Novel Mail Collectors.

DERHAPS London could take a hint from this Dutch innovation. All street cars passing the postoffice in Amsterdam are equipped with a letter box on the dashboard. Several hours are saved in collecting mail by this method.

A Magazine Page For Everyone

World's Largest Barrel.

DECISION REVERSED.

onger worth cropping; fences gone,

windows and all but glassless.

friend within a hundred miles.

"Only a title-free and clear." Avis

THE world's largest barrel will hold 625,000 gallons. It has just been turned out in Lahr, but unlike the historic "Heidelberger Fass," which held 550,000 gallons, it will be used for chemicals

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

THE STRANGER" A Story of Tangled Human Emotions Told With Sympathy By a Great Writer

laghan Springs His Final "Coup"; Half-Sister, Not Joan, Is the Real Lady Tallbois

He took the pipe from his lips and four hours that human gold reef, intemptuously ejected a stream of Lady Talibois, and her ineffable noke into Callaghan's face, envelop- father will be delivered into the

give you away without betraying of Knayth than I have!"

James Carey." "What!" cried Drummond. There

o me quite possible," said Carey letly, "and not undesirable. A lean sweep of the whole five of us. That, on the whole, might be the best thing — for Lady Tallbois of "You say that Joan has a sister!"

four men thoughtfully.
"I almost hoped for it, Callaghan.
But you were bluffing, as usual. You
"You mean that Carey married twice!" nave a pitiful propensity to bluff.

It is a thing I never do myseif,
When I get to the limit I've always ly. "I should say half a dozen times, got the cards. I hold them now.

And so your pistol is useless. Perhaps after all it is as well. For, of course, I cannot be quite sure, even with the four of you disposed of and myself out of the way, that Lady such depravity. Yet Tallbois would be wholly safe."

"You've guessed right, Carey," and Tollaghan gently. "You've guessed guite right on that question."
"Exactly, so I shall remain at my lost—in spite of my humble position "Yes," said Callaghan, "that stay the supervision of the type, who could easily surpass Slim Jim's record in matrimony."

Vaille drew a deep breath. "Yes," said Callaghan, "that stay supervision are supervisions. and my apparent peril, believe me,

a very effective guardian."
"What is it you want?" exclaimed Callaghan impatiently, "Are you here, then, to join forces with us againto come to an understanding?" There was a note of hope in his voice.
Why rot? It might be managed,

thin striking distance of a cobra.

For Last, said Lord Tailbois, felly, "there can be neither truce nor forgiveness. You were all fright-lened over the hanging of Robert Mardyke, a man worth twenty such as you. You imagined the torture and blackmailing of a defenseless woman would be a much safer refuge. Instead, it is by far the most Tailbois—thus lost worthy husband and father. That, gentlemen, is a little plece of Mexican Gulf history which the evidence before the House of Lords did not bring to light!

The news struck the rest of the brethren speechless.

"Early the next year, Tailbois married Edith Lloyd at Calcarth," concluded Callaghan.

"And his first, wife—this woman, dazzling genius were plain, Catherine."

mile returned to his lips.
"At this point, since the game is eally did collect the proofs every they are both crossing the Atlantic in the S. S. Livadia—and I expect to apably and install Lady Tallbois in the S. S. Livadia—and I expect to the women of this country spend for rights—a task that for me was meet them at Southampton in the \$75,000,000 a year for aids to groom-

partners. It was Drummond who mother. Do you perceive?"

"It is colosed master."

Lord Tallbois smiled appreciawas no marriage!"
"None at all. The dear Joan has
"None at all. The dear Joan has

was no marriage!"

"None at all. The dear Joan has no claim in law to either money or title, and only a courtesy right to the habit of addressing his confederates as gentlemen. He is scarcely a competent judge; you are the only one of them that had oright mally the slightest claim to that 2B—STRANGER rq.taolbgk fitte, though you have very little backbone. I am on the best terms, you will be glad to hear, with the butler, my temporary absence will be forgiven.

"None at all. The dear Joan has no claim in law to either money or title, and only a courtesy right to the name of Tallbois. It is unfortunate for her, but you will call to mind a text beginning: The sins of the fathers—'? It has more truth in it probably than our friend, you will be glad to hear, with the butler, my temporary absence will be forgiven.

"And this can be proved," said Bell grant at the moment," he chuckled, "and observe what a shock may be in store for Mayfair society and the English peerage. The elder woman

You have appointed than Joan's was. you my adieu. You have appointed yourselves lictors to the Tallbois wourselves lictors to the Tailbors family — but 'Quis custodes cush todiet ipsos?' Drummond will construct that for you and give you the answer. I recommend to you the more commonplace pathways of crime."

"And if Joan Tailbors fights! She worked that power and money."

"In this country they cannot stand the first devil, beautiful in her way, with the temper and the soul of a rattlesnake. Yes, there are storms looming on the horizon!"

"But look here, chief," said Drummond eagerly, "how have you worked the thing? What name did Carey under? How, is it possible

pany and walked out through the dogrway, from which Mr. Bell hastily withdrew. His tall figure disappeared

flown the passage. CHAPTER 42.

t the corners of his mouth, but it amusement, my friends.'

Callaghan beaten. But the real what slim Jim knows?

Callaghan beaten. But the real what slim John knows?

Who can tell what slim John knows?

Callaghan beaten. But the real what slim John knows?

Who can tell what slim John knows?

(To be continued.)

(Copyright, 1922, by King Features syndicate.)

"Shoot, Mr. Callaghan," he said ironically. "I am a large mark; you can hardly miss me."

crushing mill." He turned in his seat. "For now we play the third coup, my friends—the third coup!"

A flash of expectation came into Mr. Callaghan's usually immobile Bell's eyes. Mr. Callaghan rose, face twitched a little. He stared at Carey, and slowly lowered the barrel James Carey that had so long hung pistol. over the mantelpiece, he dropped it does appear," he admitted, into the fire and pressed it down "that this is something of an im-passe."
"It is a deadlock," replied Carey. panions, polished his spectacles, re-"So far from securing your own placed them, and beamed at Mr. Bell. safety by killing me, you will destroy yourselves. And I, too, cannot more right to the estates and title of Knayth then I here!"

"What, then, was your object in was a pause of incredulous amaze-coming here?" said Callaghan. was a pause of incredulous amaze-ment, and the three drew nearer. "What, then, was your object in coming here?" said Callaghan.
"I considered it was time we should face each other and clear the air., Having laid my plans and delivered myself to you unarmed. I wished to see whether you would have the pluck to kill me. It seemed to be a continued to the court was genuine, the finding of the court was genuine.

st thing — for Lady Tallbois of nayth."

His brooding eyes considered the bing this hands, "say a half-sister,

the newspapers you will and there are

suave, supercilious devil, who stood before us and valued his life at no more than a pin's purchase, had a wonderful way with women. Yet one strange fact stands out. It really seems that his marriage with Edith Lloyd was the only one as a note of hope in his voice. May not? It might be managed, him and that after her death her daughter was the only one that held him and that after her death her daughter was the only living creature for whom he cared. Who shall account for the workings of the human

"T would as soon join forces," he id quietly, "with a pack of canaille om the gutter. When I had the corrected the control of the was afficient, and it was loyal. Had you thought I was alive, you would no more have dared start this cambaing than have brought voweless."

To the workings of the human mind—especially such a mind as Slim Jam's?"

But if this other marriage was later!" exclaimed Drummond.

"Earlier," corrected Mr. Callaghan suavely, "else how would it affect us? Listen. In the Spanish church at Punta Arenas. South Weidal. us? Listen. In the Spanish church at Punta Arenas, South Florida, on aing than have brought yourselves ifthin striking distance of a cobra. You believed me dead, therefore you hought fit to single out my daughter and make her life a hell on earth that you might profit.

Funta Arenas, South Fiorida, on May 30, 1896, and barely a month after his first Janding in America—William Tallbois took to wife Mercedes De Castra, a Spanish halfbreed woman, at that time, no doubt, of singular heauty.

cried Drummond. low in my hands, I must express laghan coolly, "she is alive now, and think of that, and don't buy any certain gratitude to you all. You her daughter, too. At this moment more pink lilac perfume.

m remains in my hands, I will "How simple you are, Drummond. I wonder whether it is millions or bilthe also further comment, save to press my obligation. The money," spent eighteen months in the souththe said blandly, "remains in the famtern states tracing and construct the southtern states the southtern states the southtern states tracing and construct the southtern states the states tracing and construct the southtern states the southtern states the southtern states tracing and construct the southtern states tracing and the southtern states the said blandly, "remains in the family. I have insured that you will not repeat the attempt. It appears then, that you have played your cards out, the honors rest with me, and that the honors rest with me, and that the cart before the horse—Joan that the honors rest with me, and that the cart before the horse—Joan that there have been mostly beautiful my campaign here I have naturally put the cart before the horse—Joan to the front before Agnes De Castra—because in no other way could we haven't you? Her good looks caused quite a lot of trouble in Eden, you remember. And the known in the south-ber and completing whenever I have peeped into history that there have been mostly beautiful women who figured in the big events. leave you to your reflections and return to my duties."

A faint sigh of relief escaped the

Agnes and her somewhat dusky

mother Do your remember. And
trump card is now Louise and Josephine worried Napoleon more than the retreat from
mother Do you remember. And
the somewhat dusky

Moscow: and what about Mary

and think, Tallbois, you should certainly delay no longer," he said, "or you will find yourself disciplined by your sleeve, chief? The marriage of Tallbois with Edith Lloyd, then,

"This Spanish woman and her daughter," said Vaille, "they know, then, of their claim?"
"Not yet," smiled Mr. Callaghan, as the action unfolds itself. What we have to do now is to get busy, for The Third Coup.

Not till the footfalls had died away and Carey had been gone fully two minutes did any of the company move or speak. Then the three junpartners turned moody eyes upon partners turned moody eyes upon collected.

then, of their claim?"

"Not yet," smiled Mr. Callaghan, they are coming to England on my initiative and at my expense—I am financing them. Money means a good deal to them—they are very poor, and, I fear, not particularly

The corners of his mouth, but it as quite genuine and unforced. It creased until he was shaking all er with merriment.

"I'm Carey, then," he said, "does shall hold her safe from the half-not know that these curious belong-not know that these curious belongings of his still exist?"

"Really!" he said, "it is entertainings of his still exist?"

"Can you do that?" said Vaille.

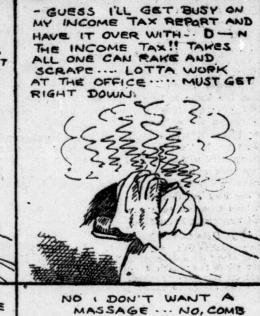
"I should judge not. But that I "Can you held down the mother and

Told With Sympathy By a Great Writer

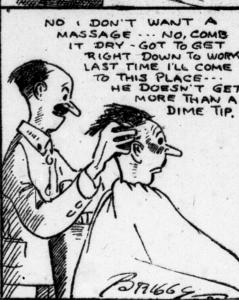
Wonder What a Man Under Hot Towels Thinks About?

OW-00! HOLY SMOKE! IS YOW! THAT'S A HOT THIS WRETCH TRYING TO SCALD ME TO DEATH ? BABY! HE'S GOT NO SENSE THIS BARBER I MUST GET RIGHT DOWN TO THE OFFICE I HOPE THE NEXT ONE WON'T BE 30 HOT. HE'S TRYING TO SMOTHER ME TO DEATH, I KNOW! I'LL BET BREATHE! I HOPE THAT'S THE SUFFER THIS WAY THE - - -MY EYE-BALLS ARE BEING BURNT OUT OF THEIR NO TIP OUT OF ME!









THE MARRIAGE GAME As Played to a Decision Every Day By Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Hatton

BEAUTY AND THE-BRUTE! His Play-I see by the papers where in this country alone the women spend \$75,000,000 a year for lipsticks and rouge and stuff to make them-selves look like dolls—beauty cul-ture, I believe the smooth phrase is. Bah! too bad women wouldn't have some sense; too bad they wouldn't take a glance at the pages of his-history! Yes, history! They would find that all women who have ever amounted to anything were at you might profit.

"For that," said Lord Tallbois, singular beauty.

He deserted her after four months, and they would and from that day, so far as I know, that most of the women



ry brief one. But enough of that.

"And his first wife—this woman, dazzling genius were plain. Catherine fits face cleared and the mocking De Castra—was alive at the time?" of Russia was homely as a hedge "Of course, she was," replied Cal-that would have stopped a clockfence, Queen Elizabeth had a face

viously fraught with great diffilities; though you charge a somehat exorbitant fee.

"Your attempt to levy blackmail
the strength of my past record
Then have you only lately disbrummond exclaimed. Mr. Callaghan
This statement caused stupefaction.

"Then have you only lately disoil in the barber shops. And I wonder how may millions tip the pretty
manicure girl half a dollar. And I
wonder whether it is millions or bilst spoke.
"It is colossal—masterly:" said first deep admiration. "How did you contrive to keep this ace when he had a feeling that it might give him down to this day. They are not exactly unknown for their looks, are they?

It is colossal—masterly:" said what about Mary Helder and Moscow; and Woscow; and Woscow poleon more than the retreat from be inside. It looked dark in there, and

The Referee-She wins with pitiful

Farmer Brown's Boy without even utler, my temporary absence will "And this can be proved," said Bell in store for Maylair society and the eforgiven. "And now, 'gentlemen,' I make "Figure 1.1" in store for Maylair society and the English peerage. The elder woman quickly. "Easily. It is a much simpler case But the daughter, who has a strong dash of color in her, is a little shear knew that he was safe from Reddy Fox, but it seemed to him that he had es-caped from one danger only to face an-"She succeeded because this first devil, beautiful in her way, with the other. He was sure of this when Farmer Brown's Boy closed the door. There was no escape then. Poor Jumper! How his heart did thump! He shook all over with fright.

"In this country they cannot stand against the simple fact of the truth.

She would have not a ghost of a charge."

Callegban checked him with a these two people will not know-" Callaghan checked him with

time is short."

He held up a finger. "First," he said impressively, "Joan little sugar house just as if Jumper were partners turned moody eyes upon . Callaghan.

Callaghan.

Talloois is to be informed. She will honest. The girl thinks she is going was not a pleasant smile, for it does not be siven the chance to purchase her own security and remain in power!

Talloois is to be informed. She will not there. He took great care not to be given the chance to purchase her own security and remain in power!

The price will be a great one—half the orners of his mouth, but it amusement, my friends."

The price will be a great one—half the income of Knayth. If she sur- wenders and when he did it was he whistled softly. He seldom looked at Jumper, and when he did it was merely to glance that way. You see, he was trying to make Jumper feel that perhaps after all he hadn't been seen.

Little by little Jumper's heart stopped thumping. Presently he stopped shaking. He began to think that he hadn't Always bears

THE ETERNAL OUESTION A TENNIS MATCH.

Polly-What's the score? Clark-30-40, my favor. Polly-And if you get this point it means you—you win the set! Here's where you lose! Clark-Not much! I'm out to win

that stake! Remember what we're playing for! Polly-That's why I've got to win! Clark—Then it'll be a fight to the finish! Ready?

Polly—Serve!—Good ball— Clark — Pretty return;—ha!appear-find, too, most missed that!

hought what we were playing for! Polly-I've lost-

Clark-Remember, the winner was o have the right to demand anything Polly-I have to pay up, I suppose!

What are you going to make me do? Clark-There's nothing-but I feel ust because you lost. Polly—I try to be a good sport and pay when I lose?

FARMER BROWN'S BOY AND JUMPER GET ACQUAINTED.

BY THORNTON W. BURGESS.

When Jumper the Hare darted in at

the open door of Farmer Brown's sugar

house he gave no thought to what might

reason for feeling that Reddy would

hesitate to enter there, but he did feel

so. In this he was right. Even had

Farmer Brown's Boy not been there,

Reddy would have hesitated to go into

So great was Jumper's fear of Reddy

that he ran right over the feet of

knowing it. It wasn't until he had

crouched in the darkest corner that he

saw Farmer Brown's Boy at all. Then

his heart jumped right up in his throat.

With that door closed there was no escape. All his life he had depended

on his long legs for safety. Here they

he actually wished that he had remain-

ed outside, in spite of the fact that he

Now Farmer Brown's Boy understands

the little people of the Green Forest

and the Green Meadows and their feel-

ings. He went about his work in the

couldn't have run much further.

that house. You see, Reddy is always

suspecting a trap.

you beat me at tennis.
Clark—Let me carry your racquet
—say, what's this? A gold plate on

he handle! slow, Metropolitan Tennis Champion"
-What! Then you just let' me win! lose a match occasionally. Clarkparticularly if it's a "love match"!
(Copyright, 1923, by Public Ledger fund. I hope the Mail-Box will hear

notice of him, and gradually his heart

very slowly he put out a hand toward

But after a while he coudn't resist the

outstretched hand.

Jumper. He didn't touch him, but

Jumper knew that hand was friendly.

He didn't know how he knew, but he did know. Farmer Brown's Boy was a

friend, a friend to be trusted. Slowly

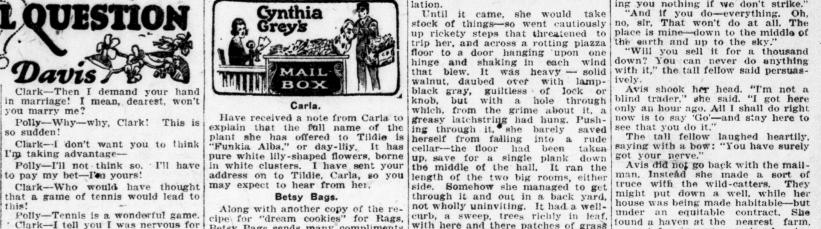
sugar house. He and Farmer Brown's

The next story: "Jumper the Hare

Boy had become acquainted.

talk in a low, soothing voice.

stopped thumping.



be the guilty one.

Annabel. Was very glad to receive the rethe latter had already been sent on Polly—Even a champion plans to to Rags, Annabel. I am sending you the seeds, in return for your generous contribution to our S. C. H. from you again.

A Hint. Farmer's Wife from Huron's Goldhis fright grew less, hope grew greater.

Bookles: "When I make tomato soup, Perhaps that door would be opened I have better luck when I put the again, and he would have a chance to soda with the milk instead of in the tomatoes." I am sending you the seeds. Farm-

After a long time Farmer Brown's er's Wife, and many thanks for the Boy kept going a little nearer and a little nearer to that corner in which a little nearer to that corner in which sent to Rags, but I am sure she will sent to Rags, but I am sure she will sent to Rags. be grateful for the prompt manner very little nearer each time, hardly enough to be noticed. At last he sat in which so many of the Boxites have answered her request. 'Tis sometimes well to rel we must
Put faith in those we fear to trust.

—Jumper the Hare.

still Farmer Brown's Boy took no own just a few feet from Jumper. umper's heart began to thump again.

It was very nice of you to remem-ber me with an Easter card, Old Then Farmer Brown's Boy began to ites know soon about the badge, as

Peggy Martin. Thanks for the recipes, Peggy Martin, Will look for a Mail-Box letter as well the next time.

Am sending you a few extra seeds Ester S., since you are so fond of flowers and there is such a variety in the Mail-Box. I will be glad to have you write again. Thank you for the hospital mite.

Many thanks for your generous S. C. H. gift, Tildie. I am sending you

he three addresses, and perhaps you can arrange with the senders regard-Betty Blizzard. Dear Cynthia-As all the old Boxites are writing again, I thought I would do the same. It is over a year since I wrote last, but I still read

I think the C. G. pins would be just fine, and I for one would like one. I also would like a cook book, and I think I could send in some good

simply held his hand there. Jumper tried to draw back. He drew just as far back as the corner would let him. But after a while he couldn't resist the temptation to smell of that outstretched hand. The hand didn't move, Suddenly Jumper knew that hand was friendly kind of an argument between the girl? I think if we started some kind of an argument between the boys and girls more boys would write. What say you, Cynthia? I enjoyed Hamish Grant's letter very much and Jumper hopped out from his corner and I am sure we would all like to go and began to examine the inside of that visit him. I got two very interesting corre-

spondents from the Mail-Box last (Copyright, 1923, by T. W. Burgess.) year and I am still corresponding Well, I must ring off and not take up any more valuable space. I am BETTY BLIZZARD.

I am sure if Hamish Grant sees all occasioned he will be moved to write to us again, Betty Blizzard. Sod Ruster's letter was indeed interest. In Use For Over 30 Years ing. I have an idea that a great many of the Boxites could tell us are your suggestions for a discus-

flung at him. Again he whistled, but By MARTHA McCULLOCH WILLIAMS disappeared among the artichokes, to come back in half a minute with a "The curse of a granted prayer"

is almost the heaviest that can be-fall. So Avis Glyn reflected bitterly you to the road—on the chance that as she looked about the ruinous house to which fate, by her confiv-

ance, had brought her. She had seen it in fancy a fairly palace for which it would be a joy to fight "What are you doing here? Get out!"

which it would be a joy to ngnt and die. By amazing chance she had won the fight—only to find this tawdry, toppling edifice that seemed uninhabitable. Her father had run away from it at fifteen to had run away from it at fifteen to had run away from it at fifteen to contain the tyranny of a harsh stephad run away from it at fifteen to escape the tyranny of a harsh stepmother. He had never gone back to it, but, dying before middle age, had left to his only child a legacy of resentment that had flowered in her determination to get back the homestead at any odds. It would come to her in fee when the stepmother died—but she was only ten years older than the boy she had

wears older than the boy she had banished. She had hated the place, banished. She had hated the place, but clutched the increment of it— had sold her dower claim to coarse ear-at which he let out a yell that brought another man on the scene folk, who had defiled and starved He was decent-looking, young and everything, leaving the small farm, tall, face and hands grimy, but, with-

nce a garden for productiveness, no al, not unclean. "What the devil!" he began, stopoutbuildings destroyed piecemeal for firewood and the house itself tute: "What's the trouble, madam? Are you shooting us up just for the

leaning as though to a fall, leering while at the highway through sport of it?" Avis had made her fight upon plea of this misuse, but before that was determined the step-mother died. Only a life tenant, that had in the missing heir! We have on my property," Avis said, her eyes

ended everything—leaving Avis to take possession, with precious little you were dead," the newcomer said noney, no experience and not a could not find you, and there's a chance of striking oil over that know money, no experience and not a honestly. ing would have given her this sor- yonder above the old orchard." did inheritance — and the money she had wasted on lawyers and fore there is an accident," Avis and court costs would have made it! fore there is an accident." Avis an-partly habitable. She had come swered, glancing affectionally at her partly habitable. She had come swer straight to it from the early train,

straight to it from the early train, smiling happily at the trig fields and farmsteads along the way, ter go snacks with us," he said. "True thrilling to feel that she, too, had a share of earth so good. The mail you worse than the big companies wagon had brought her. Now in will do. We've looked the ground the revulsion, she clutched at the over thoroughly and really we tried thought that it might also take her to find out who owned it. If you say away from this abomination of deso- so, we'll put down test wells, charging you nothing if we don't strike.
"And if you do—everything. Ol Until it came, she would take

Polly—Serve!—Good ball—
Clark — Pretty return;—ha!—almost missed that!
Polly—Oof!—Oh! Oh!—Right into the net! How could I be so stupid!
Clark—That settles it! My match!
Clark—That settles it! My match!
Polly—Well, I—I guess you've won, Clark!
Clark—Geé, I had to—when I thought what we were playing for!
Polly—Let's go tell the others the polly—I've lost—
Clark—Let me carry your racquet

This?

Along with another copy of the recipe for "dream cookies" for Rags, Betsy Bags sends many compliments of Rags, Betsy Bags sends many compliments for Calamity Ann and, searching the first dentity, asks if she is the same Calamity Ann who wrote to the Mail-Box when Beautiful Ddil with another copy of the recipe for "dream cookies" for Rags, Betsy Bags sends many compliments for Calamity Ann and, searching the first dentity, asks if she is the same Calamity Ann who wrote to the Mail-Box when Beautiful Ddil wised to. I can't remember two calamity Anns, so I believe our famous lady of the Cook-Book must find them and speak them fair. As a same of telms wounderful game.

Along with another copy of the recipe for "dream cookies" for Rags, Betsy Bags sends many compliments with here and there patches of grass undefiled. Hammocks slumg between trees, a smoidering fire of logs, and a tent visible above tall artichoke a tent visible above tall artichoke and the plunged trees, a smoidering fire of logs, and a tent visible above tall artichoke and the plunged trees, a smoidering fire of logs, and a tent visible above tall artichoke and the plunged trees, a smoidering fire of logs, and a tent visible above tall artichoke and the plunged trees, a smoidering fire of logs, and a tent visible above tall artichoke and the plunged trees, a smoidering fire of logs, and a tent visible above tall artichoke and the plunged trees, a smoidering fire of logs, and a tent visible above tall artichoke and the plunged trees, a smoidering fire of logs, and a tent visible above tall artichoke and the plunged trees, a smoidering fire of logs, and a tent a rough diamond-but his understrapfind them and speak them fair. As she stood thinking how best to do it, she kept more than at a distance. She per, who had tried to frighten her off. she was hailed hoarsely from the artichoke jungle: "Young woman, what brings you here? Lost your when it seemed a hopeless wrote not quite truthfully to young woman, Gleeson-who had taken her case "Have you lost yours? I've simply come home." Avis said, her courage last shot brought in a gusher she sent flaring up at the insolent note in the him a telegram: "Come at once. I voice. The owner of it whistled, then said 'No' the last time. Now decision ejaculated: "Home! I like that. Mean is reversed." And, of cousre, Gleeson your putting in a claim for this No came.

(Copyright 1923, by McClure News-

A Lifebuoy bath Cool, fresh, rested, skin tingling with health and comfort— Feeling cleaner than you ever felt before-Because of the big, creamy lather of Lifebuoy. Pure unbleached Palm Oil and Vegetable Oils are used in the making of Lifebuoy.

Advertise In The Advertiser