



START THE NEW YEAR RIGHT

Don't let the Drink Disease rule you all your life. Throw aside the load that is worrying yourself, your family and your friends by taking the Celebrated Keeley Cure

"I have sent about two hundred of my employees, from butchers to foremen, and all have been permanently cured. [From a personal letter to Dr. Keeley.] I do not think there is any one thing or any one man who ever did the good to humanity that you are doing with your cure."
P. D. ARMOUR, Chicago, Ill.
Late Head of the Armour Packing Co.

The late Francis Murphy, the World Renowned Temperance Reformer, says:—"I am fully persuaded that the Dr. Keeley Cure for inebriety can be justly called miraculous."

Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage said:—"The Keeley Cure has saved when nothing else under heaven would. It has on it the mark of approval of the Lord God Almighty."

Bishop Shanley Says:—"It is because I know it does save them—because I know it is God's truth that I take the deepest interest in the Keeley Cure."

No Bad Effects Result From the Keeley Cure

The Keeley Institute is a Home-Like Place Where Men Are Cured Without Publicity.

Prominent Doctors Endorse the Keeley Cure

Life Will Be Worth Living After You Have Taken the Keeley Cure

The Keeley Cure has stood the test of time as a permanent cure for Liquor, Morphine and other Drug Addictions, Cigarette and Tobacco Habits

Hundreds of men in the West, in all walks of life have been cured at the Keeley Institute. They are our grateful friends now. In every county in the State of Nebraska we can refer you to some reliable man who has been treated successfully at this institute.

House physician in constant attendance. Write at once for booklet "Facts About The Keeley Cure," or apply in person. All correspondence confidential. Take Harney street car from either depot direct to door.

THE KEELEY INSTITUTE — WM. R. BURNS, Mgr. —
COR. 25th AND CASS STS. : : TEL. DOUGLAS 1478

Kitchen Color Schemes Suggest New Style of Christmas Presents

It is rumored that dishpans are going to take the place of diamonds for Christmas presents, that tea caddies will under-standably surpass and egg beaters will be found in many a silk stocking where of yore only Yuletide opals and emerald pendants reposed, with orders for grand pianos and automobiles on the side. But this is not necessarily due to financial stress.

"For two or three years," said the head of the household ware department of a great store, "we have noted a steady increase of custom around holiday time in this department. There are a hundred reasons that might be given.

"One of them is doubtless the increased attention given to hygienic matters. Convince the housewife that the happiness of her home centers in the kitchen and harp on that note continually and by and by you will find that the kitchen will occupy a good part of her thought, with the natural results of having the very best and newest articles for its furnishings.

"Last year a number of young couples came here to select presents for each other or for friends or relatives. If they had a modest income perhaps an entire outfit of agate or enameled tin would be bought, if means permitted the aluminum outfit,

which all told perhaps costs \$30 or \$40, would be purchased, and the women looked as pleased as if they had received new gowns or hats, while the husbands certainly seemed better satisfied than if cigars or neckties had come their way.

"One woman, a steady purchaser, confided to me that she had a large list of intimates on whom she had been accustomed in times past to shower all sorts of useless articles for their libraries, bed rooms and living rooms. None of these articles represented an expenditure of more than a few dollars; they were sent in doubt and received in dismay.

"One day," said she, "I wandered into the kitchen of a friend. Most of its furnishings had never been replaced since she was married, ten years ago, except where they had actually worn out. Everything else in the house was so new that it creaked. That furnished me with an idea, and since I have put it into execution the likelihood that greeted my former presents has been replaced by rapturous words and notes of thanks. Many of my friends have followed my example.

"Another reason for the selection of domestic articles for presents, I believe, is found in the architecture of the modern apartment, where the kitchen is often in view to the most casual visitor. The house-

wife naturally wants to make it attractive. The kitchen nowadays often has a decided color scheme. Delicate shades are forbidden, for the smoke of the cooking can only be withstood by the few decided colors which are seen in the manufacturer's samples, the primitive greens, blues, pinks, yellows, for instance.

"She can find all sorts of paints and varnishes in these colors, even the paper for the cupboard shelves and the candies for dark corners. She can with the expenditure of a surprisingly small sum have an entire Deft room, one of peacock blue, or old rose or orange, as she prefers.

"All the receptacles for the thousand and one articles of use may be found in these colors, and the drudgery of housework really takes on a poetic coloring from its environment. Dressed in a long, white linen apron, a mob cap over her hair, in a kitchen of old rose fixings, it would be difficult to see in what way a woman could appear to greater advantage during the hours of the workaday time."

Then there are all sorts of contrivances to make the housework easier.

No longer can the husband make disparaging remarks concerning the flavor of the butter, with reminiscences of an earlier and happier time, when some one of his feminine relatives arose early in the day to make it for the family use. There is a patent churn on the market which makes butter in fifteen minutes, and makes it just as good as any that Aunt Mehit' or Uncle Remb' ever produced.

According to the buyer, the churns are taking like hot cakes. They look like a generous sized glass bottle, on the cover of which is fitted an arrangement something like the handle and cogwheels of an egg beater; which connects with a couple of revolving fans inside.

The smallest size costs \$1.20, and to make the butter equipment complete there is a tiny scoop with bent handle which lifts the cream from the milk bottle and hangs on its edge when not working. There is also the square wooden paddle, by which with a simple turn of the wrist the churner can make the completed butter into butter balls.

The whole process is complete in a little over thirty minutes. Incidentally it is said that the very newest method of improving the complexion, contour and firmness of the arms is by this same churning process.

Thefted milk bottles have aroused the indignation of another inventive mind and a very simple and effective method has been evolved for getting the best of Janitors, tramps and stray boys who steal the bottles and sell them for unlawful gain. To prevent this is a padded box to be fastened to the wall of the area, big enough to hold half a dozen milk bottles and only to be opened by the milkman and the housewife who have the key.

The old-fashioned eggbeater is replaced by various newer designs. The three-minute glass, the joy of the old-time housekeeper, is superseded now by glasses for four, five, six minutes and more, as may be desired. The largest ones hold a half hour's worth of sand.

Sentiment sometimes mingles with the manufacture of these instruments, and it is not an uncommon order for a housewife to bring back sand from the summer resort and have it put in the tiny bulbs of the ever turning glasses. One of these exhibited contained a half hour's worth of sand brought from the desert where the Sphinx's paw rests unchalantly. It is probable that the housewife will let many

an article of her dinner burn while she watches the slowly dropping grains and recalls her one-time vacation in the Orient, but isn't such a memory worth more than a well roasted bit of beef?

The day has gone by when rags of one kind and another may be saved for dusters. Hardwood and painted floors require something special for the proper treatment, and large floor cloths with light borders, made of crash or some firmly woven flax may be had for 25 cents.

These are supplemented by dusters with bandana borders, chamolite cloth, an imported material for the polishing of metals, varying in size and price but never more than 15 or 20 cents a square. A half dozen of these will last a long time.

The housewife's personal needs are not forgotten. She no longer wears an old pair of kid gloves with the fingers cut out, frayed and worn. For her there are roomy knit gloves, easily slipped on and off, the loose mesh giving plenty of ventilation, they are only 15 cents a pair.

Dust caps for the hair are also knit, so that ventilation is assured, and for her brooms are knitted covers, drawn up around the handle, a necessity nowadays when the brooms leave scratches on the polished surfaces and are unable properly to gather up the dust in stray corners where it has collected and eludes the stiff ends designed for carpets. As the covers retail for 19 cents apiece there seems no

adequate cause for the housewife to complain of the difficulty of keeping her floors in good condition.

Bridget's scrubbing pail is another mark for reforming oversight. What housekeeper has not had the unpleasant experience of coming suddenly into her kitchen to find Bridget on the floor with soap sailing out of her reach on the watery incline and rags of all sorts scattered about?

Now the pail is fastened to a big bowl, in which all the brightly bordered scrub cloths of different sizes find a place, and there is a holder for the soap included in the equipment. All Bridget has to do is to take up the arrangement by its handle and move easily from place to place as she scrubs. This improvement on old time methods costs a little less than \$2.

All the old cane seated chairs poked away in the storeroom may be refurbished with new leather seats, that come in all sizes, and fasten with patent clasps, so that all that has to be done is to cut out the broken bits of the cane and slip the new seat into place.

The old fashioned medicine cabinet for the bedroom or bathroom has counterparts in ornamental articles, with colonial doors of beaded glass. They are fitted inside with porcelain bottles marked with the names of the usual household remedies, and with tiny drawers for cotton, plasters—all the first and last aids to the injured.

The coffee or brass coffee pot with al-

cohol lamp and a percolating system that is guaranteed to work under all conditions of family temper and trials makes a charming gift. A moderate sized one costs approximately \$4, and for those who want their coffee made by the drip method rather than the boiling, and who can scarcely afford to pay so much, there is a coffee pot of similar design made to use on the stove, of agate ware, in any color desired.

Candles of compositions which look like wax, do not burn with the heat and are grooved to fit any candlestick, come in all colors.

There is an aluminum teakettle with a patented top which falls over when the handle is turned a certain way. When one considers the number of times a housekeeper has to fill the kettle every day this trifling invention is not so unimportant as it might seem at first reading.

For the woman who has no home of her own on the questionable temperament of a servant for favors of a domestic kind, there is a special flatiron and alcohol lamp equipment, so that she can smooth out her own little fixings and be under obligations only to her industry. It comes in a case and can be tucked away out of sight when not in use.

It is invaluable to the actress traveling in one night stands, to the summer boarder seven miles from a laundry and for the hall room girls who are bound to look neat and clean no matter how great a struggle has to be made with that end in view.

The boarding house keeper, whose husband has a pressing business engagement when the meal has to be carved, can solace herself for his departure with a specially designed equipment for her need. This consists of a framework in which the roast is held up by parallel bars pronged with skewers and a knife that slices off the meat so that ever the star boarder will not get more than his share.

Electricity plays a leading part in the domestic inventions. There is an electric clock for the bedroom, attached to the lighting equipment of the room, so that by pressing a button the tiny incandescent bulb winks a luminous eye and you see the time of night. The prices of these range from \$3 to \$6.

For the table there is an electric stove furnished with copper sliding covers so that when the dish is cooked the covers may be drawn and the contents kept warm for considerable time.

Just as the rag is a part of the household equipment has seen its day, so has the pasteboard box. No article of domestic service has experienced more wonderful changes.

Brocades, tapestries, silks, satins, chiffons, etc., are used to cover it. Cabinets for the corner of the room and special shelves of carved wood are made to hold it properly decorated with medallions of famous French bric-a-brac.

The open drawer of the dressing table disclosed rows of the boxes for veils, handkerchiefs, laces, gloves, perfumed with padded linings, but not a hint anywhere of the old fashioned store box which was thought good enough to stow things away on a decade ago. The stowing away boxes on a larger scale fit under the bed or couch and have castors so that they can be pulled in and out with ease.

Window seats are made of bamboo boxes big enough for shirt waists and red cedar boxes are shown for the same purpose. The prices of the boxes range in a long scale, from 50 cents to \$25.

THE WOMAN WHO IS



The woman who is Sorosis-Shod is foot contented. She is sure of the correctness of style, the smoothness of fit, and the excellence of quality in her footwear—

That woman has found that the Sorosis trade mark means assurance of all that is best in shoes.

If your dealer tries to sell you something "just as good," he has his own interest, not yours, in mind.

Sorosis Shoe Store
203 South 15th Street

Quaint Features of Life

Fooled the Church People.

N EASTER magazine has been running articles on the treatment of strangers receive in various churches. Recently a woman connected with the magazine arrived in Macon, Ma., and the town found it out. When she appeared at church Sunday everything was lovely. Two ushers escorted her proudly to a front seat. A sister helped her take off her jacket. A woman across the aisle found the place and fetched her a hymn book. The janitor tipped clumsily up to her pew and inquired if the ventilation was satisfactory. After the services the pastor, with his mind on the alleged discourtesy shown the "secret agent" in St. Louis, rushed forward, two warm hands to the stranger. The women got all around her and almost smothered her with their kindly attention; then a deacon and his family captured her and took her off to dinner. In the afternoon he took her driving, and had his children jump out when they reached the country and gather wild flowers for her. Late in the afternoon the deacon drove her to the hotel and told the landlord to send her bill to him. And after all that she proved to be only a subscription solicitor.

The Suggestion of a Child.

A divorced acquaintance, who has the privilege of visiting a little daughter once a month, went to make his regular call, relates the Brooklyn Eagle. His former wife was present at the meeting between the father and his 4-year-old child. The parents bowed infernally. The little girl, who is very fond of her father, snuggled in his lap when he said:

"Well, my dear, I am going away for two months, and I know that Thanksgiving and Christmas and New Year's will have come and gone before I return. Therefore, I want to buy you presents for all of these days. Now, tell me what you would like best, so that I may exactly please you—for you know that is what I want to do."

"Yes, I am sure, dear papa."

"Be a good little girl, then, and tell me exactly what you would like best and you shall have them."

"I am glad to take all the presents in one," answered the sincerely affectionate voice, as the girl's face snuggled closer to that of her father. "Get me a little sister—that's the only present I want."

The father took the child to his heart and hugged her. The two people of sundered lives looked each other over frankly in their faces. Then they felt their eyes get moist. Now a word more was said before they parted.

The chances are even that before Christmas we shall hear of a reconciliation in high society—brought about by the suggestion of a little child.

A Liverpool Will.

Perhaps the most peculiar will ever written was probated in England at Doctors' Commons, July 25, 1758. It ran as follows:

I give and bequeath,
To my two loving sisters, most dear,
The whole of my estate, most dear,
Were it twice as much more,
Which God's goodness has granted me here,
And that none may prevent
This my will and intent,
Or occasion the least of law racket,
With a solemn appeal
Confirm, sign and seal
This, the true act and deed of Will Jackitt.

Useful Christmas Gifts OF THE RIGHT SORT

Are in good form and will be greatly appreciated by "him." The appended list may assist you in making a selection and you will find a splendid assortment of the "right sort" at my shop—Mufflers, Neckwear, Gloves, Handkerchiefs, Suspenders, Hosiery, Underwear, Shirts, Suit Cases, Traveling Bags, Toilet Articles in leather cases, Suits and Overcoats.

Ladies' are especially welcome and will receive courteous treatment and assistance in making selections.

W. T. BOURKE
Men's Fashion Shop. :: 318 South Sixteenth St.