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Standard cold remedy for 20 years—no opiates—breaks up a cold in 24 hours—relieves grip in 3 days. Money back if it fails. The genuine box has a Red top with Mr. Hill's picture. At All Drug Stores

SQUEEZED TO DEATH

When the body begins to stiffen and movement becomes painful it is usually an indication that the kidneys are out of order. Keep these organs healthy by taking

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The world's standard remedy for kidney liver, bladder and uric acid troubles. Famous since 1696. Take regularly and keep in good health. In three sizes. All druggists. Guaranteed as represented. Look for the name Gold Medal on every box and accept no imitation

HEARTBURN Caused by Acid-Stomach

That bitter heartburn, belching, food-repeating, indigestion, bloating after eating—all are caused by acid-stomach. But they are only first symptoms—danger signals to warn you of awful troubles if not stopped. Headache, biliousness, rheumatism, sciatica, that tired, listless feeling, lack of energy, dizziness, insomnia, even cancer and ulcers of the intestine and other ailments are traceable to ACID-STOMACH.

Thousands—yes, millions—of people who ought to be well and strong are mere wailing beggars because of acid-stomach. They really starve in the midst of plenty because they do not get enough strength and vitality from the food they eat.

EATONIC FOR YOUR ACID-STOMACH DANCING--FREE

Be an expert dancer. Learn at home. My new, wonderful, tried method of dancing. Send \$1.50 for Waltz. I will give free One-Step and Fox-Trot with every order. Send for free booklet on Dancing.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

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1,000 A. IMPROVED ALBERTA WHEAT

FRECKLES

W. N. U., SIOUX CITY, NO. 2-1920.

Try a Shark Steak!

Good Neighbors.

Most of life's shadows result from standing in our own light.

A Bad Cough

PISO'S

In the Palace of Justice at Brussels

By Katharine Eggleston Roberts.

THE STATUE SPEAKS:
I, a statue of Justice, sit with my head bowed low. From my palace I look over Belgium, loosed from the grip of the foe. But my heart is bitter, my shoulders bent, Weary with shame and woe.

Here in the chamber of Justice, sacred to rule of right, Came Filth and ribald Destruction, the bastard children of Might. They wrote on my walls of pure marble, On my robe—yes—on my face Insults too evil for utterance That eternity cannot erase. And my handmaidens fair, who stand by my chair, Suffered the same disgrace. They pillaged my treasures of beauty, They left not one thing undefiled. Then in the Palace of Justice they gazed on their work and they smiled.

I sit with their insults upon me and shrink from the light of the sun; I rule o'er the land of destruction where the blood of my children has run. I, a statue of Justice disfigured, A monument to the Hun.

(Copyright, 1920, Western Newspaper Union)

BELGIUM SKETCHES

TREASURE

By Katharine Eggleston Roberts.

(Copyright, 1920, Western Newspaper Union)

He was a very little Belgian whose round blue eyes stared from a face too thin and white. There among the ruins he was digging. He paused and regarded me curiously as I stepped over the crumbling remainder of what once had been the wall of the house.

"Where is your home?" I wondered aloud. "Treasures. You find them lots of times—all sorts of things. It's fun to dig." He smiled genially and picked up his converted pick, a sharpened piece of iron with a cross-bar near the top. "I found this over there where there used to be a cemetery." He began to dig again in his "sand pile."

He waved a free hand at the walls. "Here. If you want to see my grandmother she's over there," and he pointed more definitely toward the back of the house. Apparently our interview was closed.

I went through a little passage, cleared among the fallen masonry, past a space where moss grew over the debris of a parlor.

To my knock at the half-open door a tired voice answered: "Come in." It was the voice of an old woman who sat knitting in a low straight chair. She carefully pushed the yarn to the back of her needles, adjusted her worn, black shawl and, with the painful stiffness of age, came to meet me. "Coffee?" she asked and motioned me to a round red-and-white-clothed table near the window.

As she moved about preparing the coffee there was something dimly familiar about her. "A long time ago I knew some people here in this town." I remarked: "What has become of Madame Dupon?"

The woman came over quickly and peered into my face. "You—oh, let me think—so much of the past is blotted out. You are—" and then Madame Dupon remembered me.

I sipped my coffee and watched her old fingers make the needles fly.

"Yes, we were here during the war." She glanced out of the window at the little boy. "Jacques and I went through it together. This is what is left." Her nod indicated the loose brick walls and the scanty collection of furniture—some old chairs, an oak cupboard, the table, and, in the further corner, a narrow bed. "My daughter had a fine home here but it's all gone. Everything is gone now—but Jacques." She sighed.

"It is all so terrible—everywhere about here. When did the Germans reach this town?" I didn't know how to express the sympathy I felt. Words seemed so useless.

"They came the twentieth of October. When we heard they were coming we shut ourselves in our homes. My daughter and her husband and Jacques and I were hiding there in the cellar when the Germans set fire to our house. We ran upstairs and I hurried to take Jacques outdoors, but Pierre and Elise did not follow." As she stopped talking and looked back over the five hard years, the lines deepened and drew about her mouth. She caught her breath. "No they didn't follow," she repeated sadly. "Suddenly I saw them on the balcony outside their room on the second floor. They had gone to try to save some things and the fire had trapped them."

"There they stood, and through the door behind them flared the leaping flames. The timbers cracked and snapped in the house and the walls began to sway. Jacques clung to me and cried for his mother. Poor little fellow, he didn't even know why he was so frightened. Thank God he was too young to know what was happening. Pierre called that they were going to jump—it was the only chance. He lifted Elise to lower her over the railing

and I—I couldn't see it so I closed my eyes and prayed. I waited until I could bear it no longer and then I looked back. Pierre stood on the balcony with Elise in his arms. She had fainted.

"Yes?" I prompted gently for Madame Dupon was silent.

"I don't know how long it lasted. It seemed an eternity. The flames were eating at the walls behind them and now and then a tongue licked at them through the doorway. Pierre could not jump with Elise in his arms; he could not leave her there to die alone; he was distraught. He gazed down at little Jacques and I thought he was coming. But to tear himself from his wife—to give her to the fire—no it was impossible! He clasped her close to him and buried his face in her hair. That was all that I saw."

The expression was gone from her voice when she continued the story in a droning monotone. "I don't remember much after that. I know that all of us who had lived there walked and



The Old "Coffee" Woman.

walked. Some dropped on the road, and when the Germans couldn't make them get up, they kicked them aside and we went on. I had to carry Jacques and he grew very heavy. Finally, when I could go no further, I lay down at the side of the way and died. Jacques under me so that they wouldn't see him and take him from me."

"Oh, look! Look!" Jacques came running into the room just as she finished speaking. His yellow curls were tousled, his blue eyes shining with excitement. "See what I've found—look!" He shouted and held a dirty hand out toward his grandmother. "It was muddy but I rubbed it and it shines!"

The old woman turned the dull gold ring over and over.

"Don't you like it?" Jacques' lips quivered with disappointment.

"Like it, like it? Yes boy, yes—Oh yes. Where did you find it?"

"Out there with some little white stone-things in the ground. Isn't it nice?"

"There's another one there like it. Your father wore one too. See if you can find it, won't you, Jacques?" the old woman begged the child, "another just like it."

"Another!" he cried, turning to me and the laughter danced in his face. "I told you I'd find my treasure!" he boasted and skipped out into the sunlight.

The eyes of the old woman clung to her daughter's ring, but they were dry, tragically dry, for she had not more tears. "Yes," she murmured, "Jacques has found his treasure."

HOME TOWN HELPS

SAVINGS INVESTED AT HOME

Illustration of What a Little Forethought Can Do to Aid in Town's Development.

The business men of an Ohio community discovered, some years ago, that a considerable portion of the savings of its people were flowing out into the hands of promoters of wild-cat schemes, and that other funds were being invested outside the community in enterprises that were certainly no more promising than the community itself could afford.

So a committee of members of the commercial organization was formed, and it was announced that this committee would pass upon investments offered to the people—this being before Ohio had a "blue sky" law. The commercial body frankly announced that capital was needed for the further development of the city's natural resources. While members of the commercial body pledged themselves to give preference to local investments, there was little difficulty in gaining almost as complete co-operation from non-members of the organization. Money was kept at home, and it went largely into the financing of the city's natural industrial expansion.

Here was another instance wherein the natural course of development was most obvious, but in this one the people saw it, while in so many instances they overlook it.—The Nation's Business.

GRADE-CROSSING WARNING



Determined to prevent a repetition of a grade-crossing disaster that cost a life, the citizens of Topsham, Me., have posted near the tracks this advertising sign.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

Work Before Community.

At a Boston chamber of commerce luncheon, the secretary, besides presenting a list of thirty-four projects, including that for the erection of a Liberty memorial, which are being considered by committees or special representatives of the chamber, offered five suggestions for what the organization calls its "One Big Job."

"A city," he said, "is not made by location or by natural resources; it is made by the thought of the community. Our community should think and act as one. Our list of thirty-four tasks makes up a sane, progressive, constructive program, but is there one of the thirty-four that is big enough to challenge the attention of the community? Is there one fine enough to be the least common denominator of the community—big enough that all the organizations of the city may join with us in its handling—big enough to characterize the dignity of the organization—big enough to require a point of contact established with every family, if not every soul, in the community?"

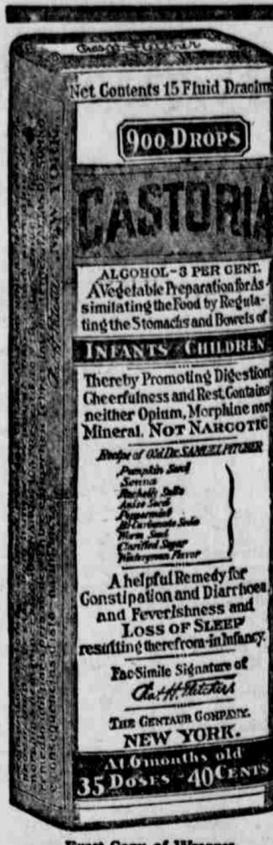
"What is our one big job? Is it to build a new library? Is it to promote better industrial relations? Is it to build a new high school? Is it to urge commission government? Is it to attack anarchy and bolshevism in our community?"

Laying Out Grounds.

When laying out grounds, planting plans should be made first showing the location of every tree and shrub on the place. Decide whether the method of planting is to be formal or natural. In the city or town lots where space is limited the formal plan is perhaps the best, while with the large suburban homes and country places there is a splendid opportunity for the development of the natural style. Where the area is large it is possible to have a small body of water, groves of trees, and large groups of shrubbery. For small lots, where more care can be given to the plants, an elaborate plan may be advisable. In some cases home makers are able to devote a great deal of time to the upkeep of the landscape. Some trim their hedges in such shapes and fashions that green statues of all the animals and fowls of the barnyard are left posing on the lawn.

For Better School Sanitation.

School sanitation is one of the things which the community needs to investigate in many cases. Results from many counties show that the elementary schools have a harmful effect on the health of the children. It has been found that for a period of twenty years the gain in weight is much greater during vacation than during the school year. It is estimated that the factors causing this are sanitation, air, water and light, physical exercise over strain and fatigue and insufficient food.



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Pimples on the face and other parts of the body are warnings from Nature that your blood is sluggish and impoverished. Sometimes they foretell eczema, boils, blisters, and other skin disorders that burn like flames of fire. They mean that your blood needs S. S. S. to cleanse it of these impure accumulations that can cause unlimited trouble. This remedy is one of the greatest vegetable compounds known, and contains no minerals or chemicals to injure the most delicate skin.

Go to your drug store, and get a bottle of S. S. S. today, get rid of those unsightly, disfiguring pimples, and other skin irritations. It will cleanse your blood thoroughly. For special medical advice free, address Medical Director, 41 Swift Laboratory, Atlanta, Ga.

WHENCE THE WORD CANNIBAL

Eaters of Human Flesh Were Inhabitants of the West Indian Island of Caniba.

When Columbus landed on the island of Haiti a huge banquet was given in his honor by a native chieftain, and on that occasion he chanced to notice that two or three of the aboriginal guests bore scars on their naked bodies suggesting serious wounds.

In response to his polite inquiry, they said that the scars represented bites which gentlemen from the nearby island of Caniba had casually taken out of their persons.

It was further explained that the people of Caniba (known today as Porto Rico) were addicted to the habit of eating human flesh, and that, to obtain this gastronomic luxury they were accustomed to undertake armed raids upon the Haitians and other neighbor folks.

Hence (as we learn) the origin of the word "cannibal."

No "Garage" for Him.

Edwin had seen a cemetery where there were many mausoleums. One day he said to his mother: "When I die, I don't want to be buried in one of those garages in the cemetery."

Ingratitude is the curse of republics and the immediate family.

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