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For centuries GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil has been a standard household remedy for kidney, liver, bladder and stomach trouble, and all diseases connected with the urinary organs. The kidneys and bladder are the most important organs of the body. They are the filters, the purifiers of your blood. If the poisons which enter your system through the blood and stomach are not entirely thrown out by the kidneys and bladder, you are doomed.

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They are not a "patent medicine," nor a "new discovery." For 200 years they

Where the Trouble Was.

A young mother was doing her best to stop the screams of her child. The harder she tried the louder the baby announced his general dissatisfaction. A crusty-looking individual sat next by, with a scowl on his face that spoke of wrath rising to the boiling-over stage.

"Does my child annoy you, sir?" asked the mother.

"Oh, nothing to speak of, I assure you, madam," replied the man with gorgeous sarcasm, "except that the shock is so great when he stops too suddenly."

Tips With Results.

Percy—Say, old boy, can you tell me why a waiter is like a billiard cue?

Chollie—Really, old chap, I give it up.

Percy—Well, you get better results off both when they are well tipped.—London Sketch.

Quite So.

"Nell found she would have to take her new dress to pieces."

"I bet she was ripping mad."

The-Man-In-The-Street By THOMAS ADDISON of The Vigilantes

"I like the stuff you fellows are getting out. It's bang up. But how about the Man-in-the-Street? Aren't you shooting over his head?"

The speaker was referring to the Vigilantes. He was a bit snug, perhaps—what you might term, in the social sense, classified—but at that a good, earnest, aggressive American. I answered his question with another.

"Do you mean yourself or me? We are kept in the street, well met, and talk'n."

He laughed comfortably.

"Oh, pshaw! You know whom I mean. The man on the street corner. The chap who isn't posted; who only reads the headlines; doesn't think beyond them."

"I don't get you," I replied. "If you mean the 1914 corner loafer there are precious few of them left. Work or fight has sounded the knell of the species. But perhaps you mean the workman, the digger of ditches, the mechanic, the street sweeper, that policeman over there; or, in a generic way, the shop girl, washerwoman, janitor, ashman, charwoman; in short, the everlasting proletariat. What?"

"Well, if you put it that way, yes," he confessed. "You've got to use primer English, primer facts, primer sentiment if you want to reach that class. You Vigilantes fly too high for them—'Get Into the Attitude of the War,' 'The Body or the Soul,' 'Pro-Patria,' things like that. First rate, all of them, to the thoughtful man; but how about Bill Jones, Kittle Carlisle, Sarah Scrubbs, Izzy Einstein and that sort? They don't see your stuff, it isn't likely, but if they do—eh? Think they sense it?"

Man With Dinner Pail Knew.

"If they don't—though I'm not conceding it, mind you—then for their benefit you'd have to treat the great moral issues of the war in vaudeville vein: Snappy stuff, slapstick argument, give and take, with a grand hurrah for the finish. Is it that you are driving at?"

"Oh, come. You know what—"

But I stopped him. A man with a dinner pail swinging from a gaunt and dingy hand was plodding toward us, an oldish man. An evening newspaper was stuck in his pocket.

I made a rapid proposition to my friend.

"Here's one of these Men-in-the-Street now. Bet you the cigars he feels the war, in his own way, as much

as either of us, and I don't know him from Adam. Done?"

"Done!"

I hailed the man as he came up. "Neighbor, we are having a dispute, my friend and I, about the war. The question is, do the people at large see anything in it beyond the mere grapple to the death of opposing armies, or do they realize the vital issues at stake? I mean by that the spiritual issues, the things you can't measure with your eye or weigh in your hand, and yet are as the breath of life to all above the brute beasts of the fields. What do you say?"

I saw a secret smile curve my friend's lips. Here I was talking, as I wrote, over the head of the Man-in-the-Street. But the third, worn face suddenly had become keenly alive. He looked from one to the other of us with what seemed almost a pitying glance.

"I have two boys in this war, in France now," he said simply.

"Yes," I encouraged.

"Well," he went on, "if I thought they was fightin' just to lick them Huns—nothin' but that—I'd curse the day they was born. But it's what the Huns represent they's fightin' against, an' we all know what that is—to crush into one mold of their own makin' the free peoples of the earth, to make 'em slaves to a murderer's ambition to glorify a state and not the souls of the millions on which it rests.

It Is Easy to Understand.

"Do you think it takes a college man to reason this thing out, mister? Well, it don't. Who's behind this war? Who's goin' to put it through? The statesman? The millionaire? The gentlemen an' scholars? No, sir! It's what them fellers there in Washington call the Plain People. That's me an' my boys, an' a long, long line like us. We've got to do the heft of the fightin', an' we're in it with our minds, an' hearts, an' souls wide open. Maybe we can't express ourselves—just how we feel—but there's them that can do it for us, an' we read what they say, an' talk it over in the shops an' in our homes. An' we think on it, an'—an'—sorter grow inside, as you might say."

The man was silent a thoughtful moment. Then he said:

"Maybe that's not the answer you're lookin' for, mister, but it's the best I can make you. We know the horror of this war, but there's more'n that in it. There's beauty in it—for if there's anything more beautiful, more—what I read somewhere—'splendidly sublime,' that a boy—mine, yours, anybody's—offerin' up his dear young life that the spirit of liberty may be preserved in the world, God hasn't given me the grace to see it."

He smiled mistily, but his head was high, and his step now as the march of soldiers as he went his way. I turned to my friend.

"Well?" I remarked.

"I lose, and gladly," he admitted,

Germany spread the lies far and wide that negro soldiers were being sacrificed at the front; they were put in the most dangerous places, and when wounded were left to suffer and die unattended on the battlefield. Here again the boomerang turned and hit the conspirators. If they hadn't started the treacherous propaganda the American public would not have heard General Pershing's opinion of the colored troops. After denying the truth of "the stories, probably invented by German agents," he adds: "I cannot commend too highly the spirit shown among the colored combat troops, who exhibit fine capacity for quick training and eagerness for the most dangerous work."

Proud of Colored Troops.

The head of the Red Cross came forward to testify that the same care and attention was given by the society to the colored men as to the white.

Returning travelers and soldiers add a few details. They say the negro troops are tremendously popular in all the French villages where they are billeted, that their smart appearance—every puttee polished, every button shining—their unfailing good humor—their glorious bands and mellow singing voices, and above all, the high spirits and eagerness for the fight that they are bringing to war-weary France is arousing enthusiasm wherever they go.

"Complaining that they are given dangerous jobs?" The officers commanding colored troops report that the only complaints their men make are against being held back. They beg for the first line; they glory in the danger.

Thank you, Mr. German Propagandist, you have helped the people all over this country, East and West, North and South, to realize that our negro troops are men to be proud of; loyal Americans every one of them!

TO THE QUICK

By AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR of the Vigilantes.

"Working again? Why not? I'm well and strong."

"But—your two boys?" She showed her service pin; Two stars. Her neighbor frowned.

You think it's wrong To blame them till you know... One was to stay with me. "It's up to you."

Mother, to choose," they said. And shinning through Their faces, I could see their spirits glow... I loved—and understood. What could I do...

But bless them both—my boys!—and bid them go!

Value of Experience.

The inexperienced maid wants to be a man's first love, but the wise widow prefers to be his last.—Chicago News.

Another Prop Out of Propaganda By ISOBEL FIELD of The Vigilantes

The busy enemy-allen propagandist is having a hard row to hoe these days. So many of his plans have slipped up and so many of him are filling the concentration camps. Uncle Sam is very quiet about it, but he has a keen eye and a long arm. Quite unexpectedly, out of the blue, the poor spy feels a heavy hand on his collar, and his usual haunts know him no more. In his confinement behind the bars, or while he is harvesting the corn for better men to eat, he hasn't the satisfaction of gloating over his misdeeds. Too many of them have failed.

With that boasted German efficiency of which we once heard so much the propagandist tackled the American negro. Here were a people ready to his hand, simple, kindly, unsuspecting, with so many grievances against the government that it would be easy to incite them to riot and disorder, thereby seriously hampering war work.

They tried it. They tried it again. They took another angle and tried it. Gott in himself! These people were loyal! They might complain among themselves, or to the powers that be, against their wrongs and oppressions, but America was their home, and the Stars and Stripes their flag, and God help the person who dared suggest that they act as traitors to either!

Hun Bee Gets Busy.

Then the busy little bee began another flight, and worked up feeling among the ignorant whites against the negro. Here he was more successful, as the riots in St. Louis proved. But they drew the attention of thoughtful people and it was asked: "Why, if the negro were at fault were there more colored men killed than white?" If, as propagandists were shouting, the colored people were a "problem" and a "menace to civilization," how came it that the troubles were invariably started by white men attacking blacks? The German propagandists discovered that their dismay that their tactics were having the effect of drawing general attention to the wrongs of the negro and arousing interest and sympathy for him on all sides. The mute protest of the colored women and children, all in black, marching down Fifth avenue, with no bands, no orators, no disturbances, simply carrying banners appealing for protection and justice, created a deep and lasting impression.

Finally, in a sort of desperation, the

WORMS "Wormy" that's what's the matter of 'em. Stomach and intestinal worms. Nearly as bad as diphtheria. Cost you too much to feed 'em. Look bad—are bad. Don't physic 'em to death. Spohn's Compound will remove the worms, improve the appetite, and tone 'em up all round and don't physic. Acts on glands and blood. Full directions with each bottle, and sold by all druggists. SPOHN MEDICAL CO., Goshen, Ind., U. S. A.

As Age Advances the Liver Requires occasional slight stimulation. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS correct CONSTIPATION. Colorless or Pale Faces usually indicate the absence of iron in the blood, a condition which will be greatly helped by Carter's Iron Pills.

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Edison's little daughter, when visiting a friend in the nursery, brought with her a doll fitted out by her father's magic with a phonographic attachment, which excited the wonder of her less fortunate playfellow, who exclaimed in amazement: "Why, your doll can talk!" The equally astonished reply of the inventor's child was: "Why, don't all dolls talk?"

STOMACH UPSET? PAPE'S DIAPEPSIN AT ONCE ENDS SOURNESS, GAS, ACIDITY, INDIGESTION. When meals upset you and you belch gas, acids and undigested food. When you have lumps of indigestion pain or any distress in stomach you can get relief instantly—No waiting!

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The Female Help Problem. "It's the limit." "What's the matter now?" "I didn't object so much in the old days when the wife insisted on picking out my stenographer, but now she insists on having a look at the elevator conductors before I hire them."

Your Granulated Eyelids. Eyes inflamed by exposure to Sun, Wind and Dust quickly relieved by Marine Eye Remedy. No Stinging, Just Eye Comfort. At Your Druggists or by mail 60c per Bottle. For Book of the Eye free write to Marine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

Your Eyes

Spanish Influenza can be prevented easier than it can be cured. At the first sign of a shiver or sneeze, take HILLS' CASCARA QUININE. Standard cold remedy for 20 years—in tablet form—safe, sure, no opiate—breaks up a cold in 24 hours—relieves grip in 3 days. Money back if it fails. The genuine has Hills' picture with Mr. Hill's picture. At All Drug Stores. W. N. U., LINCOLN, NO. 45-1918.

Patriotic Convicts. The inmates of Sing Sing prison subscribed \$2,000 to the fourth Liberty loan, \$1,000 being donated to the Red Cross. Prison walls have not smothered all the manhood there. What's the matter with a wedding ring as an exclusive circle? A man can have a lot of fun in this world and still be a gentleman.

SWIFT & COMPANY U.S.A.

No Mystery in Meat

Some things are so simple that they have to be explained again and again. When things are obvious, people keep looking for mysteries behind them.

So it is with the packing business. The mere size of Swift & Company confuses many. Because their imaginations are not geared up to scale, they believe there must be magic in it somewhere—some weird power.

Swift & Company is just like any other manufacturing business run by human beings like yourself; it takes in raw material on the one hand and turns out a finished product on the other.

Swift & Company keeps down the "spread," or the expense absorbed between raw and finished material, to as low a figure as possible. (If it didn't it would be put out of business by others who do.)

How much Swift & Company pays for the raw material, and how much it gets for the finished product, depends upon conditions which Swift & Company does not control.

It depends entirely upon how much people want the finished product, and how much raw material there is available to make it from.

The profits of Swift & Company amount to less than one cent per pound on all meats and by-products—less than one-fourth of a cent on beef.

Keep Your Pledge Make Good for Our Fighting Men BUY WAR - SAVINGS STAMPS Swift & Company, U.S.A.

Easy to figure the Profits Where in Western Canada you can buy at from \$15 to \$30 per acre good farm land that will raise 20 to 45 bushels to the acre of \$2 wheat—its easy to figure the profits. Many Western Canadian farmers (scores of them from the U. S.) have paid for their land from a single crop. Such an opportunity for 100% profit on labor and investment is worth investigation.

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