

Watch Your Kidneys!

That "bad back" is probably due to weak kidneys. It shows in a dull, throbbing backache or sharp twinges when stooping. You have headaches, too, dizzy spells, a tired, nervous feeling and irregular kidney action. Don't neglect it—there is danger of dropsy, gravel or Bright's disease! Use Doan's Kidney Pills. Thousands have saved themselves more serious ailments by the timely use of Doan's. Ask your neighbor!

A South Dakota Case



J. S. Tutty, retired cattleman, Spearfish, S. D., says: "My kidneys were disordered and I had a backache. I had to get up nights to pass the secretions, which were scanty and burning. After I sat down while it was hard to get up, I had sharp pains through my back when I bent over. I used Doan's Kidney Pills, and they straightened me up."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Class in Physiology.
Teacher—Where is the heart located?
Little Jimmy (silent).
Teacher (places hand on boy's chest)—Don't you feel the beating?
Little Jimmy—No; I usually feel it on the other side a little lower down.

ASPIRIN

Name "Bayer" on Genuine



Take Aspirin only as told in each package of genuine Bayer Tablets of Aspirin. Then you will be following the directions and dosage worked out by physicians during 21 years, and proved safe by millions. Take no chances with substitutes. If you see the Bayer Cross on tablets, you can take them without fear for Colds, Headache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Earache, Toothache, Lumbago and for Pain. Handy tin boxes of twelve tablets cost few cents. Druggists also sell larger packages. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid.—Adv.

His Reason.
"I wish you would tell me," said the agent, who had been a long time on Mr. Snags' trail, "what is your objection to having your life insured?"
"Well, I don't mind telling you," replied Snags. "The idea of being more valuable dead than alive is distasteful to me."

Catarrh
Catarrh is a local disease greatly influenced by constitutional conditions. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is a Tonic and Blood Purifier. By cleansing the blood and building up the System, HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE restores normal conditions and allows Nature to do its work.
All Druggists. Circulars free.
F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

Why Not?
"You know, on the other side of the earth it's a day later than it is here."
"I don't believe it."
"Well, I'll prove it to you. If you were in Australia and I was here and you were to be shot today I'd know it yesterday."
"Well, if you were a friend of mine you'd send me a telegram today telling me I'm shot."

Cuticura for Sore Hands.
Soak hands on retiring in the hot sudsy Cuticura Soap, dry and rub in Cuticura Ointment. Remove surplus Ointment with tissue paper. This is only one of the things Cuticura will do if Soap, Ointment and Talcum are used for all toilet purposes.—Adv.

When there is such an ocean of trouble, be thankful you are only touched by the spray.

Sixty per cent of genius is hard work. Perseverance often succeeds when talent fails.



50 good cigarettes for 10c from one sack of

GENUINE "BULL" DURHAM TOBACCO

The American Tobacco Co.

Lloyd George; Political Contortionist

From an Article by E. T. Raymond, in the Atlantic Monthly.

It is just over 15 years since Mr. Lloyd George accepted his first post as a minister of the British crown. Since then he has been continuously in office; during nearly 13 years he has supported the most onerous responsibilities; he has again and again emerged with increased prestige from boggy sloughs that would have engulfed any politician less agile; finally, as the only possible choice, he was called by acclamation to a position in which he has for four years maintained a despotism, almost personal rule. Of the chiefs of state who waged war and made peace, he alone remains erect.

On the face of things, one would say that the British prime minister has indeed discovered the knack of averting the jealousy of the gods. His prestige is, to all appearances, higher today than it was a twelvemonth ago. There has necessarily been some declension from the enthusiasm of the armistice days; it was not in human nature that that fever of worship should endure in its full intensity. But the prime minister's prestige is still such, that any attack on him recoils on the assailant; and for the most part those who would most willingly wound are most afraid to strike. Not since the time of the elder Pitt has opposition been so easily cowed by mere gesture. In effect, his whole attitude can be expressed in one sentence: "After all, who won the war?" The words are not always spoken. But they are always implied; and so far they have never failed of their effect. The walls of the Jericho of parliamentary opposition fall at the first sound of the prime minister's trumpet, and Mr. Lloyd George—convinced that in this regard only what he does himself will be well done—is mainly his own trumpeter.

Undoubtedly this quite innocent and even attractive capacity of self-adoration in public is a source of considerable strength to Mr. Lloyd George. To the very genuine capacity of this remarkable man, I am by no means blind; he is without doubt the most considerable force in English politics since Gladstone. He has quite extraordinary courage, an amazing faculty of getting to the point, a great talent for choosing efficient instruments. His grip of essentials is such that it largely compensates for a sloppiness in detail that would be fatal to any other practitioner of his method. Half the misunderstandings, domestic and international, which arise from time to time are due rather to this carelessness than to any deeper cause. But if Mr. Lloyd George does make many mistakes, he enjoys marvelous luck in escaping their consequences, and shows almost miraculous skill in putting them right.

But these would not alone suffice to maintain his prestige with the public. On that side he is helped by a curious insensitiveness. It is not exactly want of dignity; on occasion, he can speak and act with a sort of severe and statuesque magnanimity that the great aristocrats of the 18th century would hardly have deemed inadequate. But, like the Tudors—who also were Welsh—he has the knack, so to speak, of vaulting off his throne, having a bout of fistfights with an inferior, and vaulting back again, without serious loss of prestige. Henry VIII wrestled with a butcher; Elizabeth often boxed the ears of her maids of honor, and sometimes of her nobles; neither compromised princeliness in doing so. A similar want of reserve is indulged, with similar immunity, by Mr. Lloyd George, and he even derives, as the Tudors did, a specific political advantage from it.

Mr. Asquith fell, no doubt, partly from his own weakness; but his fall was certainly accelerated by the attacks of Lord Northcliffe's newspapers. On the one side, there was a chorus of cleverly manipulated depreciation, in every key and genre, from the organ notes of the Times to the syncopated shrillness of the cheaper dailies and weeklies. Every hour of the day,—week after week, month after month,—the attack was maintained, with all the art of a supreme genius in the manipulation of public opinion. On the other side, was dignified and even wooden silence. Mr. Asquith, with Peel and Gladstone in his mind's eye, winced, but did not retort; he rashly deemed it beneath him to take cognizance of a thing not less obvious than Niagara, and (for one in his position) not less dangerous.

Mr. Lloyd George, more alive to actuality, took care not to make the same mistake when his own time came. When he in turn was galled by the same converging fire, he let no question of the dignity of a minister of the crown qualify the sting and destructive force of his repartee. He treated Lord Northcliffe exactly as he used to treat an impudent back-bencher, or a truculent opposition leader, or the late German emperor. With a sort of gay ferocity, he aimed straight at the weak point in his opponent's harness, got in his weapon, and turned it round with cruel glee.

Lord Northcliffe says this and that. Why does he say this and that? Of course, everybody knows that it was because— And here followed exactly the last thing the great journalist would like to have the public know. For Lord Northcliffe, while contemptuous of what he calls "newspaper shrapnel,"—the kind of criticism that has only a general objective,—is easily terrorized by fire that is carefully aimed and threatens to let daylight into his own dugouts. He has never quite recovered from the prime minister's perfectly undignified and very effective riposte. The press campaign goes on, of course, and more bitterly and bantering speech certainly impaired its moral value. By treating the matter in the spirit of a personal vendetta, Mr. Lloyd George has succeeded in getting it largely recognized as such.

This freedom from restraint is, I repeat, a great source of strength to Mr. Lloyd George. It makes people think twice before they cross him. The knowledge that no consideration will count with him when his back is to the wall; that he will fight, not only with blade and fist, but with feet and nails, if necessary, undoubtedly crows much opposition that might otherwise declare itself.

If.

(After Kipling.)

If you can keep your head while all about you
Are losing theirs and trying to turn things back,
If you can hold your breath while times are changing,
Keep looking forward, see the onward track,
If you can run your shop when business slackens,
Nor profit by the workers' strike or their
Refrain from signing power though you have it,
But keep on doing what is right instead,
If you can see how much depends upon you,
Because there are two men for every job,
See them forget the profits they've been making,
And talk about their people as "the mob"
If you can see that the next year's profits
Should partly go to pay for this year's loss,
That you must play the game with utmost fairness,
Because the world expects it of a boss,
If at times like this, when others yield to greed,
If you can hold now to the best that's in you,
Refuse to profit by your workers' need,
If you can hold the weak-kneed to their duty,
And make them see that selfishness is wrong,
That strife and a ruggle can bring naught but losses,
That naught but harmony can make us strong,
If you can keep yourself from present grabbing,
Can show the weak that meanness never pays,
Can hold the path of right without a falter,
Can show them how it leads to better days,
If you can make your fellows see that losses
Must come to all who do not play the game,
Yours is the Earth, my son, and all that's in it;
You'll be a man—and win a place of fame!

—Fred H. Calvin, in New York Times.

You Can't Please 'Em All.
From the Atlanta Constitution.
A dear old lady from Oklahoma who had never crossed the Mississippi river before, attended the convention of the Daughters of the American Revolution in Washington.
The congressman from her district wanted to be courteous to her, and show her some of the city.
He called at her hotel one evening and, after passing a few words of greeting, inquired if she would not stroll with him through "Fenwick alley"—that famous corridor of all fashions, that connects Pennsylvania avenue and "F" streets, through the Willard hotel.
"I'll have you understand, young fellow, I'm not the kind to be 'strolling' through these here eastern city alleys with men at night, and if I tell my grandsons back home in Oklahoma about your proposal, they'll make it hot for you next election."
Well, you just can't please everybody. Anyhow, congressmen will tell you that.

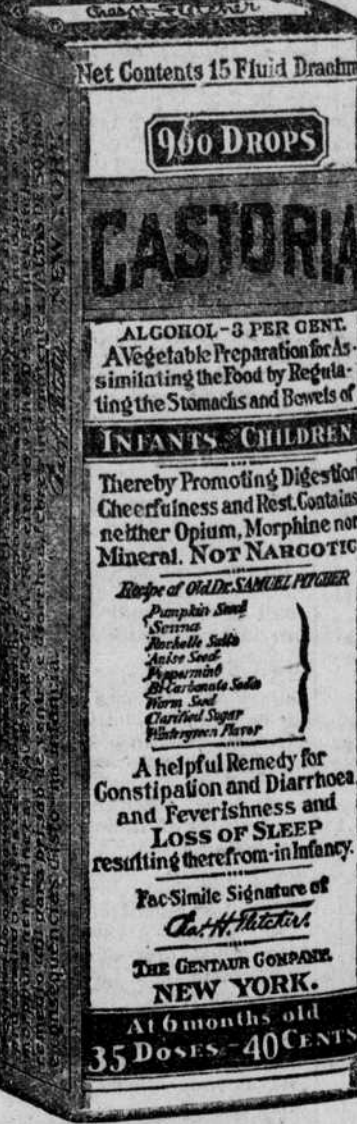
Traditions in Lying Menaced.
From the Minneapolis Tribune.
It will be a grave mistake if the ocean steamship companies carry out their announced intention of placing professional liars on the ocean liners. For many reasons that would be a step in the wrong direction. It would create a professional class in a field where amateurism has hitherto been supreme. It would imperil avocations, not merely at sea, but over the land, for it would raise up professional competition against at least one on every group in the smoking compartments of the railroad trains. It would infect commercialism into mendacity which heretofore has flourished.

Ingratiating.
"This is the fifth time you have been brought up before me," said the judge severely.
"Yes, your honor," smiled the offender. "When I like a fellow I generally give him all me business."

Dutch Guinea Cannibals.
From Scribner's Magazine.
Though the population of Dutch New Guinea is estimated at 250,000, the predilection of its fuzzy-haired inhabitants for human flesh has discouraged the Dutch census takers from making an accurate enumeration, as the Papuan cannibal does not hesitate to sacrifice the needs of science to those of the cooking pot. Though New Guinea is believed to be enormously rich in natural resources, and has many excellent harbors, the Dutch have thus far only nibbled at its edges. The secrets of its mysterious interior can only be conjectured. The natives are as degraded as any in the world; their principal vocation is hunting birds of paradise, whose plumage command high prices in the European market; the chief avocation in recent years has been staging imitation cannibal feasts for the benefit of motion picture expeditions.

Warning.
Ask me nothing now, my dear—
The stars are all too large and near;
At dusk the peepers in the pool
Make my pulses play the fool;
Robins with morning winds awake
And in my spirit barriers break;
The willows are too golden green,
The grasses are to young and clean,
The little brooks too loud and swift,
Too red a crest the maples lift.
The heart of life beats high and glad—
Can we keep wise when earth goes mad?
Do not ask me anything
Least misfortune fall,
I am in love with Love and Spring
And not with you at all!
—Amelia Josephine Burr, in The Outlook.

Condensing Einstein.
From the Manchester Union.
Einstein explains the dazed condition of the world on the ground that its coming out of the ether.



Net Contents 15 Fluid Drams

960 DROPS

CASTORIA

ALCOHOL—3 PER CENT.

Vegetable Preparation for Assuaging the Food by Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of INFANTS AND CHILDREN

Thereby Promoting Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.

Prepared by

Charles H. Fletcher

A helpful Remedy for Constipation and Diarrhea, and Feverishness and Loss of Sleep resulting therefrom in Infancy.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK.

At 6 months old 35 Doses—40 CENTS

Exact Copy of Wrapper.

Children Cry For



Special Care of Baby.

That Baby should have a bed of its own are agreed, but it is more reasonable for an infant to sleep with grown-ups than to use a man's medicine in an attempt to regulate the delicate organism of that same infant. Either practice is to be shunned. Neither would be tolerated by specialists in children's diseases.

Your Physician will tell you that Baby's medicine must be prepared with even greater care than Baby's food.

A Baby's stomach when in good health is too often disarranged by improper food. Could you for a moment, then, think of giving to your *ailing* child anything but a medicine especially prepared for Infants and Children? Don't be deceived.

Make a mental note of this:—It is important, Mothers, that you should remember that to function well, the digestive organs of your Baby must receive special care. No Baby is so abnormal that the desired results may be had from the use of medicines primarily prepared for grown-ups.

MOTHERS SHOULD READ THE BOOKLET THAT IS AROUND EVERY BOTTLE OF FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Charles H. Fletcher

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

TENOR "CARRIED THE TUNE"

Distribution of Voices in the Singing of Old Ecclesiastical Songs, and in Opera.

In the old ecclesiastical songs the voice which sang the chant melody, and around which other parts grouped themselves was called the "tenor." This task had to be intrusted to the person with the highest or loudest voice. The word is derived from the Latin *tenere* (to hold) and meant nothing more than that the tenor "carried the tune."

Voices were not formerly distributed as at present. W. J. Henderson in his "Early History of Singing" says: "We should undoubtedly be amazed to find Julius Caesar singing soprano or Achilles contralto, but the opera goers of the Seventeenth century would have been much astonished if either of them had been a barytone or a bass. At most they could have been tenors, but neither in that case would have been the principal personages in the drama. He would surely have been a soprano."

Acting the Part.
Smith visited his friend Jones, the playwright, and observed with regret that Jones treated his wife shamefully. So he said to Jones: "Why do you talk so roughly to your wife?"
"I hate doing it, but I'm obliged to," returned Jones.
"How are you obliged to?"
"You see, I am writing a tragedy and I have to keep myself in a proper frame of mind. You should see how I fluff with her when I'm writing comedy!"—Houston Post.

Why They Don't Speak.
Doris—"Most people admire my mouth. Do you?" Jack (absent-mindedly)—"I think it is simply immense!"

A good thing ceases to be a good thing when we get too much of it.

A RELIABLE FIRM TO SHIP TO

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LIVE STOCK COMMISSION

CATTLE, HOGS AND SHEEP

"SERVICE THAT SERVES"

Accurate Market Reports Gladly Furnished Free

SIoux CITY CHICAGO SIoux FALLS

NEW THE WORD OF COMMAND

Old Lady Quick to Recognize Phrase That She Had Heard Used by Her Willie.

Really Not Small Boy's Fault That He Was Unable to Comply With Mother's Advice.

Senator McCumber, chairman of the senate finance committee, was discussing these exposures of terrific profiteering on the part of dollar-a-year patriots.

"We must not be too hard on these misguided men," he said with a wink. "They occupied positions of great temptation, you know. It is easier to sermonize about temptation than to resist it."

"These weak, culpable and yet well-meaning men remind me of little Willie."

"Little Willie stole a quarter one day out of his mother's pocketbook. His mother detected the theft and trounced him severely. Then she preached him a long sermon concluding with:

"It's all a matter of resisting temptation. Always, always turn a deaf ear to temptation, son."

"Little Willie stopped his sobbing long enough to say:

"But, mom, I ain't got no deaf ear."

Apropos.
It was a school-day romance, and though we went to different schools, we always managed to go home together. Before long it was well known that Alice and Jim were sweethearts; and our names were often linked together. One day Jim visited our school and came into our Spanish class. I was asked to recite, and there were loud, gleeful exclamations when I innocently translated the sentence "I go to visit my friend Jim, who greets me affectionately."—Exclamation.

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For this beautiful gold-filled Ring set with fine sparkling imitation gem, any color you wish. Send fifty cents with your name and address and a ring exactly like illustration will be sent prepaid. If not satisfied return it in three days and your money will be refunded. Send measurement of finger and be sure to state color of stone wanted. Colley, P.O. Box 249, Providence, R.I.

Don't Count Your Night Hours

Counting the clock strokes at night means losing the day hours in drowsiness. A cup of tea or coffee at bedtime often results in dreary wakefulness.

POSTUM CEREAL

is a hot, cheering, meal-time beverage, fully satisfying to the taste, and you can drink it at any hour of the day—as many cups as you like—with no irritation to nerves.

Better nights and brighter mornings usually follow a change to Postum as the table drink.

"There's a Reason"

Made by Postum Cereal Co., Inc Battle Creek, Mich.

80 Years Old — Was Sick

Now Feels Young After Taking E tonic for Sour Stomach

"I had sour stomach ever since I had the grip and it bothered me badly. Have taken E tonic only a week and am much better. Am 80 years old," says Mrs. John Hill.

E tonic quickly relieves sour stomach, indigestion, heartburn, bloating and distress after eating because it takes up and carries out the excess acidity and gases which cause most stomach ailments. If you have "tried everything" and still suffer, do not give up hope. E tonic has brought relief to tens of thousands like you. A big box costs but a trifle with your druggist's guarantee.

FRECKLES POSITIVELY REMOVED by Dr. Barry's Freckle Cream. Price 25c. Dr. Barry's Freckle Cream, 257 1/2 Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

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