

NICK CARTER HERE ON RAMBLE

Well-to-Do Adventurer from South Chats of Travel.

HE REFUSES TO BE MIKED

London Crooks Find World-Wise Traveler Has Too Much Sense for Them—Find Coin in Argentina.

"Nick Carter" is in town. He signs the hotel register at the Paxton as coming from Buenos Ayres, but claims American nativity. Thickest and broad-shouldered, with a keen eye and a small mustache, he looks the part of the famous sleuth of nickel romances and has on frequent occasions enjoyed himself at the expense of local detectives by interfering in their affairs with the pretended methods of an expert. Everybody believes in "Nick Carter" and the name has led his bearer into many entanglements. As a matter of genealogy his real name is George L. Carter. Years ago he was given the "Nick" name and has worn it faithfully all over the world.

"In London," said Mr. Carter, "where I visited just before coming home after landing in Liverpool from Buenos Ayres, the name wasn't much of a protection. A London confidence man got hold of me and did his best to work me for £200. He or his gang had been working the town too well, though, and I heard of a case just a day or so before he sprang his proposition on me which made me wise and I didn't fall for it."

"A man coming from Buenos Ayres is not fresh from the country, you know. I went down there from the United States five years ago. I found that the city of Buenos Ayres has 1,500,000 of people and is modern in every way. Of course it isn't so swift as New York, which is the most modern city in the world, but it is a great town."

"Down there a man who has any 'savvy' and enough sense to take his chances in the thriving camps for the money there is in it can make a lot in a very short time. I went out among the Italians and Spanish gangs when I first went down there, when I didn't know either language, ate with them and lived with them. They got about \$1.00 a day. Any man who had 'savvy' enough to manage them and oversee the work was worth as much as \$50 a day to the company. I found jobs that paid that, and as a man goes down there for the money, he can't stand living like an Indian for a while."

"It's a wonderful country, anyway. They can raise as good or better wheat and corn than Nebraska, and when a man owns land down there he usually owns 50,000 or 100,000 acres. Just recently they have taken to raising alfalfa, which they can sell for \$9 a ton. Besides being an easy crop it doesn't suffer from the grasshoppers, which come in swarms some years and clean up everything, even the willow trees, but leave the alfalfa alone. They don't seem to like it."

After he has seen the world and bought a few American farms with the money he made during his faraway week among the peons "Nick" is going the rest of the way around the world and then go back.

"Oh, yes, it's a great country," he said. "But it is considered worth \$10 a day just for a while man to live in a great town peon camps if he is doing nothing but standing the grub and the beds, so some people might not like it."

Bad Breaks.
"Is your father in?" asked the man with the valise.
"No," said the boy at the front door; "he's away somewhere, breakin' a yearlin' coil."

"Is your mother in?"
"No; she's out in the barn breakin' an old hen of a settin'."

"You have an older brother, haven't you?"
"Yes, but he's layin' down upstairs, tryin' to break up a cold."

"Well, can't I sell you some patent clothes?"
"Me? No, I'm broke."—Chicago Tribune.

"I know the relation to action effective and quiet. The plan to be seen how the human machine responds to this wonderful diet."

If you want to prove it, try this. Spend the time and money and take all the pains possible, to produce the finest tomato soup you can make. Then spend just ten cents for



Serve it according to directions. Compare the two results—for flavor, richness, purity. Judge for yourself. Then if you believe it pays you to go to all the trouble and expense of making tomato soup, the grocer will return your money.

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CIVILIZATION AND DISEASE

Many Popular Beliefs Are Ruthlessly Punished by a Doctor.

Dr. Woods Hutchinson, in Hampton's Magazine, discusses the "Diseases of Civilization" and punishes many popular beliefs. He says that nothing is more dangerous than strict logic, which is not quite sure of its premises, and so "some of the most damnable errors of history have been perfectly sound, logical conclusions from data which everybody knew to be sound and no one even doubted, but which afterward turned out to be false." Hence, it is easy enough to construct a prognosis for any disease "which will be perfectly logical and absolutely appalling," for all that is needed is to show by vital statistics that some particular disease is increasing at a certain rate per annum, a rate greater than the rate of increase of the race, and, therefore, by virtue of the showing of these statistics, extermination is assured within many years or decades.

Dr. Hutchinson asserts that there is no valid proof that any disease is any more prevalent now than it was fifty or five hundred years ago, and there is no positive proof of the origin of a single new serious disease since the dawn of recorded history. Seventy per cent of all the serious diseases of today were known to the Greeks, and probably to the Egyptians, Indians, etc.

"The probability is that nearly half of the remainder were also in existence then, though Bright's disease, for instance, was only clearly recognized and traced to its anatomical cause, the kidney, some eighty years ago, by Dr. Richard Bright of Guy's hospital, London, whose name it now bears, and certainly existed for centuries, and probably for two or three thousand years before that. Obviously, any statement as to its being more or less common in the nineteenth century than, say, the fourteenth can be nothing better than the merest guess."

Bright's disease, the writer asserts, furnishes a very pretty illustration of the way in which diseases "increase" in modern times, and are manufactured by the very means devised for their recognition. Possibly the rapid recent increase in frequency and fatality of Bright's disease has run parallel with and been chiefly due to a harmless and wholesome phenomenon, the spread of the habit of life insurance and the consequent frequent examinations for ailments.

The same is true, the writer asserts, of heart disease and tuberculosis, and he acknowledges that the careful physical examination set on foot by the insurance companies has been of great hygienic value, prolonging thousands of valuable lives and saving thousands by warning them of their danger in time to be cured.

It is singular what can be made to appear from "unimpeachable" vital statistics taken from the records of certain cities and areas in the United States. According to these statistics, Bright's disease has increased 25 per cent during the last fifteen years.

As the rate of increase of the community from natural causes during the same time has only been 15 per cent, it is perfectly obvious that it can only be a matter of five or six decades before we shall be dead of Bright's disease."

Another statistician has incautiously taken up another disease which he regards as a menace to the future of the race—in sanity, applying the same formula, he asserts that at the present rate of increase every American-born citizen will have become insane by 1968, "forgetting that at least one-half of us are to be dead of Bright's disease before that time." Dr. Hutchinson adds:

"When you come to consider the claims as race exterminators of nearly a dozen equally-to-be-dreaded pathologic perils, such as appendicitis, cancer, heart disease, tuberculosis, alcoholism, meat eating, cigarettes, race suicide, sugar and syphilis, it is obvious that within half a century there will not be enough human beings left to go round among the diseases, and for each one meal a day to each. So that the process finally lands us in the consoling conclusion that just as surely as the human race becomes extinct so will the diseases, which nowadays does not inspire the terror of former years, in many cases by rational methods holding it in check for years or even decades. Although there is yet no positive cure for Bright's disease, still there are so many ways of palliating its symptoms and delaying its course that the outlook for the sufferer is good."

The chief cause of Bright's disease and renal disturbances, according to the writer, apart from the necessary wear and tear of life, are muscular overwork for long hours, the attack of infectious diseases and the use of alcohol, all of which, he says, are entirely preventable, and in fact are being rapidly prevented by industrial legislation, by sanitary improvements, and by the growth of temperance and self-restraint. In other words:

"Civilization is curing, and will continue to cure, the diseases which it has helped to cause."

COLONEL BRYAN'S TEXAS FARM

A Quarter Section of Land and a Bungalow in Sight of the Rio Grande.

Colonel William Jennings Bryan belongs to the rank of pioneers. For the last two or three years new settlers have been pouring into the lower Rio Grande valley of Texas in great numbers. The newcomers belong to a class of empire builders that is transforming the vast areas of the southwest into gardens of production. It was following in the wake of this tide of homeseekers' travel that took Colonel Bryan to that section about two years ago. Although he found the conditions that attend the first stages of development of a wilderness territory, he was so impressed with the wonderful possibilities of the soil, the equableness of the climate, and the many other elements that through process of development go to make up an ideal location for a home, that he determined to live in that section during a part of each year.

Acting on this resolve, he purchased a tract of 180 acres of land and has since then devoted much of his time to improving it and putting it under cultivation. When he acquired this farming tract the land was all densely covered with chaparral. It is well watered, however, by an irrigation canal, whose laterals reach every part of the land. It has been one of the keenest pleasures of Colonel and Mrs. Bryan to plan and put into effect the many improvements that have converted the former wilderness into a home of semi-tropical luxury. The residence which Colonel Bryan recently finished upon his farm there is of the bungalow type. It is near the turbulent Rio Grande, and affords a delightful view of the surrounding country. Colonel Bryan during his stay upon his farm this winter entered into the active life of the neighborhood. He labored each day in the

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If You Are Hard to Please We Can Satisfy You. If you have difficulty in getting just what you want in style and quality or fit, you owe it to yourself to at least find out what we can do for you in this great furnishing department of ours. And this season's exceptional offerings of the new fads and fashions are all reasons why you should find out now. NEW SHIRTS—Natty French cuff negligee shirts, French flannel and light, soft, silky materials— at \$1 to \$4.50. Many of these shirts have soft collars to match. A SPECIAL NEGLIGEE SHIRT, with two stiff, close, fitting collars to match \$1.50. The largest showing of high grade negligee shirts in town—E. & W., Manhattan, Star and Excello— at \$1.50 to \$2.50. And the shirt we sell for \$1 beats 'em all for the price. Soft collars, attached shirts, at from 50c to \$3. Soft Collars with Ties to match, at, per set, 25c and 50c. Remember our splendid makes of underwear when you make the change. 2-piece garment, at per garment, from 25c to \$2. Union Suits—Which we guarantee to fit, at, per suit, \$1 to \$3.50. The Pride of Our Store—is the quality and selection of our 50c neckwear.

field either doing manual work himself or overseeing the large force of Mexicans that he keeps constantly employed. One of his farm specialties this season is growing Bermuda onions. He planted a large acreage of this product, and the prospects are favorable for a big yield. They will go on the market in a short time. Much attention is also being given by Colonel Bryan to the growing of semi-tropical fruits and other products. Date palms, oranges, lemons, grapefruit and a variety of other fruits that are adapted to this southern climate have been planted upon the farm. The growing of English walnuts, pecans and other varieties of nuts is also receiving the colonel's attention. It is his plan to make it one of the most delightful winter homes in the country.—New York Tribune.

POOR NELLY BLY IS STUNG
Newly Acquired Husband Gives Her a Cold Shake in Minneapolis.

Radiant in a deep pink kimono of weird oriental design, Mrs. Albert Dundee, formerly Elizabeth Cochrane Seaman, a bride of three weeks, who sixteen years ago became world famous as the globe-trotting Nellie Bly, vowed a vengeance akin to the Corsican oath in her apartments at the Carleton hotel in Minneapolis when informed by a reporter that her husband appeared to be already the husband of another woman. Dundee, who was a sort of sign painter, ahead of the first. Certainly we are at liberty to take our choice between them and believe—as we generally do in matters of logic and conviction—whichever of the two we personally prefer."

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GO TO Kilpatrick's Saturday Without Fail! Saturday on Second Floor. Very important Suit Sale—goods are new and popular, styles are modern and attractive; variety is extensive. Most of them built for "Kilpatrick." Different, consequently, from ordinary sale goods. One Price Saturday, all day \$15.00. LAST DAY of La Grecque corset demonstration. Mile. Death has given grace and corset comfort to thousands of women all over the country. A visit and conversation with her will be pleasing and profitable for you. Last chance Saturday. We will sell on Saturday a special purchase of Jersey Silk Petticoats, messaline flounce, narrow model; \$3.95 for choice—worth much more. Saturday will be a very busy day in Undermuslins—if interested advise a morning visit. BASEMENT BEAUTIFUL—For Saturday visitors a table covered with ten-cent articles—that is, we will sell jardiniere, cups and saucers, plates and other china pieces at 10c each. A statement of worth might seem extravagant so we will refrain from mentioning real values. To introduce a new Stationery made for us we will sell only 252 boxes Saturday at 29c a box—afterwards 45c. Contains 50 sheets and 50 envelopes. All day Saturday at the Glove Section—Elbow length Silk Gloves, Kayser make, formerly \$1.50 pair; one price, 98c. We make Skirts and can again promise prompt delivery. We sell Butterick Patterns. You cannot get them elsewhere. By the way, there is a mighty interesting table for booklovers—several hundred volumes at 29c. Some published at \$1.50. Worth glancing at. Thomas Kilpatrick & Co. We almost forgot to call attention to a great sale of Hosiery—all colors and black. Imported goods, all to be sold Saturday at 29c a pair. This is a rare bargain.

HE LOVES TO BE ALONE
Discovery and Visit to a Modern Crusade on South Pacific Island. About 46 miles south of New Zealand is Macquarie Island and on it there was and may be now a man of over 50 years, who made a choice of solitude, sea elephants, and jennkins, and became a voluntary Crusade. Captain J. K. Davis on the Nimrod, under instructions from Lieutenant Shackleton to locate islands in the South Pacific, found him, but was unable to persuade him to depart. Presumably he remains now the sole inhabitant of an island domain. Captain Davis' account of the Crusade by choice was given in the Geographical Journal and is reproduced in the current bulletin of the American Geographical Society. A party landing from the Nimrod found the remains of two huts in a wretched condition, evidently dating back to the days of the sealers, numbers of sea elephants and a penguin rookery, but no other signs of life. The following day, steaming northward along the coast and fairly close to the shores, the explorers came on two more huts and could see a man standing in the door of one. "A boat was lowered amid great excitement," Captain Davis wrote. There was a big surf, but the man came to the shore, pointed out the best landing place, and, walking into the water, helped to beach the boat. He was found to be a sailor by the name of McKibben. He had spent twenty years in the British navy, he had been to the Arctic ocean on a relief vessel, and he had been on oil ships. He had come to Macquarie Island on a schooner to collect sea elephant oil and had decided to remain. His companions endeavored to dissuade him, but he was obstinate. Stores were left for him and the schooner returned to New Zealand. Captain Davis found him comfortably housed. His hut had two rooms and each room had a stove. He had plenty of ship stores and for fresh meats he used the hearts and tongues of sea elephants. He carried his coal from its depot four miles away. The men of the Nimrod endeavored to persuade him to return with them but he refused. "Why should I?" he asked. "I'm happy enough here and I have all I want. I'm glad to have seen you, but I don't want to leave the island." "As we steamed away," Captain Davis wrote, "we dipped our flag to the old man, who waved farewell to us from the beach." Presumably he has been visited since then. The oil schooner was due for another visit to the island and McKibben may have tired of solitude and sea elephants or he may not.—Chicago Tribune. Get your Permit to Smoke.

Afraid? Certainly not, if your doctor approves. Let him decide about your using Ayer's Hair Vigor for falling hair or dandruff. It will not color the hair, neither will it harm or injure. A complete list of good things to eat will be found in The Bee Market shopper on page 8.

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