptoms may be nagging backache, persistent headache, attacks of dizziness, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes—a feeling of nervous anxiety and loss of pep and strength. Other signs of kidney or bladder disorder may be burning, scanty or too frequent urination.

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There should be no doubt that prompt treatment is wiser than neglect. Use Doan's Pills. Doan's have been winning new friends for more than forty years. They have a nation-wide reputation. Are recommended by grateful people the country over. Ask your neighbor!
WNU-U 6-38

Your Town Your Stores

Our community includes the farm homes surrounding the town. The town stores are there for the accommodation and to serve the people of our farm homes. The merchants who advertise "specials" are merchants who are sure they can meet all competition in both quality and prices.