

WRIGLEY'S

Six reasons

WHY it's a good friend:

- 1—Steadies nerves
- 2—Allays thirst
- 3—Aids appetite
- 4—Helps digestion
- 5—Keeps teeth clean
- 6—It's economical

Keep the soldiers and sailors supplied!

Three Flavors



Chew it after every meal
The Flavor Lasts!

The Kodak Fiend.
Rose—Did you have a good time on your trip to Florida?
Roger—I can't tell until I've developed my films.

Concert Conductors.
Church—This paper says "Railroads will act in concert."
Gotham—Well, they will not wait for conductors.

High Cattle Prices Accompany High Beef Prices

If consumers are to pay less for beef, live-stock raisers naturally will receive less for cattle.

If farmers are paid more for live stock, consumers will necessarily pay more for meat.

Swift & Company pays for cattle approximately 90 per cent of the price received for beef and by-products. The remaining 10 per cent pays for dressing, freight to market, operation of distributing houses, and in most cases, delivery to the retailer. Net profits also have to come out of this 10 per cent.

This margin cannot be squeezed arbitrarily without danger of crippling the only effective means of performing the complex service of converting cattle into meat and distributing this meat to the fighting forces and to consumers.

Swift & Company's net profit on beef during 1917 was only 1/4 of a cent per pound. On all products, it was a little less than four cents on each dollar of sales. Complete elimination of these profits would not affect appreciably retail prices of meat, or farm prices of live stock.

Swift & Company will be glad to co-operate in devising methods that will improve conditions in the meat and live stock industry.

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WIDOW OF GENERAL MAUDE REMEMBERED

King George Asks Parliament to Make Her Special Grant of \$125,000.

By Associated Press.
London, (by mail).—There was a stir in the House of Commons the other day when the Prime Minister, David Lloyd George, suddenly appeared on the floor just before the close with an important looking document in his hand. Instantly members began to speculate as to what might be the subject of the announcement he was to make.
The premier started talking confidentially with one of the under war ministers as soon as he had taken his seat on the treasury bench, and it was immediately inferred by observers that the subject was military, possibly the military situation in Ireland or some development on the fighting fronts. Other members noticed that Mr. Lloyd George was in good spirits and began whispering about the likelihood of a great victory somewhere, or perhaps good news from the Irish convention.
Then the prime minister arose. His message was a signed document from the king, asking the authorization of parliament for a grant of \$125,000 to Lady Maude, the widow of General Frederick Stanley Maude, who commanded the British expedition that captured Kut and Bagdad. The general, after a wonderful career of victory, died a poor man, leaving hardly more than enough to pay his funeral expenses. The king's request was referred to its proper committee and it is expected that the grant will, in due course, be made.
The habit of recognizing great victories by public grants of money is an old one in England, and most of the great British soldiers of the old wars benefitted by it.
Wellington received three different grants, amounting in all to \$3,500,000. Lord Roberts received \$500,000 in 1901, and Kitchener received \$400,000 for his work in the Sudan and South Africa. Lord Nelson received a pension of \$25,000 a year, charged against the funds of the postoffice.

To the German People.
Each to his taste: If you prefer
The Kaiser's whip across your flanks;
If you enjoy the bloody spur
That rips your cannon fodder's ranks;
If to his boots you still adhere.
Kissing 'em as you've always kissed 'em,
Why, who are we to interfere
With your internal Teuton system?

If from your hands you know quite well
You might, the moment, find release,
Changing it will, your present hell;
For Liberty's heaven of lasting peace;
If yet, for habit's sake, you choose
This reign of steel, this rule of terror,
It's not for us to push our views
And point you out your silly error.

Herein I speak as I am taught—
That your affairs are yours alone,
Though, for myself, I should have thought
I had a bearing on my own;
Have I no right to interpose,
Urging on you a free autonomy,
Just as your U-boats shove their nose
In my interior economy?

I'm told we have no quarrel, none,
With you, O Germany! That's absurd.
Myself, I hate all sorts of Hun.
Yet will I say one kindly word:
If, still refusing Freedom's part,
You keep the old Potsdam connection,
With all my sympathetic heart
I wish you joy of that selection.
—Sir Owen Seaman, in Punch.

The Clothes of a Spy.
George A. Schreiner, in Harper's Magazine.

Since the subject of espionage is very much to the fore these days, I will go briefly into the theory and practice of espionage, confining myself to what is known to all general staffs as "secret field intelligence." This polite term is given by a general staff only to its own agents; the agents of the other side are known as spies. This is a little inconsistent, of course.
Whether an intelligence officer is a spy or mere scout depends entirely on how he is dressed at the time. If in uniform he becomes a prisoner of war when captured, and as a rule he is confined in a fortress. If he has assumed disguise he faces the firing squad next morning.
The fact that an officer has spied upon the enemy in civilian clothing does not make him the less honored among his brothers-in-arms. On the contrary, being selected for the "secret field intelligence service" is looked upon by the more daring as a rare distinction. A commander would be court-martialed if it became known that he had failed to avail himself, for reasons of honor, of important information brought in by his agents and had for that reason mismanaged an action. Espionage is a necessary adjunct to any military establishment—so necessary, in fact, that the spies of the antagonist are done to death when caught.

Why Japan is Crowded.
Walter E. Weyl, in Asia.

When we grasp the smallness of Japan and the size of its population we readily understand why the land is so crowded. Japan proper is only a little larger than the country. Its area of roughly 150,000 square miles, is somewhat smaller than that of California, while its population is 20 times as great. Moreover, like Italy, Japan is chiefly a country of mountains and its arable land under cultivation amounts to only some 25,000 square miles, a farm area less than half that of the single state of Iowa. It follows that Japan is the classic land of intensive agriculture. Its dwarf farms are not really farms at all in our sense of the word, but gardens. There are no pastures, no barnyards, but merely little squares of land, now covered with water, now filled with mud drying in the sun, and now vividly green with the beautiful rice plants. These little patches of terraced and irrigated land have nothing in common with our 100-acre farms. In Japan the average agricultural family (and there are 5,500,000 of them) occupy only two and three-quarter acres each. Only one family in 10 has as much as five acres (two cho) and over one-third of all rural families have farms of less than one and one-quarter acres. It is miscalculation carried to a tragic absurdity.

Must Have Been a Colonel.
From the European Edition of the New York Herald.
Teacher of Scripture Classes—Yes, children, then Nero ordered his centurion to give the slave 25 stripes—
Mabel (whose father is in camp)—Lord, mum, that must a' made 'im a blooming colonel.

At Home in the Pen.
From European edition of the New York Herald.
First Captured Hun—Vot vos der barbed wire for, friend?
Second Captured Hun—To keep us in, of course.
First (with great astonishment)—Who wants to gett out?

LIVERPOOL LEADS IN CONSERVATION OF FOOD

Liverpool (by mail).—Liverpool, the second largest city in England, is leading the whole country in solving the food shortage problem. It has municipal kitchens which are models and work more efficiently than those in any other part of the kingdom. It sets every other city in the country an example by maintaining a municipal potato peeling plant and cooking the potatoes for the bakers to mix with the flour.
Its latest enterprise is supplying householders with boiling water for cooking and washing purposes and thereby causing a great saving in fuel.
Liverpool's city fathers are very proud of their efforts to make their people the most comfortable in the country in these days of enforced economy. With a display of pride they gladly show visitors these new ways of meeting the food shortage. They take them along the streets where butcher shops are shut for want of meat. A sign on the meat market reads: "Why buy meat from the butcher when you can get ready cooked at the food depot?" The argument is unanswerable, particularly when there is no meat to buy at the butcher's.
There are eleven municipal cook-shops where a family of four might buy and take away a satisfying dinner for 25 cents. Stewed steaks, potatoes and puddings are the principal articles.
An enterprising city engineer has set up an engine which runs a machine that peels tons of potatoes in a few minutes and also supplies steam to great cauldrons in which the potatoes are cooked. This enterprise supplies a clean and wholesome flour to the bakers which is mixed with wheat flour and helps to produce a delicious bread.
At the food depot a person can buy for a cent a great bucket of boiling water, and the population is being encouraged to come for this boiling water in order to save coal. Instead of buying coal to boil a kettle for cocoa or tea people can get as much water as they want for a cent.
Those responsible for Liverpool's enterprise declare that results have already shown that a workman's family can live much better and more economically by buying its meals at the food depot than by doing its own cooking.

The South American Gentleman.
Clayton S. Cooper, in the Christian Herald.

It is not strange that these antipodal folk concerning a matter so vital as breadwinning bring misunderstandings. I have talked with scores of business men in South America who have been united at least in this point, namely, that they cannot see the value of any man's working or continuing in business, after he has earned enough money to make it possible for him to live in any degree of comfort.
The Spanish-American inherits certain of the ancient medieval ideas about the "gentleman," who, like the high caste Brahmin of India, has been intended from the foundation of the world to occupy a special and selected field of leisure competence, while far down below him, with a wide gulf between, is the laborer or common worker, who was created to till the soil and to keep shop. Incidentally being ready at all times to wait upon the gentleman.

Names of the Persecuted.
From the Christian Science Monitor.
Mr. Trotsky's family name of Bronstein, or Braunstein, is one of those innumerable cognomina compounded of German and common to Jews in eastern Europe. At the partition of Poland, most Polish Jews were without family names, and as they were simply known by such patronymics as Isaac, Solomon, or Moses, the Prussian and Austrian officials of the time made the names for them by the thousands. The names themselves indicated that the sponsors undertook their task in a vein of mockery. They ran through the whole gamut of flowers, animals, colors, and stones, and even indulged in grotesque humor. Some persons were identified with localities, such as the Rhine. When the east European Hebrew turned socialist, he in common with Gentile comrades assumed so-called "party names." For in those days the revolutionaries were hunted, beaten, and expelled to hide their identities from the most highly organized secret police in the world.

"It Is Guynemer."
Charles Bernard Nordhoff, in the Atlantic Monthly.

Guynemer, the great French "ace," has disappeared, and from accounts of the fight one fears that he is dead. What a loss to France and to the allies! The end of a career of unparalleled romantic brilliancy.
I shall never forget one evening in Paris last spring. I was sitting in the Cafe de Paris, under the long awning that fronts the Boulevard des Capucines. All Paris was buzzing with Guynemer's mighty exploit of the day before — four German planes in one fight, two of them sent hurtling down in flames within 60 seconds. It took one back to the old days, and one foresaw that Guynemer would take his place with the legendary heroes of France, with Roland and Oliver, Archbishop Turpin, Saint Louis and Charles Martel.

Presently I looked up. A man was standing in the aisle before me—a slender youth, rather dressed in the black and silver uniform of a captain in the French aviation. Delicately built, of middle height, with dark, tired eyes set in a pale face, he had the look of a haggard boy who had crowded the experience of a lifetime into a score of years. The youth was remarkable in so young a man—mobile and thin lipped, expressing dauntless resolution. On his breast the particular ribbons of his decorations formed three lines: Croix de Guerre, Medaille Militaire, Officer of the Legion of Honor, and the George. English Military Cross and others too rare for recognition.
All about me there arose a murmur of excited interest; chairs were pushed back and tables moved as the crowd rose to its feet. Cynical Swiss waiters, with armloads of pink and green drinks, halted agape. A whisper, collective and distinct, passed along the terrace: "It is Guynemer!"
The day before, over the fiery lines, he had done battle for his life; and this evening, in the gay security of Paris, he received the homage of the people who adored him.
He had been looking for a table, but when it became no longer possible to ignore the stir, he raised his right hand in embarrassed salute and walked quickly into the cafe.

Brawn Recognized Brain.
From the London Globe.
It is refreshing to note Mr. Arthur Henderson's declaration that the labor party desires the term "worker" to be interpreted in its widest and fullest sense to cover not only the manual worker but the brain worker. For years past the terms "worker," "working man" and "working classes" have been the reverse of precise because they have embraced only the manual laborer and those closely associated with him. The hundreds of thousands of clerical workers and professional men and women of all classes have been excluded, although they are at least as much entitled to be called "workers" as the manual laborer. Carefully enough, for some time past, educated women entering their lives have taken to calling themselves "women workers," even when their labors were professional.

By Gosh!
Miriam Field is just past seven, but she knows there are "bad words" which little girls do not use. However, she can make her meaning clear without them.
A few days ago her mother sent her to the grocery and she returned all excited. "Oh, mother, I got into an awful row," she said. "Mr. Smith, the grocer, was awful mad about the food laws," continued the young narrator. "Do you want me to tell you exactly what he said?" with expectation of using a naughty word by permission. "Well, no, you need not tell the exact language," said her mother. "Well, he said that word in 'Long Boy,'" concluded Miriam, which was just as effective as the dash that is substituted for swear words in polite print.
But will Mr. Herschell look over "Long Boy" again and see what "bad words" he has been using, for "you bet, by gosh, he'll soon find out."—Indianapolis News.

THE BLUE THAT'S TRUE.
Red Cross Ball Blue gives to clothes a clear, dazzling white, whiter than snow, not a greenish yellow tinge like cheap bottle blue. Buy Red Cross Ball Blue for next washday. You will be happily surprised. Large package at your grocers, 5 cents.—Adv.

Room for Improvement.
Artist—"That is the best picture I have painted." Friend—"Well, don't let that discourage you."

If a man is inclined to lead a fast life he should lead it to the nearest nitching post and tie it.

THIS WOMAN SAVED FROM AN OPERATION

By taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, One of Thousands of Such Cases.

Black River Falls, Wis.—"As Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound saved me from an operation, I cannot say enough in praise of it. I suffered from organic troubles and my side hurt me so I could hardly be up from my bed, and I was unable to do my household work. I had the best doctors in Eau Claire and they wanted me to have an operation, but Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound cured me so I did not need the operation, and I am telling all my friends about it."—Mrs. A. W. Binzer, Black River Falls, Wis.

It is just such experiences as that of Mrs. Binzer that has made this famous root and herb remedy a household word from ocean to ocean. Any woman who suffers from inflammation, ulceration, displacements, backache, nervousness, irregularities or the blues should not rest until she has given it a trial, and for special advice write Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

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SAPOLIO

Buy **SAPOLIO** For **PATRIOTISM** For **ECONOMY**
"Actions speak louder than words—Act—Don't Talk—Buy Now"

Satan, Hohenzollern & Co.
It is significant that the obituaries of Abdul Hamid have been much more restrained than would have been the case if the Red Sultan had departed this life a few years ago. The reason is not that the issues of the war have swamped interest in the decease of a deposed despot, but that Abdul Hamid strikes us today as a rather inferior kind of monster. At the time of his death he was, so to speak, only the "Co." in the firm of Satan, Hohenzollern & Co. And, if American advisers are to be credited, the senior member of the partnership has resigned in favor of Wilhelm, whose modern methods he is unable to rival.—London Globe.

From Experience.
The meeting was in full swing, and the suffragist speaker was holding forth in a valiant manner on behalf of her cause.
"Yes," she cried, "women have been wronged for ages. They have suffered in a thousand ways."
"There is one way in which they have never suffered," said the meek-looking man standing in the rear.
"What way is that?" demanded the suffragist.
"They have never suffered in silence?" was the sad reply.
It is difficult for the star-gazer to avoid stumbling on life's cobbles.
Weakness lies in fancied wisdom.

FRECKLES
Now Is the Time to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots
There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as Othine—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these blemishes.
Simply get an ounce of Othine—double strength—from your druggist, and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than one ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful clear complexion.
Be sure to ask for the double strength Othine, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.—Adv.

Do Your Cows Fail to Clean?
This is a serious condition and requires prompt attention.
Dr. David Roberts' Cow Cleaner \$1.00 gives quick relief. Keep it on hand and prevent the ruin of your cows. Read the Practical Home Veterinarian. Send for free booklet on Abortion in Cows. If no dealer in your town, write Dr. David Roberts' Vet. Co., 109 Grand Avenue, Waukegan, Wis.

His Excuse.
"Loogy yub, sah!" severely said good old Parson Bagster, "deh tells me that yo' done sold yo' vote to de Hon'ble Thomas Rott. How does yo' exterminate such nefariousness as dat, sah?"
"Uh-well, pahson," replied Goat Simmons, the gambling man, "I sold muh vote to de hon'able, and dat's de troef, but I restituted muh conscience by turnin' right around and votin' for de yudder gen'tleman."—Kansas City Star.

\$100 Reward, \$100
Catarrh is a local disease greatly influenced by constitutional conditions. It therefore requires constitutional treatment. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is taken internally and acts through the blood on the mucous surfaces of the system. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE destroys the foundation of the disease, gives the patient strength by improving the general health and assists nature in doing its work. \$100.00 for any case of Catarrh that HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE fails to cure.
Druggists 75c. Testimonials free.
F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

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"A good many ladies were disappointed this afternoon."
"How was that?"
"The guest was spoken of as a bridge expert and he turned out to be nothing but a famous engineer."—Boston Evening Transcript.

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Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, that famous old 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

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No Smarting—Just Eye Comfort. 60 cents at Druggists or Write for Free Brochure.
SIoux City Ptg. Co., No. 1001-1218

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will set you right over night.
Purely Vegetable
Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price

Will restore color to the faces of those who lack iron in the blood, as most pale-faced people do.

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LEG BY CUTTER'S BLACKLED PILLS
Write for booklet and testimonials: 10-dose pkg., Blackleg Pills, \$1.00 50-dose pkg., Blackleg Pills, \$1.00 Use any injector, but Cutter's simple and strong. The superiority of Cutter products is due to over 15 years of specializing in YACHTING AND SIGHTING ONLY. INSIST ON CUTTER'S. If unsatisfactory, order direct: The Cutter Laboratory, Berkeley, Cal., or Chicago, Ill.

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