

**MRS. M. E. PROCTOR, who says she is so grateful for what Tanlac has done for her that she wants the whole world to know about it. Declares her complete recovery after so many years of suffering seems too good to be true.**



"I am so grateful for what Tanlac has done for me that I want to tell the whole world about it," said Mrs. M. E. Proctor, of 717 W. First St., Los Angeles, Calif., when speaking of the splendid results she had obtained from the medicine. "To think that I should have suffered for so many years, and spent hundreds of dollars in vain efforts to get relief and then find complete relief after taking only four bottles of Tanlac, seems too good to be true.

"Yes, indeed, for years and years I suffered terribly from stomach trouble. Everything I ate seemed to form gas and so affected my heart and breathing that I would have palpitation and would turn purple in the face in my efforts to get my breath. These attacks caused me intense suffering and were so bad that I was frequently confined to my bed and would have to be attended by some member of the family for fear I should succumb during one of the attacks.

"I got awfully thin and was so weak that I had to give up all household duties. I often went for two weeks at a time without getting a good night's sleep and as a consequence became very nervous and low-spirited. In fact, I was a confirmed invalid and my friends did not expect me to live very long. "I sat reading the paper one evening when my eye caught the statement of a lady who had suffered with similar trouble to my own and telling how she had been wonderfully helped by Tanlac. I sent for a bottle and started taking it and the results have been most surprising.

"My appetite is splendid now and I can eat most anything without any distress afterward. The gas has stopped forming and I no longer have palpitation or that smothering feeling. I sleep sound all night long and get up feeling rested. I am in better health today than I have been for forty years and I feel years younger.

"I don't believe there ever was as good a medicine made as Tanlac." Tanlac is sold in Omaha at all Sherman & McConnell Drug Company's stores, Harvard Pharmacy and West End Pharmacy. Also Forrest and Meany Drug Company in South Omaha and the leading druggist in each city and town throughout the state of Nebraska.—Adv.

**BROWN CAB**  
"Everywhere in Omaha"  
Phone Douglas 90

**Stop Your Coughing**  
No need to let that cough persist. Stop the irritation, and remove tickling and hoarseness by soothing the inflamed throat with

**PISO'S**

**VOTE FOR Joe Marrow (the Bailiff) And One Other for Police Judge**



**Joe W. Marrow Republican**

See Want Ads Produce Results.

**TWIN STORIES BY LUCY FITCH PERKINS**

**Dutch Twins Drive the Milk Wagon.**

Now, this apron was all faded, and it had patches on it of different kinds of cloth. Kat looked at her best dress. Then she looked at the apron. Then she thought about the milk cart. She wondered if she wanted to go in the milk cart badly enough to wear that apron over her Sunday dress! She stuck her finger in her mouth and looked sidewise at Grandmother Winkle.

Grandmother didn't say a word. She just looked firm and held up the apron.

Very soon Kat came slowly—very slowly—and Grandmother buttoned the apron up behind, and that was the end of that.

The Twins could hardly eat any breakfast, they were in such a hurry to go. As soon as they had taken the last spoonful, and Grandmother Winkle had finished her coffee, they ran out into the place where the dogs were kept, to help Grandfather harness them.

There were two black and white dogs. Their names were Peter and Paul.

The wagon was small, just the right size for the dogs; and it was painted blue. The bright brass cans full of milk were already in; and there was a little seat for Kat to sit on.

When the last strap was fastened, Grandfather lifted Kat up and set

**I'M THE GUY!**

By R. H. ALLIE.  
I'M THE GUY who never buys one, but reads all the magazines on the news stand.  
Why shouldn't I?  
It's cheaper. I just want to read the best story. I don't want the whole magazine.  
What difference does it make anyway? I won't spoil the magazine. It will be just as good when I finish. The stand man won't be out any. Someone else will come around and buy it.  
Besides, why should I buy a magazine when I'm not sure it's good or when I want to read only one story in it? That's a waste of money.  
Anyway, that's why they're on display, for folks to look through and see how good they are.  
If you don't like it, that's your worry, not mine. I'm not going to buy one when I don't want to, or don't need to. So long as I can get by with it, I'm going to keep it up. If you or the newsman objects, tell me about it, or don't pay any attention.  
That's how I feel about it.

**Vincent C. Hascall**  
Lawyer  
Republican Candidate for Representative to State Legislature  
Stands for Law and Order—Progressive Legislation—Bigger University  
Member of Local and State Bar, American Legion Primaries  
Tuesday, April 20

**Vote for PERSHING**  
Then vote for these delegates who will support him loyally and represent you faithfully.  
**DELEGATES AT LARGE**  
Charles H. Kelsey  
Titus Lowe Elmer J. Burkett  
George H. Austin  
ALTERNATE DELEGATE AT LARGE  
Carl E. Herring  
DELEGATE—SECOND DISTRICT  
C. E. Adams  
ALTERNATE—SECOND DISTRICT  
Hird Stryker John H. Caldwell  
**REPUBLICAN PRIMARIES, APRIL 20**

**My HEART and My HUSBAND**  
By ADELE GARRISON

What Lillian Asked Alice Holcombe at the Old Tea Room.

Alice Holcombe's eyes as they glanced quickly at Lillian in answer to the other's query, reminded me of those of a trapped animal. I realized quickly that she was afraid Lillian, with the rare insight of which I had told her, might discover the secret of her love for Kenneth Stockbridge, but which alas for poor Alice, was now written in her face and eyes for anyone who could read it.

"I spoke quickly, reassuringly. "I have told Mrs. Underwood that you had known both Mr. and Mrs. Stockbridge and Mrs. Stockbridge's family since childhood, and naturally she thinks that you could give her a great deal of information that no one else could."

"If It Will Help—"  
The frightened look went out of her eyes, and she smiled a gallant little smile.

"I will tell you anything I know," she said simply.  
"Good!" Lillian commented characteristically. "Now don't think I'm lacking upstairs if I ask you some strange questions. There's something very definite that I want to establish, a little theory of my own which I want to bolster up. I can't tell it to you now, but both you and Madge shall know it in good time. Now to begin with, was Mrs. Stockbridge her husband's first sweetheart?"

Alice looked faintly astonished, but her answer was prompt.  
"No."

"Do you know the circumstances of his first love affair?"

"Yes."

"Would you mind telling me how?"

Lillian's voice was soft, her eyes averted from the woman she was questioning, but as Alice Holcombe dropped her own eyes and faltered in her answer, I saw Lillian send a quick, keen glance at the other's face, and knew that Alice Holcombe's soul was under Lillian's mental scalpel as surely as her body would have been if she had been on the dissecting table.

"I had been his friend and school-mate since we were little children, his chum, nothing sentimental of course," her voice struck a gallant little note of defiance, "but he used to tell me all his troubles, and when the tragedy came into his life he naturally came to me because he had no sister of his own."

"I see. Of course," Lillian said in the most matter-of-fact way possible. "Now would you be breaking a confidence to tell me that old love story of Mr. Stockbridge's?"

"If it will help him, I shall not consider it a broken confidence," she replied with dignity.  
"The Question Is—"  
And then for the next five minutes Lillian and I listened spellbound, as in graphic language the woman who loved Kenneth Stockbridge told the story of his first love affair, and of the accident which had terminated it, above all of the suffering in mind and body the maimed boy had undergone. When she had finished I was openly wiping my eyes, although I had heard part of the story before, and Lillian's face was stirred with grave sympathy.  
"What a tragedy!" she said re-

**VOTE FOR PERSHING**

TO GET IN OR OUT OF BUSINESS, USE THE BEE WANT AD COLUMNS.

*The First Nebraska* *The First Nebraska*

# National Guard

The First Nebraska Regiment was organized in 1855. Its record from then until 1913, through Civil, Indian, Spanish-American and Philippine wars was brilliant.

This record is one of the bright spots in Nebraska's history.

The First Nebraska's traditions will live as long as Nebraska.

This regiment passed out of existence temporarily in 1913, by a change in name only.

The historic First Nebraska Guard unit is to be reorganized.

Omaha has been given the privilege of supplying the First Battalion.

The Battalion will consist of four infantry companies, and one Regimental Medical unit.

The Omaha Battalion will be housed in the Municipal Auditorium. Lockers will be built. Drill will be held there once a week.

The Federal Government will supply all equipment—clothing, arms, etc. The men will be paid by the United States.

There will be a two-week encampment in the summer—with full pay for 15 days, and all expenses paid

In order to protect the men in the guard, and to promote the reorganization of the First Nebraska, employers are signing an agreement with the adjutant general, guaranteeing their men full pay for any time they may be in guard service.

This means that men going to the encampment will not lose their vacation time.

**Snap Into It!**

Enlistments begin Monday, April 19th, Farnam street, between Seventeenth and Eighteenth streets.