

Women Everywhere

Praise Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Women from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from all sections of this great country, no city so large, no village so small but that some woman has written words of thanks for health restored by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. No woman who is suffering from the ills peculiar to her sex should rest until she has given this famous remedy a trial. Is it not reasonable to believe that what it did for these women it will do for any sick woman?

Wonderful Case of Mrs. Stephenson, on the Pacific Coast.

INDEPENDENCE, OREGON.—"I was sick with what four doctors called Nervous Prostration, was treated by them for several years, would be better for a while then back in the old way again. I had palpitation of the heart very bad, fainting spells, and was so nervous that a spoon dropping to the floor would nearly kill me, could not lift the lightest weight without making me sick; in fact was about as sick and miserable as a person could be. I saw your medicines advertised and thought I would try them, and am so thankful I did for they helped me at once. I took about a dozen bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and also used the Sanative Wash. Since then I have used them whenever I felt sick. Your remedies are the only doctor I employ. You are at liberty to publish this letter."—Mrs. W. STEPHENSON, Independence, Oregon.

A Grateful Atlantic Coast Woman.

HODGDON, ME.—"I feel it a duty I owe to all suffering women to tell what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound did for me. One year ago I found myself a terrible sufferer. I had pains in both sides and such a soreness I could scarcely straighten up at times. My back ached, I had no appetite and was so nervous I could not sleep, then I would be so tired mornings that I could scarcely get around. It seemed almost impossible to move or do a bit of work and I thought I never would be any better until I submitted to an operation. I commenced taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and soon felt like a new woman. I had no pains, slept well, had good appetite and was fat and could do almost all my own work for a family of four. I shall always feel that I owe my good health to your medicine."—Mrs. HAYWARD SOWERS, Hodgdon, Maine.

For 30 years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been the standard remedy for female ills. No one sick with woman's ailments does justice to herself if she does not try this famous medicine made from roots and herbs, it has restored so many suffering women to health.

Write to LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO. (CONFIDENTIAL) LYNN, MASS., for advice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.



SPELLING STUCK THE JURY

Point of Information They Wanted Involved No Great Legal Knowledge, If Judge Had It.

Here is one that was told at a tea given by Miss Geraldine Farrar, the singer, when one of the party referred to the judiciary and the peculiar cases that frequently come before the courts:

"Some time ago there was a homicide case in a western court in which there was considerable doubt as to the guilt of the accused. The trial judge seemed to share the popular belief.

"Gentlemen of the jury," said he, in concluding his charge, "if the evidence, in your minds, shows that pneumonia was the cause of the man's death, you cannot convict the prisoner."

"Whereat the jury retired and in about ten minutes the constable returned and presented himself before the judge.

"Your honor," he remarked, "the gentlemen of the jury want some information."

"On what point of evidence?" asked the judge.

"None, Judge," was the rejoinder of the constable. "They want to know how to spell 'pneumonia.'"—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Errors of His Ways.

"A good New Year resolution for a middle-aged married man?" said George Ade at a dinner in Chicago. "Well, the best resolution a middle-aged married man could make, according to my view, would be for him to swear off telling his wife and children about the girls he used to kiss in his young days."

"I'd say to the middle-aged married man of this type:

"Suppose, friend, your wife fell into a reminiscence, jovial mood some evening after supper and started to tell about the boys who used to kiss her by the wood stove in the dim parlor, wouldn't the dove of peace flap her wings and light out p. d. q. just?"

Didn't Suit Small Boy.

After spending a few weeks last year at a watering place, where he took his daily swim in the open air pool of warm sulphur water, a little fellow was this year at the seaside. In his tiny bathing suit he gazed out over the vast ocean in silence.

Then he protested:

"I'm not goin' in. Dat ain't water for boys; dat's for boats."

New Pipe Cleaner.

For cleaning pipes used for conveying liquids there has been invented a machine that forces crushed quartz through them, much as bottles are washed.

Extravagance.

Hicks—Is it true, then, that you're living beyond your station?

Wicks—Yes; two miles.

John Tyler was a member of the Virginia legislature at 21 and a congressman at 26.

NO MORE CHANCES

By WILLIAM H. OSBORNE.

Young Henry Couse was just like other people—only more so. Deeply imbedded in his nature was a strong desire constantly to get something for nothing. He did not gamble, but he kept a wary eye upon the lottery and upon the markets. He had another trait. He was a devoted admirer of Miss Sally Manning. But it was this admiration that bothered him.

"If I'd only got enough of the stuff together," he said to himself, "I'd pop the question. But hang it, I'm afraid I never will."

There was one thing that young Couse did not understand. That was, that the great way to make money anywhere today, is to save it. Small sums never counted with him. He was invariably casting them upon the waters of fortune, as a fisherman casts a worm to catch a fish. But Henry's bait always left the hook, and he never got anything in return.

However, it was winter, and Henry was hit pretty hard, and he spent a good many evenings at the home of Miss Manning. He was clerking it, and he said to himself that he would lay aside a little money—all he could spare. St. Hopkins was building a little mite of a house up on the hill—building it to let, and Henry hoped against hope that somehow he could scrape up his courage and propose to Miss Sally; and that he could scrape up enough money by spring at least to set up with Miss Sally in that little house. So he shunned the newspapers and all the literature containing alluring offers in the shape of small investments; and shovels the lottery way back in his mind, and only thought about Miss Sally and the house.

Time passed. He amassed finally the just and full sum of \$50. Fifty dollars. Think of it. Henry Couse had always made fair wages; he was a good worker; he was a clever lad; yet never in his life before had he possessed the sum of \$50.

"What I ought to do," Henry's better judgment told him, "is to take this to Sally and let her keep it for me. That's just the thing to do. But—" Well, Henry didn't. And he didn't because instead of thinking merely of renting St. Hopkins' house, he took to building—castles in the air.

One day a newspaper advertisement caught his eye. It was headed by the words "Fifty Dollars." It was signed by A. Augustus Atkinson. The advertisement was very frank and clear and plain. It stated without any reservation that Mr. Atkinson, a large stock broker, had inside information on three or four of the active stocks; that he knew positively what would happen; that he had never made mistakes and that he had just made a small fortune for one of his clients who had taken his advice and had invested only \$15. Mr. Atkinson stated clearly that he would not accept orders; that he would merely furnish information for the trifling sum of five dollars per week, and that his client or customer must invest his money through the ordinary channels. He stated this, said Mr. Atkinson, to show his good faith.

Down in the city Mr. A. Augustus Atkinson occupied a part—a part only—of a deskroom, in a dingy corner of a dingy building. He was not a broker and never had been a broker. He knew something less about the stock market than did Diana of Madison square. But nevertheless he made a living and a good one—with the drinks thrown in.

For Mr. Atkinson had a system; a sure one—for him. The whole thing was very simple. When his advertisement had brought in enough five-dollar bills to pay for itself, and to make it worth Mr. Atkinson's while to go to work, Mr. Atkinson would sit down and write two sets of letters. These letters would relate to a certain stock or commodity, say X, Y, & Z. Mr. Atkinson would advise his western customers to buy X, Y, & Z, and would advise his eastern customers to sell it. The result was palpable. If there was any movement whatever in X, Y, & Z, just one-half of his customers won, and the other half lost. The half that won would naturally tell all their friends about the advice and five-dollar bills would pour in upon Mr. A. Augustus Atkinson.

Young Couse grubbed away until he had saved up \$55. Then he wrote to Mr. Atkinson and enclosed a five-dollar bill. He stood ready with the \$50 to send it down to a good firm he knew of in the city, just as soon as Mr. Atkinson responded.

Usually when he made up his mind to it, it did not take Mr. Atkinson long to answer his correspondence. His advice would consist of two or three words only: Buy so and so, or sell so and so. But on a fateful day his correspondence was heavier than usual and he had selected a long named stock. It was a stock that had been remarkably active in the last few days. Everybody will recall its name—The Universal Confederated American Metallic Consolidation. This was known on 'change as the "Uca Mick." The long name worried Mr. Couse, and when he was half through with his list, he stopped. He had advised the first half to sell the stock.

"Gee," he said to himself, wearily, "gee, I'm tired. I'll go out and stretch my legs a bit." Mr. Atkinson's legs took some time to stretch; business justified it, so he thought; and they were stretched so much that they were somewhat unsteady when he came back.

He picked up the list. Henry Couse, Esq., he said to himself, "Couse, eh? Country name that. Derived probably from Cows. Henry Couse, Hens and Cows, eh? Not bad. All right Mr. Couse. You'd better—ah, let me see; which half is this. Let's see, I mailed those others. What did I tell 'em, anyway?"

Henry Couse, up in the Plains store, was quite unaware by what a slender thread his fate was hanging. Mr. Atkinson's memory usually was good, but it had been impaired on this occasion by the stretching process.

"The first lot," said Mr. Atkinson, "why, I told 'em to buy—that's sure. Then this half must sell. All right for you, you can sell, Henry Couse, of Frankfort Plains."

The next day Henry Couse received a plain white envelope with an unsigned slip inside of it. This is what it said: "Sell Univ. Con. Am. Met. Con. and do it right away."

Mr. Couse sold. Everybody knows now what happened. In the next three days the battle royal between the American Iron Concern and "Uca Mick" took place. Everybody remembers the crisis when "Uca Mick," which had been 170, disappeared from sight and reappeared again at 15. It was a crash among crashes. Henry Couse contemplated it with discomfiture. "Gee," he said to himself, for he was not an adept in the mysteries of Wall street, "gee, but I'm a blamed idiot. Here I've been dabbling in U. C. A. and the whole bottom has fallen out of the blamed thing. Serves me right. I'll never do it again."

The next day he received a check from his brokers for \$5,000 on account. That was not all, they said there was a little more to come. For Henry Couse had not understood the import of a sale as distinguished from a purchase. He had sold at a high price, and delivered at a low price; and the difference belonged to him.

Mr. Atkinson had stretched his legs that day to come purpose, for, through his slip of memory, every customer had sold "Uca Mick" on margin and every one had won. He does a larger business than ever, and perhaps it's just as well for folks to lose through him as in any other way. Mr. Henry Couse did not go to see Miss Sally Manning on the evening that he got the check. He was too much astonished; he had to sit up half the night and look at the check steadily for hours.

The next morning he went around, however.

He wanted to strike while the iron was hot.

"Sally," he said, "I've bought St. Hopkins' house and came around to see if I could—put—the—title—in—your name."

Miss Sally Manning thought he was crazy. But he was rational enough. For he sat himself at her side and put his arm around her waist and finally he kissed her. And that's no sign of lunacy. Finally he pulled a roll of bills from his pocket. "Sally," he said, "I want you to take these and keep them for me—for us. I'm never, never going to speculate any more. Never. I'm through. Besides," he added, "I own some real estate and I'm going to marry you, and that's lottery enough for any man."

Whereupon Miss Sally boxed his ears. And Henry Couse—he just laughed and let her do it.

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ALBERTA CROP YIELDS

At MacLeod, Alta., weather conditions were excellent all through the season. Ninety per cent. of the wheat up to Oct. 1st graded No. 1, the only No. 2 being fall wheat. The yield ranged from 20 to 40 bushels per acre, with an average of 28. Oats yielded well, and barley about 60 bushels.

Inverary is a new district in Alberta. Here wheat graded No. 2 and some of it went 50 bushels to the acre, oats going about 75 bushels.

Lethbridge correspondent says: "In the Monarch district the yield on summer fallow is averaging thirty-five bushels, a large percentage No. 1 northern."

"All spring grains are yielding better than expected in the Milk river district, south. A 300 acre field of Marquis wheat gave 41½ bushels.

"Experimental farm results on grain sown on irrigated land place 'Red Five' wheat in the banner position, with a yield of 59.40 bushels per acre. Oats yielded 132 bushels to the acre.

"John Turner of Lethbridge grew barley that went 60 bushels to the acre.

"Red Five averages in weight from 60 to 68 pounds, and at Rosthern the Marquis wheat will run as high as 64 pounds to the bushel, while a sample of Marquis wheat at Arcola weighed no less than 68 pounds to the bushel. This variety is grading No. 1 hard."

Calgary, Alta., Oct. 8.—The problem of handling Alberta's big grain crop is becoming a serious one, and there is a congestion at many points in southern Alberta. One thousand cars could be used immediately. The C. P. R. prepared for a normal year, while the yield of grain was everywhere abnormal, with an increased acreage of about 23 per cent.

Moose Jaw, Sask., returns show some remarkable yields.

Bassano, Alta., Sept. 25, '13.—Individual record crops grown in Alberta include 1,300 acre field of spring wheat grown near Bassano which went thirty-five bushels to the acre and weighed sixty-six pounds to the bushel.

Noble, Alta., Oct. 1, '13.—All records for the largest shipment of grain by one farmer will be broken this year if the estimate of C. S. Noble of Noble, Alberta, proves correct. Mr. Noble has notified the Canadian Pacific Railway here that he will have 350,000 bushels of grain, chiefly barley and oats, ready for shipment very shortly.

L. Anderson Smith, writing to a friend in the Old Country, located at Killam, Alberta, says:

"Anyone taking up land will find Alberta an ideal province. The soil is a rich black loam, varying from 6 to 12 inches in depth. The land here in this district is not wholly open prairie. At intervals, sometimes closely, sometimes widely scattered, there are small plots of poplar and willows. These generally grow round some small depression in the land, and the snow drifts here in the winter and melts in the spring filling these sloughs (province "sloughs") with soft water. Nearly all these sloughs have old buffalo tracks to them, for it was from them that they always got their water. The poplars are very useful for building barns and hen-houses. Wild grasses are plentiful, while tame grasses, such as timothy, brome and western rye grass do remarkably well."

Advertisement.

He Came Up.

Bill—Where did he learn to dive?

Jill—Oh, he's a self-made diver. Didn't you notice he just came up from the bottom?

FRENCH COLONY IS PROLIFIC

System of Land Tenure Has Much to Do With Gratifying Increase in Population.

A German writer, Dr. A. Grotjahn, interested in the increasing shortage in births in France, has found a prolific community at the village of Mardic, near Dunkirk, says an exchange. This is a colony founded more than 200 years ago by Louis XIV. with a system of land tenure which does not permit private ownership of the soil. Doctor Grotjahn says:

"The men of Mardic marry, on an average, at twenty-four years of age, immediately after having passed the obligatory service in the navy. When a new family has thus been founded it receives for exclusive use, but not as private property, a plot of land of 22 acres and a section of shore for net fishing. . . . The families may leave to their children the land handed to them in usufruct, but they may not divide or mortgage it. The result is that Mardic possesses a prosperous population, free of material cares, which does not rack its brain on behalf of its children's fate, while the rest of the peasants and fishermen of France are particularly anxious in this respect. The births amounted to 43 per 1,000 of the inhabitants, a figure which is not surpassed by any civilized people."

Matter of Pronunciation.

"And what state did you say you were from?" asked the Britisher of a gentleman to whom he had been introduced.

Your breezy westerner is always glad to boost his own territory, and it was with considerable pride and emphasis that he announced: "I'm from I-o-wa, sir, the finest state in our Union."

"Bally strange, you know, about you Americans laughing at your cousins across the sea for the way we pronounce our words, C-h-o-l-m-o-n-d-e-l-e-y, as Chumley, and B-e-u-e-h-a-m-p as Beecman, you know. I've one on you now, you know, old chap. Only yesterday I met a gentleman from your state at luncheon, you know, and he said he was from your state, 'the finest in our Union,' and all that sort of thing, only he pronounced it O-h-i-o! Jove, I think that's one on you Americans, don't you know?"

Feel Comfortable

After eating a Hearty meal?—or is there a sense of fullness—or bloating—or Nausea. This indicates a weakened condition of the Stomach which can be materially benefited by a short course of

HOSTETTER'S Stomach Bitters

AMERICAN SAW & TOOL WORKS
14th ST. & WESTERN AVE., CHICAGO
W. N. U., LINCOLN, NO. 3-1914.

One of Many.

Briggs—Rogers claims to be an agnostic, doesn't he?

Griggs—Only as to religion; as to everything else he knows it all.

TILTING TABLE FRAME COMPLETE WITH SAW

inch	
24	\$16.00
26	16.50
28	17.00
30	17.50

SAWS

24 inch	\$3.90
26 "	4.50
28 "	5.10
30 "	5.70

MANDRELS, \$3.00 AND UP

POND ICE SAWS

\$2.50 AND UP

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Mashed Potatoes With Onions.
To four or five cups mashed potato add one cup boiled onions minced to a pulp, one tablespoon butter, one teaspoon milk, some salt and pepper. Beat lightly together and before serving brown the top for a moment in the oven.

Turnips With White Sauce.
Peel some small turnips, as nearly as possible the same size, boil them in milk and water till tender, drain and cover with white sauce in which a tablespoonful of grated cheese has been mixed. Sprinkle a little minced parsley over and serve.

To Prevent Fat From Sputtering.
To prevent fat from spattering, when frying eggs or bacon, put a pinch of flour in the fat. This helps to keep the stove clean and saves you many a burn from the hot fat.

One of Many.
Briggs—Rogers claims to be an agnostic, doesn't he?
Griggs—Only as to religion; as to everything else he knows it all.

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