

THE DELUSION OF JOHN IRWIN.

Being the Strange Story of a Bright Brain and What \$13 Did to It
By HOWARD FIELDING.

(Copyright, 1899, by Howard Fielding.)

The upstairs girl rushed into my room to tell me that something was the matter with Mr. Irwin. In itself the information was not important; indeed, it was no real information at all. Something always was the matter with Mr. Irwin; always had been, to the best of my knowledge and belief. The gentleman himself once told me that it began 300 years before he was born. His earliest known ancestor flourished—in vainly tried to flourish—in London near the close of the sixteenth century; and nothing is now remembered of him except that he was always in trouble. The capacity for being so was his only legacy, and it had never passed out of the family.

Such being the case, the servant's words meant nothing; but her face was so relevant. She was frightened out of her wits. The spectacle of ordinary human suffering could not have alarmed nor even interested one who had served in Mrs. Reardon's boarding house for a period of seven years; therefore, I was led to suspect a distinctly unusual occurrence. If something was the matter with Mr. Irwin that had never been the matter with him before, it must be worth looking at; and upon this consideration I ascended two flights of stairs to the gentleman's apartment.

It must not be inferred from what I have said about Irwin's troubles that he was blind or crippled, ill of any grave disease, or that he frequently was, but his friend, Dr. Bland, who attended him gratis, always said it was mere accident—an obscure dietary indiscretion, a stray pismir in the lobster salad, or a mouthful of air from a New York street excavation. In appearance he was healthy enough, though worn thin by worry, and prematurely grey.

This room was the farthest from the front door, and worth \$7 a week, with board, by Mr. Reardon's scale of prices. It was a moderate charge for one who earned so good an income with his pen, yet Irwin was always bothering me on Saturdays for a couple of dollars to piece out Mrs. Reardon's money; and he would whom found packing his trunk to Cooney Island on Sunday. What he did with his money heaven knows. He spoke of debt, but when he contracted it I cannot guess, unless the rumor that he had been so foolish as to assume his brother's be accurate.

I found him pacing the floor, though there was little room for such exercise. His hair was rumpled, and the collar of his shirt had been ripped from its fastenings in front. "Seven and seven are fourteen," said he, "and three are seventeen and one makes eighteen, and four make—Blessed heaven! I must have some money."

"What's the matter, Irwin?" I demanded. "What are you raising such a row about?" "Say ten," said he. "Ten and four are fourteen, and one makes fifteen, and four—"

"Sit down and keep quiet," said I. "You've been overworking in the hot place, and you mustn't do it any more. What you need is rest." "Blessed heaven!" he cried. "I must have some money."

"You worry too much," said I. "Don't do it. Let the other fellow walk the floor." And I tried to make him sit down upon the bed. "Seven and four are eleven, and one—"

"For heaven's sake, old man, quit flustering!" I exclaimed. "Here's nothing in it. Come and take a walk. This room is an oven."

"As a matter of fact that back attic is built on a plan which divine mercy rejected when perdition was in contemplation. Irwin was bound to work in that place, and he has been in the hottest August yet for days and nights, and he's come back with a fever." I had been writing for the Gravestend literary syndicate. It was sheer foolishness, and I had often asked him why he did not hire a better room.

"Wait a minute," said Irwin. "I could fix it this way. Seven and four are eleven, and four ones make fifteen. But what's the use? Blessed heaven! I must have some money." "Money is of small value compared to health," said I. "Go down and engage Mrs. Reardon's back room on the second floor. Coolest room in the house; I wish I could afford it myself. Hello, here's Dr. Bland."

"What seems to be the matter, John?" inquired the doctor. "In the name of heaven," replied Irwin. "I must have some money."

"Bland rummaged in his pockets, and finally pulled out a leather case, from which he extracted a physician's thermometer. "Take this," said he, "and put it under your tongue."

Irwin complied readily enough, but he would not stop pacing the floor and, as he walked, with the thermometer sticking out of his mouth, he continued to make figures on the envelope.

"How long has he been this way?" asked the doctor of me. "I don't know," I replied. "The girl told me about it. Did she call you?" "Yes," said he. "I'm glad she had the sense to do it. John looks pretty bad."

Catarrh.

Mr. B. P. McAllister, Harrodsburg, Ky., says: "I employed numerous methods of local treatment for a severe case of Catarrh, but the disease grew worse steadily getting a firmer grip on me all the time. I finally realized that this treatment did not reach the disease, and decided to try Swift's Specific."

S. S. S. For Blood

which promptly got at the seat of the trouble, and cured me permanently. Catarrh is a blood disease and can not be reached by sprays, inhaling mixtures, etc. S. S. S. is the only cure. Send for valuable books mailed free by Swift Specific Company, Atlanta, Ga.

before the eminent specialist arrived John began to add his sevens and fours and ones louder than ever, as though he were talking to himself.

"The great physician looked pleased. I am told that he always assumes that expression when a case presents unusual features. He proceeded to put John through the tests for paresis, paranoia, dipsomania and other forms of demontical possession, and all the time poor Irwin was calling for money at the top of his voice."

"What he needs," said Dr. Rokey, "is regular, systematic hospital treatment. We ought to have him in our sanitarium at Flatbush tomorrow morning. As to the precise nature of his malady I should not care to speak at this time. The only pronounced symptom is this delusion of the need of money, but that might appear in many forms of insanity. Do you concur, Mr. Bland?"

Dr. Bland concurred, and thus it happened that he and Irwin, with Mr. Bellows and myself, rode over to Flatbush next morning in a hired carriage, which cost the philanthropist \$15. I presume his own equipage must have been very elaborate. Irwin behaved very well, except for his unending additions, punctuated with the same old cry, "I must, I must have some money!"

"During the next three weeks I was a regular visitor to the sanitarium, where John's case excited the greatest interest. Neither care nor exercise was spared, and yet there was not the slightest change in the patient's condition. I was returning disheartened from one of these visits when, at the New York end of the big bridge, I was accosted by a bronzed and weather-beaten man whom I had not seen three times that he was Barney Moran before I would believe him."

"I thought you were in Porto Rico drawing pictures for the Globe," said I. "The Globe sent me down there," replied the artist, "and then wired me that the hurricane was cutting little interest in America and so I'd better come home. I wired back for money to buy a return ticket and didn't get it, so I worked my way up in the stoke-hole of a steamer. I tell you, Frank, there's no destitution in Porto Rico, but not nearly so much as when I was there. I lived on the bark of trees and had my rain-water for three days. However, they fed me well on the steamer, only I was so blamed seakick that I couldn't eat anything. But never mind my troubles. What's this I hear about John Irwin?"

"I'd go over and see him this minute," said Barney, "if I had the car fare, but I haven't. I'll raise a dollar, somehow, between now and tomorrow forenoon, and if there's anything I can do for John—" "Belongs and I am going over with you to-night," said I. "Come over with us. You can work Bellows for the car fare."

The artist was waiting for us at the bridge entrance next morning, and we all rode together. On the way Mr. Bellows confided to us the information that he was considering a new move in the case. It happened that Dr. Rudolph Ehrlich of Berlin—probably the greatest living authority on brain diseases—was in America and was about to be held in Boston, where he had been attending a scientific convention. Of course the expense would be considerable, though not beyond the means of the wealthy philanthropist. He had decided to take the step if Dr. Rokey saw no objection.

We found Irwin in bed in a neat and airy room, tossing about like a man in a strychnine convulsion. He had been kept in bed most of the time, but had slept very little. Even in sleep the same strange delusion haunted him, so that he never woke refreshed. Of course the nurse would find him sitting upright against the head-board—as if the unseen enemy had thrust him back with a hand upon his throat—and struggling with his unintelligible problems of figures."

"Moran, who, as an Irishman and an artist, has double cause to be emotional, shed tears at the sight of his friend. "Dear old fellow," he cried, grasping both of the patient's restless hands and holding them true and steady, as he leaned forward across the bed. "Isn't there something—the man and to feel the better for his presence."

"How much do I owe Mrs. Reardon?" he asked, in a vague, wandering way. "It must be seven and seven and seven and seven, and yet—with fifteen more—two sevens are fourteen and one for me—two sevens are fourteen and a cup of coffee for five cents at Dobbin's. Of course I don't want a fellow can work on it and the sandwich is a foundation for a smoke, even if nobody can digest it. But what's the use? I can't get through. The Gravestend story would have paid the last of my brother's debts. If—if—if: Seven and seven are fourteen. I must, I must have some money."

"His conversation is somewhat more rational this morning," remarked Dr. Rokey, "more connected, as you see. Yet the fixed idea—the fixed idea—" "In the name of heaven!" cried Irwin, starting back against the brass and iron heading of the bed. "I must have some money!"

"Why, gentlemen," said Moran, turning to us, "he says he needs money." "Not an uncommon delusion," said Dr. Rokey, smiling. "I never saw it before," replied the artist. "I have met those whose need was not what they declared. The underserving beggar on the street, the habitual borrower, who does not pay, will add a lie to bolster up their pleas. Yet all speak the truth in this: They do actually want the money and would be the happier for it. Even the fellow who will spend what you give him for drink feels a real craving that you and I may not understand, or sympathize with, but it's real, for he proves it by doing himself, food and shelter. As for John here, it's obvious what he wants. He wants the means to live till he can finish his story."

"He had \$16 in his pocket when he was taken with this delusion," said I. "And can't you see what he was trying to do with it?" said Moran. "He's trying to add up \$28 of petty obligations in such a way that the total won't be more than \$16. I've played that game and the devil invented it. A man with a conscience can go crazy at it without any trouble at all."

"You do not fancy that money would do him any good?" queried Bellows. "Fancy! I know it!" retorted Moran. "He says so himself, and I believe him. Where's his \$16?"

"In the safe down stairs," said Dr. Rokey, "John," said Moran, speaking very distinctly, "you've got \$16 in the safe down stairs that you can have any time you want it, and Mr. Bellows is going to lend you \$12 more. Here it is."

"As he spoke he took the amount which Mr. Bellows had counted out and gave it to John. "That's \$28," muttered Irwin, "seven and seven are fourteen, and four are eighteen and four are twenty-two and three are twenty-seven, and one for the washerwoman. Why—why, that leaves one—it can't be so. Frank, give me a piece of paper."

work in season to be present when John awoke. Dr. Rokey and Bellows were also in the room when the patient opened his eyes. He seemed refreshed and his expression had changed radically. He looked perfectly sane and when he spoke it was quite with sense and precision. Singularly enough, he had a fairly accurate memory of what had occurred, except regarding time. He fancied that he had been in the sanitarium only a day. He remembered the loan made by Bellows and expressed the proper gratitude.

"I feel like going to work at once," he said. "I can finish my Gravestend story in a few days and my pen has hardly the end of all my troubles is near."

"As he spoke he gave a hand to Moran, who of all of us was certainly best able to appreciate his feeling. Poor John! The end of all his troubles was nearer than he supposed."

"We are all extremely gratified by this favorable termination of our labors," said Bellows. "We have done our poor best and have saved a fellow-creature. You regard him as saved, do you not, Dr. Rokey?" "He's as sane as I am," replied the distinguished specialist. "The record of this institution," he added, turning to me, "is really wonderful. You ought to look into it."

And he favored me with a few statistics. Meanwhile Irwin was dressing, assisted by Moran. "By the way," said Bellows, "now that you're well again, Mr. Irwin, suppose you won't send the artist like a message to Moran anyway. I fancy that green paper would have done as well."

"All that was needed," said Dr. Rokey, "was to displace the fixed idea—the singular delusion that held all the mind captive. Mr. Moran's experiment was very shrewd. I had been about suggesting it myself. Irwin was just turning away the \$13 in his waistcoat pocket. Behind John's back Moran was making frantic signs to Bellows, who did not comprehend them."

"I always pay a debt when I have the money," said Irwin. "Sometimes I have thought myself heavy, while others, probably, have cursed my slowness. It happens one to be absolutely penniless and by the limitation of his earnings postpones his day of freedom from all debt. However, I have \$16 in the safe. Let me see—seven and seven—Barney, old man, my head hurts—hold me!"

"A GREAT HUNTING GROUND.

An Abundance of Game of Every Description in Alaska.

It is a remarkable fact that game is actually on the increase in Alaska today, reports Forest and Stream. It is well known that the moose was for many years almost entirely driven from the forests of Lower Canada and the United States by the constant onslaughts of the hunter, but it has gradually traveled westward and northward until it has finally reached the Alaskan mountains, and, breeding for years practically free from molestation, it has become abundant there today. When the agents of the Hudson Bay company first appeared in its vicinity they found the Indians dwelling about the Hyland river bending to accept it or to have anything to do with the country about its headwaters, superstitiously maintaining that long before, as a party of braves of their tribe were ascending the river in a canoe, suddenly a terrible black something overran the canyon and drowned most of the hunters in the whirlpool. Might not the legend have been an account, exaggerated by the simple and overwrought Indians of their first meeting with a moose, especially as during the summer months the animal gets a sand in the eye, and the hunters, standing shoulder deep in the water to avoid insects? An untutored Indian, unfamiliar with the moose and its character, meeting it for the first time, might well be impressed with superstitious awe and dread, such a powerful and formidable front does it often present.

A second factor which has resulted in the increase of game animals in Alaska is the manner in which the Indians and white hunters as well, following their example, capture game as they may stand in need of it. The country being, as a general thing, rough and difficult to traverse, the hunters paddle along some waterway in his canoe, scanning the banks as he goes until he comes upon his quarry feeding or loafing at the water's edge. The most of the vast interior of the country at a distance from the streams and navigable waterways is seldom visited by the hunter, and as a consequence his wild animal life augments from year to year. So Alaska has proved the natural corral of the continent, into which all its game animals have gradually been driven and penned in amid surroundings which are far from being unfavorable. In fact, here they have found a refuge admirably adapted to their needs, and are being steadily thriving and increasing until Alaska today has become one of the best natural game preserves in the world. Some moose and caribou roam its swamps in search of tender shoots, mountain goat nibble the grasses and mosses of the higher mountain slopes, and black and brown bears prowling around in the darkest recesses of the forests and along the streams in search of fish. The spruce grouse is abundant in the dense evergreen woods, and excellent success the blue grouse is also to be found in the upper timber belts of the mountain sides, and ptarmigan on the sunny cliffs and barrens.

"I'm glad to see you're well again, Mr. Irwin, suppose you won't send the artist like a message to Moran anyway. I fancy that green paper would have done as well."

"All that was needed," said Dr. Rokey, "was to displace the fixed idea—the singular delusion that held all the mind captive. Mr. Moran's experiment was very shrewd. I had been about suggesting it myself. Irwin was just turning away the \$13 in his waistcoat pocket. Behind John's back Moran was making frantic signs to Bellows, who did not comprehend them."

"I always pay a debt when I have the money," said Irwin. "Sometimes I have thought myself heavy, while others, probably, have cursed my slowness. It happens one to be absolutely penniless and by the limitation of his earnings postpones his day of freedom from all debt. However, I have \$16 in the safe. Let me see—seven and seven—Barney, old man, my head hurts—hold me!"

"A GREAT HUNTING GROUND.

An Abundance of Game of Every Description in Alaska.

It is a remarkable fact that game is actually on the increase in Alaska today, reports Forest and Stream. It is well known that the moose was for many years almost entirely driven from the forests of Lower Canada and the United States by the constant onslaughts of the hunter, but it has gradually traveled westward and northward until it has finally reached the Alaskan mountains, and, breeding for years practically free from molestation, it has become abundant there today. When the agents of the Hudson Bay company first appeared in its vicinity they found the Indians dwelling about the Hyland river bending to accept it or to have anything to do with the country about its headwaters, superstitiously maintaining that long before, as a party of braves of their tribe were ascending the river in a canoe, suddenly a terrible black something overran the canyon and drowned most of the hunters in the whirlpool. Might not the legend have been an account, exaggerated by the simple and overwrought Indians of their first meeting with a moose, especially as during the summer months the animal gets a sand in the eye, and the hunters, standing shoulder deep in the water to avoid insects? An untutored Indian, unfamiliar with the moose and its character, meeting it for the first time, might well be impressed with superstitious awe and dread, such a powerful and formidable front does it often present.

A second factor which has resulted in the increase of game animals in Alaska is the manner in which the Indians and white hunters as well, following their example, capture game as they may stand in need of it. The country being, as a general thing, rough and difficult to traverse, the hunters paddle along some waterway in his canoe, scanning the banks as he goes until he comes upon his quarry feeding or loafing at the water's edge. The most of the vast interior of the country at a distance from the streams and navigable waterways is seldom visited by the hunter, and as a consequence his wild animal life augments from year to year. So Alaska has proved the natural corral of the continent, into which all its game animals have gradually been driven and penned in amid surroundings which are far from being unfavorable. In fact, here they have found a refuge admirably adapted to their needs, and are being steadily thriving and increasing until Alaska today has become one of the best natural game preserves in the world. Some moose and caribou roam its swamps in search of tender shoots, mountain goat nibble the grasses and mosses of the higher mountain slopes, and black and brown bears prowling around in the darkest recesses of the forests and along the streams in search of fish. The spruce grouse is abundant in the dense evergreen woods, and excellent success the blue grouse is also to be found in the upper timber belts of the mountain sides, and ptarmigan on the sunny cliffs and barrens.

"I'm glad to see you're well again, Mr. Irwin, suppose you won't send the artist like a message to Moran anyway. I fancy that green paper would have done as well."

"All that was needed," said Dr. Rokey, "was to displace the fixed idea—the singular delusion that held all the mind captive. Mr. Moran's experiment was very shrewd. I had been about suggesting it myself. Irwin was just turning away the \$13 in his waistcoat pocket. Behind John's back Moran was making frantic signs to Bellows, who did not comprehend them."

"I always pay a debt when I have the money," said Irwin. "Sometimes I have thought myself heavy, while others, probably, have cursed my slowness. It happens one to be absolutely penniless and by the limitation of his earnings postpones his day of freedom from all debt. However, I have \$16 in the safe. Let me see—seven and seven—Barney, old man, my head hurts—hold me!"

Rabbits are plentiful everywhere, and as a matter of course, their deadly foe, the fox, is usually not far away. The same such a variety of employment for his gun if only he possesses the necessary knowledge and skill at woodcraft to enable him to properly search out and approach his game.

"The climate of Alaska is not nearly as hard and severe as many imagine it to be in the vicinity of the coast warm winds from the Pacific ocean temper the atmosphere, and even far inland, although the thermometer sometimes falls as low as 60 and more degrees below zero, yet these cold snaps are soon over and are not abnormally frequent. With the exception of the vicinity of the coast, the snowfall reaches a depth of no greater than that of Maine or Nova Scotia, and the winters, though somewhat long, are still quite similar to the 'old-fashioned' winters of northern New England. Though the first snowfall occurs about the middle of September, yet winter does not set in earnest before November, and after that there is a long and unbroken period. The winter has seen the snow fifteen feet deep in places in his New England home, and if Alaskan drifts add a few feet to their depth, the casual observer would be unable to detect the difference."

"Many a man has taken the entire winter in Alaska in a shelter tent and come out none the worse for the experience. But with the visiting sportsman, planning to stay throughout the winter, there is no room for such self-imposed hardships, as timber is plenty, and a warm and comfortable log-house can be kept as good as a New England homestead, in spite of the whistling winds without."

"The country is all so comparatively new and undeveloped that one does not need to undertake a long and wearisome journey far from the most isolated trading post to get into a region promising any fair prospect of sport, for a comparatively short jaunt from almost any of the settlements brings one into the heart of good game country. Returning miners say that they have no difficulty in keeping themselves in meat if adept in the use of the rifle, and unanimously agree that the whole region is well stocked with, for the present, a well-nigh limitless supply of a large variety of game such as the huntsman will search for in vain anywhere else."

POLITE CHURCH REPORTEE.

Wild Western Editor Ready to Challenge a Clergyman.

A "revelant" gent of Colorado Springs, observes the Colorado Hammer, "doing business at the First Presbyterian church and named W. J. W. Boyle, has attempted to decry the Hammer by intimating to his congregation that the sheet is an infidel one. In his sermon (?) on the evening of October 1, so I have been informed, he compared it with an aesthetic publication printed at some time in Denver. His play on words when he suggested that the bible had been 'hammered' for such a length of time and still retained its shape, was real cute, but his innuendo was decidedly punk, and his suggestion not borne out by facts. While the 'gent' was doing his peculiar variety of sociological stunts and incidentally libeling the Hammer, its editor was warning a pew-cushman in an orthodox church. It is a matter of the utmost indifference to me whether Boyle reads the Hammer or not, but I would suggest to him that if he wants a real live text, I'll let him look over the sheet of the Hammer at any time and get a subject that will keep his congregation from falling asleep while he is talking. I know nothing about Boyle, yet if he wants to begin a war on a legitimate enterprise which is in no way antagonistic to him or his game, let him sit in and I'll try to entertain him. Life is made up of small things, and you need to be careful of what you say. There is absolutely nothing to pay some little attention to them."

Inspiration on Trip.

Detroit Free Press: "You are falling off in your actin'," said the manager to the leading lady.

"Purely a sympathetic going backward. Payment of the three weeks' salary due me will restore my histrionic power with more than their pristine efficacy. There is absolutely nothing so depressing to art as failure to connect regularly with the box office."

TO PROVE

its great curative properties a free sample will be sent by mail prepaid to any address on request.

OZOJELL CURE, 219 Temple Court, New York

The Common Sense of Catarrh

It is a fact that catarrh is inflammation. To try to cure it by old-fashioned or unscientific methods is only to make it worse. The most scientific and simplest way is to treat it locally by the use of

OZOJELL

the bland, demulcent, healing jelly that soothes, relieves, and cures. Easy to apply, pleasant to use, prompt and permanent in results. The formula of Herr J. Muller, Physician in Ordinary to the Emperor of Austria, and is for sale by all druggists in 50-cent patent Ozojell nasal tubes.

TO PROVE its great curative properties a free sample will be sent by mail prepaid to any address on request.

OZOJELL CURE, 219 Temple Court, New York

Free Advice by our physicians and a FREE SAMPLE of our medicine—also Free Home Treatment—a 16-page illustrated book describing symptoms and causes of disease with best treatment, also many valuable receipts and prescriptions in plain language, saving you heavy doctor's bills; ask for it

Dr. Kay's Renovator

Cures the very worst cases of Dyspepsia, Constipation, Headache, Palpitation of Heart, Kidney and Liver Diseases and bad results of La Grippe. Send for proof of it. Write us about all your symptoms. Sold by druggists—don't accept any substitute, but send us \$25, or \$1.00 and we will send Dr. Kay's Renovator by return mail.

DR. B. J. KAY MEDICAL CO., Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

THE STAR MILWAUKEE BEER

It's Blatz for Quality Every Time

AND A CASE OF BLATZ BEER IN YOUR HOUSE WILL BE SURE TO PROVE AN APPROPRIATE PROPOSITION ON MANY OCCASIONS.

SHALL WE SEND YOU A CASE?

Omaha Branch

4412 Douglas St., Tel. 1081.

VAL BLATZ BREWING CO.

A B C D E F G

H I J K L M

N O P Q R S

T U V W X Y Z

Don't Jar Your Lungs

with a constant hacking cough. It only keeps up the irritation that the cough is a sign of. This irritation, if not allayed, will soon lead to worse things, and deadly diseases such as pneumonia, consumption, etc., may arise from it.

There are many cheap and inferior cough syrups, etc., on the market, but none with such potency for cure as

Coltesfoote Expectorant

Made of the rarest and purest ingredients after the formula of an old established physician, full particulars in regard to which go with every bottle.

Coltesfoote Expectorant is not a secret remedy. It is a combination of selected vegetable ingredients of unfailing power over coughs, sore throats, irritation, hoarseness, pain in the chest and all diseases of the respiratory tract.

Nothing like it in the world.

Coltesfoote Expectorant is for sale by all druggists.

The Common Sense of Catarrh

OZOJELL

the bland, demulcent, healing jelly that soothes, relieves, and cures. Easy to apply, pleasant to use, prompt and permanent in results. The formula of Herr J. Muller, Physician in Ordinary to the Emperor of Austria, and is for sale by all druggists in 50-cent patent Ozojell nasal tubes.

TO PROVE its great curative properties a free sample will be sent by mail prepaid to any address on request.

OZOJELL CURE, 219 Temple Court, New York

Dr. Kay's Renovator

Cures the very worst cases of Dyspepsia, Constipation, Headache, Palpitation of Heart, Kidney and Liver Diseases and bad results of La Grippe. Send for proof of it. Write us about all your symptoms. Sold by druggists—don't accept any substitute, but send us \$25, or \$1.00 and we will send Dr. Kay's Renovator by return mail.

DR. B. J. KAY MEDICAL CO., Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

THE STAR MILWAUKEE BEER

It's Blatz for Quality Every Time

AND A CASE OF BLATZ BEER IN YOUR HOUSE WILL BE SURE TO PROVE AN APPROPRIATE PROPOSITION ON MANY OCCASIONS.

SHALL WE SEND YOU A CASE?

Omaha Branch

4412 Douglas St., Tel. 1081.

VAL BLATZ BREWING CO.

A B C D E F G

H I J K L M

N O P Q R S

T U V W X Y Z

Val Blatz Brewing Co. advertisement and logo with text "It's Blatz for Quality Every Time" and "And a case of Blatz Beer in your house will be sure to prove an appropriate proposition on many occasions. Shall we send you a case? Omaha Branch 4412 Douglas St., Tel. 1081. Val Blatz Brewing Co."