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Flat Crepes, Georgettes, Chiffons

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New Panama Hats Just think how low 89c

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Shirts Broadcloth, solid and fancy colors **37c**

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Men's Ties **15c to 49c**

Men's Dress Oxfords Plain Toes **$1.59**

Freeman Oxfords Freeman's—extra special **$3.98**

Men's Work Shoes Peters Brand, Friedmonts-Bigby and other brands **$1 to $1.98**

All our shoes we guarantee satisfactory

Panama Hats **98c**

Straw ats Good Quality extra special **19c**

THE GARDEN

BORDEAUX MIXTURE

[illegible] A. Kentucky Agricultural [illegible] mixture controls foliage [illegible] of vegetables. It is a check [illegible] both these products and keeps [illegible] chlorophyll cleanse. It [illegible] in end, mild reaction [illegible] of tomatoes and potatoes is [illegible] that will resist washing [illegible] a time, by spraying with Bordeaux [illegible] Every gallonful the [illegible] ounce of the several rots that interfere with tomatoes and cabbage, may also be guarded against by [illegible] enjoying with Bordeaux mixture. Bordeaux serves as an insecticide against the black fire-beetle, the small leafy insect that plants harass with potatoes and tomatoes, particularly in their early stages. Combined with calcium arsenate at the rate of a tablespoonful to each gallon, the result is a control for chewing insects and spot-diseases on any vegetable.

Bordeaux mixture is a combination of bluestone or "blue vitriol" and lime. The usual formula is 4-4-50, by which is meant 4 pounds of bluestone, 4 pounds of freshly slaked lime, or 6 pounds if hydrated, and 50 gallons of water. Those who wish may use the prepared form purchasable from most [illegible] and seedsmen. To make 4-4-50 Bordeaux, the directions are to dissolve 1 pound of it in 6 gallons of water. There is economy, however, in making it of the original ingredients; home-made Bordeaux, too, is better.

Because the equipment most packers insist upon is one in the 3-gallon knapsack sprayer, the directions in the following have been worked out on the basis of makmer 2 gallons of Bordeaux at a time. Those are the directions: An easy way to do it is to put the bluestone in a salt sack and suspend it over the water in such a way that the bottom is just submersed; thus it will dissolve with no stirring, and in about 3 hours. This is the "bluestone stock."

Now, in the sprayer tank put 1 gallon and 3 quarts of water, add a small handful of hydrated lime, and shake it well to dissolve it. Then pour in 1 quart of the bluestone stock, and shake again, so that the whole is thoroughly mixed. This is 2 gallons of 4-4-50 Bordeaux mixture ready for use, except that in the event of chewing insects are to be guarded against, 2 tablespoonfuls of calcium arsenate should be stirred in.

No more Bordeaux mixture should be made than is to be used immediately, as it will not separate on standing. The bluestone stock will remain good indefinitely, except that water may need to be added to take care of evaporation. The bluestone stock solution should be stirred every time it is taken out.

It has been intimated above that mineral containers should not be used for the bluestone stock; Bordeaux mixture is not so violent, but it corrodes the galvanized iron of which the tanks of the sprayers are usually made. The tank should be thoroughly washed out each time the sprayer is used, or before the tank dowels to be brass. A brass tank raises the price of the sprayer, but the extra expense is well warranted.

Three sprayings are recommended for all crops. They should be applied about 2 weeks apart. Complete covering is essential.

Plans Show Home Storage Of Food

Inexpensive methods of preparing storage places for home-grown fruits and vegetables are described in a circular published by the agricultural engineering department of the College of Agriculture, University of Kentucky. Plans are given for making mound, bank and barrel storage, pole and board cellars, and for arranging basements into suitable places to keep products in winter. Publication of these suggestions and plans for free distribution is a part of the live-at-home program being conducted by the College of Agriculture to encourage the growing and preservation of large amounts of garden and orchard products for home use. Copies of the circular may be obtained from county or home agents or by writing to the College at Lexington.

The amethyst and violet-tinted glass of the ancients owed its color to manganese.

Cooperation Coordinates Production And Marketing

An important service that cooperative marketing associations are rendering is to coordinate the marketing of farm products with agricultural production, Experts frequently direct or produce the kinds, the quality, or the amounts of farm products offered to consumers; needs and people, efficiency in marketing, and thus returning to growers [illegible] prices.

The tobacco industry of Kentucky is cited by Dr. H. B. Price, head of the Department of marketing, rural finance of the College of Agriculture, University of Kentucky, as a good illustration of unified management responsible for production and marketing. From the very beginning of the industry it is more perfectly have almost individually planned. A cooperative adjusted when they were decided on growing strawberries. During the past year, farmers in Pulaski county and Ohio county agreed upon a cooperative marketing association as soon as they had accepted a project on production, since they were sure that there would be no strawberries to be shipped for a whole year.

An important advantage of these associations is the lower cost of marketing that has been realized through the general agreement among farmers to produce enough berries for shipping in carlots. Better berries are marketed as a result of adoption of a single variety and the observance of similar methods of picking, sorting and packing fruit for markets. Substantial savings are also effected through the purchase of growers' supplies.

Three advantages of community planning for production and marketing are more and more commanding the attention of farmers as one of the means for improving the agricultural industry.

Receive 17-Year-Locusts From Northern Kentucky

The 17-year locusts have invaded Kentucky. A package of the insects was received at the office of W. A. Price, state entomologist, at the Experiment Station Thursday. They came from C. A. Wickland, farm agent in Kenton county, and were found on the farm of E. E. Fordham, near Morning View.

Professor Price, in a statement earlier in the year, had forecast the appearance of [illegible] in Clinton, Grant, Green, Hardin, Larue, Taylor and Wolfe counties. Professor Price indicated that these counties and possibly other regions in the State were due a visit of this pest of Biblical fame this summer.

In order that an accurate map might be made of the regions invaded this year, Professor Price asked persons observing the locust to send specimens to the Experiment Station. The box from Mr. Wickland is the first to be received.

Professor Price said that the insects were would swarm soon. The adult [illegible] of the males usually attract attention to the arrival of the pest. In about two weeks after the males appear the females begin laying eggs on twigs and limbs. These eggs hatch in six or eight weeks and the young nymph enter the ground where they remain for 17 years.

Professor Price said he did not expect any serious damage from 17-year locusts this year.

A GREAT UNTOUCHED MARKET

(Southern Agriculturist)

America's great untouched market lies upon the farms of the country, says the Manufacturer's Record, which adduces these figures from the 1930 census to prove the statement. Read these convincing figures:

Less than 16 per cent. of farm dwellings have running water.

Only 12.4 per cent have electric lights, while 34 per cent have telephones.

On 3,650,000 farms reporting, 58 per cent of the country's total, there were 4,134,000 automobiles, while 2 farms reporting only 12.4 per cent have motor trucks and 13.3 per cent tractors.

Power equipment for farms is also exceedingly low. Farms reporting electric motors used for farm work numbered 256,663, or 4.1 per cent, and they used 1,381,000 motors and 443,000 farms, or 15 per cent, used 1,131,166 stationary internal combustion engines.

Here is obviously a potentially huge and inviting market for manufacturers of equipment and machinery suitable for farm results. The absorption by the farms of automobiles suggests the possibilities for these other needed articles, and it is quite likely that the greatest manufacturing expansion during the next few years will be in the field of agriculture and the rural home.

An expert in hybrids has perfected a blue rose.

COMMISSIONER'S SALE

NICHOLAS CIRCUIT COURT

Jimmie Henry, Admr etc., Plaintiff vs. Notice of Sale in Equity

Clifton Metcalfe, etc., Defendants

By virtue of a judgment and order of sale of the Nicholas Circuit Court in the above styled cause, the undersigned Master Commissioner will on

MONDAY, JUNE 13th, 1932,

at 2 o'clock p. m. or thereabouts, proceed to offer for sale at the court house door in Carlisle, Nicholas County, Kentucky, on a credit of six and twelve months, at public auction, to the highest and best bidder, the following described real estate.

As much as may be necessary to satisfy the indebtedness of the defendant, Richard Metcalfe, in the following described real estate: Tract No. 1: A house and lot in Pickerville, Nicholas County, Kentucky, which is described as follows: "A house and lot situated in what is known as Pickerville, in said county, on the east side of Main 80 feet thereof, bounded by the properties of Lewis Wilson, Bettie Carlisle and Ed Rose, and by said street."

This house and lot was inherited by said Richard Metcalfe from his father.

If the said Tract No. 1 does not bring sufficient amount to satisfy the indebtedness, he will then sell the second tract but right which any party may have to waive, or part of same by way of public sale, or both for graves thereon. Said Tract No. 2 being described as follows:

2nd. "A certain lot or parcel of land situated in Nicholas County, Ky., on the waters of Brushy Fork Creek, beginning at a corner of the colored cemetery in the Carlisle & Parks Ferry Turnpike road; thence with said road N 33½ E 22 poles to a point in said road opposite the gate corner of the old Arnett Stand Dirt Road; thence with the latter road N 34½ W 24¾4 poles to a stone corner to Wm. Wasath; thence leaving said road and with Wasath's line S 59 E 43.5 poles to the beginning, containing 5 Acres 1 Rood and 32 Poles."

Being same conveyed to said Richard Metcalfe by Harry Kennedy and wife, by deed recorded in the office of the Clerk of the Nicholas County Court in D. B. 17, page 212, but excepting therefrom the following:

Lot No. 1 as conveyed to said James Devine by Richard Metcalfe by deed recorded in D. B. 29, page 602, said office.

Lot No. 2: 61 feet conveyed off to same by said Richard Metcalfe to Thomas Harney, by deed recorded in D. B. 30, page 388, said office.

And said 5 Acre Tract is also subject to certain exceptions for grave spaces, and graves sold off by said Richard Metcalfe, to:

One half the purchase price to be due and payable in six months from the day of sale and the other half to be due and payable in twelve months from the day of sale, for which the purchaser or purchasers will execute to the said Master Commissioner their sale bonds of even date with said sale with approved security for the payment of the purchase money to have the force and effect of a replevin bond, bearing six per cent interest from date of sale until paid, upon which execution may issue if not paid at maturity.

Amount to be realized is $2500.00 with 6% interest from March 1, 1932, and the cost of this action in the sum of $.....

Bidders will be prepared to comply promptly with these terms.

A lien will be retained on the land sold until the purchase money is paid. Bonds payable to Wm. Conley, Master Commissioner, N. C. C.

I. B. Ross, Attorney for Plaintiff.
William Conley,
Master Commissioner, N. C. C.

COMMISSIONER'S SALE

NICHOLAS CIRCUIT COURT

Ethell Clark, Plaintiff

vs. Notice of Sale in Equity

Shaft Buserll, etc., Defendant

By virtue of a judgment and order of sale of the Nicholas Circuit Court, in its May term, 1932 in the above styled cause, the undersigned Master Commissioner will on

MONDAY, JUNE 13, 1932

at 2 o'clock p. m. or thereabouts, proceed to offer for sale at the court house door in Carlisle, Nicholas County, Kentucky, on a credit of six and twelve months, at public auction, to the highest and best bidder, the following described real estate:

A certain tract or parcel of land lying in Nicholas County, Kentucky on the waters of Fisher's Creek, and bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a stone; thence N 5°, E 20.60 poles to a stone; thence N 71, W 45.6 poles to a stone; thence N 12°, W 45.10 poles to a stone corner; thence N 85°, W 27.60 poles to a stone in George Parker's lane; thence S 24, W 14 poles to a beech stump corner to said lane; thence N 47°, W 19.20 poles to a stone corner to said lane; thence N 22°, W 9.16 poles to a stone corner in the said road leased to John Henry Ham at Commissioner's sale; thence N 86°, W 81.50 poles to a stone corner to Wm. Norton; thence S 6¼ E 116 poles to a stone; thence S 64¾ E 29.96 poles to a stone corner to Wasson; thence S 47 E 21 poles to a lane ash corner to Wasson; thence N 46 E 1.90 poles to a stone corner to Wasson; thence N 5 W 7.10 poles to a stone; thence N 24½, E 130.45 poles to the beginning, containing 109 A. 2 R. 5 P."

One half the purchase price to be due and payable in six months from the day of sale and the other half to be due and payable in twelve months from the day of sale for which the purchaser or purchasers will execute to the said Master Commissioner their sale bonds of even date with said sale with approved security for the payment of the purchase money to have the force and effect of a replevin bond, bearing six per cent interest from date of sale until paid, upon which execution may issue if not paid at maturity.

Amount to be realized is $2700.00 with 6% interest from March 1, 1932, and the cost of this action in the sum of $.....

Bidders will be prepared to comply promptly with these terms.

A lien will be retained on the land sold until the purchase money is paid. Bonds payable to Wm. Conley, Master Commissioner, N. C. C.

I. B. Ross, Attn. for Plff.
Wm. Conley, M. C. N. C.

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Large Newspaper Collection

What is said to be the largest collection of newspapers in the world has been opened to the public in a newspaper museum at Ala le-Chapelle, Germany. Among its collection of German newspapers are currencies from all over the world, including an Eskimo paper from the middle of last century.

CAGED

By Courtney Ryley Cooper

Copyright by Courtney Ryley Cooper (WNU Service)

THE STORY

CHAPTER I—Joe Barry, country youth in New York, sees and is living as caretaker in a speak-running house in Greenwich Village. He is also a waiter in a restaurant. Loved by the entire community, he spends a night in the village. Joe Barry, "Big Jim" Finnegan, Mike Riley, Finnegan's henchman, and Riley's moll, Sue Rand, are brought before the night court. Joe is fined $100 for disorderly conduct. Finnegan, former banker, is fined $1,000 for contempt of court. Before leaving the courtroom, Mr. Barker pays Joe's fine and gives him $1,000 "on account."

CHAPTER II—Next day Joe deposits $800 in country banks, giving the same address for each account. A police agent is detailed to follow Joe. A girl, Ruth Darling, enters the bank and also addresses the money in instrumentalist in the name of Joe Barry. Ruth is employed by Mr. Barker, "Big Jim" of New York, "no business." He has decided to "get" Finnegan. Joe is to receive four per cent of the loot.

CHAPTER III—Undaunted, Joe sees the man, who are detectives, and leaves the bank. Ruth Darling, who is also a detective, is assigned to "shadow" Joe. Ruth, in disguise, follows Joe to the restaurant where he is employed. Joe is charged with the murder of Finnegan and Riley, who were killed and robbed. Joe is charged with their murder. Ruth is also charged with the murder. Barker, "Big Jim," is in New York, "no business." He has decided to "get" Finnegan. Joe is to receive four per cent of the loot.

CHAPTER IV—Pete Maxwell, a detective, reports Darling, Barry and Finnegan. Maxwell is ordered to "shadow" Joe. Joe, in disguise, follows Joe to the restaurant where he is employed. Joe is charged with the murder of Finnegan and Riley, who were killed and robbed. Joe is charged with their murder. Ruth is also charged with the murder. Barker, "Big Jim," is in New York, "no business." He has decided to "get" Finnegan. Joe is to receive four per cent of the loot.

CHAPTER V—Three years later. Joe Barry, working as a waiter in the Greenwich Village restaurant, is called to the office of Mr. Barker, "Big Jim," in New York. Barker tells Joe that he has been framed for the murder of Finnegan and Riley, who were killed and robbed. Joe is charged with their murder. Ruth is also charged with the murder. Barker, "Big Jim," is in New York, "no business." He has decided to "get" Finnegan. Joe is to receive four per cent of the loot.

CHAPTER VI—Three years later. Joe Barry, working as a waiter in the Greenwich Village restaurant, is called to the office of Mr. Barker, "Big Jim," in New York. Barker tells Joe that he has been framed for the murder of Finnegan and Riley, who were killed and robbed. Joe is charged with their murder. Ruth is also charged with the murder. Barker, "Big Jim," is in New York, "no business." He has decided to "get" Finnegan. Joe is to receive four per cent of the loot.

CHAPTER VII—Joe makes arrangements with Barker to "get" Finnegan. Barker tells Joe that he has been framed for the murder of Finnegan and Riley, who were killed and robbed. Joe is charged with their murder. Ruth is also charged with the murder. Barker, "Big Jim," is in New York, "no business." He has decided to "get" Finnegan. Joe is to receive four per cent of the loot.

CHAPTER VIII

The two had progressed well within the menagerie tent before any word was spoken between them. For Joe, there was nothing to say; he could only wait, while his heart beat with slow, ponderous strokes as keenly that it seemed he could hear it. The man beside him was half turned and dragging at something which he carried as a big package. At last it came forth, a sheaf of papers bound at the top with heavy clips. Joe knew the import of that packet immediately. It was the chief's file of his record circulars. In dark, horrible, nightmare days, Joe had noticed such pieces of printing upon a table in the photographer's room at 240 Center street; he had hardly realized then that he had seen them. But now they stood forth as if he had been familiar with them always, the name, the alias, the descriptions of weight, height, scars, clothing, peculiarities, accounts and hangouts.

The menagerie tent had suddenly become deserted. Cage tenders, bullmen, helpers, even the menagerie spunks had moved away without ostentation, but with efficacy; a true circus man can spot a "clown cop" almost as far as he can see him, and avoids him from instinct. Evidently the chief knew this, for once he had straightened the pad of reward sheets in his own hands, he held them before him, and pausing, rocked on heel and toe.

"Now, Mr. Dayton says you're familiar with everybody around the show. You could recognize a fellow's face if you saw it on paper, now couldn't you? Suppose people could look at a picture and then at the man and not be quite sure. Don't mind admitting I'm sort of that way myself. Feel I'm getting at; could you look them here over and tell if any of 'em are with your show?"

Joe Barry pulled hard at his breath. "I—think so."

A faint smile came to the dry lips of the chief.

"There's a reward on everybody in there," he said. "I ain't the kind of a man that's stooged a fellow."

"I see." Joe felt the touch of the papers on his hand, mechanically he took them. Then vaguely he realized that he was turning the pages, staring down into the front and side views of men, men who were wanted for perjury, for robbery, for lustful crimes and for murder. One after another the pages were turned, slowly, deliberately; then of a sudden, Joe gave a mental jerk as the muscles of his hands to free them from their white impotence. As he did so, he felt warm flesh against his cold flesh; the chief had pushed the packet and flipped back the pages to the beginning.

"No use looking at those last three," he said. "They're all New York gangsters; wouldn't catch one of 'em with the Big City in a hundred years." He took the circulars from Joe's grasp, "Well," he asked, "see anybody in there you recognize?"

Joe Barry reached for a cigarette, and with the action the package, which he had not noticed before, was no longer there. His hands might have been empty.

"I guess I can't help you split any rewards, officer," he said and forced a smile that grinned.

"Well, you never can tell. I always like to take a look around when a circus comes to town." He replaced the sheaf of circulars in his hip pocket.

After a time, which seemed eternity, Joe Barry was left everywhere the menagerie, alone. Yet he was not alone, for there was a memory with him, of a thin-lipped man he had seen pick apart in that tent strange of circulars, a grim, prosaicnessly old man, with bullous in his cheeks and the hatred of a cornered animal in his eyes. It had not, in fact, been the resemblance which had startled him, but the dissimilarity; was had turned his skin now to healthy darkness, food and sleep had filled the sunken cheeks, work had hardened the body that he was nevertheless, who had once been the shifty piece of paper.

Hymie Fradke came back to life, holding his manicured hands close to the bars to catch the light from crated windows upon the brilliance of buffed nails. Then there was Martin and Louie and Fullhouse and this fellow whom Hymie called Big Friday, of a sudden the dim scenes seemed to take on a continuation. Martin and Louie, Fullhouse and Big Friday, while Hymie seemed to stand off at one side, dispersed with.

After that day, Joe Barry avoided the crowded midway. He worked harder than ever. One afternoon, Sue hailed him, as he neared to the dressing tent from the rear.

"I've been waiting for you for more than an hour." Joe brightened with the knowledge that Sue was pouting playfully. "I wanted to tell you something."

"Yes?" he came closer.

Turtle Dan said he'd let me." There was a hint of excitement in her air. "You've got to promise me something first, though."

Joe Barry clasped his hands behind his back; he often did this when Sue Dayton stood before him, unconsciously tempting him. There were times when crazed thoughts danced across the brain of the man, urging him on and forbidding in the same spasmodic command, hinting that he might have her if he worked for her, and hurling the fact he could never have her, that he must always stand as he stood now.

Gosh, words, because his tongue could not and must not say the things which they so longed to utter.

"Well, do you promise?" she asked.

"Of course." It was insistent. "What?"

"Joe," she said earnestly, "you've got to quit working so hard. At it the first thing in the morning and the last at night. Until I can get you to concentrate on the show itself. There's what I was going to tell you. He's giving you a raise next week."

"But he gave me one only a short time ago."

"I know. This isn't as much; only five dollars a week."

"That's my new job—I won't have to give up your act?"

"Of course not!" She laughed. "No, it's something in addition. After our act's over, you're to get into riding clothes as soon as possible, and come in and run the track."

"Sue—" The white had come suddenly about his mouth. The girl touched his arm.

"I don't think you understand, Joe," she said. "It's really a terrible advance. Uncle Dan says that you're such a natural showman, that you act like a person who's been put up all your life and is just blossoming out into your real self." She perked her pretty head and smiled. "That's for Uncle Dan to say. Don't you see, Joe? It means a position, see—"

"The man mumbled his thanks and looked away. The girl sensed his reluctance.

"I thought you'd be glad," came disappointedly.

Joe Barry whirled and caught her hands.

"Sure" came swiftly, "if I can only do what you say—work here and be the assistant equestrian director next year, or the worst paid canvas man on the lot, I'll be the happiest person in the world. It isn't the job—it's just to be here, with you, with you—and Uncle Dan and everybody," he finished lamely.

A bugle interrupted, the call to the dressing tents. Sue looked with sure poise at her wrist watch and was gone. Joe Barry could find no joy in the news which she had brought him. At his command, "We've only got three minutes more. Go a move on your-self!"

Joe Barry thought desperately. The bugle, sending his music to the thousands upon thousands of listeners, music which might be recognized!

"Didn't I tell you to hurry?" shouted Uncle Dan. "What's the matter? Scared of the microphone? It won't bite you!"

A breadcaster hurried forward and caught Joe lightly by the upper arm to give him his distance, according to the pantomimic commands of the man at the control. Joe Barry moved forward, said a blur of faces. His tongue went swiftly over lips that had become suddenly hard and dry. Then slowly, to the guidance of the man beside him, he stepped to the microphone.

But again, nothing happened, except that the slight crowd was a runaway as a result of the broadcast. After the matinee, Joe waited in Clown alley, for the visit of men he felt sure must soon arrive. A whole twenty-four hours had elapsed. Now he saw how poor had been his selection of a pseudonym; a child could tell, by the bewildered hipsalut, that it had been changed from Barry to Bradley. But still nothing happened.

The show went on, rounding out of Virginia now and cutting back north, through the smaller industrial cities. Joe realized that he was not the only man in the world who could play an accordion and that beyond this point were not looking for gangster-murderers in disguise of circus love songs. There were more the world was becoming roomie, the glow of each cooking fire friendlier.

It was at the end of a matinee, and Joe stepped to the ramp, with the horse race number wailed at the flags. Joe stopped to the pole—only to find himself staring for an instant instead of standing for the race. Some one who sat in the second row of the grandstand seemed strangely familiar. Scattered emotions struck Joe Barry. Some one was there whom he knew, whom he should know only those who must injure him. He clinged the ball for the start of the race. Then, impulsively, as the horses passed him, moved down the track, as if to talk to a property man there, swerved suddenly and walked back in the center of the hippodrome. He could see clearly now; the man in the grandstand had half turned, as if to watch the race. Joe Barry knew that this was impossible, and knowing those features, the fanciful, boneheaded face of Fathouse Kendall!

A grasp ran over the audience like a cigarette shudder. The riders shouted, and jerked madly at the reins. Horses, their heads twisted, even rolling and white, plunged wildly in an effort to alter their course. A woman screamed; there was the crash of impact. Then four men ran into the tent with a loose bit of canvas flattering between them. At the ring curb, they swiftly rolled the unconscious form of Joe Barry, and, placing him in the tattered canvas, rushed with him to the near-by reclusion of the menagerie tents.

(To be Continued Next Week)

SWAPPING

In the days before oil was discovered in Texas a traveling man stopped for the night at a dryland ranch near Waco.

As he discussed the affairs of the country with his host, he became more and more puzzled as to how the little ranch paid its way. At last he ventured the question:

"How in the world do you make a go of things on this place?"

Indicating the bired man, who was sitting at the far end of the supper table, the host replied.

"You see that fellow there? Well, he works for me, and I can't pay him in two years he gits the ranch. Then I work for him till I git it back."

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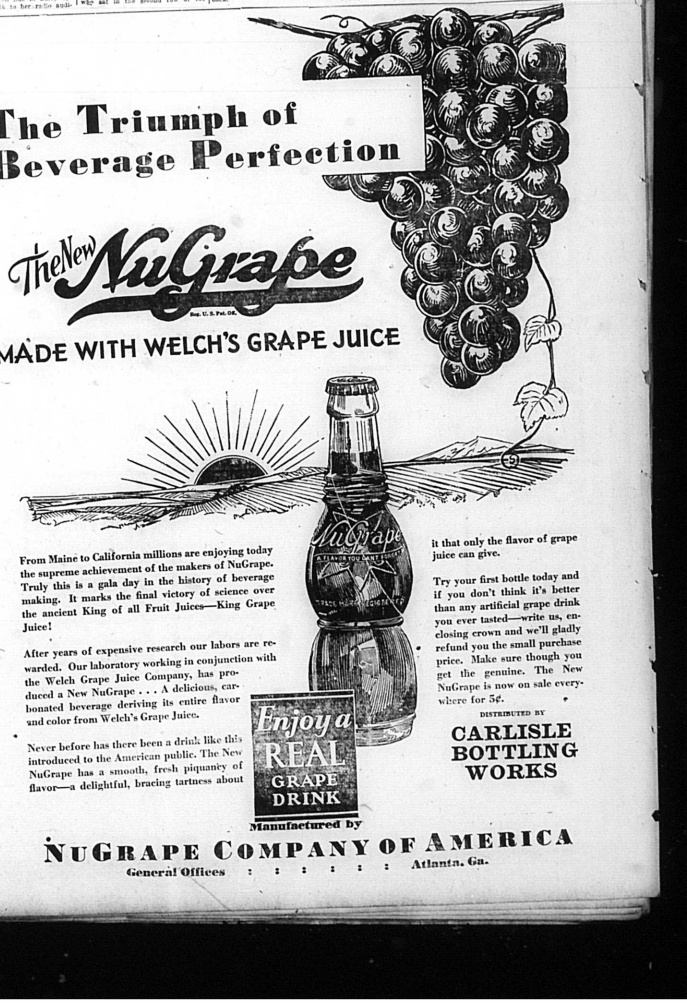
GARDEN BLAZE

(Helen Maring)

I warm myself before this blaze
Of fire in my garden ways—
The red flame of the painted cup,
These poppies that are burning up,
The lemon-lily's tongue that seem
To leap against the bank of green,
These sparks of marigold that come
Near glow of blue delphinium.
The scarlet-runners burn their pole;
Nasturtiums glow in coan on coal
I tend the fire with rake and hoe
Till Autumn comes, and ashes blow.



From Maine to California millions are enjoying today the supreme achievement of the makers of NuGrape. Truly this is a gala day in the history of beverage making. It marks the final victory of science over the ancient King of all Fruit Juices—King Grape Juice!

After years of expensive research our labors are rewarded. Our laboratory working in conjunction with the Welch Grape Juice Company, has produced a New NuGrape . . . A delicious, carbonated beverage deriving its entire flavor and color from Welch's Grape Juice.

Never before has there been a drink like this introduced to the American public. The New NuGrape has a smooth, fresh piquancy of flavor—a delightful, bracing tartness about it that only the flavor of grape juice can give.

Try your first bottle today and if you don't think it's better than any artificial grape drink you ever tasted—write us, enclosing crown and we'll gladly refund you the small purchase price. Make sure though you get the genuine. The New NuGrape is now on sale everywhere for 5¢.

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