

Prejudice Is a Serious Menace

Prejudice is a hard thing to overcome, but where health is at stake and the opinion of thousands of reliable people differs from yours, prejudice soon becomes your menace and you ought to lay it aside. This is said in the interest of people suffering from chronic constipation, and it is worthy of their attention.

In the opinion of legions of reliable American people the most stubborn constipation imaginable can be cured by a brief use of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. You may not have heard of it before, but do not doubt its merits on that account, or because it has not been blazoned in every newspaper. It has sold very extensively all over the country since its introduction. Parents are giving it to their children, and it has been truthfully said that more druggists use it personally in their families than any other laxative.

Letters recently received from Mr. Harry Blackburn, Illinois, Iowa, and Mrs. S. Goddard, New York, are but a few of thousands showing the esteem in which Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is held. It is mild, gentle, non-irritating, not violent, like salts or cathartics. It cures gradually and pleasantly so that in time nature again does its own work without outside aid. Constipated people owe it to themselves to use this grand bowel specific.

Anyone wishing to make a trial of this remedy before buying it in the regular way of a druggist at fifty cents or one dollar a large bottle family size can have a sample bottle sent to the home free of charge by simply addressing Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 201 Washington St., Monticello, Ill. Your name and address on a postal card will do.

NOT SO SURPRISING.



"They tell me Darling Ike's dead. Is that right?"
"Sure; shot plumb through the heart."
"Well, I ain't surprised, then; his heart always was weak."

PHYSICIAN ADVISES CUTICURA REMEDIES

"Four years ago I had places break out on my wrist and on my shin which would itch and burn by spells, and scratching them would not seem to give any relief. When the trouble first began, my wrist and shin itched like poison. I would scratch those places until they would bleed before I could get any relief. Afterwards the places would scale over, and the feet up-derneath would look red and feverish. Sometimes it would begin to itch until it would wake me from my sleep, and I would have to go through the scratching ordeal again.

Our physician pronounced it "dry eczema." I used an ointment which the doctor gave me, but it did no good. Then he advised me to try the Cuticura Remedies. As this trouble has been in our family for years, and is considered hereditary, I felt anxious to try to lead it off. I got the Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Pills, and they seemed to be just what I needed.

"The disease was making great headway on my system until I got the Cuticura Remedies which have cleared my skin of the great pest. From the time the eczema healed four years ago, until now, I have never felt any of its pest, and I am thankful to the Cuticura Soap and Ointment which certainly cured me. I always use the Cuticura Soap for toilet, and I hope other sufferers from skin diseases will use the Cuticura Soap and Ointment." (Signed) Irene Hutchinson, Three Rivers, Mich., Mar. 16, 1911. All Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold by druggists and dealers everywhere, a sample of each, with 22-page book, will be mailed free on application to "Cuticura," Dept. 17 K, Boston.

Adam Bede on Pittsburg. Pittsburg patriots twisted their faces away at a Smoketown pun delivered by former Congressman Bede of Minnesota.

Bede put it over in the climax of a sparkling speech at a chamber of commerce banquet.

After telling how dearly he loved old Pittsburg and her fine old people, her rich people and her toilers, he said:

"I like Pittsburg because if I ever get tired of the town I can wash it off."

Proved. Orator—I thought your paper was friendly to me?

Editor—So it is. What's the matter?

Orator—I made a speech at the dinner last night, and you didn't print a line of it.

Editor—Well, what further proof do you want?—London Opinion.

Important to Mothers Estimate carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Fletcher* in Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

In High Life. "So the Filpotts have separated?"
"Yes."
"Do you know any of the particulars?"
"She keeps the poodle."

When one is sad, or out of sorts for any cause whatever, there is no remedy so infallible as trying to make somebody else happy.—J. W. Carney.

Smokers the Lewis' Single Binder cigar for its rich molasses quality.

The man who is envious of evil-givers will soon be one himself.

The Terrible Tragedy of the Auburn Tresses



NEW YORK.—No matter how many times you walk along Amsterdam avenue, in the sixties, you will never see Elizabeth O'Rourke in the group of women standing around the entrance of the New York flat building in which she lives laughing and exchanging the neighborhood gossip or running out to the stores near by, writes Maude H. Neal in the New York World.

If you should ask for her of any of the tenants they will look puzzled and not be sure that any such person lives there, although they could tell you in a second if Mrs. Casey's husband came in sober the night before or whether Annie Allen is still keeping company with her young man.

Yet it is not so very long ago that Elizabeth O'Rourke was one of that same group—a plump, good-natured Irish girl, "giving back as good as she got" in the banter of the neighborhood as it passed in the early evening hours, when the streets are turned into a sort of promenade for the young people who have been tied up in factories and stores all day.

Every morning she issued forth briskly at the same hour and every evening she came back, more or less wearily, a well-known, well-liked figure in her little world.

If you recall these facts to the gossiping crowd at the doorway a flash of recollection will come across one of the faces, and in a low voice she will say:

"Oh, you mean—why, she lives fourth floor back, on the right."

As you start to climb upward it seems to you that you have left a hush in the chattering group behind you—a strange, significant silence that you do not understand.

But if the world has forgotten Elizabeth O'Rourke you find her very far away from that same world when you have entered her three-room flat where she lives with her old mother and her brother. The chances are that you won't see her.

Visitors Not Welcome. When you have told the old woman who peers out whom you are seeking she bids you wait a moment. Then there is the sound of hurrying steps inside and a door closing before you are admitted. Then the mother tells you that Elizabeth is not at home.

However, I did see her, because I had called on business, to find out what progress her suit for damages for the loss of her hair had made. I knew of her misfortune, so I was prepared to conceal any shock I

springless region. It is nothing more or less than the adamantine ditata, called by the natives hamir, but commonly known as tebedis. These tebedis trees are from 10 to 25 feet in diameter, they grow to a considerable height, with trunks about 20 to 30 feet and fine branches, giving a vast amount of shade.

Strange to say, the trunks are naturally hollow, and are thus used as cisterns for the storage of water. Should the cavities not be large enough the natives scoop them out further. An opening is made either in the side of the trunk near the top or right at the top where the branches start. In the former case the tree is filled with buckets from pools which are dug at the foot of the tree to collect the rain-water during the rainy season. In the latter case the tree is filled by nature when the rain falls, the branches acting as sort of gutters.

At times the trees crack, but this occurs very rarely, and the trunks are no longer of any use as reservoirs. However, lately the resourceful natives has adopted cement as a means

I didn't know anything more for a time. I couldn't see.

"The doctor came and put something in my arm. It was days and days later when I came to in the hospital.

It was sickening to hear it. But she had described just what had happened. Her scalp had been torn off, and her forehead and her ears. Her eyelids, too, were torn away, and only a relentless Fate forbore to snatch along with them her eyes.

So you can see why she came in to see me looking as if she expected a blow. She conceals her scars the best she can, but what woman could ever venture forth with that terrible blight across her face and in her soul?

"I can't bear to go any place," she said. "People look so, and I can see many of them turn away in disgust. You can't imagine how you feel to be a thing like that. And, oh, the children—that is what I hate and what hurts me most. They stare at me so and the smallest ones are afraid of me—that's the worst. And I'm always afraid some bad little boy, who doesn't realize, might laugh or shout at me."

Her Life's Monotony. "What do you do with your time?" I asked.

"Nothing. I help with the housework, but that's soon done. Then there isn't anything else. I walk around—from the door in there to the window—and look out—then back to the table in the back room, and then to the window again. There isn't much to see. There's no use for me to try to fix up, or make clothes. I've just let myself go. What's the use? I'm in prison—I am—in prison."

"What do you think about, Elizabeth?"
"I don't know—most of the time about my trouble. I cry a great deal. I am so sad. I live it all over, every day. What is there for me to think about? Or hope for? Or plan about? You don't know how wretched I am. Sometimes I cry out. But what's the use?"

"I try to be patient. But what's the use? What the reward? There isn't anything in the world for me."

"When I first knew anything in the hospital, they wouldn't let me see myself. For weeks before that I was in darkness because of the injury to my eyes, but when I was in the light I wanted a handglass. They wouldn't give it to me. My head was all bound up, but I didn't know.

"The nurse tried to break it to me, but I didn't guess. Finally the day came when they first unwound the bandages from my head and I saw what had happened. I thought I couldn't live. The tearing the day it happened came again, worse, to my heart. I thought I would kill myself rather than live a thing like that. But I didn't—I don't know why."

Keeps Torn Tresses. Miserable Quasimodo, looking out over Paris from your refuge in Notre Dame and watching the dying struggles of the only woman who had called you friend—wretched "Man Who Laughs," eating your heart out with your Wolf—unhappy Cyrano, resigning your dreams of love—were your sufferings like this?

We sat there in silence, a few minutes, then Elizabeth said, "Would you like to see my hair?"
"Without waiting for my answer, she went over to an old trunk and began taking things out of it."

Finally she brought out a shoe box. I cannot explain the feeling of horror I had when I saw it. I felt as if I were going to see a dead thing. Not a peaceful, quiet corpse, laid quietly away, but some strangled creature, whose unhappy ghost refused to be laid.

Then she opened it, and we stood looking down at it—a great mass of curling auburn hair, that had been cut from the machines when the accident happened. Some of it was snarled and broken, but in places it trumpeted into the burnished waves which had once laid so smoothly upon the poor, marred head.

"It was pretty, wasn't it?" she said, putting a gentle, caressing finger lightly upon a curl.

An Infant Cuvier. Miss Griggs easily induced the wealthy Mrs. May to let her son Freddie join the vacation class in natural history that she was organizing for children.

"I'm sure he'll love it!" said Mrs. May, with surprising enthusiasm. "And you will find that he knows a lot about natural history already."

"Indeed! That is very pleasant," murmured Miss Griggs, vaguely, for she was not prepared for scientific attainments in a spoiled boy of five.

"Yes," said Mrs. May, complacently, "ever since Freddie was a baby the chef has made all his blanc mance in the shape of rabbits and squirrels, and only lately he has begun to make him marmaladow frogs and chickens and turtles, and Freddie simply worships them—you can't get him to touch anything in a plain mould."

"I am sure," concluded Mrs. May, "that you will find Freddie very advanced for his age."—Youth's Companion.

USE TREES FOR CISTERNS

How Inhabitants of Kordofan Provide Water for Their Use in Dry Season.

In view of the many suggestions made for the bringing down of rain it is interesting to note that in the Bezira district to the south of Khartoum whenever a drought is threatened all the children are sent into the fields and are made to clap their hands and shout vigorously.

The idea is that rain will be brought down, and the little boys and girls are kept out in the open at this game until the wished for result has been obtained. This year there have been rain-storms in superabundance in the district, so the children's intercession has not been required, or perhaps the abnormal rainfall is due to their vigorous action in the past.

The latest Sudan Times gives a most interesting account of one of the means by which the inhabitants of Kordofan provide themselves with a copious water supply in that arid

of stopping up the cracks and a large number of tebedis have been repaired in this manner. Curiously enough, the presence of such a large quantity of water in the trunk in no wise impedes its growth, and it is certainly one of the most ingenious devices of nature for circumventing a natural difficulty.

Every cultivator has his tebedis tree, which is indispensable to his work. These trees are looked upon as personal property and on the death of a land owner his tebedis pass as heirlooms to his sons.

Choice of Friends. Much certainty of the happiness and purity of our lives depends on our making a wise choice of our companions and friends. It is well and right, indeed, to be courteous and considerate to every one with whom one is thrown in contact, but to choose them as real friends is another matter.

If our friends are badly chosen they may drag us down; if well they will raise us up.—Sir John Lubbock.

NOTED EDITOR DEAD

Pulitzer One of America's Foremost Publishers.

Although Stricken Blind Over Twenty Years Ago He Since Editorially Directed His Two Big Daily Newspapers.

Charleston, S. C.—Joseph Pulitzer, editor and proprietor of the New York World and the St. Louis Post Dispatch, died recently on board his yacht Liberty, in the harbor here. He had been ill only about 48 hours and until just before he died it was believed that the illness was only a slight indisposition. His passing removed one of the greatest newspaper publishers of the age.

Late one afternoon 22 years ago, Joseph Pulitzer, then but forty-two years old, was leaning on the rail of a yacht as the boat was standing out of the Bosphorus and into the Black sea, looking toward the setting sun through eyes which for years had been strained, when he was stricken blind.

And for the last 20 years almost up to the moment of his death—he has been in constant touch with the morning and evening editions of his New York World and his Post-Dispatch of St. Louis, personally during his short and infrequent visits to Manhattan and by telegraph or cable while cruising here and abroad on his yacht.

Of late years he has spent most of his days aboard his palatial yacht, surrounded by a corps of readers and secretaries, who read the newspapers to him carefully and then carried out his orders. It was an ordinary occurrence for him to wake up his staff aboard the yacht at two or three o'clock in the morning to aid him in some work he had suddenly thought of.

Mr. Pulitzer was sixty-four years old. Besides three sons, Mr. Pulitzer



Joseph Pulitzer.

leaves two daughters, Miss Edith Pulitzer and Miss Constance Pulitzer. Mr. Pulitzer's entry into New York journalism occurred in 1852, when he bought the World, then a paper of small circulation.

Prior to his debut as a newspaper man in 1870 Mr. Pulitzer had, for five years, worked in various capacities. Going to St. Louis at the close of the Civil war, after having been mustered out of the First New York cavalry after a year's service, he obtained his first employment as a deckhand on a ferryboat.

Afterward he did manual work on the levee, then became a hostler in the Benton barracks, and later became a writer in a cafe.

Following this he had a place as a coachman, and through part of the cholera epidemic in the latter sixties he was a grave digger.

COW IS TAKEN FOR A YEGG

Grassville Has Nothing on Sleuths in Sheridan, Pa., for Valor and Presence of Mind.

Sheridan, Pa.—The good people of this place have been troubled for months by a gang of safe crackers. Extra policemen have been appointed and thirty-odd citizens have been deputized to respond at the call of an alarm bell, jump into their boots and shoot to kill the first prowler they see. Recently an officer saw a dark object walking toward the door of the First National bank.

"Safe blowers, by heck!" he soliloquized.

"Halt!" demanded the bluecoat. There was no reply. Without wasting another moment the police ran to a fire engine house and rang the bell. Thirty deputized citizens and police responded to the signal.

"There he is, trying to get into the bank," shouted the policeman who gave the alarm.

Thirty shots rang out simultaneously, and the robber at the bank door fell under the shower of bullets. The sleuths had killed Peter Shaughnessy's Jersey cow.

Mother Dug Grave for Boys. Argo, Colo.—Just as she finished digging a grave for her three boys, Mrs. Anna Covie was taken in charge and sent to the County hospital.

She had borrowed a spade from a neighbor and told him she was going to dig a grave for her children and bury them alive. He watched her until the grave was ready, and then notified the police. The woman had dressed the boys for the occasion.

Laughs at Show Till He Dies. South Weymouth, Mass.—Literally splitting his sides with laughter while witnessing a comic opera in a Boston theater, Thomas M. Ryan of this place, ruptured a blood vessel near the heart and died.

Train Cuts Off Sleeper's Hat. Kewanee, Ill.—William McGregor, a peddler, fell asleep in the railroad yards and lay so close to the track that a passing train cut off his hat and chopped a suitcase full of clothing to bits. McGregor did not awaken.

MOTHER'S OATS Fireless Cooker

How to get a FREE

Over 80,000 of these cookers now in use

This advertisement is good for 10 coupons—cut it out and you have a big start. Then in every package of Mother's Oats you will find a coupon. Save the coupons and get the cooker free in a hurry. Only one advertisement will be accepted from each customer as 10 coupons.



If you are going out, place the entire dinner in the cooker and it will be ready to serve when you get home.

Take advantage of this offer NOW Buy a package of Mother's Oats today

"MOTHER'S OATS," CHICAGO

Tenses. Teacher—Tommie, what is the future of "I give?"
Tommie—"You take."—Life.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated, tiny granules, easy to take as candy.

He that goes good to another does good also to himself, not only in the consequence, but in the very act; for the consciousness of well doing is in itself ample reward.—Seneca.

For over fifty years Rheumatism, Neuralgia, and other painful ailments have been cured by Hamlin's Wizard Oil. It is a good honest remedy and you will not regret having a bottle ready for use.

Tilted. "Is Mr. Biff a believer in the up lift?"
"Can't say for certain, but I notice that he wears his cigar at a dizzy angle."

Incurable. "You say you are your wife's third husband?" said one man to another during a talk.
"No, I am her fourth husband," was the reply.

Wine-Drinking. France alone pays taxes in a good year on more than a thousand millions of gallons of wine—and there are six bottles to a gallon—while Algeria, planted with vines in the days of the phylloxera, supplies no less than two hundred millions. A tonneau of 200 gallons is a pretty large vessel; a thousand such would fill a good-sized ship; and we have to multiply that by a thousand before we reach the production of this one French colony—one-fifth of all the wine consumed in France.

COLDS Cured in One Day

As a rule, a few doses of Munyon's Cold Remedy will break up any cold and prevent pneumonia. It relieves the head, throat and lungs almost instantly. Price, 25 cents at any druggist, or sent postpaid.

If you need Medical advice write to Munyon's Doctors. They will carefully diagnose your case and give you advice by mail, absolutely free.

Address: Professor Munyon, 330 and Jefferson streets, Philadelphia, Pa.

Thompson's Eye Water



HORSE SALE DISTEMPER

You know what you sell or buy through the sales has about once chance in fifty to escape SALE STABLE DISTEMPER. "STOHN'S" is your true protection, your only safeguard, as sure as you treat all your horses with it, you will soon be rid of the disease. It acts as a sure preventive in material for how they are "exposed." 50 cents and \$1 a bottle; \$5 and \$10 dozen bottles, at all good druggists, horse goods houses, or delivered by the manufacturer.

STOHN MEDICAL CO., Chemists and Bacteriologists, GOSHEN, IND., U. S. A.



PERFECTION SMOKELESS OIL HEATER

Smokeless Odorless Clean Convenient The Perfection Smokeless Oil Heater warms up a room in next to no time. Always ready for use. Can be carried easily to any room where extra warmth is needed.

A special automatic device makes it impossible to turn the wick too high or too low. Safe in the hands of a child. The Perfection burns nine hours on one filling—giving heat from the minute it is lighted. Handsomely finished; drums of blue enamel or plain steel, with nickel trimmings.

Ask your dealer or write for descriptive circular to any agency of Standard Oil Company (Incorporated)

W. L. DOUGLAS

\$2.50, \$3.00, \$3.50 & \$4.00 SHOES

WOMEN wear W. L. Douglas stylish, perfect fitting, easy walking boots, because they give long wear, same as W. L. Douglas Men's shoes.

THE STANDARD OF QUALITY FOR OVER 30 YEARS The workmanship which has made W. L. Douglas shoes famous the world over is maintained in every pair.

W. L. Douglas shoes are warranted to hold their shape, fit and look better and wear longer than other makes for the price. CAUTION The genuine have W. L. Douglas name and price stamped on bottom. Shoes Sent Everywhere—All Charges Prepaid. How to Order by Mail.—If W. L. Douglas shoes are not sold in your city, write to the factory. Take measurements of foot as shown in model; state size, style, color, and whether usually worn; plain or cap toe; heavy, medium or light sole. I do the largest shoe mail order business in the world. Illustrated Catalog Free. W. L. DOUGLAS, 141 Spark St., Brockton, Mass.

Nebraska Directory

THE PAXTON Hotel European Plan Rooms from \$1.00 up single, 75 cents up double. CAFE PRICES REASONABLE

RUPTURE CURED in a few days without pain or a surgical operation. No pay until cured. Write Dr. WRAY, 307 Bee Bldg., Omaha, Neb.

EGGS

I can make you money by selling your butter, eggs and poultry on commission. Write for price. Robert Purvis, 418 S. 11th St., Omaha.

FURS

We pay highest prices for HIDES, FURS, PELTS, TALLOW and WOOL. Write for our price list and tags today. We have no Branch Houses. GREAT WESTERN HIDE & FUR COMPANY, 1214-1218 Jones Street - - Omaha, Nebraska

Why Rent a Farm

and be compelled to pay for landlord most of your hard-earned profits? Own your own farm. Secure a Free Homestead in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta, or purchase land in one of these districts and bank a profit of \$10.00 or \$25.00 an acre every year.

Land purchased 3 years ago at \$10.00 an acre has recently changed hands at \$25.00 an acre. The crops grown on these lands warrant the advance. You can

Become Rich by cattle raising, dairying, mixed farming and grain growing in the provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta.

Free homesteads and pre-emption areas, as well as land held by railway and land companies, will be sold at a price of \$10.00 an acre. Write to the Canadian Government Agent.

W. V. BENNETT, Room 4 Box 812, Omaha, Neb. Please write to the agent nearest you.

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150 UNCES TO THE PACKAGE—OTHER STARCHES ONLY 100 UNCES TO THE PACKAGE. "DEFIANCE" IS SUPERIOR QUALITY

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PERFECTION SMOKELESS OIL HEATER

Smokeless Odorless Clean Convenient The Perfection Smokeless Oil Heater warms up a room in next to no time. Always ready for use. Can be carried easily to any room where extra warmth is needed.

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The Famous Rayo Lamps and Lanterns Rayo lamps and lanterns give most light for the oil used. The light is strong and steady. A Rayo never flickers. Materials and workmanship are the best. Rayo lamps and lanterns last. Ask your dealer to show you his line of Rayo lamps and lanterns, or write for illustrated booklet direct to any agency of Standard Oil Company (Incorporated)