

'Take When Necessary' Dope In 2.75 a Fierce Decoction And It Blows the Lid Off

Victor and Alphonse Are Living Proofs of It, for One Was Crowned and the Other Pretzelled by Playful Charlie and Al, Who Found the Prescription Already Put Up in a Bottle and Studiously Carried Out the Directions.

VICTOR was manhandling the sturgeon, scrambling the omelet and hunchbacking the herring in preparation for after-theatre parties Alphonse was in his east side beany.

Charlie and Al had been having a few morning's mornings to blow the lid from the evening. The 2.75 was accentuated by a glass bottle bearing the label, "Take when necessary." It was a cold, damp evening along the water front, but

things warmed up when Charlie and Al found the prescription under the sink and followed the directions on the bottle.

"Now that we have finished the medicine, let's eat," suggested Charlie. "There seems to be nothing else to do," admitted Al.

"Let's all eat, then." They prepared to eat.

Whether it was a bit in the chopped liver, a chicken in the soup, or a wogsteb in the noodle soup did not come out in Essex Market Court. Possibly it was the club in the bottle.

Al threw the bottle of sauce and accurately hit the turret of the Blarney Castle, a portrait hung appropriately on the wall. Charlie took the sign which said "Not responsible for coats, vests or overcoats," and decapitated the cigar lighter. Victor, entering, bearing nourishment, was neatly pretzelled on the nose with the salt shaker. Alphonse, the handsome waiter, was crowned king and reigned tired gracefully on the floor, wearing a sugar bowl.

But everything has to end somewhere, even the subway.

Enter cop, bearing club, followed by second cop, armed with police whistle. Exit blond cashier under desk. Exit Charlie and Al, escorted by cops 1 and 2. Confusion. Sugar bowl removed. Sugar placed in new dish and restored to table.

Scene 2. Essex Market Court. Cast, the same. Enter cops leading Charlie and Al, with simultaneous entrance of Victor from back-stage. Soft music. Curtain for Charlie and Al. Please leave by nearest exit.

THE gentle din of Large Benjamin was a mere tinkle compared to Morris, and Morris as an eyelid-opener was a sonorous echo, according to Ivan.

Ivan the Terrible joined the Essex Market Court Club, the motto of which is "No fight, no fun." Morris was the goat at the initiation before Judge Huth, Assistant District Attorney Drenzo, not far in the office, was a sort of liaison officer or intermediary, if such things are possible at a club meeting.

"There I was sleeping for myself," began Ivan as he came before His Honor.

"How did that cause the trouble?" asked the peace-maker or the grand old temple of justice.

"Bolch me," replied Ivan in good New Yorkese.

"Tell the judge the sad story," encouraged Mr. Drenzo.

"As I before told everybody, I was pulling off a sleep for myself," reiterated Ivan, "and I was laying in bed doing it."

Here he passed for effect.

"Open the door comes," he continued, "and in comes Morris with himself. 'Aha! ho! ho!' he declares, 'for why are you bothering my sister?' Then he walloped me."

"What was the nature of the assault?" asked Judge Huth.

"You mean how did he wallop me? He kicked me all over the place. Look at the wounds."

Business of neck craning by en-

ter the court. An epical of black and blue and other marks was the reward. "What did you do?" asked Mr. Drenzo.

"What did I do, I should ask you myself? I stayed in bed for eight days getting over the fight. But it wasn't a fight, because I was palloped off a sleep while it was happening. It was a beating up."

Ivan's brother was called as witness, as he had entered the room just as the battle was over.

"I seen him unconscious, just like a dead person," was the opening volley.

"How did you know he was unconscious?" asked Mr. Drenzo.

"Sure he was. He couldn't talk to me. He couldn't even ask me 'Where am I?' All his eyes were closed. Not a look did he say when I asks, Ivan, what are you doing?"

"He was bothering my sister," declared the defendant, "and I went to ask him for why and he gives me one with a lead pipe. I hits him to save myself from being murdered or something. Right away I gave him one back when I gets hit."

"Did you kick him?"

"Sure!"

"With your foot?"

"No, with my hand."

His Honor discharged Morris.

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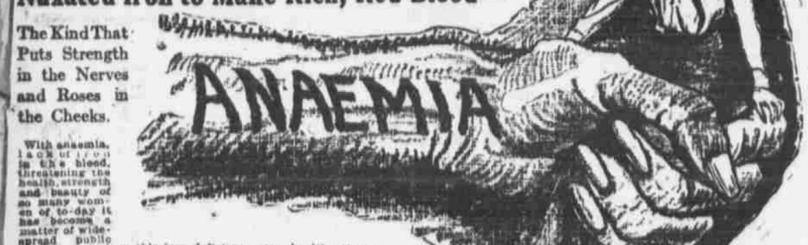
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Physician Explains How Anaemia Fastens Its Hold Upon Women And Saps Their Health and Vitality

Says Lack of Iron in the Blood May Completely Change a Woman's Appearance and Break Down Her Physical Strength, While Plenty of Iron Keeps the Body Supple, Active and Tingling With Energy—Prescribes Nuxated Iron to Make Rich, Red Blood—



With anaemia, the blood is thin and pale, the complexion is sallow, the hair falls out, the nerves are weak, the health, strength and beauty of so many women of so-day it becomes a matter of widespread public interest as to how this iron deficiency can be supplied. For want of iron a woman may look old and feeble, pale, thin, wrinkled and all run-down—while at fifty or sixty with good health and plenty of iron in the blood she may still be young in feeling and so full of life and attractiveness as to defy detection of her real age.

That women may become stronger, healthier, more beautiful and better able to meet the cares of home, social and business life by increasing the supply of iron in their blood is the belief of physicians who explain below why they prescribe organic iron—Nuxated Iron—to build up the red-blood corpuscles and give increased power and endurance. Dr. Ferdinand King, New York Physician and Medical Author, says: "Time and again women hesitate to use any iron. I don't know what is the matter with me—I'm always tired out, nervous, and I'm beginning to look awfully old. I'm so blue and discouraged I don't know what to do. Can't you give me something to build me up?" In practically nine out of ten such cases one of the real and true causes of their weak, tired, nervous conditions may be simply a lack of sufficient iron in the blood. Almost invariably in these cases I prescribe organic iron—Nuxated Iron—to enrich the blood and create thousands of new red blood cells, thereby quickly increasing the labor, tireless flesh into firm

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