

FED BY DOCTOR WILEY THIS FORTUNATE YOUNGSTER SHOULD BECOME LUSTY GIANT



Dr. Wiley and Baby.

Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, who for a generation past has been telling us how to raise our babies, will now have a chance to show us that his theories will work out in practice. At the age of sixty-seven he is a papa. Harvey W., Jr., weighed eight and a half pounds when he was born, and probably by this time under a diet prescribed by the doctor is big enough and strong enough to be a dangerous menace to his nurse.

Several of the delights that came to the ordinary babies will never be tasted by Master Harvey Wiley, Jr. No rocking horses or "going to Boston Town" for him; rocking isn't good for young babies, says dad. He won't be cradled and rocked every time he cries; the doctor says if this practice isn't started the boy will be just as happy and get along just as well.

HIS NEPHEW'S BRIDE

By DOROTHY DOUGLAS

Willis Granger paused in the act of lighting his cigar. Some one was snipping branches from the bush of bridal wreath behind the summer house. Granger was a philanthropist and it was distasteful to him to think that anyone would steal what he would willingly have given.

He arose cautiously from the hammock and peered through the vines. Surprise checked the stern rebuke that would have sprung from his lips. He went softly around until his huge frame filled the grape-hung doorway.

"Come here!" His voice was toned to a soft command. The girl turned a startled head and clutched the small cluster of bridal wreath spasmodically as if for flight. She stood poised as if for flight.

"Come here—please!" Granger's voice again commanded. She came slowly toward him. Her great gray eyes set in a wan little face held to his as if they faint would drag pardon from him.

"Sit down," he said, when she was within the summer house. He knew that her knees were trembling and he held forth a wide low chair. She slipped down among the cushions still keeping her big eyes on him.

"I would have given you all the flowers you wanted," Granger said. "I didn't know how to ask you—for some," the girl faltered. She went on swiftly, "I am going to be married—to-morrow—and I just couldn't—without a few flowers."

Granger repressed his amazement. He had supposed the girl to be not more than fifteen at the outside. "How old are you, child?" he asked her.

"Twenty," she said simply. "I haven't any hairpins—for my hair; that's why I look so young."

Granger looked closely at her. She certainly did look young with those coppery curls shimmering down the nape of her neck.

"Are you very much in love with the man to whom you are giving yourself?" Now that the nervousness had left her Granger sat down beside her. She hesitated and a faint color stained her skin.

"I care for him—yes," she said. "But I am marrying mostly because it seems as if I couldn't live among those people any longer."

Upon questioning her Granger learned that the woman with whom she lived had taken her in after a wreck on the railroad. The child had been miraculously saved and had grown up without affection or care among the lower classes of the village.

"Tom says I can have a new dress—after we are married," the girl said with a wistful glance at the ragged frock. "Tom! Tom who?" demanded Granger.

"Tom Anson—he drives a grocery wagon." Granger had scarcely heard; he was thinking. This young girl with her trusting eyes was far too young to have her confidence in men shattered. Without ruining her trust he must in some way prevent her throwing her lot with that of a man such

as Anson and yet preserve for her an unmarred vision into the world. "Can you cook and mend and do all the things required of a poor man's wife?" he asked finally.

Her startled eyes brought a smile to Granger's lips. "I can't do anything like that! I shiver all the time I am washing dishes and I can't stand dirt—it makes me spasm!"

Granger again plunged into thought. Here was a startling example of a soul struggling against the sordid things of life yet powerless and drifting with the murky current.

Granger absorbed himself in contemplation of her while she closed her eyes in momentary fatigue. There was refinement in her voice, in her eyes and in her lips. The hopeless little gestures with which she had punctuated her story of life had in them the grace of culture.

"Madge," he used her name that he might keep her at her ease, "I am going to order tea and while we are having it I have a proposition to make to you." He rang the bell at his side and when his butler appeared Granger ordered a tea that would most appeal to a tired little wife.

Nor did the butler mention in the kitchen that the master was entertaining a wonderful beggar-maid in the summer house. Granger's philanthropies were every day occurrences.

Madge showed no embarrassment when the tea tray was placed on the table beside her. Instead, she found that her hands had naturally fallen on the handle of the little silver teapot and that she was asking Willis Granger how he liked his tea.

Surprise and amusement dawned in Granger's eyes. It suddenly occurred to him that here was the very girl he would have selected as a wife for his nephew. With a year or two of good schooling she would be a little paragon of both beauty and charm.

"Now listen carefully to what I am going to say," he began, when she was comfortably eating an English muffin and sipping her tea. "I want you to postpone your marriage to Tom Anson for one year."

From the look in her eyes Madge had forgotten for a moment that Tom Anson was a person. Granger did not allow her to speak.

"In that year I want to send you to a school of domestic economy. That means—" he answered the question in her eyes—"that you will be prepared to take the management of a home into your own hands."

"Where will I get the home?" she asked innocently but with a hint of mischief in her now happy eyes. Granger did not answer at once. He wondered if she were aware of her elfin beauty. Yes, he decided, Madge Carter was the very wife for Harold.

"Oh, I say—I beg your pardon!" Harold himself burst into the summer house. Granger arose and introduced the two whom he had selected for mates. The boy was confused and a question was in his eyes.

"I was stealing some flowers from your uncle's garden," the girl said with an abashed glance at Granger. "He caught me, and in return he is giving me tea."

"Am I too late to have a cup?" Harold sank into a chair and Willis Granger realized with oddly mixed emotions that his own scheming had been in the nature of a forerunner. His good looking young nephew and the beggar-maid seemed to have

THE EL PASO PASTEUR INSTITUTE

The treatment for hydrophobia is wholly preventive, as there is no cure for the disease when once it has developed. If Pasteur treatment is begun IMMEDIATELY after being bitten by a rabid animal there is absolutely no danger of contracting the disease.

Dr. B. M. Worsham established the Pasteur Institute for the State of Texas at Austin, Texas and conducted it for 2-1/2 years. He founded the El Paso Pasteur Institute three years ago.

When considering treatment do not be misled by the apparent difference in cost at the El Paso Institute and others located in distant cities. The cost of railroad, Pullman and dinner fare both ways will almost make up this difference, to say nothing of a saving of at least two days in getting treatment started, and this is a disease in which every hour counts.

Dr. B. M. Worsham. Dr. M. B. Wesson. Dr. Hugh S. White, Sec. Caples Bldg. El Paso, Texas.

Found the big thing in life in their first exchange of glances.

During the months following, Madge went through an abbreviated course in domestic economy. After that she was entrusted to the tutelage of a maiden lady whose profession it was to instruct those whose education had been neglected. These Madge received the little finishing and society touches so dear to the refined nature.

During these long months of separation Harold accepted gladly the position of envoy. At frequent intervals he was sent for information to the various schools. He returned with enthusiastic accounts of Madge's progress.

Once only, during her absence, had Willis Granger seen his protegee. On that occasion he had been a peculiar medley of emotions.

She had received him in the little visitor's parlor of the boarding house. Harold had in a measure prepared him yet he was strangely at a loss for words during the interview. He had hurried away, whether in self-defense or a desire to hurry Harold toward the capture of Madge, he knew not.

As Willis Granger drove up the shady drive and through the luxurious grounds to his home the memory of the comfortable boarding house he had left smote him. Wistful gray eyes floated before him and the clinging pressure of soft fingers sent an uncomfortable warmth up his arm.

Inside the house he wrote a note asking or rather demanding that his protegee come at once for a two weeks' change.

Granger thought of a house party but finally decided against the idea. A house party would involve the necessity of young men who might in a measure jeopardize Harold's chance of winning Madge. Granger felt relieved over this decision and Madge became a part of the household under the amused chaperonage of Granger's sister.

Things progressed. Willis Granger felt that he was rejoicing in the very evident success of his plans. He and his sister talked of a church wedding and afterward in the privacy of his den the philanthropist tried to visualize himself in the act of placing the hand of his protegee in that of his nephew. But instead, the soft fingers of the girl clung to his own.

Granger felt suddenly very warm. He took off his coat and went to the open window through which a young moon peeped. The mystical beauty of the night, his own deep earnest and a desire to be alone sent him out and toward the summer house.

He paused in the act of lighting his cigar before entering.

A low, breathless sob as of a child tired with weeping, reached him. She was huddled up in his big smoking chair. He saw, by the pale light of the moon, that Madge had resumed her tattered dress and that her coppery curls lay on the nape of her neck.

"Madge!" Granger's voice shook. "Why are you crying? Why these clothes? Come here!"

She turned wide frightened eyes on him then jumped up as if she would have flown from the summer house. "Tell me all I have asked," he commanded, barring her way.

"I was saying good-by—to the summer house," she faltered. Granger strove to steady his voice. "Good-by? You are not going back to marry—?"

"I'm not going to marry anyone!" she burst out. "There are two more things to answer."

"I put these clothes on because they are all that belong to me," she said and caught her breath quickly. "And why were you crying?"

But, past all endurance, she made a dart toward the door. He caught her swiftly. The suddenness of the contact made them both silent until in the soft murmuring of lovers newly found they voiced the long felt want.

A Secret Disclosed. "Are you aware of the fact that if every woman in this country were married there would be 2,691,879 men who would have to get along without wives, there being that many more males than females?"

"Gee, no! I never knew that. No wonder our wives treat us as if it didn't make any difference to them whether we liked their manners or not."

NOTICE All Old Fellows of Bisbee Lodge No. 19 and Visiting Brothers and Rebekahs and visiting Rebekahs are requested to meet at Oddfellows Hall at 10 a. m., Sunday, June 2 to attend memorial service. Service will be held at Presbyterian church at 11 a. m. By order of Noble Grand. 567

SAGE TEA WILL DARKEN THE HAIR

Restore Faded and Gray Hair to Natural Color—Dandruff Quickly Removed

There is nothing new about the idea of using Sage for restoring the color of the hair. Our grandmothers kept their hair dark, glossy and abundant by the use of a simple "Sage Tea." Whenever their hair fell out or took, on a dull, faded or streaked appearance, they made a brew of Sage leaves, and applied it to their hair with wonderfully beneficial effect.

Nowadays we don't have to resort to the old-time tiresome method of gathering the herbs and making the tea. This is done by skilled chemists better than we could do it ourselves; and all we have to do is to call for the ready-made product, Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Hair Restorer, containing Sage in the proper strength, with the addition of Sulphur, another old-time scalp remedy.

This preparation gives youthful color and beauty to the hair, and is one of the best remedies you can use for dandruff, dry, feverish, itching scalp, and falling hair. Get a fifty-cent bottle from your druggist today, and you will be surprised at the quick results. All druggists sell it, under guarantee that the money will be refunded if the remedy is not exactly as represented.

Sounds Like Good Logic.

Recently, several educators came to the conclusion, after a lot of argument and discussion, that it is useless to teach girls higher mathematics and logic and that the time should be devoted to giving the girls a more practical training that will fit them to be housewives and mothers. It is much better, say the educators, to teach cooking, housekeeping and nursing. So far as logic is concerned, the educators point out that the minds of young women can be disciplined just as much, if not more so, by putting them through rigorous courses in what will be of practical benefit to them in life. It further is argued that mathematics and such studies do not help a woman to be a better companion to her husband, for he uses those things only in his business, and a woman rather should study things that can be of help to him in his hours of relaxation.

Cinematograph as a Detective.

An ingenious, if cumbersome, invention has been offered to the Paris police authorities for the detection of crime committed in the streets. In fact, it could be applied to accidents. The proposal is to install in the clock towers in the various streets a cinematograph apparatus directed by wireless.

Newspaper Advertisement Point Way To Health

I can truthfully say that Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root is a very good medicine, not alone for kidney trouble, but also for weak and sore back, as well as for rheumatism.

About a year ago I became ill and unable to work, my trouble being a lame back. I read of your Swamp-Root in the newspaper and in an almanac. Believing it would do me good, I went to my druggist, Mr. Skinner, and purchased a bottle. Finding relief in one fifty-cent bottle, I purchased several more and in a short time was able to continue with my work and am today feeling well and strong. I always recommend Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root to my friends as I believe it is as good a medicine as can be found.

AUGUST STRONG, 2514 Washington Ave., No. 1, Minneapolis, Minn. Mr. Skinner makes affidavit that he sold the Swamp-Root to Mr. Strong.

Letter to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

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SUNDAY SCHOOL WORKERS

ELGIN, Ill., May 28.—Sunday school workers from every section of the state are in attendance at the 54th annual state convention of the Illinois Sunday schools, which opened here today for a session extending over three days. Bishop Fallows and many noted church and Sunday school workers are among the speakers.

PYTHIANS AT MARTINVILLE

MARTINSVILLE, Va., May 28.—Knights of Pythias representing every lodge of the organization in the state are gathered here, many of them accompanied by their ladies, to attend the forty-fourth annual convention of the Grand lodge of the state. The convention will remain in session three days and the members of the local Patrick Henry lodge, Knights of Pythias, and the citizens in general have arranged an attractive program for the entertainment of the visitors. The principal feature will be a banquet in the athletic hall on the fair grounds.



LOOK OVER THE MATERIALS

used in some buildings and you'll not wonder why the owners are always having to spend money for repairs. Don't have that sort of thing happen to you. Have us supply your building materials and you can keep the repair money in your pocket. You won't have to spend it for our materials insure a good building and one that stays good.

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