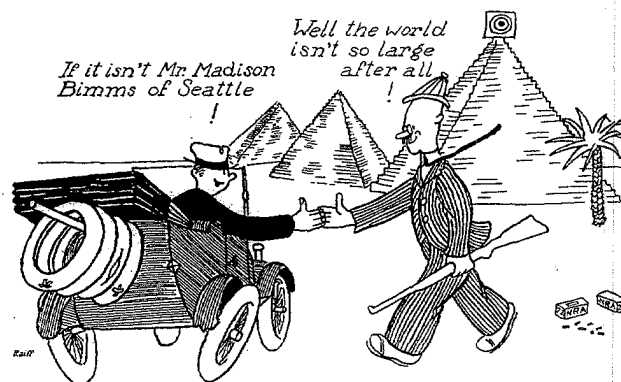




AS Mr. Bimms says, "the world isn't so large, after all." No matter where you wend your way, you see something that "looks like home." Perhaps a friend. Perhaps a Ford. Perhaps a box of US .22 N. R. A.'s.

Go west, young man—and you'll note a widespread use of .22 N. R. A.'s. Go east and you'll note the same. Go to Panama or Wichita, Saginaw or Omaha, or stay at home, for all we care—you'll find US .22 N. R. A.'s, just the same.

The orange and blue box of N. R. A.'s is a familiar sight on the rifle ranges of Switzerland and in the back woods of Maine. They are on the shelves of Carlos Hernandez' store in Havana and Michael O'Toole's shop in Dublin. They're packed in the holds of ships that sail the seven seas on their way to the far-off corners of the earth.

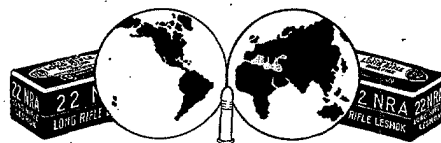
And, we ask you, why shouldn't the Frenchmen and the Portuguese, the Argentinians and the Greeks want to shoot US .22 N. R. A.'s? Accuracy, like a rose, is just as fair, though it be called by another name in another language. Pierre of Paris wants to hit the bullseye exactly as much as does Peter of Peoria. That's why N. R. A.'s are sold in France as well as in Illinois, in Australia as well as Pennsylvania.

East is east and west is west and ever the twain will shoot US .22 N. R. A.'s.

Why not join the small-bore league of nations, yourself?

UNITED STATES CARTRIDGE CO.

111 Broadway, New York, N. Y.



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