



THE LATE P. D. ARMOUR.

"I have sent about two hundred of my employes, from butcher to foreman, 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 Company

The above letter shows you the faith of the founder of the great Armour Packing company interest had in the Keeley Cure. Dr. Keeley's most enthusiastic supporters were among our very best business men and professional men; men who, not requiring treatment themselves, have observed the wonderful good that has been accomplished by the Keeley Cure and have advised their friends of it. And hundreds of business houses have, like Armour sent us their employes for treatment. None other than the late Joseph McDill, publisher of the Chicago Tribune, after a thorough test, wrote:

"I sent Doctor Keeley five of the worst drinkers and opium eaters I could find. After a month they were sent back cured. The poison had been expelled from their systems. They looked as if a miracle had been performed upon them."

Twenty-nine years of uninterrupted success, the endorsement of the friends of humanity and the applause of more than three hundred and fifty thousand graduates, in the record of the Keeley cure for liquor and drug addictions. In 1880, when Doctor Keeley declared that drunkenness was a disease, and that it was a disease, a remedy for it, the declaration was received much as the news of Galileo's discovery, that the earth was round, or Harvey's discovery of the circulation of the blood. Abuse and ridicule were heaped upon the bold scientist. Even so great a philosopher as Bacon did not believe in blood circulation. But truth is ever triumphant, and time and investigation have confirmed all that Doctor Keeley claimed for his discovery. The nerves cells have become so accustomed to performing their functions under the influence of alcohol that they are dependent upon it, and will no longer perform their functions properly and painlessly except when under alcoholic influence. This condition proves that a craving exists. The craving proves a disease condition of the nerve cells. As the physician diagnoses a cough as the symptom of diseased condition, the Keeley physician diagnoses the disease as a symptom of diseased nerve cells. The general practitioner aims to remove the cause, then the symptoms disappear. The Keeley treatment restores the cells to a normal condition and the craving for drink disappears.

range from fifty to eighty years. We have cured children under five years of age who were addicted to morphine and opium, such addiction having been acquired through the mother's own addiction or direct administration. No constitution is too delicate for the Keeley treatment, as the remedies are perfectly harmless. We have cured hundreds of soldiers in the regular army of the United States, and have letters from officers of all ranks, from major-generals to lieutenants, commending the Keeley Cure in the highest terms. We have cured senators, congressmen, lawyers, clergymen, business men, merchants, laborers, men of all occupations and

of no occupation, to the number of over 250,000. Among them are 12,000 physicians.

How Long Does it Take? The cure of drunkenness is usually effected in four weeks. All patients receive a thorough physical examination, and the treatment is adapted to the needs of each individual case. Alcoholic stimulants are supplied to patients undergoing treatment for drunkenness during the first few days, after which the desire disappears, and hence there is no struggle to "quit," no craving and no delirium. If upon arrival, patient is unable to care for himself, he is placed under the supervision of an attendant until sober. There is no sickness attendant upon the treatment, and the physical condition improves at the start. At the end of four weeks the patient is vastly improved mentally, physically, and morally. His head is clear, mind active, and thought consecutive, appetite and digestion good, eyes bright, and complexion clear, morally changed because of his disengagement from his former life and his determination to live properly in the future. It is a common thing to hear Keeley patients say "I feel ten years younger."

Write for free booklet, "Facts About The Keeley Cure." Address Keeley Institute, corner of Twenty-fifth and Cass streets, Omaha, Neb.



The above is a picture of the Keeley Institute building, the home of the Keeley Cure in Omaha. It is one of the best equipped of all the institutes in the country. It has been fitted especially for Keeley institute purposes by Mr. Burns, the manager, after years of observation and experience as to what is desirable in such an establishment. It contains elegant sleeping rooms, perfectly heated and lighted by the most modern appliances, a spacious club room, numerous bath and toilet rooms, with abundant supply of hot water, etc., supplying as it does all the comforts and privacy of one's home. All patients are cared for in this perfectly appointed building. The only Keeley Institute in the state of Nebraska. The only place in the state where the Keeley remedies are used or administered.

THE KEELEY INSTITUTE
Cor. 25th and Cass Sts. OMAHA, NEBRASKA

Who Takes the Keeley Cure?
We have cured thousands of veterans of the War of the Rebellion in the National Soldier Homes of the country, whose ages

HOW DOES THE KEELEY CURE AFFECT THE GENERAL HEALTH?

There can be but one truthful answer, and that is that it is beneficial in every sense of the word. There is no nausea or other sickness during treatment. The remedies build up the nervous system, and it follows from this that the general health must be improved. Ask our patients; they know and will tell you truthfully. Do not ask a saloonkeeper or other person whose interests are against our work. Information upon any subject should be asked of those who know, not of those who guess. The Keeley Cure is now more than twenty-nine years of age—time enough, the most captious will admit, to test its merits and the permanency of its effects. Could we remain in business over twenty-nine years and still be prosperous if we injured the health of our patients!

FIGHTERS HATED TO TRAIN

Surprising Methods of Sullivan, Fitzsimmons and McAuliffe.

LONG CHANCE ON GETTING LICKED

"A Shave and a Haircut Will Do for Me," John L. Used to Say—Jim Hall's Fight with Fitz Retold.

"Wait till I get a shave and a haircut and then I'll be ready to fight." That is what John L. Sullivan used to say when some new rival had been dug up and the big fellow was requested to begin training. Sullivan never cared much for training and was not an exception to the rule either. Many of the greatest fighters got into idle and lazy habits after they had reached the top rung of the ladder. The overwhelming defeat of Stanley Ketchel in California recently at the hands of Bliss Papke, the new middleweight champion, is said to have been due to a lack of training coupled with the highest sort of living. Even James J. Jeffries, the greatest of all pugilists, never liked to train. "I don't mind the actual fighting," said Jeff recently, "but the training is infernally hard work for a big fellow like me. You see I'm so heavy that it's a very tough job to take the weight off. No more of it for me, I'm through."

It would probably take Big Jim at least three months of the hardest kind of work to get into proper condition to defend the heavyweight title. Nobody knows this better than Jeffries and for that reason he prefers retirement to strenuous grueling training methods. The famous boiler-maker is naturally lazy and like other champions that have thrived before him he has a fondness for the pleasures and luxuries of easy street. Once Jeffries Retained. For that matter it would be tempting fate for Jeffries to re-enter the prize ring after so long an absence from the game. There was at least one fight for which Jeffries really trained long and faithfully and that was his battle with Fitzsimmons for the championship. When Jeff began work for that mill he weighed exactly 212 pounds, but after six weeks of terrific work he scaled at 208 in a shirt, trousers and socks. He never fought at less than 220 after that and now weighs 260. It was lack of condition which was one of the reasons for the downfall of Sullivan when Corbett beat him at New Orleans in 1892. Corbett, young and ambitious, was in magnificent condition. He was trained to the minute—fast, aggressive, clear-headed and confident. Sullivan, after a semblance of training at Canoe Place Inn down on Long Island, entered the ring bog fat, slow and with a brain befogged with wine. "I only need a shave and a haircut for this young cub," he said and then met his Waterloo. In the twelve years that Sullivan held the championship he never did any real hard training except perhaps when he first won his title. The last time he was fully fit was when he tackled Herbert Blain, the Maroon in Madison Square Garden in 1882. Old Jim Mace brought Blade

here from New Zealand, saying that the Maori was a wonderful fighter. Sullivan always respected Mace's judgment and worked with might and main to be ready for the supposed killer. But Blade was nothing but a lemon and Sullivan stopped him in three short rounds.

Sully's Idea of Training. When Sullivan was supposed to be training for the Kilrain fight up at William Muldoon's place at Belfast, N. Y., he really indulged in all sorts of dodges to avoid much hard work. He used to insist upon having a shave, haircut and shampoo every day and never failed to say to the country barber as he settled back in the chair: "Take your time now, cut. Don't hurry this job. I want a rest. See?"

Of course the barber knew his business, and Sullivan would often kill a couple of hours in this way, while his real trainers, Jack Barnett and the late Mike Cleary, sat anxiously waiting to get a crack at him. These men were the only ones who could induce Sullivan to do any work at all. Muldoon and Sullivan, on the other hand, were almost always at sword's points and on several occasions nearly came to blows.

When Sullivan went out on the road for long walks, he always insisted that his trainers, Barnett and Cleary, should go ahead of him. Then after covering a few miles Sullivan's wonderful throat would begin to get in its work, and the champion would hunt up a spring where he would gulp down perhaps half a gallon of cool water. It was often the case that when he returned to Muldoon's farm he showed an increase in weight of four or five pounds, to the consternation of his handlers. The water did it, of course, but Barnett and Cleary did not know it. Another favorite loafing place of John L. was the cheese factory at Belfast. He used to spend hours there watching the process of cheese-making, or sleeping in some dark corner of the factory. It was no wonder then that Sullivan was as fat as a brewery wagon driver when he faced Kilrain at Richmond, Miss. If Kilrain had been in anything like good trim himself that day he might have carried off the championship. As it was, any first class middleweight could have beaten either Sullivan or Kilrain. They were both stale, slow and out of form, in spite of the fact that they won twenty-five rounds with bare knuckles. London rules, some of the rounds being only half a minute long.

New Notions on the Coast. Sullivan's alleged training for his mill with Corbett at Canal Place Inn was another farce. He did practically no work, drank all the ale he could get and slept under the shade trees when he was supposed to be doing heavy work. Some of his backers discovered Sullivan's true condition about two weeks before the mill and immediately sent a barrel of money out through the country to be placed on Corbett at big odds. At least two of his friends were said to have cut up \$200,000, won in this manner.

Jim Hall of Australia was another big man who seldom did honest training for a mill. Even when he stopped Fitzsimmons at Sydney he was not in proper fettle. There have been numerous arguments regarding this battle. Fitzsimmons has repeatedly asserted that he "laid down." The following interesting account of the mill appeared in the Sydney Referee on February 12, 1890:

"The last fight Hall will have before leaving on Wednesday next was that with Bob Fitzsimmons, the clever and agile New Zealander, who has been looked upon as one of the smartest middleweights for two years now. They fought for £100 and the gate money. Hall was all aboard in the matter of condition, having enjoyed himself a great deal since he licked Boland and confirmed his claim to the championship.

Fitzsimmons looked in far better condition, for Hall's white skin was as soft as that of a girl. "The first round was chiefly noted for Hall's long and effective left leads and heavy rights on the ribs, one of these nearly bringing Fitz down, and for Fitz's clever countering and determined attempts with his right at the jaw. Hall avoided these easily, his quick stepping and neat guarding serving him well. Fitz got his shoulder well up to Hall's attempt at the point.

Round two was similar, though Hall did much more execution than Fitzsimmons and discolored his left pepper with a hot right. He also stabbed the New Zealander in the mouth heavily and visited the ribs hard and straight with the right. "Coming up to the third, Hall carried out his avowed intention of taking all Fitz could give and giving him a quick quietus if he could. He fought furiously, but Fitz's cleverness with his head caused the champion to beat the air and Bob's shoulders a lot and to be soon pumped utterly. Neither could do much damage, but Hall got awfully groggy and nothing but his left hand saved him. He kept his long left poking out or came in with his forearm across Fitz's throat, and so was just able to last the round, recovering as he walked around and dashing in a good left to the mouth and a hard right on the jaw that shook Fitz up bad just on the corner.

Knockout for Fitz. "Very busy indeed were both men's attendants during the minute spell, and they came up middling well for round four. Fitzsimmons looked very confident and advanced smilingly to meet his antagonist. He feinted with his left to draw Hall and laid his jaw bare for one second. Rising on his toes, Hall brought the right smashing across, hissing through his teeth like a blacksmith welding hot iron. The blow dropped with all his weight on Fitz's jaw just above the point, and Bob fell in a heap under his conqueror's legs as the impact carried him on. Right on his back he rolled and lay screwing up his face looking very crook.

"One, two three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten—out," said Mr. Jack Gaveland, the timekeeper, and it was all over. The seconds dragged Fitz to his corner, but he sold off his chair again and even when he was taken to the dressing room he did not know where he was. Mr. A. J. Hales was referee and the arrangements were in perfect order."

Hall was a wonderfully clever pugilist and if he had trained faithfully for all of his great fights he would have been almost invincible. An American sporting man who was a good judge of fighters, once said to Hall: "If you will only train well and fight honestly you will be champion of the world!" But Hall would do neither and so fell by the wayside. He is now a physical wreck, hanging around in Chicago with a dollar.

Jack McAuliffe's Record. The pugilist who took the greatest chances of them all by not training was Jack McAuliffe, the former lightweight champion of the world. He openly acknowledged to a friend recently that he never did any real training for a battle before he left the amateur ranks. Jack was a quick thinker and a great ring general and depended more on these qualities than on physical condition when inside the ropes. He was in bad shape when he fought Jim Carroll of England a seventy-four-round draw at Bovey Beach, Boston. McAuliffe knew at the time that he was in no shape to tackle the Britisher, but as the latter refused to postpone the mill Jack simply suffered the terrible grueling to save his backers' money.

When McAuliffe fought English Jimmy Carroll at the old California Athletic club he was again out of condition. Dick Roche, his backer, had about \$5,000 on the result and saw no chance of getting a dollar of it back as he sat in Jack's corner disgusted at the champion's helpless condition. About the thirtieth round Roche turned to several race track men and said: "I'll sell my entire interest in this fight for \$100! Jack can't win! He's all in!" There were no takers, but McAuliffe, hearing Roche's offer, turned quickly and roared: "Well, nothing, you old fool! I'm not licked yet!" In the forty-seventh round McAuliffe caught Carroll with a right hand smash on the point of the jaw and scored a clean knockout.

The night before McAuliffe met Billy Myer, "the Stretcher Cyclone," at New Orleans in 1892. Roche and Jack were sitting on the veranda of the broken down training quarters at Bay St. Louis. "Dick," said McAuliffe, "it's a bottle night. How would you like a nice cold bottle of wine before you retire?"

"Nonsense, Jack," replied Roche. "Where could you get any wine in this bum town? You'd better go to bed." McAuliffe smiled as he reached under his chair and pulled a quart of champagne from a concealed cooler. Roche jumped out of his seat as if he had been electrified. "You've been fooling me!" he yelled. "Come down and get on the scales!" Fitz had ten thousand yards' overweight. Roche was wild with rage as they went to the weighing machine, where, sure enough, the lightweight champion was just ten pounds too heavy—175 pounds.

"You can never get that off! I'll go right to New Orleans and forfeit," exclaimed Roche as he jumped around. "We'll drink the wine," said McAuliffe, "and leave the rest to me. I'll be at weight!" Then Jack uncorked the wine and drank it all, Roche protesting all the time. The next morning Jack was up bright and early. He ran, walked and trotted many miles, and when he stepped on the Olympic club's scales that afternoon he was just a half under 175 pounds, required weight. That night he put Myer out in the fifteenth round, after which he and Roche celebrated the victory with more than one cold bottle.

New Notions on the Coast. When McAuliffe and Brooklyn Jimmy Carroll went into training on the Pacific coast they astonished ring followers by their reckless methods of getting into condition. President Fulda of the California Athletic club wrote several letters to prominent eastern sporting men asking them confidentially for an explanation of the go-as-you-please style of training. Fulda went so far as to state that this happy-go-lucky pair never got out of bed before noon, after which they took a pleasant stroll for about a mile. On their return to training quarters they ordered several rounds of cocktails or a few small bottles. Then they devoured a couple of pounds of beefsteak or a dozen chops. After that there was another easy stroll with a few drinks of whisky or beer. In the afternoon they boxed a couple of rounds or punched the bag for perhaps five minutes, just to get up an appetite for a big supper. Then the fighters spent the whole night trying to find out which could hold the most training greatly alarmed the California club officials and caused the betting to be three and four to one against each pugilist. This was the time that McAuliffe stopped English Jimmy Carroll, while Brooklyn Jimmy Carroll put Australian Billy Smith away in a third of that time.

Probably because of overconfidence Fitzsimmons did not train hard for his first mill with Jeffries. Two weeks before they met at Coney Island several friends paid a visit to Fitz at Bath Beach. They arrived there at 11 o'clock in the morning and were informed that "Robert had not come downstate yet." Soon the Cornishman appeared, and as he was always hospitable, he got out a bottle of old Kentucky, treated his friends and took three or four big drinks himself. Then he wrestled with his lion, punched the bag a while and later sat down to dinner. A huge steak, boiled potatoes, spinach, tomatoes and two pieces of pie were washed down by half a dozen bottles of beer. Fitz then latched up his team and drove to a nearby resort, where several brandies were consumed. At Fort Hamilton an army officer who knew Fitz well got out some ancient fire water and the lanky man did full justice to it. He was back at quarters in time to wrestle, box, exercise with dumbbells and also punch the bag before eating another big meal.

"Don't you think the drinks will keep you out of shape?" asked one of his friends. "Not a bit of it," replied Fitz. "The 'ard stuff is for indignation, while the 'malt is to 'elp me take on weight. I've got to build up, ye know, for this chap Jeffries, and 'ell be nothing for me. The bigger the man the 'arder the fall."

But after Jeff had put Fitz away in eleven rounds the Cornishman said for publication that he had been drugged, while he admitted to his friends that the "old stuff" had helped to undo him. Tommy Ryan, Joe Gans, Tom Sharkey, Kid McCoy, Corbett and others did not belong to the lazy and dissatisfied class. They were always in shape.

Automobile Thieves. Detroit motorists have been deeply stirred by an epidemic of motor larceny, and plans are being laid to build the machine, can only be lightly fined and given a short sentence in the workhouse.

SERVICE IN THE CABINET

Presidents Who Tried in the Early Days to Retain Cabinets of Retirees.

If President John Adams had been a man of different temperament, the custom might have been established in the early years of the government of the United States of retaining the cabinet of one administration for service with its successor, where that successor succeeded to the political ideas of its predecessor. President Adams sought at first to retain through his administration the members of the cabinet of President Washington. Indeed, at that early period the status of a cabinet officer was not exactly that of the present time, and in the course of President Adams' term with the members of his official household he resorted to the strange step of removing his secretary of state, Timothy Pickens, and James McHenry, his secretary of war.

President Jefferson, of course, took a new cabinet. President Madison continued in his administration a number of the cabinet officers of President Jefferson. President Adams sought at first to retain through his administration the members of the cabinet of President Washington. Indeed, at that early period the status of a cabinet officer was not exactly that of the present time, and in the course of President Adams' term with the members of his official household he resorted to the strange step of removing his secretary of state, Timothy Pickens, and James McHenry, his secretary of war.

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President William Henry Harrison's cabinet was brand new, and John Tyler sought to keep it together after Harrison's death, but in less than six months all had resigned, except Daniel Webster, the secretary of state. President Polk, Taylor, Fillmore, Pierce, Buchanan and Lincoln each formed a new cabinet.

President Johnson's difficulties with certain members of the cabinet that existed at the death of President Lincoln are well known. Since that period, when for the second time in American history the question of a cabinet officer's right to remain in a seat which the president wishes to have vacated came up for angry controversy, cabinets by mutual but tacit understanding end with the administrations.—Boston Globe.

By using the various departments of The Bee Want Ad Pages you get the best results at the least expense.

Fate of His Old Friends. Arch Cook, the district passenger agent of the Southern road, is from Danville. This fact leaked out when he told another story recently.

An old inhabitant who had been absent from Danville for fourteen years returned on a visit and was inquiring after some of his old friends. "How is old Bill Jones?" "Poor old Bill's dead. Yes, he drank himself to death. We buried him right over there." "Is that a fact? And how about George Jones?" "Old George went the same route a couple of years ago. Drank himself to death. We buried him right over there." "Well, well! Does old Bill Smoots still talk politics?" "I hardly think so. Old Bill died about a year ago. He drank himself to death." "Guess you buried him right over there with the rest?" "No, we just poured him back into the barrel."—Louisville Times.

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Upon Inquiry You Will Find that 95%
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