The ratio of representation in the lower house of congress at Washington has steadily changed since the year 1789, when the Constitution began its work, the ration was 30,000 to the representative. In 1910 the ratio was 210,000 to the representative. If the ratio did not rise the members of the lower house would in time become too numerous for business. It is for the purspose of keeping the membership within reasonable bounds that the ration is made to keep pace with popula-

A GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

Mr. F. C. Case of Welcome Lake, Pa., writes: "I suffered with Backache and Kidney Trouble. My head ached, my sleep was broken and un-



after meals, was always nervous and tired, had a bitter taste in my mouth, was dizzy, had floating specks before my eyes, was always Mr. F. C. Case. thirsty, had a

dragging sensation across my loins, difficulty in collecting my thoughts and was troubled with shortness of breath. Dodds Kidney Pills have cured me of these complaints. Dodds Kidney Pills have done their work and done it well. You are at liberty to publish this letter for the benefit of any sufferer who doubts the merit of Dodds Kidney Pills."

Dodds Kidney Pills, 50c. per box at your dealer or Dodds Medicine Co., Buffalo, N. Y. Write for Household Hints, Dainty Recipes; also music of National Anthem. All 3 sent free.

How Ice Man Got the Booze.

The day was hot and the patient ice man had taken his usual care in getthe ice in the box just right and then mopping up the little water that got on the floor in the operation. He really was a good ice man and deserved to be rewarded.

"Here is a bottle of beer; you need it on a hot day like this," said the housewife.

"I can't accept anything from patrons, lady," the ice man said, as he eyed the bottle lovingly.

'Well, if that is orders, all right," the customer said.

Still the ice man pondered. "But," he added, as an afterthought, "if you put it on the back porch I'll steal it. There isn't any rule against stealing things."-Indianapolis News.

Three Ages.

The new Berlin botanical gardens, says Lustige Blatter, was wonderfully beautiful, but to small children they are a forbidden paradise. Boys and girls under ten are not permitted to enter.

Herr and Frau Muller found this out to their disappointment when they planned to take their little Paul on a Sunday trip to view the beautiful gardens; nevertheless, they gave their young hopeful a few instructions, and

"How old are you?" he inquired. Paul answered, "Six for the electrics; really eight; for the botanical gar-

One company atone has installed more than 400 automatic railroad stokers on locomotives in this country.

Most of us need the money because that is what money is for.

PRESSED HARD. Coffee's Weight on Old Age.

When people realize the injurious effects of coffee and the change in health that Postum can bring, they are usually glad to lend their testimony for the benefit of others.

"My mother, since her early childhood, was an inveterate coffee drinker. had been troubled with her heart for a number of years and complained of that 'weak all over' feeling and sick stomach.

"Some time ago I was making a visit to a distant part of the country and took dinner with one of the merchants of the place. I noticed a somewhat unusual flavour of the 'coffee' and asked him concerning it. He replied that it was Postum.

"I was so pleased with it that, after the meal was over, I bought a package to carry home with me, and had wife prepare some for the next meal. The whole family were so well pleased with it that we discontinued coffee and used Postum entirely.

"I had really been at times very anxious concerning my mother's condition, but we noticed that after using Postum for a short time, she felt so much better than she did prior to its use, and had little trouble with her heart, and no sick stomach; that the headaches were not so frequent, and her general condition much improved. This continued until she was well and hearty.

"I know Postum has benefited myself and the other members of the family, but not in so marked a degree as in the case of my mother, as she was a victim of long standing." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Postum comes in two forms: Regular Postum - must be

boiled. 15c and 25c packages. Instant Postum-is a soluble powder. A teaspoonful dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water and, with cream

and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly. 30c and 50c tins. The cost per cup of both kinds is

about the same. "There's a Reason" for Postum. -sold by Grocers. The Mystery of the Boule Cabinet

BURTON E. STEVENSON Copyright, 1913, by Burton E. Stevenson.

CHAPTER VII-(Continued).

"Did you ring, sir?" he asked. He was still miserably nervous, but much more self-controlled than he had been earlier in the evening.

"Yes," I said. "Mr. Godfrey wishes to speak to you."

It seemed to me that Rogers turned visibly paler; there was certainly fair.

visibly paler; there was certainly fear in the glance he turned upon my com-panion. But Godfrey smiled reassur-

ingly.
"We'd better give him his instructions about the reporters, first thing, hadn't we, Lester?" he inquired.
"Which reporters?" I queried.

"All the others, of course. They will be storming this house. Rogers, before long. You will meet them at the door, you will refuse to admit one of them; you will refuse to admit one of them; you will tell them that there is nothing to be learned here, and that they must go to the police. Tell them that Commissioner Grady himself is in charge of the case and will no doubt be read to talk to them. Is that right. glad to talk to them. Is that right, Lester?"

Yes, Ulysses," I agreed, smiling. "And now," continued Godfrey, watching Rogers keenly, "I have a photograph here that I want you to look at. Did you ever see that person before?" and he handed a print to

The latter hesitated an instant, and then took the print with a trembling hand. Stark fear was in his eyes again; then slowly he raised the print to the light, glanced at it * * "Catch him, Lester," Godfrey cried,

and sprang forward.

For Rogers, clutching wildly at his collar, spun half around and fell with a crash. Godfrey's arm broke the fall somewhat, but as for me, I was too

dazed to move. "Get some water, quick!" Godfrey commanded, sharply, as Parks came running up. "Rogers has been taken un"

And then, as Parks sped down the hall again, I saw Godfrey loosen the collar of the unconscious man and begin to chafe his temples fiercely.

"I ..ope it isn't apoplexy," he mut-tered. "I oughtn't to have shocked him like that."

At the words, I remembered; and, stooping, picked up the photograph which had fluttered from Rogers' fingers. And then I, too, uttered a smothered exclamation as I gazed at the dark tyes, the full lips, the oval face—the 'ace which d'Aurelle had carried in his vatch!

CHAPTER VIII.

PRECAUTIONS.

But it wasn't apoplexy. It was Parks who reassured us, when he came hur-rying back a minute later with a glass of water in one hand and a small phial in the other.

"He has these spells," he said. "It's a kind of vertigo. Give him a whiff of

this." He uncorked the phial and handed it to Godfrey, and I caught the penetrat-ing fumes of ammonia. A moment la-ter, Rogers gasped convulsively.

"He'll be all right pretty soon," re-narked Parks, with ready optimism. "Though I never saw him quite so bad."

"We can't leave him lying here on the floor," said Godfrey. "There's a couch seat in the music room," Packs suggested, and the three of us bore the still unconscious man

Then Godfrey and I sat down and waited, while he gasped his way back to

out of the pocket into which I had slipped it, and looked at it again. "Where did you get it?" I asked. "The police photographer made some copies. This is one of them."

But what made you suspect that the women were the same

"I don't just know," answered God-frew, reflectively. "They were both French—and Rogers spoke of the red lips; somehow it seemed probable. Mr Grady will find some things he doesn't know in tomorrow's Record. But then he usually does. This time, I'm going to rub it in. Hello," he added, "our friend is coming around."

I looked at Rogers and saw that his eyes were open. They were staring at us as though wondering who we were. Godfrey passed an arm under his head and held the glass of water to his lips.

"Take a swallow of this," he said, and Rogers obeyed mechanically, still star-ing at him over the rim of the glass. "How do you feel?"

"Pretty weak," Rogers answered, almost in a whisper. "Did I have a fit?"
"Something like that," said Godfrey, cheerfully; "but don't worry. You'll soon be all right again."

"What sent me off?" asked Rogers, and stared up at him. Then his face turned purple, and I thought he was go-

turned purple, and I thought he was going off again. But after a moment's
heavy breathing, he lay quiet. "I remember now," he said. "Let me see
that picture again."

I passed it to him. His hand was
trembling so he could hardly take it;
but I saw he was struggling desperately to control himself, and he managed
to hold the picture up before his eyes
and look at it with apparent unconcern. and look at it with apparent unconcern.
"Do you know her?" Godfrey asked.

To my infinite amazement, Rogers shook his head.
"Never saw her before," he muttered.

"When I first looked at her, I thought I knew her; but it ain't the same wom-"Do you mean to say," Godfrey de

manded sternly, "that that is not the woman who called on Mr. Vantine to-Again Rogers shook his head.

"Oh, no," he protested; "it's not the time woman at all. This one is younger.

Godfrey made no reply; but he sat down and booked at Rogers, and Rog-ers lay and gazed at the picture, and gradually his face softened, as though at some tender memory.

"Come, Rogers," I urged, at last.
"You'd better tell us all you know. If
this is the woman don't hesitate to say

"I've told you all I know, Mr. Lester," "Yes told you an I know, and best my said Rogers, but he did not meet my eyes. "And I'm feeling pretty bad. I think I'd better be getting to bed."
"Yes, that's best," agreed Godfrey and "Parks will help you." and

"Yes, that's best," agreed Godfrey promptly. "Farks will help you," and he held out his hand for the photo-Rogers relinquished it with evident reluctance. He opened his lips as though to ask a question, then closed "Trust me for that, sir," said Parks

them again, and got slowly to his feet, Parks aiding him.

"Good night, gentlemen," he said weakly, and shuffled away, leaning heavily on Parks' shoulder. "Well!" said I, looking at Godfrey. "What do you think of that?"

"What do you think of that?"

"He's lying, of course. We've got to find out why he's lying and bring it home to him. But it's getting late—I must get down to the office. One word, Lester—be sure Rogem doesn't give you the slip."

"I'l have him looked after," I promised. "But I fancy he'll be afraid to run away. Besides, it is possible he's telling the truth. I don't believe any woman had anything to do with either

woman had anything to do with either death."

Godfrey turned, as he was starting way, and stopped to look at me. "Who did then?" he asked.

"Nobody."
"You mean they both suicided in that abnormal way?"

"No, it wasn't suicide—they were killed—but not by a human being—at least, not directly." I felt that I was floundering hopelessly, and stopped. "I can't tell you now, Godfrey." I pleaded. "I haven't had time to think it out. You've got enough for one day."

day."
"Yes," he smiled; "I've got enough for one day. And now good bye. Perhaps I'll look in on you about midnight, on my way home, if I get through by then."

I sighted Godfrey's energy became

then."

I sighted. Godfrey's energy became a little wearing sometimes. I was already longing for bed, and there remained so much to be done. But he, after a day which I knew had been a hard one, and with a many column story still to write, was apparently as fresh and eager as ever.

"All right," I agreed. "If you see a light, come up. If there isn't any light, I'll be in bed, and I'll kill you if you wake me."

wake me.'

"Conditions accepted," he laughed, as I opened the door for him. Parks joined me as I turned back into

"I got Rogers to bed, sir," he said.
"He'll be all right in the morning. But he's a queer duck."
"How long have you known him, Parks?"

Parks?"

"He's been with Mr. Vantine about five years. I don't know much about him; he's a silent kind of fellow, keeping to himself a good deal and sort of brooding over things. But he did his work all right, except once in a while when he keeled over like he did tonight."

talk of that kind?

"No, sir," said Parks, emphatically.
"I've been Mr. Vantine's valet for eight years and more, and in all that time he has never been mixed up with a woman in any shape or form. I always fancied he'd loved a lady who died—I don't know what made me think so; but anyhow, since I've known him, he never looked at a woman—not in that way."
"Thank you, Parks," I said, with a sigh of relief. "I've been through so much today, that I felt I couldn't endure that; and now—"
"Beg pardon, sir," said a voice at my elbow; "we have everything ready, sir."
I turned with a start to see a little, clean shaven man standing there, rubbing his hands softly together and gaz-

waited, while he gasped his way but life.

"Though he can't really tell us much," Godfrey observed. "In fact, I doubt if he'll be willing to tell anything. But his face, when he looked at the picture, told us all we need to know."

Thus reminded, I took the photograph out of the pocket into which I had out of the picture, to plant the picture, the picture, and the picture, the pictu

him, sir?"
"Yes," I answered, with a feeling of

nausea, "it was poison."

"Very powerful poison, too, I should say, sir; we didn't get here none too soon. Where shall we put the body, sir?"

"Why not leave it where it is?"I

"Why not leave it where it is?" I asked, impatiently.
"Very good, sir," said the man, and presently he and his assistant took themselves off, to my intense relief.
"And now, Parks," I began, "there is something I want to say to you. Let us go somewhere and sit down."
"Suppose we go up to the study, sir. You're looking regularly done up, if you'll permit me to say so, sir. Shall I get you something?"
"A brand and soda," I assented; "and bring one for yourself."

"A brand and soda," I assented; "and bring one for yourself."
"Very good, sir," and a few minutes later we were sitting opposite each other in the room where Vantine had offered me similar refreshments not many hours before. I looked at Parks as he sat there and turned over in means he sat there and turned over in means.

as he sat there, and turned over in my mind what I had to say to him. I liked the man, and I felt he could be trusted. At any rate, I had to take the risk.
"Now, Parks," I began again, setting down my glass, "what I have to

say to you is very serious, and I want you to keep it to yourself. I know that you were devoted to Mr. Vantine—I may as well tell you that he has re-membered you in his will—and I am sure you are willing to do anything in your power to help solve the mystery of his death."

"That I am, sir," Parks agreed warmly. "I was very fond of him, sir; nobody will miss him more than I

will."

I realized that the tragedy meant far more to Parks than it did even to me, for he had lost not only a friend, but a means of livelihood, and I looked at him with heightened sympathy.

"I know how you feel," I said, "and I am counting on you to help me. I have a sort of idea how his death came about. Only the vaguest possible idea," I added hastily, as his eyes widened with interest; "altogether too vague to be put ito words. But I can say this much—the mystery, whatever say this much—the mystery, whatever it is, is in the ante room where the bodies were found, or in the room next to it where the furniture is. Now, I am going to lock up those rooms and I want you to see that nobody enters them without your knowledge."

them without your knowledge."

"Not very likely that anybody will want to enter them, sir," and Parks laughed a grim little laugh.

"I am not so sure of that," I dissented, speaking very seriously. "In fact, I am of the opinion that there is

sented, speaking very seriously. "In fact, I am of the opinion that there is somebody who wants to enter those rooms very badly. I don't know who he is and I don't know what he is after; but I am going to make it your business to keep him out and to come

promptly. "What is it you want me to

"I want you to put a cot in the hallway outside the door of the ante room and sleep there tonight. Tomorrow I will decide what further precautions

are necessary."
"Very good, sir," said Parks. "Fll get the cot up at once."

"There is one thing more," I went "There is one thing more," I went on. "I have given the coroner my personal assurance that none of the servants will leave the house until after the inquest, I suppose I can rely on them?"
"Oh, yes, sir. I'll see they understand how important it is."
"Rogers, especially," I added, looking at him.
"I understand, sir," said Parks

understand, sir," said Parks Very well. And now let us go down

and lock up those rooms." They were still ablaze with light, but both of us faltered a little, I think, on the threshold of the ante room. For in the middle of the floor stood a stretcher, and on it was an object covered with a sheet, its outlines horribly suggestive. But I took myself in hard and entered. Park followed in hand and entered. Park followed me and closed the door. The ante room had two windows and

the room beyond, which was a corner one, had three. All of them were locked, but a pane of glass seemed to me an absurdly fragile barrier against any one who really wished to enter.

"Aren't there some wooden shut-ters for those windows?" I asked.
"Yes, sir, they were taken down yes-terday and put in the basement. Shall I get them?"

I get them?"

"I think you'd better," I said. "Will you need any help?"

"No, sir, they're not heavy. If you'll wait here, you can snap the bolts into place when I lift them up from the outside."

"Yorv well" I aggreed and Parks.

"Very well," I agreed, and Parks hurried away.

I entered the inner room and stopped before the Boule cabinet. There was a certain air of arrogance about it, as it stood there in that blaze of light, its inlay aglow with a thousand subtle reflections; a flaunting air, the air of a courtesan conscious of her beauty and pleased to attract attention—just and pleased to attract attention—just the air with which Madame de Montespan must have sauntered down the mirror gallery at Versailles, ablaze with jewels, her skirts rustling, her figure swaying suggestively. Something threatening, too; something sinister and deadly ister and deadly-

There was a rattle at the window, There was a rattle at the window, and I saw Parks lifting one of the shutters into place. I threw up the sash and pressed the heavy bolts carefully into their sockets, then closed the sash and locked it. The two other windows were secured in their turn, and with a last look about the room, I turned out the lights. The ante room windows were soon shuttered in the same way and with a sigh of relief I told myself that no entrance to the house could be had from that direction. With Parks outside the only door, the rooms ought to be safe from invasion.

him; he's a silent kind of fellow, keeping to himself a good deal and sort of brooding over things. But he did his work all right, except once in a while when he keeled over like he did tonight."

"Parks," I sald, suddenly, "I'm going to ask you a question. You know Mr. Vantine was a friend of mine, and I thought a great deal of him. Now, what with this story Rogers tells, and one or two other things, there is talk of a woman. Is there any foundation for talk of that kind?

"No, sir," said Parks, application."

I min to oms ought to be safe from invasion.

Then, before extinguishing the lights, I approached that silent figure on the stretcher, lifted the sheet and looked for the last time upon the face of my dead friend. It was no longer staring and terrible, but calm and peaceful as in sleep—almost smiling. With wet eyes and contracted throat, I covered the face again, turned out the lights and left the room. Parks met me in the hall, carrying a cot, which he placed close across the doortal way.

"There," he said: "nobad" "There," he said: "

into that room without my knowing

"No," I agreed; and then a sudden thought occurred to me. "Parks," I said, "is it true that there is a burglar alarm on all the windows?

alarm on all the windows?"

"Yes, sir. It rings a bell in Mr. Vantines bed room, and another in mine, and sends in a call to the police."

"Is it working?"

"Yes, sir; Mr. Vantine himself tested it this evening just before dinner."

"Then why didn't it work when I opened those windows just now?" I demanded.

demanded. Parks laughed. "Because I threw off the switch, sir."

ing blandly up at me.

"The undertaker's asistant, sir," explained Parks, seeing my look of astonishment. "He came while you and turn it on box on the wall just back of the stairs, sir. It's one of my duties to turn it on every night before I go to bed."

bed."

I breathed a sigh of relief.
"Is it on again, now?"
"It certainly is, sir. After what you told me, I'd not be likely to forget it."
"You'd better have a weapon handy, too," I suggested.
"I have a revolver, sir."

use it. I'm going home—I'm tired." "That's good. And don't hesitate to

"Shall I call a cab. sir?"
"No, the walk will do me good. I'll see you tomorrow." Parks helped me into my coast and opened the door for me. Glancing back, after a moment, I saw that he was standing on the steps gazing after me. I could understand his reluctance to go back into that death-haunted house; and I found myself breathing deeply with the relief of getting out of

(Continued next week.)

Uncle Seth On Kings.

Them kings in Europe over there are settin' on their thrones,
Their thrones built on the necks of men for their foundation stones;
But trod-on men, I'm glad to say, have learned to squirm an creep,
They're wigglin'; soon you'll see them thrones come tumblin' in a heap.

"Support my soldiers," says them kings,
"my men who shoot an' hack;"
Till now each peasant carries roun' a soldier on his back. But that poor peasant's growing wise; there's fire in his blood. Just wait a blt; you'll see him dump that soldler in the mud.

"There's men across that bound'ry line
that you must go an' kill;
Go shoot 'em for us," says them kings,
"go stab 'em; 'tis our will."
"Wall, kings," bimeby them men will say,
"we don't observe no sign
That men are vipers to be killed across
that bound'ry line.

If you want butchers to kill men, w'y that ar ain't our trade.

If you want blood by hogsheadful, don't seek it at our store;
For we ain't killin' feller-men an' brothers any more."

"If you want butchers to kill beeves,

Wall, kings, this ain't the kin' er talk to soothe a royal ear,
But jest erbout the kin' er stuff that you have got ter hear;
For we've about made up our minds to lay you on the shelf.
For each man now hez come to know thet he's a king himself. The kin' er king that Europe wants won't

Not w'at he wears outside his head will be Not wat he wears outside his head will be his kingly pride;

Not wat he wears outside his head, but wat he wears inside.

He'll want no throne; a king er man can allus rule his own,

If he sets upon a nail-keg, jest as well as on a throne.

Sam Walter Form

-Sam Walter Foss.

KING POWD The cook is happy, the other members of the family are happy-appetites sharpen, things brighten up generally. And Calumet

> For Calumet never fails. Its wonderful leavening qualities insure perfectly shortened, faultlessly raised bakings. Cannot be compared with

Baking Powder is responsible for it all.

other baking powders, which promise without performing. Even a beginner in cooking gets delightful results with this neverfailing Calumet Baking Powder. Your

grocer knows. Ask him. RECEIVED HIGHEST AWARDS Vorld's Pure Food Exposition, Chicago, Ill. Paris Exposition, France, March, 1912.

You don't save money when you buy cheap or big-can baking powder. Don't be misled. Buy Calu It's more economical—more wholesome—gives best results. Calumet is far superior to sour milk and

English Farmer Had Made Old Mistake of Counting Chickens Before They Were Hatched.

An old farmer in the Midlands was anxious to marry, but could not make up his mind between the charms of a certain comely widow in the neighborhood and her equally charming ington."

daughter. At last he resolved to let chance

solve the problem. "I'll ax th' one I fust sees a-goin' in," he muttered, and off he started on his amatory errand. But when he arrived both mother and daughter were sitting in the doorway.

"Dang it!" he cried. "Here was I comin' to ax one o' 'ee to marry me, an' I swore the fust 'un should ha' the chance. But there ye both be together. I'll shet my eyes now, an' the one as doan't want me mun go indoors. Th' one as stays is my wife to be."

Shutting his, eyes the old farmer counted ten solemnly; there was a subdued chuckle, but when he opened them both women had gone.-London Tit-Bits.

Greek Meets Greek.

The two oldest inhabitants were very ignorant, neither of them being able even to tell the time of day. A friend of Uncle Ben's gave him a watch, of which he was very proud. One day, before the crowd at the corner store, old Pete, being slightly jealous of such wealth and wishing to embarrass his rival, said: "Say,

Ben, what time have you got?" The other old fellow drew out his watch and turned its face toward his inquisitor. "There she be!" he ex-

claimed. Pete was almost at a loss, but he made a magnificent effort and retorted: "Blame if she ain't!"-Every-

body's Magazine.

Stork's Good Memory. While visiting the Berlin zoological gardens, says Lustige Blatter, little Gretchen saw a great white bird standing on one leg in a cage. She threw in a piece of candy; the bird gobbled it up eagerly; and thrust its

head through the wire for more. Presently Gretchen's mother came along. "O mother, see here! What kind of a bird is this?"

The mother pointed to the sign on the cage, which read, "The Stork." "The stork!" cried the little girl enthusiastically. O mamma, do you know, he actually recognized me?"

Rainy Days.

"Are you saving up something for a rainy day?" "No," replied Farmer Corntossel 'What we're troubled with out this way is an annual drought. If we had more rainy days, everybody would have money."—Washington Star.

Lucky Hubby. Mrs. Green-Do you ever flatter

your husband? Mrs. Wyse-Yes, I sometimes ask his advice about things .- Boston Transcript.

shoes. Some people don't believe in putting off till tomorrow the trouble they can

make today.

HINT EASY TO UNDERSTAND GETTING DOWN TO THE FACTS

Relic Which Mr. Bradley Valued So Highly Was Not Altogether a Present. Said Mr. Bradley: "I think a good deal of this rocking chair. It's made

Virginia once owned by W. Wash-"I don't see anything extraordinary about it," said Parks, "except that it's

from wood that grew on a farm in

big and ugly. How much did it cost "Nothing. That's the beauty of it. A friend of mine in Washington sent it to me. There's nothing like hav-

ing good friends." "No, I suppose not. How did he send it?" "By express. Quite a relic, isn't

it? Wood grew on one of G. Wash-"

"You paid the express charges, I suppose?" "Of course. Wood grew on a farm that once belonged to George-'

"How much was the-'Farm that once belonged to George Washington in Virginia. It isn't every day you can-" "How much expressage did you-"

"Isn't every day you can see a rocking chair made out of wood grown on a farm that once belonged to George-"

"What express charges did you have to pay?" "Eight dollars and seventy-five

luctance. Poor Material in His Promises. "When we were married," sobbed the young wife, "he said he loved me

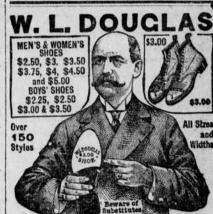
cents," said Bradley, with visible re-

with a love more enduring than the everlasting granite!" "And it didn't last?" queried the sympathizing friend. "Last!" echoed the young wife, dry-

ing her tears; "it didn't last as long

as a wood pavement!"

Some people are as quick as powder and other are as slow as cold molasses.



WEARING W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES.

For SI years W. L. Douglas has guaranteed the value by having his name and the retail price stamped on the sole before the shoes leave the factory. This protects the wearer against high prices for inferior shoes of other makes. W. L. Douglas shoes are always worth what you pay for them. If you could see how carefully W. L. Douglas shoes made, and the high grade leathers used, you would then understand why they look better, fit better, hold their shape and wear longer than other makes for the price. If the W. L. Douglas shoes are not for sale in your vicinity, order direct from factory. Shoes sent everywhere. Postage free in the U. S. Write for Illustrated Cairallog showing how to order by mail.

W. L. DOUGLAS, 210 Spark St., Brockton, Mass.

SIOUX CITY PTG. CO., NO. 45-1914.

Stockbrokers are having their old shoes half soled. That's a sign oth-DEVELOPING Kodaks and PRINTING ers will have a chance to wear new end for Catalogue and Finishing Price List ZIMMERMAN BROTHERS, 608 Pierce St., Sioux City, Ia.