For the Live Boys of Omaha

Basket Ball Climax for Junior Members of Y. M. C. A. Reached

The climax of the basket ball season for the younger boys of Omaha is here. Many schools, churches, clubs and other groups have their teams of boys aging from 12 to 16.

On nearly every one of these teams there are from one to five "Y" boys. The systematic gym work, champion eights and pre-season basket ball leagues as well as the Junior Church leagues stimulate much interest in this sport. Nearly all of these boys learned the game at the "Y" and have been put in good physical condition through their gym work. The sports of the season along with body building games and exercises help many boys to fit themselves for athletics in their churches, clubs and other groups.

The Wild Cats of Hanscom Park, Clifton Hill Juniors, Dundee Juniors, Junior Pearls, Pirates, Sterling Quintet, as well as many other teams representing schools and churches are composed of nearly all "Y" boys.

Every institution having a gym of any description have many calls every day from juniors wanting to use their gym for games at most any hour such as might be available.

Preliminaries for Swimming Meet Were Run Off Last Friday

Last Friday night at 8 o'clock occurred the preliminaries to the big annual swimming meet to be held soon. There were nearly a hundred boys competing in these preliminaries.

Fathers and brothers were invited to watch the events in both swimming and diving and there were many who came to watch their hopefuls.

The events started with races for speed, one, two and three laps swimming, side, overhand, crawl and back strokes. There were many competitors in every event and much interest shown by the boys and the spectators.

The plain and form diving was very keenly watched. There were tryouts in all dives. The interest in swimming and diving has increased tremendously during the past winter. The untiring interest and coaching of Mr. Westlund, Clifford Elliston and Eddie Spencer as well as the regular employed staff of the physical department has been responsible for the great advance and interest in the swimming and diving training of the "Y" boys.

New Magazine Covers for "Y" Boys' Division

Several decided improvements are being made in the reading room of the boys' division of the "Y."

On account of the keen interest that has been shown on the part of the boys in the reading room and also the pride with which they take care of the books and magazines, several surprises in store for the readers

Solid black leather binders for the magazines have been ordered and will be here very soon. These binders are the best and most serviceable that could be obtained and are guaranteed for 10 years.

The many boys' magazines to be found on the reading tables are read by several hundred boys each week. It is necessary to have substantial supports for the magazines because so many boys read them. It was necessary to get an additional copy of the American Boy magazine on account of the fact that it was read to pieces before the end of the month. Another magazine that has seldom lived out its month is the Popular Mechanics. It has been truly popular.

New Books Donated to Y. M. C. A. Library by Omaha Hi-Y Boys

The boys' division library of the Young Men's Christian association has been more than doubled by the increased numbers of new books added during the past few weeks.

Over 500 of the finest standard boys' books in print today were placed in the reading room of the "Y" for the many members who come in every day to read one of the finest collections of boys' books in the city.

These books were contributed to the boys' division by the Hi-Y members of the city. Older boys who have accumulated books over a period of several years, but who have ceased to read the stories were glad to contribute to this collection.

The many contributors brought from one to 100 each, and this has given the boys' division the finest set of the very best boys' books ever placed in the library.

Boys' Division Notes for "Y" Members

Next Sunday in this space will be further announcements concerning the St. Pat's party which will be the largest and best party ever given by the Boys' division of the "Y." Watch this column. Every boy in the membership will want to be present.

Floor of the reading room, halls and outer office were covered from the cork linoleum that was on the game room before the new covering was placed down. There were several good strips from the old covering and this was used to cover the odd places.

Any one desiring detailed information on how to close up an office at night should come in to see Harold Brown, the popular night helper in the Boys' division. The art of closing up the office, he has reduced to a science, covering some 20 rules, the 21st one being to "do everything else you can think of after everything has been done."

The Married Life of Helen and Warren

Helen's Inexcusable Carelessness Leads to a Disastrous Social Offense.

"I hate to get these gloves wet—they'll spot," worried Helen, tucking her white-gloved hands into her sleeves.

"Get a wiggle on," Warren turned up his coat collar. "Let's get home before it pours."

"I hope ti won't rain tomorrow night—when the Reeds come."

"Well, give 'em a good dinner. Reed knows something about food."

"I thought I'd have guinea hen—it's more distinctive than chicken. And I'll try to get some alligator pears for the salad. I'm glad this was Anna's afternoon off—maybe she'll be more amiable tomorrow."

The portal lights of their apartment house now blurred through the misting rain. Running ahead, Helen darted up the steps and into the shelter of the marble hall.

"Lady and gentleman was here to see you," the elevator boy handed Helen a card. "They thought they was to have dinner with you all this evenin'."

"The Reeds!" Helen almost screamed.

"What's that?" Warren snatched the card. "Great Scott, it wasn't tonight?"

"It's their mistake! I've got it down for tomorrow. I'll show you!"

Fumbling in her purse, she rushed from the elevator, breathlessly down the hall. But Warren had his key out first.

In the library, switching on the light, she dashed to the desk.

The calendar-pad was triumphantly reassuring. Today's leaf held only a scribbled reminder—"Clean silver" and "Fix blue evening gown." On tomorrow's, Friday's, was underlined—"Mr. and Mrs. Reed for dinner—7:30."

"You see? It's their mistake. Oh how could they have got it mixed!"

"I'm not so sure they did," Warren was glowering over her shoulder. "You're always balling up dates. Reed's pretty damned accurate. She wrote you, didn't she? Where's her letter?"

Feverishly, Helen rummaged all through the disorderly desk.

"Wonder you can find anything in that mess! Why in blazes don't you keep your papers straight? I'd get a helluva lot done if I kept my desk like that."

"Here it is," eagerly extricating a sheet of pale gray note paper.

"My Dear Mrs. Curtis:

Mr. Reed and I will be pleased to accept your kind invitation to dine with you next Thursday at 7:30. As I have not been well, I am looking forward with pleasure to my first evening out for some time.

Sincerely,
Alice E. Reed.

"Thursday!" thundered Warren scanning the letter at a glance.

Stupefied, Helen gazed at that ominous word. So firmly had Friday been fixed in her mind, she had thought Friday and even read this letter "Friday!"

"Oh, how awful!" How awful!" covering her face with her hands.

"Now cut the heroics and let's get at the root of this thing," sternly. "What day did you invite 'em for? Can you dig that out of your addled brain?"

"Thursday! I can't explain it—but I know now I did say Thursday. I must've put it down on the wrong leaf and ever since I've thought 'Friday.'"

"Well, of all the mutton-headed ninnies!" exploded Warren. "She's written Thursday plain as day. How you could read that 'Friday' beats me! What's your dome stuffed with—excelsior?"

"What will they think?" hysterically. "And she isn't well—it's the first time she's been out! Oh! Oh!" dropping on the couch, her face in the pillow.

"Get up from there and let's see what we're going to do about it."

"'Phone right now! You explain. Say I—Oh, what can you say?"

"That you haven't the brains of a rabbit. But you'll do the 'phoning! Holy smoke, we don't know the number. They've just moved—not in the book."

"Get it from Central," tearfully. "There's the address on her letter."

The address was not on the letter! It had been, but apparently Helen had scribbled a grocery list on the margin at the top, for it was unevenly torn off, leaving the penciled "ragus" of "asparagus."

It was on Park avenue. Helen knew, but could not remember the number.

"I've got it at the office," announced Warren, grimly. "You write a letter! I'll have to take it down tonight and address it there."

"Send it special delivery," tensely.

"No, that'll get 'em up before breakfast. It's not 10 yet—if I mail it by 11, they'll get it on the first delivery. Here," he cleared the cluttered desk with a ruthless hand. "Now, sit down and get busy explaining."

"Warren, can't I write something that'll seem more plausible? Can't I say I wrote her changing it to Friday—and my letter must've gone astray?"

"No, you won't!" volcanically. "You'll do no lying about this! Put down just what happened. You've queered us anyway—but you're going to tell the truth!"

After spoiling seven sheets of her best engraved note paper, Helen turned to Warren, who was puffing at a big cigar in glowering silence.

"Dear, I can't—I just can't; you've got to write it."

"Read me what you've got there."

Quaveringly she read her last effort:

"Dear Mrs. Reed:

What can I say? It was my mistake. I know now that it was. I did invite you for Thursday and wrote accepting for Thursday, yet all along I had it on my desk pad, Friday. I thought "Friday" and even read your letter "Friday." I know this will seem hard to believe—but it is true. I'm just sick over it all.

Can you ever forgive me? Won't you and Mr. Reed come next Thursday? Please do! I'll not have a happy moment until I see you. Perhaps this is asking a great deal, but I am hoping you will be generous.

Mr. Curtis is as greatly distressed as I am. We were out all evening and did not know a thing about it until we came in a few moments ago. When the boy gave me your card I was almost hysterical.

Abjectedly,
Helen E. Curtis.

"Huh, that's rotten!" snorted Warren. "Too slushy and too much of it. Of course, they won't come next week—got a nerve to ask 'em. Cut that all out. Take another sheet of paper—I'll tell you what to write."

Accustomed to his stenographer, Warren's dictation was curtly rapid. Striving to keep up with him, Helen wrote with feverish haste.

"Dear Mrs. Reed: Both Mr. Curtis and I regret exceedingly the misunderstanding about our dinner engagement. It was entirely my fault. I remember now that I invited you for Thursday, but I erroneously noted it on my desk pad for Friday. This day was so firmly fixed in my mind that even when I read your letter I misread it Friday.

"I can only trust to your generosity to pardon this inexcusable error. Sincerely,

"HELEN E. CURTIS."

"Now, put that in an envelope. I'll take it down to the office for the address."

"Let me enclose this calendar leaf—to prove I did have it down for Friday."

"Huh, you're so used to lying, you have to prove everything you say. Hold on there, what're you doing? Now, no doctoring it up."

"No, dear, I was just rubbing something off the back," for on the reverse side, Saturday, were the homely, plebian reminders:

"Put bath mat and kitchen curtains in wash."

"Clean ice box."

"Order new garbage pail."

For these inelegant items, Helen hastily substituted the more aesthetic,

"Fitting at Mme. Elaine's—10:30."

"Tea at Ritz with Mrs. B, 4:30."

"I hate to think of you going way down to the office alone," slipping the leaf into the letter. "Don't you want me to go with you?"

"No, I don't!" curtly. "Make better time alone. You get to bed!"

"Wait, here's an umbrella," running down the hall after him.

Too feverishly restless to go to bed, Helen curled up on the window seat to gaze wretchedly out at the dripping night.

If only they had not gone to a restaurant for dinner! If they had been in, even though unprepared, it would not have been quite so dreadful! But to invite guests to dinner and then not even be at home! It seemed like a deliberate affront! And after the Reeds had entertained them so delightfully!

What had they thought? What were they thinking now? Where had they gone for dinner? Back home or to a restaurant?

What would they think when they got the letter in the morning? He might be lenient—but would she? Women were much less forgiving.

If it had been anyone but Mr. Reed, president of the Reed Rubber company, for which Warren was the attorney!

And the letter! It seemed inadequate for such an heinous offense. Warren had condemned her letter as too long and gushing, but his had been too brief and coldly formal. It had not sufficiently expressed her bitter regret.

An hour passed. It was after 11 before she heard Warren's key in the hall door.

"Hello! You up yet?" when she ran out to greet him. "Well, I was in luck," peeling off his raincoat. "I saw Reed."

"You saw him?" excitedly. "You went to the house?"

"No, I blew in at the club on the way down. Had a bunch he might be there. Told him just how it happened and how upset you were. Here, stick this in the bathroom," thrusting at her the drenched umbrella.

"What did he say?" breathlessly, the water dripping unheeded on the hall rug. "Was he very indignant?"

"No, he was mighty decent. Reed's a good sport—I told you that. He said they felt sure it was some such mixup."

"And will they come again?" eagerly. "Did you set a date?"

"Didn't try to. Think they're going to fall over themselves to come here next week? You expect to ball things up like that and then have 'em right in a minute? Huh," with a snort, as he stalked into the bedroom, "ought to be darn thankful I patched this up as well as I did!"

(Copyright, 1922.)

Next Week—A Depressing Evening with His Relatives.

In the British house of commons some 25,000 lunches are served in a season and about 37,000 dinners, 1,000 suppers and quite 30,000 teas—to say nothing of 8,000 quick meals at the busy bar.

Their Treasures Here Below

By Elizabeth Jordan

(Continued from Page Five.)

over this hull house and decide what else we can give to Jennie and Robert."

Deborah's plump hand reached for her sister's thin one, found it, and held it a minute. Anne was wonderful. Deborah realiezd this, but remained, as always, inarticulate in the presence of emotion.

"I guess you're right," she said again.

The decision of "the Warren girls" to sell their old home and leave Warrenville was the subject of much gossip in the town which had known them and so many generations of Warrens before them. When it was rumored that they were giving much of their best furniture to Robert Warick and Jennie Chase, the interest of their fellow townsmen became tinged with incredulity.

"I don't believe it," was the way James Warick summed up his impressions. "I ain't never heard those girls was crazy."

Crazy, however, "the Warren girls" seemed to be. Three or four times a week Anne sent for Robert and Jennie to come to supper and spend the evening, and after supper the sisters solemnly presented their young friends with traditional treasures. Each sister vied with the other in generosity. The gift of the eight-day clock from Miss Anne to Jennie was promptly followed by the gift of Uncle Caleb's writing desk from Deborah to Robert. Always the gifts were given with smiling faces, and always after the recipients had departed Deborah Warren looked at her sister in hollow-eyed despair.

"I didn't realize we was so 'near,'" she groaned when she presented Jennie with a reading table around which Warrens had sat for a hundred years.

"The more it hurts the more we got to give," said Anne firmly.

"I think I'll let 'em have the pair of bookcases Greataunt Mina brought from England. And the sooner we get rid of those china cabinets we set such store by the letter it will be for our souls!"

For several weeks the orgy of giving went on. Then, suddenly and unbelievably, Deborah Warren fell ill.

"She's worrying," old Dr. Leonard told Anne when his simple remedies failed to put his patient on her feet again. "What's all this nonsense about you two giving away everything you got? Is that back of it?"

Anne's thin face paled a little. She was afraid that was back of it.

"We can't take our possessions with us," she pointed out, "either in this world or the next. "And it's easier to give away things we like than to sell 'em, isn't it?"

"It wouldn't be for me," admitted the old doctor with a chuckle. "But there's no accounting for tastes. Get Deborah out into the garden tomorrow if you can. She doesn't seem to want to stay in the house."

"No," Anne soberly admitted. "I've noticed that."

"You seem pretty chipper." The doctor was looking at her with keen professional eyes. "You seem a lot better than you used to be."

"I am better." Anne spoke quietly, but in a manner that did not encourage discussion of her health. "But I'm worried about Deborah," she added in a different tone.

Miss Deborah Warren spent the next day in the garden, gazing at the distant hills. Several times Anne tried to talk to her, but each time the other stopped her almost curtly. She seemed sunk in profound thought. Toward sunset, however, Deborah called her sister.

"Anne," she began, "do you know why I hate to go into that house?"

"No, Deborah."

"Well, I'll tell you," Deborah spoke with more than her usual sharp decision—almost with the effect of one going at a hurdle. "I jest can't bear to go in the house because nothin' in it seems to belong to us any more," she announced.

Anne made no reply.

"Do you know what I got left in my room that's really mine?" Deborah went on almost wildly. "One cane seated chair, one footstool, an' mother's sampler." Her voice broke. "That's all that's left to me," she ended with deep bitterness.

"I know." Anne's voice was grave but steady. "I got some of my pictures and grandmother's portrait and Aunt Selina's china left."

Deborah groaned. She seemed in the last few days to have become an old woman. She bent forward and caught her sister's hand.

"Anne," she said, "I can't bear it. I can't let my things go. I can't live without 'em—I know that now!"

Anne released her hand and pushed back the garden chair in which she sat to stare incredulously at the speaker.

"But—but you gave 'em away," she said at last.

"Because you made me!"

Anne's thin lips set.

"You did it of your own free will," she reminded the other. "And don't you forget, Deborah Warren, that it was you began it with your four poster!"

Deborah groaned. Her graying read dropped despairingly. "I must have been crazy," she gulped. "If I wasn't then, I am now. I didn't know what I was doin'. Now I can't eat an' I can't sleep for thinkin' about our things and seein' them out in that barn with the chickens roostin' on 'em——" She broke off. "I think I'm losin' my mind," she groaned again.

For a long moment Anne was silent. Twice her lips parted as if for speech and closed again.

"P'raps Robert and Jennie will give back your things," she said at last, speaking very slowly, "sence you feel that way about 'em."

Deborah groaned. All her usual assertiveness, her usual self-confidence, had deserted her. It was the most humiliating moment of her life.

"How about your things?" she muttered.

"I've made my bed. I'll lay in it."

Deborah gulped again like an unhappy child.

"That's all I want," she brought out violently—"to make my own bed and lay in it—. O, Anne I can't stand it! I can't—I can't! An' I don't care who knows it," she added with a long breath, "or what folks say!"

"You mean you can't stand the idee of movin' to California?" Anne's voice held no surprise.

"Yes, I do. I mean just that. An' I can't stand losin' my things," Deborah had broken down completely now and was weeping, unashamed.

"Well, there's—one—thing—we—might—do." Anne spoke slowly and consideringly, as if thinking aloud. Deborah wiped her eyes and sat up to look at her with reviving hope.

"We might let Robert and Jennie marry right away an' come here to live with us," Anne dispassionately suggested. As Deborah did not answer, she went on. "Jennie could help us with the housework, an' the three of us could manage real well. You an' I could go away the worst months every winter, an' we'd know the house was all right. Jennie and Robert could wait for our things till we died, and then they could have the house, too. We ain't got any one else to leave 'em to, an' there's no one we like better than Jennie and Robert. If Robert's uncle don't like it he can lump it, an," she serenely ended, "Robert can tell him so."

The tears dried suddenly in Miss Deborah's eyes. She turned them on her sister and for a long time looked at Anne without speaking.

Anne met the look with the expression of one at peace with her soul.

"So that's the way you got it fixed," Deborah muttered at last, almost under her breath. "I wonder we ain't thought of it before."

"No. I ain't got it fixed at all. But that's the way I think it could be fixed," said Anne gently, "if you feel like you want to live on here an' keep our home together. But you was so set on California I knew 'twouldn't do no good to talk about any other plan. You wouldn't have listened, an' you know it."

Deborah nodded and shifted her eyes to the distant hills on which long afternoon shadows were falling. Then she drew a steadying breath.

"I suspicioned you had it all figgered out somewhow," she humbly admitted, "the way you do when you take the bit between your teeth, Anne. But I begun to be afraid I wasn't goin' to like it, whatever 'twas, an' it's about drove me crazy. But it's all right now. You an' me an' Jennie an' Bob can be real comfortable together. Only"—for a moment her voice threatened to rise—"why didn't you jest tell me about it an' make me listen instead of doin' things this roundabout way?"

Anne's eyes roamed around her beloved garden for a time and then returned to her sister's face.

"An' have you bringin' up California every year the rest of our lives?" she asked gently. "And arguin' an' arguin' about it like you done this year? Well, I guess not! The only way to do was to make you see you didn't want to go to California. And," she ended peacefully, "I reckon I done it!"

(Copyright, 1922.)

ADVERTISEMENT

EAT LESS MEAT IF BACK HURTS

Take a glass of Salts to Flush Kidneys if bladder bothers you.

Eating meat regularly eventually produces kidney trouble in some form or other, says a well-known authority, because the uric acid in meat excites the kidneys, they become overworked; get sluggish; clog up and cause all sorts of distress, particularly backache and misery in the kidney region; rheumatic twinges, severe headaches, acid stomach, constipation, torpid liver, sleeplessness, bladder and urinary irritation.

The moment your back hurts or kidneys aren't acting right, or if bladder bothers you, get about four ounces of Jad Salts from any good pharmacy; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will act fine. This famous salts is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to flush clogged kidneys and stimulate them to normal activity; also to neutralize the acids in the urine so it no longer irritates, thus ending bladder disorders.

Jad Salts cannot injure anyone; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink which millions of men and women take now and then to keep the kidneys and urinary organs clean, thus avoiding serious kidney disease.

ADVERTISEMENT

For Itching Eczema, Old Sores and Piles

"I guarantee my ointment," says Peterson of Buffalo, "to cure eczema; to stop the itching at once and any reliable druggist will cheerfully refund your money if PETERSON'S OINTMENT doesn't do everything I say it will do."

William A. Carley of Franklin, N. Y., is surely a wise man. He writes: "I used PETERSON'S OINTMENT on a little boy suffering terribly with eczema. It did the work."

Then there is Alex. Louttel, a brave fireman of Buffalo, who is glad to write as follows: "I had an old sore on my leg for many years. The best doctors failed. PETERSON'S OINTMENT entirely healed the sore quickly." And from over in Canada comes a letter from A. Blockeby, stating: "The best thing I ever hit for itching piles is PETERSON'S OINTMENT." A big box for 60 cents. Mail orders filled by Peterson Ointment Co., Inc., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by Sherman & McConnell Drug Co.

ADVERTISEMENT

BE PRETTY! TURN GRAY HAIR DARK

Try Grandmother's Old Favorite Recipe of Sage Tea and Sulphur.

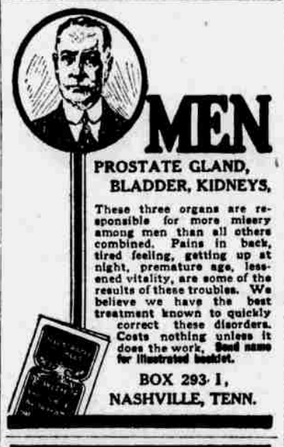
Almost every one knows that Sage Tea and Sulphur, properly compounded, brings back the natural color and lustre to the hair when faded, streaked or gray. Years ago, the only way to get this mixture was to make it at home, which is mussy and troublesome. Nowadays, by asking at any drug store for "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound," you will get a large bottle of this famous old recipe, improved by the addition of other ingredients, at a small cost.

Don't stay gray! Try it! No one can possibly tell that you darkened your hair, as it does it so naturally and evenly. You dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time; by morning the gray hair disappears, and after another application or two your hair becomes beautifully dark, glossy and attractive.

ADVERTISEMENT

Safe Fat Reduction

Reduce, reduce, reduce, is the slogan of all fat people. Get thin, be slim, is the cry of fashion and society. And the overfat wring their hands in mortification and helplessness; revolting at nauseating drugs, afraid of violent exercise, dreading the unwelcome and unsatisfying diet, until they hit upon the harmless Marmola Prescription and learn through it that they may safely reduce steadily and easily without one change in their mode of life, but harmlessly, secretly and quickly reaching their ideal of figure, with a smoother skin, better appetite and health than they have ever known. And now comes Marmola Prescription Tablets from the same famously harmless formula as the Marmola Prescription. It behooves you to learn the satisfactory, beneficial effects of this great, safe, fat reducer by giving to your druggist one dollar for a case, or sending a like amount to the Marmola Company, 4612 Woodward Avenue, Detroit, Mich., with a request that they mail to you a case of Marmola Prescription Tablets.



MEN

PROSTATE GLAND, BLADDER, KIDNEYS,

These three organs are responsible for more misery among men than all others combined. Pains in back, tired feeling, getting up at night, premature age, lessened vitality, are some of the results of these troubles. We believe we have the best treatment known to quickly correct these disorders. Costs nothing unless it does the work. Send name for illustrated booklet.

BOX 293 I, NASHVILLE, TENN.

PIMPLES ON FACE OVER A YEAR

Hard and Red. Face Disfigured. Cuticura Heals.

"I was bothered with pimples on my face and forehead for over a year. They were hard and red and festered and scaled over. The pimples itched and burned so badly that I could not sleep at night, and when I scratched them they formed scales. My face was disfigured.

"I read an advertisement for Cuticura Soap and Ointment and sent for a free sample. I purchased more, and when I had used one cake of Soap and one box of Ointment I was healed." (Signed) Miss Anna Lang, R. 2, Box 1, Cuba, Wis.

Use Cuticura for all toilet purposes.

Sample Each Free by Mail. Address: "Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. R, Malden 48, Mass." Sold everywhere. Soap 25c. Ointment 25 and 50c. Talcum 25c. Cuticura Soap shaves without mug.

Read the Omaha Bee for Results.

ADVERTISEMENT ADVERTISEMENT

ARE YOUR KIDNEYS WEAK?

Thousands of Men and Women Have Kidney Trouble and Never Suspect It.

Most people do not realize the alarming increase and remarkable prevalency of kidney disease. While kidney disorders are among the most common diseases that prevail, they are almost the last recognized by patients, who usually content themselves with doctoring the effects, while the original disease constantly undermines the system.

Weak kidneys may cause lumbago, rheumatism, catarrh of the bladder, pain or dull ache in the back, joints or muscles, at times have head ache or indigestion, as time passes you may have a sallow complexion, puffy or dark circles under the eyes, sometimes feel as though you had heart trouble, may have plenty of ambition but no strength, get weak and lose flesh.

If such conditions are permitted to continue, serious results are sure to follow; Kidney Trouble in its very worst form may steal upon you.

If you feel that your kidneys are the cause of your sickness or run down condition, begin taking Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the famous kidney, liver and bladder medicine, because as soon as your kidneys are well, they will help the other organs to health.

If you are already convinced that Swamp-Root is what you need, you can purchase the regular medium and large size bottles at all drug stores. Don't make any mistake but remember the name, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghampton, N. Y., which you will find on every bottle.

SPECIAL NOTE—You may obtain a sample size bottle of Swamp-Root by enclosing ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghampton, N. Y. They will also send you a book of valuable information, containing many of the thousands of grateful letters received from men and women who say they found Swamp-Root to be just the remedy needed in kidney, liver and bladder troubles. The value and success of Swamp-Root are so well known that our readers are advised to send for a sample trial size bottle. Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghampton, N. Y. When writing be sure and mention this paper.

ADVERTISEMENT ADVERTISEMENT

Red Pepper Stops Rheumatic Pains

Rub It on Sore, Stiff Joints and Muscles, and Rheumatism, Lumbago and Pain Vanish—Try It and See!

Red Pepper Rub takes the "ouch" from sore, stiff, aching joints. It cannot hurt you, and it certainly ends that old rheumatism torture at once.

When you are suffering so you can hardly get around, just try "Red Pepper Rub," and you will have the quickest relief known. Nothing has such concentrated, penetrating heat as red peppers. Just as soon as you apply Red Pepper Rub you will feel the tingling heat. Pain and soreness are gone.

Ask any druggist for a jar of Rowles Red Pepper Rub. It costs but little.

ADVERTISEMENT

SULPHUR CLEARS A PIMPLY SKIN

Apply Sulphur as Told When Your Skin Breaks Out.

Any breaking out of the skin on face, neck, arms or body is overcome quickest by applying Mentho-Sulphur. The pimples seem to dry right up and go away, declares a noted skin specialist.

Nothing has ever been found to take the place of sulphur as a pimple remover. It is harmless and inexpensive. Just ask any druggist for a small jar of Mentho-Sulphur and use it like cold cream.

"The Most Wonderful Tomato Ever Grown"

That's what one of my customers says of Beebe's Early Prolific, and it really is something marvelous. It is a wonderful bearer, beginning to bloom when only 6 or 8 inches high. Fruit is as large as any of early varieties, almost perfectly smooth and of superb quality. Very few seeds, making them excellent for slicing. Splendid keepers and good for shipping. Bear from 10 days to two weeks before any other and continue to bear until frost. Stand hot, dry weather better than other sorts. You will make no mistake by planting some of these. Fully described in my Catalog, sent free.

$350 an Acre from Grapes

It is easy to make such large returns, as all fruits bring very high prices today because of their scarcity. It will pay you to raise more of them. Grapes, Berries, Cherries, Plums and Dwarf Pears bring quick returns.

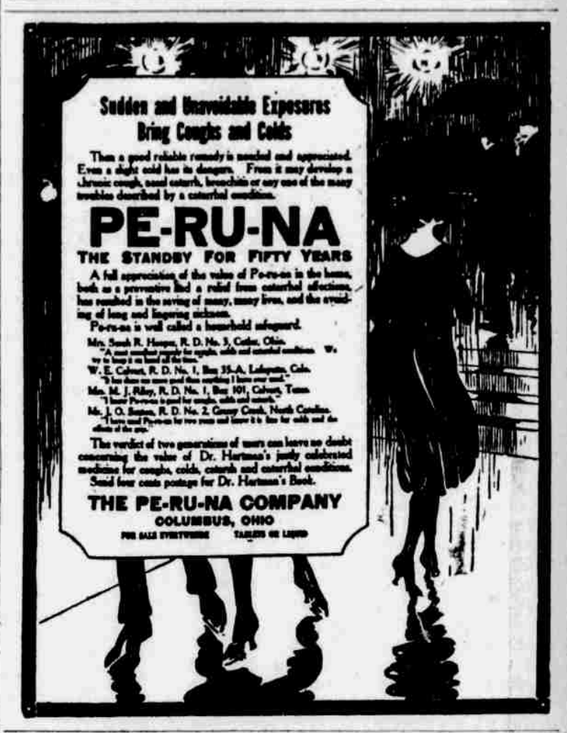
Concord Grapes — Best for all purposes and always sell well. Very hardy and yield heavy almost every year. Two year No. 1 plants, $16.00 per 100; 1 year, No. 1 plants, $12.00 per 100.

Perfection Currants — In our entire experience this is the best bearer, the largest, sweetest and easiest to pick. Rich, mild flavor, less acid and few seeds.

Everbearing Raspberry — The wonderful new St. Regis. First to bear and continues till late October. Very hardy. Yields first season. (44)

LOW PRICES on all kinds of Fruit Trees and Plants, Vegetables, Flower and Field Seeds; Shrubs, etc. Get our big Illustrated Catalog—sent FREE.

SONDEREGGER NURSERIES & SEED HOUSE, 84 Court St., Beatrice, Neb.



ADVERTISEMENT ADVERTISEMENT

To Help Put on Good Firm Flesh and Round Out Your Face and Figure

Genuine Yeast Vitamine Tablets Often Produce Most Surprising Results. Get a FREE $1.00 Package Today as Explained Below—Try Them for Ten Days and Watch the Results

Science has at last shown how we sometimes grow weak, thin, and emaciated on an abundance of food (lacking in vitamines) while with a much smaller amount of food, rich in vitamines, we may quickly take on good firm flesh, increase in weight, and make a remarkable gain in strength, energy and endurance, provided your blood contains sufficient quantity of oxygenated organic iron to enable your body to assimilate your food properly.

Without organic iron both food and vitamines are absolutely useless as your body cannot change lifeless inert food matter into living cells and tissue unless you have plenty of organic iron in your blood.

For centuries scientists tried in vain to make organic iron. At last the problem was solved so that you may now obtain pure organic iron like the iron in your blood from any druggist under the name of "Nuxated Iron."

It has been arranged to give every purchaser of Nuxated Iron, who wishes something to help put on flesh or increase weight, a large regular $1.00 package of Genuine Yeast Vitamine Tablets absolutely free. Be sure to take only Nuxated Brand Yeast Vitamine Tablets with Nuxated Iron. Do not be misled by imitations which often contain drugs.

FREE $1.00 COUPON This coupon, entitles you to one regular $1.00 package of our Genuine Yeast Vitamine Tablets, absolutely free with each bottle of Nuxated Iron that you purchase.

GET RID OF YOUR FAT

Thousands of others have gotten rid of theirs WITHOUT DIETING OR EXERCISING often at the rate of over a pound a day and WITHOUT PAYMENT until reduction has taken place.

I am a licensed practicing physician and personally select the treatment for each individual case, thus enabling me to choose remedies that will produce not only a loss of weight harmlessly, but which will also relieve you of all the troublesome symptoms of overstoutness, such as shortness of breath, palpitation, indigestion, rheumatism, gout, asthma, kidney trouble and various other afflictions which often accompany overstoutness.

My treatment will relieve that depressed, tired, sleepy feeling, giving you renewed energy and vigor, a result of the loss of your superfluous fat.

You are not required to change in the slightest from your regular mode of living. There is no dieting or exercising. It is simple, easy and pleasant to take.

If you are overstout do not postpone, but sit down right now and send for my FREE TRIAL TREATMENT and my plan whereby I am to be PAID ONLY AFTER REDUCTION HAS TAKEN PLACE if you so desire.

DR. R. NEWMAN, Licensed Physician State of New York
286 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. Desk H-330