

# MILTON ROGERS & SONS CO. 1515 HARNEY

## Save on Your Stove

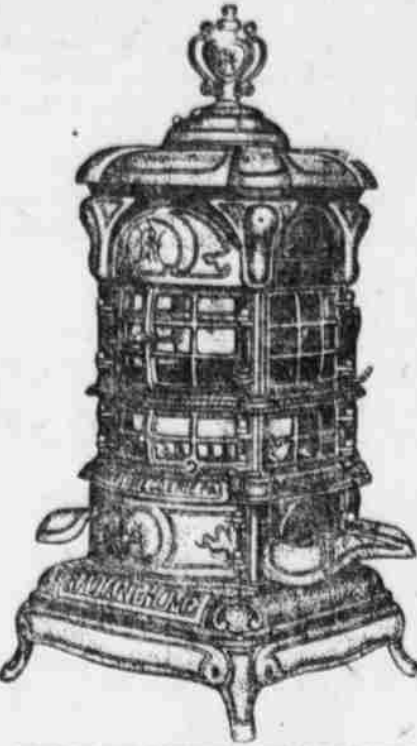
All this week we offer to any customer interested in a heater, range or cook stove, one of the best saving opportunities ever given to the stove buyer. Read through this ad and cut out the coupon.

This is the standard heater of the market. It has no equal for heating power and economy of fuel. Easily saving to you half a ton of coal every winter. At \$12.50 per ton that means \$6.25 to you. See the new 1913 Colonial pattern (plain nickel). Large to burn the large stove size coal as well as the

Our lines of ranges include the leaders of the stove world. The Quick Meal, the most sanitary and satisfactory range imaginable, has white enamel doors and all flues are enamel lined. It is the perfect range for economy and quick work. We also have the Radiant Home steel and cast iron ranges and other reliable makes and designs. All or any of the above at a SPECIAL DISCOUNT all THIS WEEK.

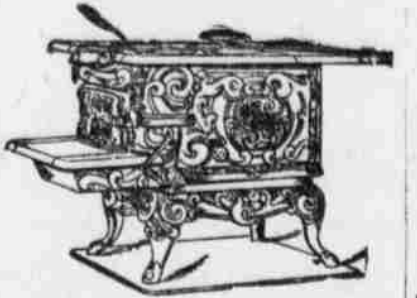
**OUR ALUMINUM DEMONSTRATION**  
Will continue for one week longer. Come in and see how to use "Wear-Ever" to the best advantage. Come and ask the Factory Demonstrator questions. You need not feel that you must buy. Monday, Roast Chicken, Tuesday, Gems and Cakes.

**Special for Monday and Tuesday—2 Aluminum Pie Plates, regular 63c, special 39c**

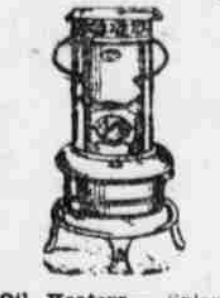


**CELEBRATED RADIANT HOME BASE BURNERS**

**\$50**  
**\$56**  
**\$63**



**COOK STOVES—Last iron, large oven, guaranteed bakers \$13.90**



**Oil Heaters—Simplified, no smokes, heat at \$3.25**



**Baby Oaks—Reliable soft coal heaters, nickel trimmed, \$5.95**



**Laundry Stove, regular 2-hole pattern \$3.95**



**Stoves and Ranges Sold on Payments**

## LIPTON ALWAYS HAS CHANCE

To Enter Yacht Race Must Comply with Few Simple Conditions.

IT IS MILLIONAIRES' GAME

Large Boats Are Scarcer Now Than Years Ago Because of Increase in the Cost of Building Material and Labor

NEW YORK, Nov. 30.—Since his arrival in New York several weeks ago Sir Thomas Lipton has traveled quite extensively through the country and in every large city someone has asked him if he intended to race again for the America's cup. His answer has been that he will be glad to enter another race and that he will build two boats provided the New York Yacht club will allow him to build on this side of the ocean, and will allow the building under the "universal rule"—a rule that is not universal, by the way, but is simply European. It has been made clear to the general public, what is known by every yachtsman, that Sir Thomas may have a race

whenever he pleases by complying with a very few simple conditions; that is, give ten months' notice, build his boat wherever he pleases outside of the United States, bring it on its own bottom to New York, and either give or take time allowance according to the New York Yacht club rule of measurement, or race against the defender, boat for boat, without any time allowance.

But this condition of affairs suggests another question that is frequently raised by people who are more or less familiar with yacht racing, as well as by those whose interest in the sport is more general than specific, and that is, why is it that there is no such racing for large yachts today as there was twenty-five or thirty years ago? Such people recall the splendid fleet of large sloops and schooners that always appeared in the races of the New York Yacht club and the Seawanhaka-Corinthian Yacht club when they were held in the lower bay in the '50s, and ask if interest in yacht racing is dying out.

Interest is increasing. The answer to the last question is that there is more active interest in yacht racing today than ever before and there are many times more owners of racing craft of one size or another than there were in the years from 1880 to 1890, when the large boats were in the limelight. But the interest has been transferred in a large measure from the racing of large boats to that of boats of medium or small size.

The expense of racing in the larger classes today is prohibitive, excepting to a very wealthy man. In the first place, the cost of building a large sloop or schooner is several times as much as it was twenty-five or thirty years ago. This is due in part to the higher cost of materials and the increase in wages, but in a larger part to the greater refinement and elaboration of construction and fitting. One can go today to some of the shipyards in Maine, get plans and specifications from a builder, use the same sort of timber in construction as was used thirty years ago and finished in the same style, and the cost of a boat would not be very greatly in excess of the earlier cost. But no one today would be satisfied with such a craft. By the same token it will cost more to furnish a home today than it did thirty years ago, with probably only the same number of pieces to serve the same purposes, but the same satisfaction would not be produced with the furniture of 1880.

Besides the first cost, the expense of running a larger yacht has increased enormously. Thirty years ago the regular crew of a large sloop or schooner yacht got the boat under way and handle could get the boat under way and handle under ordinary conditions. Even in pleasure cruising the male guests of the owner were expected to take onto the main sheet or lend a hand in any emergency, while in racing from half to three-quarters of the crew were amateurs and friends of the owner. Today a large yacht in racing carries a full crew of paid hands, excepting for the "after guards" of two or three especially clever amateurs, and these do no work, excepting possibly to "spoil" the owner if he be the helmsman. And every man of the paid crew expects to receive, and does receive, race money, from \$1 to \$5 a day, in addition to his regular wages, his board, or his "grab money" and his uniforms. Then the old boats raced with their ordinary canvas, but the boats of today must have special racing sails and duplicate outfits, at that expensively made.

under ordinary conditions would have been two men, just enough to raise the mainsail. It may have carried three, one a qualified skipper, in order that the owner's family could have the use of the boat in the middle of the week when father was busy downtown; one of the three regulars was half sailor and half cook and steward. But this yacht never went cruising any distance from home without having on board at least two friends of the owner who were able, and very willing, to bear a hand in working the ship, and its racing allowance of crew was nine men, five of whom, besides the skipper, were amateurs.

But the disappearance of the amateurs from the decks of the large racing yachts is no evidence of waning interest in the sport. On the contrary, it is indirect evidence of an increase of interest, for the young men of today of the class that supplied the amateur crews of old are the owners and skippers of smaller racing boats, or go as crew in smaller craft belonging to their chums in their own stations in life. And of the building of small yachts, and especially in the restricted and one-day classes, there is no end; and, moreover, it is in the small boats that our boys and young men learn to be real sailors; learn to take chances and to judge risks and learn to take the measure of the force of wind and sea. It is easily demonstrated that interest in yacht racing is not declining. Just compare the racing records of last season with those of even ten years ago. Where fifty starters then was a very big and almost unheard-of fleet, seventy-five is an ordinary one today, 100 is not very big, and there were as many as 150 starters in one day's racing during the last season.

**Just a Few Remarks.**  
A shanty business man is apt to be prepared for dull times.  
Probably the best housekeeping plan is not to mortgage the house.  
All things great for the best—and every mother's son of us thinks he's it.  
A clockwork regularity in your business is all right, but don't let it run on tick.  
Don't cherish too good an opinion of yourself—unless you can keep it a secret.  
The detector is a sort of barometer—shadows people to throw light upon what they do.—Boston Transcript.

## Get Rid of Piles at Home

Simple Home Remedy, Easily Applied, Gives Quick Relief and Prevents All Danger from Operation.

Send for Free Trial Package and Prove It in Your Case.  
Don't even think of an operation for piles. Remember what the old family doctor said: Any part of the body cut away is gone forever. One or two applications of Pyramid Pile Remedy and all the pain, fire and torture ceases. In a remarkably short time the congested veins are reduced to normal and you will soon be all right again. Try this remarkable remedy. Sold everywhere at drug stores. Send for a free trial package and prove beyond question it is the right remedy for your case, even though you may be wearing a pile truss.

Just send in the coupon below at once for the free trial treatment. It will show you conclusively what Pyramid Pile Remedy will do. Then you can get the regular package for 50 cents at any drug store. Don't suffer another needless minute. Write now.

**FREE PACKAGE COUPON**  
Pyramid Drug Company, 482 Pyramid Bldg., Market St., Mich. I hereby send me a trial treatment of Pyramid Pile Remedy at once, by mail, FREE, in plain wrapper, so I can prove its splendid results.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Street \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

## LIFE IN CRANBERRY BOGS

Gathering the Essential of Nation's Favorite Sauce.

CAPE COD SETS THE PACE

How the Berries Are Cultivated, Gathered and Marketed—Quick and Hard Work in the Swamps.

Half a trillion barrels of cranberries are required to satisfy the nation's craving for its favorite sauce. From the swamps of Wisconsin, New Jersey, and Massachusetts this amount was marketed by Thanksgiving day. The crop is hand picked, there is no machine to be invented the successful cranberry harvester.

Three-fifths of the cranberry supply comes from Massachusetts, from 800 bogs distributed the length of Cape Cod. In 1911 Cape Cod produced 273,000 barrels; New Jersey, 143,000; and Wisconsin, 53,000. The harvest from scattered swamps in other localities is comparatively small.

The tip of Cape Cod, stretching its sand dunes for twenty-five miles and sloping out a big piece of the Atlantic ocean to make Massachusetts bay, is dotted with cranberry bogs. Abbott Nickerson, for years one of the famous growers of the Cape, boss of a score of swamps, and who knows the red berry as no one else, gave me employment on his Park-in-a-Woods bog near Orleans. I picked cranberries, sorted them in the swamp, screened them in the bog shanty, rolled the barrels up the bog bank, and piled them on a wagon hitched to a yoke of oxen. The day began at 6 a. m. and ended at 6 p. m. When we knocked off work I collected my wages—\$1.65.

During the three or four days that followed I spent nearly that amount for liniment to rub on a sore back, stiff knees and a cramping neck. For the novice there is no work under the sun more trying than cranberry picking.

**Bog Covers Five Acres.**

This particular bog was five acres in extent. It was made twenty-five years ago and has paid an average of \$100 a year. Early in the morning a blanket of mist hung close to the ground. As the day advanced the sun drove this away and sent blistering rays down on the kneeling cranberry pickers.

A cranberry plant grows about eight inches high. Shoots are set out with an attempt to train their growth in a uniform direction. Such is the perversity of the plant that an entire swamp of vines may determine to tangle themselves into every possible intricacy. Berries from these plants must be picked by hand, six to a dozen of the fruit at a grab. Women and children prosper when the vines are tangled. Good pickers among the women make an average of \$3 a day. Boys and girls go out on the bogs before school and two hours after the day's session.

Where the plants grow straight and untangled—and this is the rule on the well kept bogs—they are harvested by means of a cranberry scoop. The scoop is a toothed arrangement, with the teeth separated far enough to allow the vines to slip through the meshes. The berries snap off and rattle down to the bottom of the scoop. The average scoop will garner five quarts, and then the picker must trudge across the bog to empty them into a barrel.

The average number of teeth in a scoop is fifteen, but this varies with the strength of the picker. I started to work with a twenty pronged scoop and twenty minutes later changed it for one with ten teeth.

Pickers get down on their knees, poke the toothed scoop forward under the low vines and then tip it back, pushing the berries off. Probably a fourth of them fall to the ground. After every four or five strokes with the scoop pickers stop and pick up the berries that have been knocked to the ground.

Pickers generally line up and now a strip across the bog. I have seen as many as forty men and women on their hands and knees, the scoops—some of them aluminum tined—flashing in the sunlight, and the crisp, snapping rattle of the berries—a sound the like of which you never hear elsewhere—audible all over the bog.

The country does not produce a crop to which there is so small a percentage of loss. Of every basket of berries probably less than two quarts of berries finally are discarded as useless. A novel apparatus is employed in many bog shanties to sort berries. They pour slowly from the barrel upon a revolving wheel built much like an old mill wheel. The big, solid berries bounce farthest from the wheel, the second grade bounce into a receptacle a shorter distance away, while the third grade, smaller and not so heavy, follow the wheel around.

On the bogs where this machine is not used berries are sorted into three grades by women sorters. They sit at the mouth of a long trench down which comes a veritable avalanche of berries, millions of millions of them, and with hands moving swiftly here and there grab them out three exits. The difference in the marketing price of the three grades of cranberries is not great.

For the last five years cranberries have brought to the grower an average price of \$6 per barrel. Of this amount just half is estimated as clear profit.

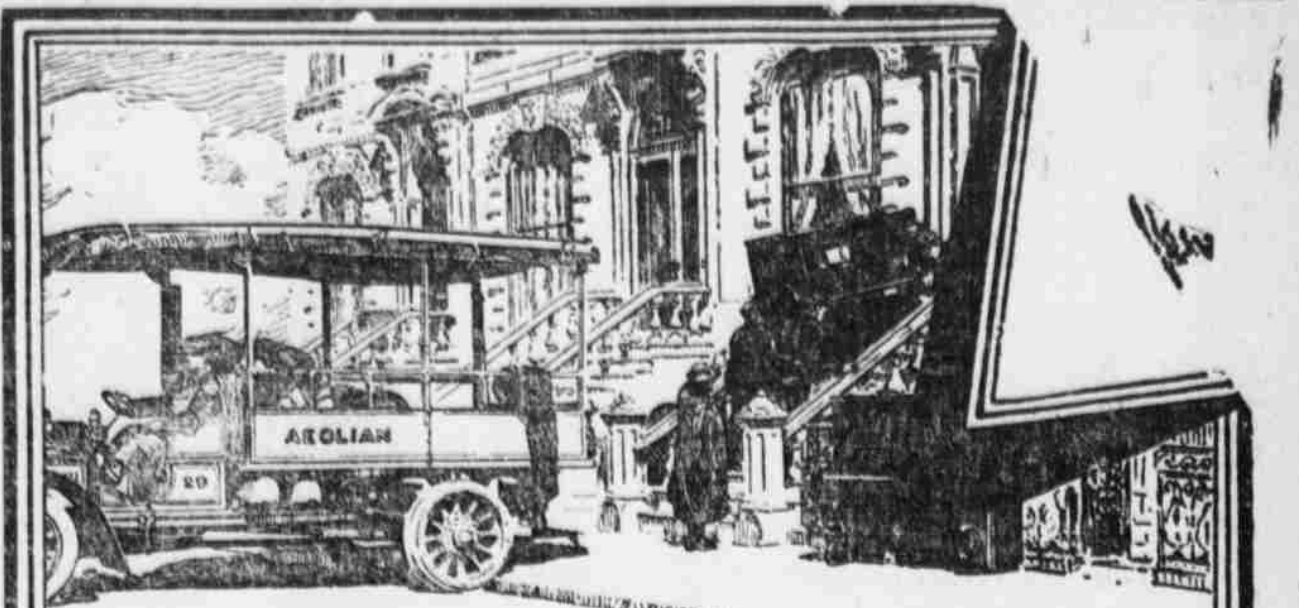
Male pickers of Cape Cod prefer to pick by the hour, for which the average 1912 is 40 cents. But some of the most successful pickers include many Portuguese, pick by the barrel. Some of these stars of the cranberry bog make from \$5 to \$12 a day during a season of ten weeks.

Possession of a three-acre cranberry bog provides a good competence. It requires about three years to establish a bog. The favorite location is a cedar swamp near which is a pond by which the bog can be flooded. Ground from which cedar stumps have been removed furnishes the best soil for the toothsome rellian.

Bogs must be flooded to the top of the berry plants when frost threatens. As the day warms the water is drawn off and the bog sends up clouds of steam as it dries. The bog is established away from natural water supply and gasoline motor pumps have been installed to fill reservoirs with supply sufficient to flood the swamp.

Park in the woods bog has an interesting history. An English florist who established himself in Boston was advised by physicians to live outdoors. He decided to cultivate a cranberry bog. Then he set out trees and rose bushes around the swamp. The pond used for flooding purposes was carefully parked. The bog dike is kept as neatly trimmed as the best lawn. At the entrance to the bog are two willow tree the slips of which were brought from Napoleon's grave on St. Helena.

The cranberry picking season is most



## Sooner or later—for it is inevitable—

there will be a genuine Pianola player-piano going into your home to replace the instrument you now have. Your craving to produce music without years of study and practice, will some day lead you to realize the world of musical possibilities one of these instruments will give you. In case you have a player-piano you doubtless have realized how far short it is of your expectations, and you will long for the real Pianola player-piano, with all its wonderful expression devices which enable a mere novice to play with the skill and expression of a master musician.

**There is but ONE genuine PIANOLA player-piano. It is standard of the World, and is installed in only six of the leading pianos, namely: Steinway, Weber, Steck, Wheelock, Stuyvesant and Stroud. Let us demonstrate these matchless instruments to you, whether you intend to purchase or not.**

Terms to suit your convenience. Catalogue mailed on request.

## Schmoller & Mueller Piano Co.

Exclusive Representatives of the Pianola Piano. 1311-13 Farnam Street

Important in the lives of Cape Cod natives. Work of almost every sort is put aside. Cod banks and quahaug and clam beds are even deserted. Young and old gather on the swamps. Once the crop is ripe it must be harvested quickly.

The season begins in the middle of September and ends about the middle of November. In the early morning hours, over every road on the cape, parties of pickers are seen journeying to the bogs. Many go on foot, sometimes walking ten miles to a good bog. They go on horseback, in the family carryall, twenty in a lumber wagon, by automobile and by ox team. Father and mother and half a dozen children will spend day after day on the cranberry bog. High school girls and boys make Saturday a joyous holiday and earn a dollar or two in money.

After I had worked on my knees for an hour I found myself munching berries constantly. I turned to the picker who had caught up with me twice going across a red-wide strip.

"Say, pal, the reason I've only managed to scrape up about ten quarts is because I guess I've eaten about that many," I said. "Will it make me sick?"

He popped a fat red berry from his mouth and exclaimed: "I've been picking for ten years. I munch cranberries

all the time and I've never been sick in my life."—Chicago Tribune.

**A Bachelor's Reflections.**  
Bachelors don't have to worry about their reputations.

Men get unpopular by getting rich, but they don't get rich by getting unpopular. The reason no man ever kissed a girl is it's her father for her father to think so.

It's very foolish of a man not to give his wife a bigger allowance so he could borrow more of it.

The greatest trial to a woman is to have a hat that doesn't look as if she could say it cost \$15 more than it did.

A man gets so excited over the way the government is run because he doesn't know how it is run.

A girl's idea about a thrilling football game is if she had some good clothes to wear at it.

What a woman can't understand is why men don't have political house cleanings in the spring, the right season for 'em.—New York Press.

**The Only Way.**  
The late Wilbur Wright put safety above all else in aeronautic construction.

Mr. Wright was once watching with critical eye the flight of a very swift, sleek, aeroplanes, when a little girl said to him:

"Uncle Wilbur, can you get to heaven in one of those machines?"

"Not by going up," replied the great

alman: "but if you have lived a very good life you may do so by coming down."—Washington Star.

**Accelerated Brain Activity.**  
In the early days of Wisconsin, two of the most prominent lawyers of the state were George E. Smith and I. S. Sloan, the latter of whom had a habit of injecting into his remarks to the court the expression, "Your honor I have an idea." A certain case had been dragging along through a hot summer day when Sloan sprang to his feet, with his old remark, "Your honor, I have an idea."

Smith immediately bounded up, assuming an impressive attitude, and in great solemnity said:

"May it please the court, I move that a writ of habeas corpus be issued by this court immediately to take the learned gentleman's idea out of solitary confinement."—Popular Magazine.

**Mere Mediocrity.**  
"I used to think I possessed the artistic temperament—the sacred fire; but I was mistaken. I'm just one among the millions of common people."

"You have no right to say that! You have done some splendid things—things that you could not possibly have done if you had merely been one among the millions of common people."

"No, you're mistaken. I'm just an ordinary man. Why, my wife has lived with me for eleven years without ever once thinking of getting a divorce!"—Judge's Library.

## Dr. Hartman Recalls Cures Made By Old-Time Peru-na



DR. S. B. HARTMAN

I have been practicing medicine since 1855. Most of that time I have been using Peru-na as my principal remedy. So many unexpected recoveries have been made by those for whom I have prescribed Peru-na that it would take a large book to contain them all. They keep coming up to my mind one by one. Whether on my farm, or at home, whether playing with my grandchildren or conducting my large office business, these incidents of old-time Peru-na cures steal in upon my memory unawares.

Take, for instance, a single case from the extensive list of similar cases in my diary of cases treated, as an example of the cures that Peru-na used to make.

Mrs. T. S. Eberlein (then of Pittsburg, Pa., afterwards of Keokuk, Iowa), during the year 1882 began to develop usual symptoms of catarrh of the lungs. Cough was one of the first symptoms, which gradually grew worse in spite of all treatment. The sputa, at first slight, became abundant and purulent, occasionally streaked with blood. A rapid loss of flesh and flagging appetite filled her relatives with foreboding. The hectic flush, night sweats, and suppression of the menses? left no doubt as to the nature of her disease.

terrible disease frequent consultations were held, but nothing checked the steady progress of her malady. Not a doubt had existed in the minds of her physicians or friends as to the nature of her disease, nor as to its fatal termination. The repeated examinations of her lungs repeatedly expressed by Mrs. Eberlein, but which she was often thought to be dying, were nearing the end.

Her physicians were honored members of the medical fraternity, in whom Mrs. Eberlein's husband and family had perfect confidence. And the sorrow with which they listened to their decision that they had exhausted everything known to them in vain for the relief of the wife and mother of the afflicted household can be better imagined than described. As in common to this sort of patients, Mrs. Eberlein continued hopeful long after her attendants believed her to be beyond cure.

I was practicing at the time in Pittsburg, and a fancy that I would be able to relieve her was, during her illness, repeatedly expressed by Mrs. Eberlein, but as they were employing the best medical talent the city afforded, no attention was paid to it. At last she became so weak and emaciated that an attendant was constantly at hand to lift her during the terrible coughing spells to which she was subject, and which were frequently followed by alarming sinking spells, during which she was often thought to be dying. It was during one of these frightful paroxysms when her husband was supporting her tenderly and vainly trying to palliate her sufferings that she again expressed her belief that, if Dr. Hartman were sent for he could relieve her.

Willing to induce her in any wish, as she was thought to be dying by all, I was immediately sent for, but being very busy was not able to respond until late in the evening of the afternoon on which I was sent for. It was not expected that she would survive until I could reach her home, but hope kept her alive until I came.

It would be difficult to imagine a more discouraging case for a doctor to undertake to cure than Mrs. Eberlein's at the moment of my first visit. Let me describe her symptoms.

A drawn, pinched countenance, of a deathly pallor, and livid lips. Sunken, staring eyes, with a glassy brightness. Wasted in body to a mere shadow. Pulse wholly imperceptible at the wrist, but the heart feebly fluttering. Extremities cold and clammy; fingers nails blue, breathing hurried and gasping, utterly exhausted and hopeless. It certainly seemed as if I had only arrived in time to see her die.

that I replied:

"Sir, you and I are now in the vigor of life; it may happen that this lady will live to see us buried."

After a hasty examination of the case I prescribed Peru-na to be taken every hour, and if she was not better in the morning to let me know.

It was two weeks before I again heard from the case, when the husband entered my office, radiant with joy, and, not waiting for the usual salutations, exclaimed:

"Doctor, my wife is well!"

"Oh, no, you mean she is better," I replied. But the enthusiastic husband insisted that his wife was "well and the heartiest eater at the table."

The fact was that, while she had made astonishing improvement she was obliged to continue the use of Peru-na many months. In less than a year she was entirely well, and has remained so since, and her treatment from the beginning to the end was Peru-na and nothing else.

To have seen her at the time of the first visit it would have been impossible to believe that any medicine or other earthly power could have saved her.

This case is no more unusual or astonishing than a great many others that my list contains, not only of diseases of the lungs, but of all mucous surfaces.

Cases of dyspepsia, diarrhea and dysentery which have withstood all other treatment, have yielded at once by the use of Peru-na.

Numerous cases of Bright's disease of the kidneys, acute catarrh and rheumatism, female diseases, that had been treated locally for years, were instantly relieved and finally recovered by Peru-na. In short, every disease of the body that has not already gone beyond all earthly help, frequently makes astonishing recovery.

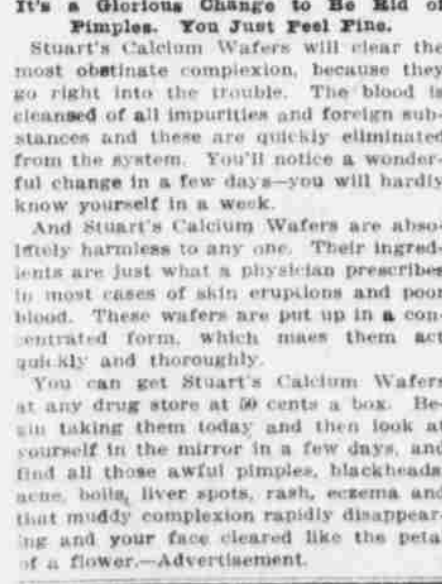
As a general tonic and appetizer Peru-na has no superior. It is a certain remedy for worn-out or tired-out human nature. Cases of nervous prostration, loss of vitality and sleeplessness are all treated by Peru-na with such undeviating success that wherever it is used it ranks as the greatest tonic known.

In future articles I will recite other cases of similar interest. In doing so I shall not allow the slightest exaggeration or fiction to mar the realism which the simple facts alone give to any narrative of this kind.

## Rid Your Face of All Pimples

Skin Cleared in a Few Days by Stuart's Calcium Wafers, the Famous Blood Purifier.

Pimples, blotches, skin eruptions of all kinds, are simply the impurities in the blood coming to the surface. All the external treatment in the world won't do a particle of good unless you purify the blood. And there's nothing so humiliating as a face that's all "broken out" and spotted.



It's a Glorious Change to Be Rid of Pimples. You Just Feel Fine. Stuart's Calcium Wafers will clear the most obstinate complexion, because they go right into the trouble. The blood is cleansed of all impurities and foreign substances and these are quickly eliminated from the system. You'll notice a wonderful change in a few days—you will hardly know yourself in a week.

And Stuart's Calcium Wafers are absolutely harmless to any one. Their ingredients are just what a physician prescribes in most cases of skin eruptions and poor blood. These wafers are put up in a concentrated form, which makes them act quickly and thoroughly.

You can get Stuart's Calcium Wafers at any drug store at 50 cents a box. Begin taking them today and then look at yourself in the mirror in a few days, and find all those awful pimples, blackheads, acne, boiling liver spots, rash, eczema and that muddy complexion rapidly disappearing and your face cleared like the petals of a flower.—Advertisement.

**Money To Loan**  
Omaha Property.  
Douglas Co. Farms.  
We Want to Buy "Douglas Co. Farms."  
"INSURANCE"  
Love-Haskell Co.