

Gloria's Romance

By Mr. and Mrs. Rupert Hughes

Lost in the Everglades

Novelized from the Motion Picture Drama of the Same Name by George Kleins. FEATURING THE NOTED STAR, MISS BILLIE BURKE. Copyright, 1914, by Adelaide M. Hughes.

FIRST EPISODE.

"Rather remarkable, isn't it," said the sick old Hon. Judge Freeman, "that the most expensive hotel and the most luxurious resort in the world should be only a few miles from an almost impenetrable wilderness inhabited by Indians that the United States army could never dislodge?"

"Yes, it is odd," said his young doctor; "but the prices here are almost as impenetrable as the knife grass of the everglades. And as for Indians, the United States navy couldn't dislodge some of these old millionaire squaws from their snobbery."

"I'm afraid my daughter finds it so," the judge agreed. "Here we've been for two whole weeks and Lois doesn't know anybody who is anybody—except Pierpont Stafford's boy, and I'm afraid he's only flirting with her."

Dr. Royce had not been engaged to prescribe for Miss Lois Freeman's ailments, so he changed the subject. "It's hard to believe that there is a blizzard in New York today when you look at these flowers and see those half-dressed mobs wallowing in the surf."

"The judge gave a jump and gasped: 'Good Lord, hear that scream! Some woman is being murdered.'"

Royce checked him with a gesture and a smile.

"Still, judge, it's only Gloria Stafford having another battle with her governess."

The judge settled back into his blanket, murmuring: "The little devil—always in hot water."

Dr. Royce came to her defense with a curious warmth. "They're driving her with too tight a rein. She's too big-hearted and brave and wise to be treated as a child much longer."

The old man sighed: "My fathers with motherless girls to raise are pretty helpless cattle. I can send a criminal to the chair, but I can't punish my daughter; she does what she pleases, and it rarely pleases me. And Pierpont Stafford can run a string of banks and make a rail road system out of his hand, but that girl of his has him—I believe they say 'buffaloes'—or is it 'Pittsburghed'—isn't that Pierpont out there in the surf now? I wish I could go in. Do you think I might?"

The doctor shook his head: "You run out on the links and play a little golf among the palm trees. Tomorrow I may let you have a dip."

"I don't feel quite up to golf," the judge said. "You're worse than—than—?" Another scream from the corridor gave him the missing word. "You're worse than Gloria."

He lifted the judge from his chair, thrust a bag of golf clubs into his arms and ordered him off. The judge pleaded: "Who'll play with me? Will you?"

"Not much! You've had enough of me for today. Here's your daughter, Miss Lois, let me introduce your father. Take him around the links once, won't you?"

Lois obeyed with more grace than gracefulness. Her thoughts were on the two strings to her bow. She had had to content herself for her first week at Palm Beach with the attentions of Richard Freneau, a young broker in charge of a branch office at the Royal Palm club. But recently she had caught the eye of David Stafford, and she had tried to hold it. Freneau was handsome—much too good looking for his own good or the good of any girl or woman he focused his eye upon. Freneau was magnetic and he was great fun, but David Stafford was good business. To capture the son of Pierpont Stafford would be high finance—something tremendous.

The judge, her father, kept his eyes on Lois more than on the golf ball, and landed in the bunkers with regularity. He knew that his daughter was up to some mischief, but he was sure that it was not the innocent mischief of the obstreperous Gloria.

Gloria Stafford, exquisite in her bathing suit, was like a blazon figure come to life—very much to life as she stood outside her bedroom door and held the knob against her governess, who tugged in vain at the opposite knob. Then Gloria let go, and the governess went staggering backward across the room, while Gloria with shrieks of laughter made her way off and down the corridor and out to the beach.

The beach being no less than Palm Beach, she dodged among throngs of the well-known, the much photographed, who were also making their way, though more sedately, to the surf. It was 11 o'clock, the fashionable bathing time. To be seen in the water more than half an hour earlier or more than half an hour late was socially fatal.

The governess followed the fugitive in hot haste, but Gloria sought refuge in the crowded ocean. She dived and stayed under as long as she could, but Miss Sidney deserted her at once and gesticulated violently, commanding her to come back. Gloria merely bobbed her pet little bonnet and splashed in behind her father. Miss Sidney persisted and Gloria gave her father a push, saying: "You go make her let me alone. Tell her she'll be sorry if she doesn't."

The capitalist floundered out with the epilogetic manner of an overgrown schoolboy, for even he was afraid of the governess. And he was not very impressive in a bathing suit.

He made his way to Miss Sidney's presence and exclaimed: "Would you mind if Gloria had her morning swim-bath?"

The governess explained to him, as if she were talking to another child, that since Gloria had positively refused to work out her problem in algebra she had been forbidden to go into the water. Nevertheless she had flagrantly rebelled, secretly arranged herself for the bath, and fled. It would never do to let her have her own way.

"Or—hums—I see," said Stafford. He bowed and returned with still less courtesy to face his daughter.

A widow with a woman-child of 16 to purchase enough at least, but Gloria was so effulgently so, so eagerly alive, and so enchantingly pretty that her father was dismayed by a mere glance at her. She was as fresh as a daisy in a diamond-studded swim.

In the meantime Gloria had made the best of her stormy moment and with well-learned strokes had put a number of gleaming bubbles between her and the shore.

She turned just in time to see her father hurrying to her with his usual expression of the stern parent. She knew that the governess had found him, and she did not wish to associate him with her own misdeeds.

She swam back through the heaving shoals on the water line where in a

hallway in the. It made her boiling mad to be disgraced before all the important people. She could see some of them grinning at her. Her brother David openly ridiculed her and splashed water over her.

She pretended not to notice him, but reaching her father at last, she hurried herself upon him and ducked him under the water. Then she scrambled to the beach. When the enraged governess seized her by the wrist Gloria tried to pull her into the froth. But the governess was too big for her and she hauled Gloria out of the romantic sea into a hard world of dry sand and drier mathematics.

Gloria slunk along in a white rage, a storm brewing behind her eyes. She was not often stiff and never morbid. She was made up of joy, sunlight and mischief, all the fresh and sweet of life. But she loathed being told to do things or not to do things, forbidden, commanded—in a word, bossed. She was poked at the nameless stage between childhood and girlhood. She was not what is termed "out," yet her restive spirit made it impossible for her to be kept "in." She was tired of being snubbed.

Her brother David, some four years her senior, made life increasingly lonesome for Gloria by his freedom and the superior, worldly airs he assumed for her especial torment. In earlier years she had been very near to each other, and now it was bitter to Gloria's proud soul to watch David coming and going at will, denouncing every night, and flirting desperately with Lois Freeman, whom Gloria did not like because her brother did.

O, yes, David could flirt his head off, but her father turned white, and her governess turned blue if Gloria so much as mentioned a lover in a novel or suggested that she might have one herself at some time in that future which she was waiting for as the next installment of an exciting serial. Gloria was woman enough to resent restraint and child enough to be capable of making a tragic blunder if she ever broke away.

Gloria issued a declaration of independence as soon as she reached her room. It began with: "I'm too old to have a governess."

"Thank!" Miss Sidney snapped. "You're more than welcome!" Gloria snapped back. "I want one thing understood. This is the last time I'll stand being treated as a child. I'm not one. At my age my grandmother was the mother of my father, and if you don't change your treatment of me I'm going to run away and marry the first man I meet."

"People who are always going to do things do them," said the governess, with the primness of a copybook. "But if you're so old and wise suppose you prove it first by doing your algebra lesson. It's very simple."

"They never made my grandmother learn algebra," Gloria protested. "They never taught her to run an automobile either."

"That's another thing. My brother has a car of his own and I haven't even a pushmover. Half the girls of my age have their own motors. I can run one as well as any of them. It's a shame that my father won't buy me one."

"Perhaps if you learned your lesson he might reward you with a car."

The rainbow of hope brought the end of the storm. Gloria beamed and ran to slip out of her bathing suit and into her luncheon frock. The governess almost smiled as she wrote the problem on the black board she used for Gloria's lessons. When Gloria came back Miss Sidney pointed to the figures.

"It's very simple, my dear," she said. "You have only to multiply a-b by a-b-b."

"But—"

"Work it out yourself, dear, and call me when it is finished."

Gloria stared at the problem and felt herself slipping back into childhood at a breakneck speed. She had no more idea of what it all meant than a new-born babe. She put on a pair of big tortoise shell spectacles, but they made her look younger than ever and gave her no help. She could see that foolish a-b-b, but she could not see why anyone should want to know what would happen if you did such a foolish thing as to multiply it by itself.

When the blackboard blurred before her eyes she moved to the window and stared at the glittering assemblage of the crowd. Everybody was at play except Gloria: people in bathing suits, yachting, flannels, golf togs, tennis things, bicycle clothes, motor gear. They streamed along the walks, the sand, the piazzas, sat in wicker chairs, or rolled along in "automobiles."

By and by Gloria saw Lois Freneau come in from the links. When Dick Freneau sauntered up Lois deserted her father at once. Gloria did not like the way she acted. Miss Sidney used the same languishing expressions Gloria had seen her working off on David.

Gloria wanted to run out and warn poor Mr. Freneau that Lois was a deceitful mixer. Mr. Freneau had such lovely, trusting eyes; it was a crime to lure him on. Gloria meditated. "They say he's a broker—whatever that is. I wonder what a broker breaks—beats, probably, if Mr. Freneau is a simple O dear, this awful algebra."

She stood pointing at life in general and study in particular. She turned back to her task and stood in so melancholy a posture that Dr. Royce, passing her window and seeing her, paused in study for a moment as if she were a painted figure in a painted scene. He thought she was painted splendidly well.

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she was so pretty that she made his heart ache. It ached for himself and then for her, the poor little prisoner. He tapped on the window.

Gloria turned and recognized her visitor. Her eyes twinkled with affection. She did like Dr. Royce! David had presented him to her. Dr. Royce had graduated at David's college; they were members of the same fraternity.

"You ought to be out here in the sun," Dr. Royce suggested.

Gloria was shocked at the idea. She pointed to the blackboard: "I'm in jail for a thousand years. It will take me at least that long to do this hateful problem."

Royce could not enter her room to go to the blackboard, so he asked her to bring the blackboard to him. She fetched it joyously and gave him chalk and said: "There isn't any answer, though."

He was too polite to say, "Why, this is the easiest thing in the world, but he showed that it was for him by the speed and smiling ease of his chalk work."

In a moment the riddle was solved. Gloria understood it a little less than before, but it meant a release from captivity, and she was so entranced that she flung her arms about him and gave him a resounding kiss and called him "a wonderful, marvelous, angel man."

To her it was a kiss of childish gratitude for the help of older wisdom. She hurried the blackboard to the easel and began to copy the doctor's neat figures in her own scrawl.

But Royce stood quivering with the unexpected attack. He knew that it was a young girl's kiss given in confidence and ignorance, and it was therefore sacred. But he could not help feeling a thrill of prophetic hope. Soon she would grow up to womanhood and—she must love someone, and why not him? She was very rich, but his own future was gorgeous in his dreams, and Gloria was the most gorgeous thing in his gorgeous dream.

Then he reproached himself for the mood and grew sad at the thought of the years that must roll over Gloria's sunlit head before he could even pay court to her. And in those years what dangers might she not encounter—dangers to her health, her soul, her happiness? He longed to protect her through them all.

He saw that Gloria had already forgotten him. She had copied his work and she was rubbing out his calculations. He wondered if that were prophetic, too.

When Gloria had the blackboard all ship-shape she hurried to the governess to come and see her triumph. Gloria regretted the deception; but what other refuge has the weak from the strong?

Miss Sidney raised her eyebrows and doubtless suspected that Gloria had enjoyed outside aid; but she had an engagement of her own with the tutor of a rich young imbecile, and she pretended to be convinced.

Gloria was permitted to call it an algebra lesson, and for a reward she was assigned to the study of a list of the English kings. Gloria did not mind that, for she hid a stolen novel inside the page and read something far more important to her than ancient history—modern romance.

If Gloria had not learned a lesson of any importance that day, neither had her elders.

When dinner time came at last Gloria's maid allowed her to select her newest Paris gown for dinner. And it was a pleasant dinner, on the veranda, with the twilight drawing round like soft curtains, the lamps glowing everywhere in the tropical verdure like little moons, and the glimmering afromoniles spinning everywhere along the walks.

And there was music. The dancing was beginning a little distance away. Gloria tried to sneak a sip of her father's coffee, but Miss Sidney caught her at it and took the cup away. But except for her everything was beautiful and tender; the very atmosphere was full of pleasant reveries. And then Miss Sidney had to look at her watch and ruin everything with the inimitable word: "Bedtime!"

Gloria pretended not to hear and talked vigorously to David. But he only laughed an elder brotherly laugh and lighted another cigarette. She ran to her father and nestled in his arms. He hugged her close, but she could tell he was afraid of that gorgon governess.

"Daddy, darling, let me go to the dance." He shook his head. "Just three dances." He shook his head. "Two! One!" He shook his head. She knew that the governess had given him his orders.

David snifed: "Little girls aren't allowed to mingle with grownups after dark."

Gloria choked for words and threw him one glance. If looks were amicks in the eye he would have had a good one. But he only laughed the more. Then her father hardened his heart and gave her a run-along-now kiss.

She went along, but she did not run. Once more the rebellion began to simmer in her brain.

Her helplessness was her chief grievance. How could a young girl defend herself from a big governess and a big brute of a brother? She was pondering while the maid took off her dinner gown and hung it up and handed her her sleeping suit. A pretty time to go to bed with all Florida calling to her under the moon!

She said her prayers with an absent-minded lack of conviction and crawled into bed. The governess and the maid put out the lights and left her. But they did not put out the moon.

The governess had a prosaic soul and she fell asleep in spite of the moon and the music and the pleading call of all outdoors. She even snored!

Gloria could stand everything but that. She stole from her bed and tiptoed to the governess' room to shake her and beg her not to play that tune on her nose. A better idea occurred to her. Seeing the governess' (cloth slips neatly placed on the bedside rug, Gloria pined them there, whisked back into her own room, and, flinging off her bedgown, slipped into her dinner gown again. She dressed in the dark and got away safely from her room.

She was afraid to face the brilliant lights and the crowd, but she found her way to the piazza where she could peer in at a window and watch the whirling couples. The tune set her heart to walking, and she was so famished for a dance that when old Judge Freeman came into sight she asked him to waltz with her. He shook his head dolefully.

"I'm sorry, my child, but I've been sent to bed, too."

She felt sorry for him, but she wished that people would stop calling her "my child."

She peered at the ballroom again and watched the rivalry of David and Mr. Freneau for the dances of Lois Freeman. The two men were jealous of each other. David was furious, and Gloria was glad of it.

After a time David had a great scheme. Never dreaming that Gloria was just outside the window, within hearing distance, he asked Lois if she would not enjoy a little moonlight spin in his racer. She said that she would. David said, "Wait right here," and left the ballroom. But Lois did not waste any time waiting. She looked on Mr. Freneau and told him that she had a headache and could dance only one more dance before she said good night. Gloria knew that she was killing time till David could get to the garage and back.

She heard David's car coming. The lights almost revealed her on the piazza. David stopped the car at the side entrance and ran into the hotel for Lois.

Then Gloria's inspiration came. She would save David from that siren and she would get a bit of moonlight for herself.

She dashed across the lawn, and, stepping into the car, commanded it to obey her will, and away it went like a magic carpet.

Her practiced hands and feet knew the steering wheel and the clutch and the brakes and all, and there was a rapture beyond words in her power, her liberty, her speed. At last she was being obeyed and not obeying. This leaping monster outran the greyhound and bore her down moonlit lanes, shadowed with palms and beautiful strange trees and shrubs of exotic shape and perfume.

The road ran along the sea and the waves laughed at her. Out in the haze she saw a great full-rigged ship loafing along in the gulf stream. But she was in a better ship.

She could imagine the bewilderment of David and Lois when they stepped out

for their clandestine escapade and found that somebody had clandestinely escaped with the car. She laughed aloud at the picture.

She could imagine that governess waking at the racket of her own snores and getting up with a start, then deciding to see if Gloria were still in jail. She could see her putting her feet into her slippers and going kerflop! Gloria shrieked at this vision. It would pay her off for some of those cuffs on the ear that she had given Gloria. Gloria had been too good a sport to tell on her, but she had not forgotten them.

She could imagine the governess picking herself up and running barefoot into Gloria's bedroom—the empty cage whence the bird had flown. She could see the panic she fell into and the funny sight she made in her bathrobe as she dashed out into the corridor and hunted Gloria's father to give the alarm.

Gloria proved how far she was from having outgrown her childhood by the things that amused and justified her flight. She was a child, but she had possessed herself of this perilous engine. She was flying at forty miles an hour along almost deserted roads, cutting through sleeping villages, little oases in a jungle that closed more and more

thickly, threateningly about the road. She had no idea of the time or the distance. She only knew that at last she was free. At last she was ruling something.

Then abruptly she lost control of her magic steed. It ceased to obey the wheel. It wavered this way and that with terrifying uncertainty. The steering gear had broken.

With a sudden sharp swerve the car shot from the road and out upon the beach. Paralyzed with amazement more than fear, Gloria was carried across the sand straight into the waves. They rushed toward her as if the ocean were hungry for her. But the wheels sank in the wet sand and the breakers did not capture Gloria. They almost drowned her in their warm flood, however, and she made haste to extricate herself and climb out.

No human being saw that strange apparition, unless it were old Father Neptune, and he must have thought it this Venus rising from the sea again—this time in a very fashionable but very moist dinner gown.

Gloria was only the more exultant from this new experience. She stood a mo-

ment on the car, then jumped off and raced a wave to the shore.

She found herself in a wilderness of sand dunes and mysterious bushes. She plunged among them, thinking less of making her way home than of exploring a little deeper this Eden into which she had stumbled.

She did not know what dangers lurked on every hand. There were multitudes of serpents in this Eden—cold, fierce rattlesnakes under the most beautiful flowers. Beneath the moonlit waters of little bayous were hungry alligators; under the canopy of the quicksands might open; the path ended suddenly in entanglements of tall sword grass that slashed the skin at touch.

And deep in the fastnesses were the remnants of the Seminole tribes who had fought the whites for years and baffled them till pale-faced treachery overcame the Indian wiles. The redmen had never forgotten the whites, and they regarded their intrusions with hatred.

As children scamper into blood-curdling dangers with laughter, so the child Gloria danced through paradise not knowing that she was lost in the Everglades.

(To Be Continued.)

Advice to Lovelorn

By Beatrice Fairfax.

He Seems Insouciant.
Dear Miss Fairfax: I am deeply in love with a young man two years my senior who has often told me he loves me, although he has never asked me to marry him. Lately he has not visited me as often as he used to, but I thought it was because of the late hour his firm stops business. I was very much hurt and surprised the other night when a close girl friend told me she had seen him in the theater with another girl. She said it was not the first time, either. She had seen him several times before. Shall I give him up?

HELEN B.
My dear girl, I'm afraid you have not much choice in the matter as to whether or not you give this man up. It looks a little as if he had anticipated your decision by giving you up. And, however much it grieves her at the time, any girl who loses the interest of a man who is fickle and disloyal, is fortunate. This man does not seem to have treated you very well, and if it is in his nature to act this way, you are rather lucky to have escaped marrying the man, who probably would have been no more considerate of his wife's feelings than he has been of his sweethearts. When an honorable man tells a girl that he loves her he generally backs it up by a proposal of marriage. Just forget this young man and try to interest yourself in more loyal friends.

The Public Dance Hall.
Dear Miss Fairfax: A few weeks ago Sunday evening I went to a dance. This is really the only night in the week I have for pleasure. This particular Sunday I danced with my girl friend. We had danced but once when two gentlemen started us. They seemed very nice to me, and they asked us to sit at a table, which we did. I ordered mineral water, and when it was time to go home my partner offered to escort me home. Of course, rather than to go home alone I accepted, and his behavior caused me to rebuke him. He told me that any girl that went to these dances wasn't considered much.

ARTHUR L. R.
Dancing is a splendid, healthful form of exercise, but it is very much abused. Public dance halls are dangerous places for young women to attend even when properly escorted, but to go with another girl and indulge in chance acquaint-

ances is to expose yourself to serious danger. You might get into the power of the most horrible characters in this way. In any event you put yourself in a class with the wrong sort of girl and forfeit the good opinion of the better sort of man. You must never make the acquaintance of utter strangers. If you wish merely to be with your girl friend on Sunday evening go to the moving pictures or visit at each other's homes. And if you have any flirtatious desire to make chance acquaintances conquer it before it leads you into dangerous paths.

Don't Go Alone.
Dear Miss Fairfax: I had been planning for some time to go to Bermuda with two girl friends this spring, and now as the time is approaching they have both withdrawn. I am a business girl of 21, but nevertheless I feel that it is not right for me to travel alone. As I feel perfectly confident of taking care of myself, and feel that their views are rather old-fashioned, I would appreciate hearing whether you think it is perfectly respectable for a girl to take such a trip, and whether you think I could find enjoyment alone.

ANGUSTA.
Your parents are right, as parents so frequently are, in spite of the lack of faith of the younger generation. A young woman traveling alone does not get quite the respectful consideration a girl with friends would receive. She is not to be introduced to the people she would really like to know and she has no way of knowing if the acquaintances she makes are desirable. Her whole trip is likely to be a lonely and disappointing affair at best. Wait for your trip to Bermuda until you can make it in good company.

The Respectful Boy.
Dear Miss Fairfax: I have often heard young girls friends of mine, whom at one time I was proud to call friends, discussing a man and saying, "Oh, he's so slow! I don't believe he ever kissed a girl in his life." More than that, the young man is never asked to part, just because he is so respectful.

ARTHUR L. R.
Of course there are girls such as you describe. Silly girls who really prefer the bold, forward type of man who shows them no respect and these girls do a great deal of harm to the more dignified members of their sex, but they are not worth considering. A really fine

girl admires a young man who has strength enough to control himself; it need be and even more than that, decency enough to admire a self-respecting girl and not try to lower her standard. Just as there are foolish girls, so there are impudent and even dangerous boys, but no strong, high-principled boy or girl should permit himself or herself to be influenced by the contemptuous attitude of some weakling of the opposite sex.

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