

Hot Water Each Morning Puts Roses in Your Cheeks



To look one's best and feel one's best is to enjoy an inside bath each morning. The waste, sour fermentations and poisons toxins before it is absorbed into the blood. Just as coal, when it burns, leaves behind a certain amount of indispensable material in the form of ash, so the food and drink taken each day leave in the alimentary organs a certain amount of indigestible material, which if not eliminated, form toxins and poisons which are then sucked into the blood through the very ducts which are intended to seek in only nourishment to sustain the body.

If you want to see the glow of healthy roses in your cheeks, to see your skin clear and clearer, you are told to drink every morning upon arising, a glass of hot water with a teaspoonful of Limestone phosphate in it, which is a harmless means of washing the waste material and toxins from the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels, thus cleansing, sweetening and purifying the entire

alimentary tract, before putting more food into the stomach.

Girls and women with sallow skins, liver spots, pimples or pallid complexion, also those who wake up with a coated tongue, bad taste, nasty breath, others who are bothered with headaches, bilious spells, acid stomach or constipation should begin this phosphate hot water drinking and are assured of very pronounced results in one or two weeks.

A quarter pound of Limestone phosphate costs very little at the drug store but is sufficient to demonstrate that just as soap and hot water cleanses, purifies and freshens the skin on the outside, so hot water and limestone phosphate act on the inside organs. We must always consider that internal sanitation is vastly more important than outside cleanliness, because the skin pores do not absorb impurities into the blood, while the bowel pores do.

Women who desire to enhance the beauty of their complexion should just try this for a week and notice results.

ALLIANCE YOUNG MAN A COMING JOURNALIST

Son of J. A. Keegan, County Assessor and Former Editor, Attracts Attention by Excellent Story

Down at the state university at Lincoln, a former journalist by the name of Prof. M. M. Fogg has a class of keen-eyed and nimble-brained young men and women who are studying journalism. One day last week Prof. Fogg sent this class out on the streets of Lincoln with instructions to bring in "human interest" stories. Some of the stories were so deserving of recognition that they were published by The Lincoln Star, one of the leading Nebraska dailies.

Among the story writers was M. J. Keegan of Alliance, a son of J. A. Keegan, county assessor of Box Butte county and a former newspaper man who takes much pride in the ability shown by his son. The story written by M. J. Keegan as printed in the Star was as follows: "Tommy" at University Night.

"Meow? Meow?" (meaning where in thunder have you been the last three days?) broke the stillness of the cold starlit night at 2 o'clock, March 6, in Sarah Jones' back yard, 9999 R street. Tom, the speaker's fickle mate, had left Friday evening on a marauding expedition.

The indignant pussy had prepared a severe lecture for her weaker partner, but Tommy's black eye, the two powder burns near the end of his once handsome maitre's fall, and the hollow, starved expression on his face softened her heart.

"Tommy," she said tenderly, as he limped up to her, "what in the world has happened?"

"Puss," he looked up at her with his one good eye, "I've lived on top of the main stage props down at the Auditorium for two days without food or water. But take it from me, I've learned a lesson—them college students are an unprincipled lot.

"You know, Puss," he continued, "I thought I was a pretty good judge of human nature. And Friday night when I saw a green looking fraternity freshman shivering out in the alley back of Smith's barn I felt sorry for him. He had such a kind, lonesome look on his face and he wanted to make friends. But that blamed hypocrite, he chucked me in to a sack with a big black cat and kept me there twenty-two hours! And, oh, such a night! The ventilation was bad and such a ugly disposition as that black scoundrel had.

"I couldn't sleep. Every time I dozed off I dreamed I was on a laboratory table with 'Medie' students cuttin' me up and laughin' with glee—oh, such nightmares!"

"How did you ever escape their scalping knives, Tommy?" asked Puss brokenly as a tear trickled down her cheek.

"Puss we got more enemies in this world than 'Medics.' Them rough-neck 'Laws' were behind the whole thing.

"Listen, Saturday evenin' they threw eight more cats in that gunny-sack with me and carried us blocks and blocks away. I found out later it was the city auditorium where the college was puttin' on a show.

"We were all layin' behind the scenes in that sack waitin' the end as calm as we could. We tried to take it cool but it was purty tough 'cause cats ain't got no heaven to go to like human folks.

"Then they played some music. One big black cat said it was our funeral march, and that made me feel proud to 'think they was doin' that for us. But the music stopped.

"I couldn't make out all they were sayin' on the stage because one yellow cat kept hollerin' 'Meow!' all the time. But it sounded like they were holdin' court.

"Then all of a sudden some guy grabbed the sack and dragged us out on the stage. The judge says, 'Who's that prisoner?'

"I heard him holler, 'Guy Moates!' and we all knew then the Pre-Medics had us. Even the yellow cat was too scared to holler any more and I started to pray.

"But darn my skin," exclaimed Tom, "if they didn't spill us cats on the floor out there before all them people. After that things happened so fast it all seems like a horrible nightmare.

"I remember the blinding foot-lights, the sea of cruel grinning faces behind them, four policemen shootin' at us with big 44 pistols." ere the recollections brought an arch in the narrator's back, and every maltese hair on his body stood on end.

"And you escaped from that bloody bunch with your life?" interrupted Puss in a tone of admiration.

"Yes, Puss, right in the middle of it all I saw a tree—or maybe it was a dream. It looked like a tree but it was flat and hard to climb. But I went up in it two seconds even, just the same. I hid above the skylights for two days but tonight I saw a chance to make my getaway and here I am—scared, hungry and wounded, but a blamed sight wiser cat."—M. J. Keegan, '18, Alliance.

Another story, filled with heart throbs, was written by a young woman who holds the position of stenographer in the capitol building and who is a student of the class. Miss Carragher's story was as follows: "Buster."

Down in room 70 in the hospital, third in a row of seven babies, lies "Buster" placidly sleeping with his fist doubled under his chin. "Buster" is printed on the label of a bottle, in close proximity to the baby's slender fingers, which is used by the nurse solely for the purposes of designation. He has no other name.

No baby there is happier, sounder or more physically perfect than "Buster." He is plump and round and rose-bud, but nobody wants him. Even his mother at the other end of the hall has no interest in his approach or his departure. Guests come and grab up the pink, little piece of humanity eagerly exclaim over his

round head and cunning mouth—but nobody wants him.

At "Buster's" left the son of a banker fusses and squawks distressingly; across the hall his mother lies and dreams of the day he will be graduated from college with honors and maybe—if he takes after her side of the house—he will be president some day. At his right, comfortably flopped on her stomach, sleeps the daughter of a musician. She is already wearing a tiny gold ring on her infinitesimal finger and at home the ping, silk-covered cot waits to hold the precious body of her ladyship while she rests. Her father has begun to save against the day when she goes to Europe to study.

And blissfully oblivious to caste or class distinction and totally unaware of the bitter prejudice against him, "Buster" sleeps on, with his hand doubled under his chin and caring little—yet—that nobody wants him.

—Helen Carragher, Lincoln.

LIVE STOCK PRICES AT SOUTH OMAHA

Cattle Mostly 10-15c Higher;
Light Receipts

VERY LIGHT RUN OF HOGS

Scarcely Enough Lambs Here to Make a Market. Most of Arrivals Were Consigned Direct to Packers. Prices Higher—Few Lambs Go at Fully 10 @ 15c Better—Sales Include Light Lambs at \$14.50 and Desirable Kind of Ewes at \$11.50.

Union Stock Yards, South Omaha, Nebraska, March 20, 1917. Owing to the threatened railroad strike receipts of cattle were very small here Monday, only thirty-three loads, or about 850 head. With the clearing up of the strike situation over Sunday all the dressed beef men were out after cattle and there was also good inquiry for shipping account. Sales were right around 10@15c higher than the close of last week on an average, and it took dealers but a short time to clean up the limited arrivals at stronger figures. Right good 1,275-pound pulpers sold at \$11.65 and right good heavy corn feds at \$11.75. Fair to pretty good 1,000 to 1,250-pound cattle sold at \$10.45@11.25.

Quotations on cattle: Good to choice heaves, \$11.50@12.25; fair to good heaves, \$10.60@11.40; common to fair heaves, \$9.25@10.50; prime feeding steers, \$9.50@10.25; good to choice feeders, \$8.75@9.50; good to choice stockers, \$8.25@9.25; fair to good feeders, \$8.00@8.75; fair to good stockers, \$7.75@8.50; common to fair feeders, \$6.75@8.00; stock heifers, \$7.25@9.00; stock cows, \$6.00@9.00; stock calves, \$8.00@10.00.

About the smallest run of hogs since September put in its appearance here Monday, estimates placed the supply at 24 cars, or 1,800 head. Shippers had a few orders and filled them at sharply higher prices, good light hogs selling as high as \$14.55, which was the extreme top Saturday on choice heavies, and as high as \$14.65 was paid for well finished weighty butchers. Packers were out early, but had orders to buy hogs lower than Saturday, or not at all, and as a result many were unsold.

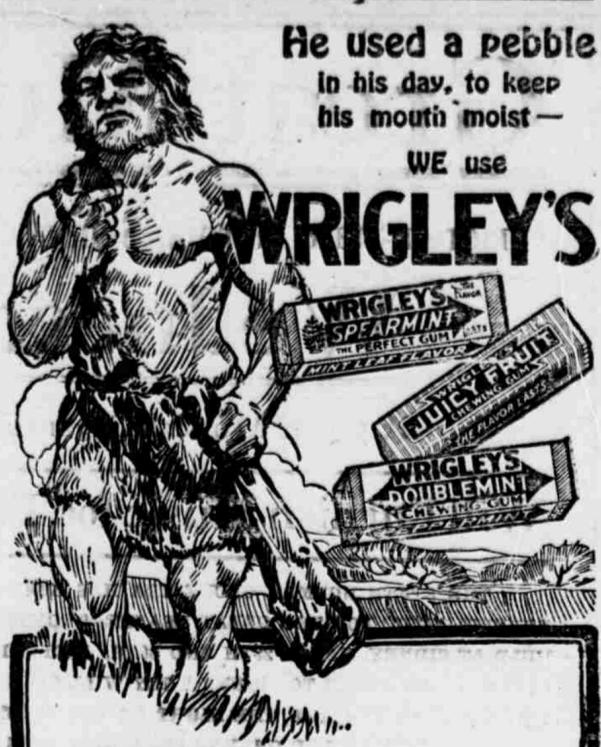
Not enough lambs were offered Monday to make a market. A three-car consignment of light westerns that carried a sprinkling of Mexicans brought \$14.50, being mates of some of the stuff that brought \$13.90 last Friday, but they were in so much better selling condition that only a small part of the 600 advance they showed on paper was actually quotable. Best Mexicans are safely quotable to \$14.75. Western ewes brought \$11.50.

Quotations on sheep and lambs: Lambs, light and handy, \$14.00@14.75; lambs, heavy, \$13.50@14.25; lambs, clipped, \$11.50@12.50; lambs, feeders, \$13.25@14.25; yearlings, good to choice, \$12.40@13.25; yearlings, fair to good, \$11.50@12.35; wethers, fair to choice, \$10.50@12.35; ewes, good to choice, \$11.25@11.75; ewes, fair to good, \$10.00@11.25; ewes, plain to culls, \$7.00@9.50.

GENUINE MARQUIS SEED WHEAT

As I am afflicted and it is necessary for me to take a trip to some springs, I am going to make a special offer for immediate sale, my Genuine Marquis Seed Wheat at the standard market price for good wheat here on the farm. This wheat was injured some by Black Rust and lacks some of the standard weight so I will give good big heaping measure and will make reasonable allowance on wagon-load lots.

I also have 17 bu. of Flax seed that I am offering for sale at a reasonable price.
CHAS. E. ROSENBERGER,
Hemingford, Nebr.



He used a pebble
In his day, to keep
his mouth moist—
WE use
WRIGLEY'S

WRIGLEY'S gives us a wholesome, antiseptic, refreshing confection to take the place of the cave man's pebble.

We help teeth, breath, appetite, digestion and deliciously soothe mouth and throat with this welcome sweetmeat.

The Wrigley Spearmen want to send you their Book of Gum-ption. Send a postal for it today, Wm. Wrigley Jr. Co., 1732 Kesner Building, Chicago.

The Flavor Lasts!



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MASON-HAMLIN CABLE-NELSON
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Including Circassian Walnut and Mahogany Finish
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Master Instruments at a Modest Price. Our plan of selling direct from the factory to you saves a middleman's profit. Make your house a HOME with music, either a Piano or a Player-piano.

VICTOR VICTROLAS
VICTOR RECORDS
All the New Sheet Music
OPPOSITE POSTOFFICE

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Opposite Post Office



Guarding the Long Distance Lines Against the Elements

Tirelessly and unceasingly our maintenance forces guard our long distance lines against storms, fires and other unforeseen destructive forces.

Constantly the telephone circuits are watched, tested, kept in order, and in cases of trouble repairmen hurry at once to the scene of the difficulty, regardless of weather conditions.

Early every morning tests of all the long distance lines are made with delicate electrical apparatus. With these appliances can be determined within a few feet the location of a broken wire, a line loosened at a cross arm, or the branch of a tree hanging across the wires. Any of these will cause trouble.

A large force of men is constantly retained by this Company, stationed a few miles apart, along the toll lines, ready to replace poles damaged by lightning or other causes, to tighten wires loosened by the wind, to renew broken insulators or make other repairs needed to keep the wires always ready for use. At definite periods during the year overhanging trees are properly trimmed to keep the branches away from the wires.

Pole-to-Pole Inspections Made

To insure the public against the sudden breaking of poles by wind or sleet storms, carrying down with them perhaps a score of wires, pole-to-pole inspections are made at regular intervals. Constantly old poles are replaced by new ones where examinations show it to be advisable.

When storms, winds, snow or sleet are predicted the conditions affecting each telephone line are watched carefully. If trouble is likely, emergency supplies are prepared, and repairmen, testmen, and linemen are rushed by train, auto or buggy to the points of threatened damage.

Carefully, constantly, and unceasingly we guard the long distance lines to provide immediate and uninterrupted service.

