THE DAILY LEADER

BY LESLIE G. NIBLACK

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OKLAHOMA WEEKLY LEADER

Six months
One year

New York office
Special Agency
Chicago office

The Leader reserves the right to reject any advertising it may deem improper and not [illegible]

The Leader is not responsible for errors in telephone

Calls for [illegible] will be promptly answered and will be charged for.

Business office, No. 306 W. Harrison. Composing and press rooms, No. 12 W. Harrison. Telephone [illegible] extension 75.

Anti-chore talk also sounds good.

Good roads slogan really ought to be the best campaign issue.

There seems to be more of the invisible government in Oregon just now.

So many experts are explaining the high cost of living, it seems strange some couldn't be found to devise a way of reducing it.

With another superdreadnaught in commission it may be presumed we have that incomparably greatest navy we heard about a little time ago.

The fellow who takes politics in connection with the city campaign in the spring is due for a resounding bump. Politics is taboo in Guthrie now.

Those folks who want Thanksgiving Day advanced would get more sympathy if they could give assurance that it would lower the price of the turkey.

Whenever the conflict of campaign managers' claims seems too much to bear, relief can always be had by reading the stories of how the Zeppelin raids resulted.

The names of the candidates for president do not appear on the ballot. You vote for president by voting for the presidential electors. There are ten of them.

Mr Redmond is respectfully informed that because of Britain's desire to see to the welfare of the smaller states, there is no time to take up Ireland's case just now.

Effective today the sale price of bank jewelry of the St Louis Globe-Democrat is increased from $4.50 to $7.50 a year, in order to assist in meeting the increased cost of print paper.

The typist stood champion says her work was a form of athletics for which she was an intensive training, just the same as a prize fighter does. So a lot of us will have to continue to pick out the letters gingerly with a couple of fingers.

A curious story has come to light relating to the late O. Henry, Wm Sidney Porter, who is appearing serial a term of five years and three months in the state penitentiary at Columbus, Ohio, for embezzlement as a bank teller at Austin, Texas. Henry protested his innocence always, yet was convicted. His biographer, who has unearthed the records, believes him innocent, and shows that the bank of which he was teller was so loosely run that embezzlement was

Various Forms Of Headache

"It is necessary in order to treat headaches properly to understand the causes which produce the affection" says Dr. J. W. Ray, of Bloxton, Ala. Continuing he says: "Physicians cannot even begin the treatment of a disease without knowing what causes give rise to it, and we must remember that headache is to be treated according to the same rule. We must not only be particular to give a remedy intended to counteract the cause which produces the headache, but we must also give a remedy to relieve the pain until the cause of the trouble has been removed. To answer this purpose, anti-kamnia tablets will be found a most convenient and satisfactory remedy. One tablet every one to three hours gives comfort and rest in the most severe cases of headache, neuralgia and particularly the headaches of women."

When we have a patient subject to regular attacks of sick headache, we should caution him to keep his bowels regular, for which nothing is better than "Actonds" and when he feels the least sign of an oncoming attack, he should take two A-K Tablets. Such patients should always be instructed to carry a few anti-kamnia tablets, so as to have them ready for instant use. These tablets are prompt in action and can be depended on to produce relief in a very few minutes. Ask for A-K Tablets.

Anti-kamnia tablets at all druggists.

BELL-ANS

Absolutely Removes Indigestion. One package proves it. 25c at all druggists.

[illegible] pitchment and his [illegible] stopped squall.

ADVERTISING PAYS

[illegible] the fact [illegible] exception [illegible] days and [illegible] authority [illegible] passed [illegible] for the [illegible] and then [illegible] He was to [illegible] about [illegible] December.

[illegible] seems to have [illegible] and he had a [illegible] They determined [illegible] to save [illegible] who seemed [illegible] short time to [illegible] in the off.

[illegible] the pals [illegible] they decided [illegible] so they bought a [illegible] in one of the daily newspapers in Huntsville and told the [illegible] story to the people at home. It did all the folks to thinking. Probably they concluded the negro has not done much in the [illegible] all as to demand the [illegible] of [illegible]. His statement made a better impression on paper than it did when the defendant wept upon the stand in his own behalf. The advertisement made such a good showing that a fight was started for the benefit of the man and the governor recently commuted the sentence to life imprisonment.

By using the newspaper columns the negro saved his spinal column. It certainly pays to advertise.

Her Son Subject to Croup.

"My son Edwin is subject to croup," writes Mrs. F. O. Irwin, New Kensington, Pa. "I put in many sleepless hours at night before I learned of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. Mothers need not fear this disease if they keep a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy in the house and use it as directed. It always gave my boy relief." Obtainable everywhere.

A MOTHER'S LOVE

The most beautiful thing in life is a mother's love. It begins with stitch on a tiny garment and it outlasts the grave. Some mothers may be unkind, but rarely. These are the exceptions. The love that the mother bears for her son follows him thru babyhood, school days, young manhood and fatherhood, through all his adventures and defeats. In honor or dishonor, it never wears thin. A stain can never attach itself to him, for always it is he who is wronged by the world. To his mother he can confidently turn on any occasion under any circumstances. In her he finds always the same tender parent who sought drawing light in his baby face and the source of his greatness has lain hidden in her heart as she her pondered over its progress. The realization of her dream she not felt, for she saw its fruition beyond the end of life itself. The mother of the condemned criminal with the halter about his neck knows he is pure, knows he is innocent, knows he has been in all his life told her a lie. It is not blindness. It is revelation, prophetic of something not yet attained in racial development.

The mother has this power of vision. She can see in a shapeless bit of life the lines of an unending succession of men. She has also the wellspring of faith that is unshakable. It approaches the divine. If heaven may be found at all on earth it is in the heart of mother. There is no life a woman will not live, no death she will not die for her children. She makes a home where it is and, while maintaining unbroken relations with the home she leaves, builds a family circle of her own. In all the complex relationships of life she only bears her part. Man's life may be diverse and all-absorbing and difficult, but it is as nothing to the experience of the mother who has borne and laid away and lived all that life has to offer.—Author Unknown.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children

In Use For Over 30 Years

Always bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

THINGS THAT NEVER HAPPEN

By GENE BYRNES

A STORY YOU CAN BEGIN AT ANY TIME.

Her Side—and His

HOW CORA AND DAVID TEMPLE SOLVED THEIR MARITAL PROBLEMS.

By ZOE BECKLEY.

CAN A MAN HAVE NERVES?

Under Walter Stedman's feet was a litter of torn paper and broken pencilstubs. The rug was scuffed and cramped from his fidgeting feet. The advertising "copy" he was trying to write was black with savagely crossed out and rewritten lines. His hair was a mass of disorder with much running of his fingers through it. He was chewing his lip as he sat at his typewriter. And every now and then he jumped to his feet to pace the corridor outside his office.

He did not know there was anything out of the usual with him. He had his mind to tiredness and overwork. Ordinarily Walt drew the blinds down over his nervousness and kept it within so that to the world outside he seemed always even tempered, without "nerves."

But today a thousand pickayune things bestirred and harassed him. He felt like flying away into space somewhere—away from the office, away from his home, away from everybody, even Janet.

The head of the advertising firm for whom Walt Stedman worked as writer came into his office and noticed the signs of tension. He glanced at the much X'd and crisscrossed "copy" which ordinarily came fluently and neatly from Walt's machine.

Mr Hunter was an understanding and considerate man. He saw that Walt was tensed up and that he did not know it, and even that knowing it would not help him relax.

"Our Beecher signs have gone up all over the city today," he said kindly. "I wish you'd take my car and let me know how they look to the man in the automobile, Stedman."

Walt scrouged himself tightly into the corner seat of Hunter's machine and tried to get "impressions" of the new signs. But all he felt was a consciousness of unpleasant effort and strain without any useful result. His employer's kindly device for getting him to relax was not succeeding.

At 5 o'clock Walt met Janet in her office in the Tenement commissioner's department. She too, looked as though she were under a strain but was trying to hide the fact with a quick smile as he came in. Walt kissed her tenderly, then asked quickly

"Anything the matter, Janet?"

She looked up startled. Her smile faded.

"No, not a thing. Why do you ask?"

"Oh, because you seem—you look a little tired or worried."

To Walt's dismay a look of hope keenness came over Janet's face. She turned to the window, gazing moodily out on the dusk-mantled city. Walt, crowding against vague misgivings, put his hands gently on her shoulders to turn her to him. She did not move.

"What is it, Janet? What is troubling you?" he asked, his voice a little sharp. Janet was silent. Walt insisted on an answer.

"Oh, it's nothing Walt; only a feeling of hatefulness, of defeat for the moment," she exclaimed. "Here was I unconscious of anything wrong, trying my best to appear cheerful and only to be told I look funereal and cross and old. Oh!" She moved her shoulders impatiently.

Walt stepped back with amazedness.

"Why, Janet, I didn't say anything like that," he protested. "I only asked what was wrong."

"It amounts to the same thing," Janet said miserably.

They kept silent. Nor did they say anything all the way to their little apartment. Once inside the door, however Janet turned to Walter and sobbed her face in his bosom.

Neither knew the reason for the strained, tensed, moody, nerves-on-edge state they were in. But they thought they knew.

"I am already getting on his nerves," Janet whispered to herself miserably.

"If we feel this way only a month after our marriage," thought Walt, "how long will our happiness last?"

Hopes Women Will Adopt This Habit As Well As Men

Glass of hot water each morning helps us look and feel clean, sweet, fresh.

Happy, bright, alert—vigorous and vivacious—a good clear skin, a natural, rosy complexion and freedom from illness are assured only by clean, healthy blood. If only every woman and likewise every man could realize the wonders of the morning inside bath, what a gratifying change would take place.

Instead of the thousands of sickly, anaemic-looking men, women and girls with pasty or muddy complexions, instead of the millions of "nerve wrecks," "bundles of fears" and pessimists we should see a virile, optimistic throng of rosy-cheeked people everywhere.

An inside bath is that by drinking each morning before breakfast, a glass of real hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it to wash from the stomach, liver, bowels and kidneys all poisons, the previous day's indigestible waste, and fermentations and to some, thus cleansing, sweetening and freshening the entire alimentary canal before putting more food into the stomach.

These subject to sick headaches, biliousness, acidity, heartburn, constipation, colds, and particularly those who have a sallow, pimply complexion and who are constipated very often, are urged to obtain a quarter pound of limestone phosphate at the drug store, which will cost but a trifle but is sufficient to demonstrate the quick and remarkable change in both health and appearance awaiting those who practice internal sanitation. We must remember that inside cleanliness is more important than outside, because the skin does not absorb impurities to contaminate the blood, while the pores in the thirty feet of bowels do.

$100 Reward, $100

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio.
Sold by all Druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

"SEE HOW THAT CORN COMES CLEAR OFF!"

"GETS-IT" Loosens Your Corns Right Off. It's the Modern Corn Wonder. Never Fails

"It's Just Wonderful, the Way 'GETS-IT' Makes All Corns Go Quick."

[illegible] Owl Drug Store and Little Drug Co.

BITS OF BY-PLAY

Doing Her Best

A Philadelphia servant sought her mistress with the announcement that her mother was sick and that she therefore desired permission to go home for a few days.

"Certainly," said the woman, "but do not stay longer than necessary, as we need you."

A week passed and not a word from the maid. Then a note came which read:

"Dear Mrs Jones: I will be back next week. Please keep my place for me, as my mother is doing as fast as she can."

Moral Suasion

"Bless me!" said Tommy's great uncle, "do you mean to say that your teachers never thrash you?"

"Never," replied Tommy. "We have moral suasion in our school."

"What's that?"

"Oh, we get kep' in and stood up in corners, and locked out and locked in, and made to write one word a thousand times, and scowled at and jawed at—and that's all."

Pelted

A black storm had come up suddenly. Great crashes of thunder were followed by a rattling shower of hailstones big as marbles. Little Edna clung to her nurse in affright.

"Never mind, dear," said the nurse. "God will take care of us."

"Then why is he throwing lings down on us like this?" asked the child, soberly.

An Intelligent Balloon

Norah fresh from old Ireland, stared at the baby's toy balloon, which swayed at a place two or three feet higher than her head and was anchored to the back of a chair.

"Tis spare and wonderful entirely," she said, taking her hands. "To see it go and balancing its own self—and it standin' on a string."

Took The Hurt Out of Her Back

Mrs. Anna Byrd, Tuscumbia, Ala., writes: "I was down with my back so I could not stand no more than half the time. Foley Kidney Pills took all of the hurt out." Rheumatic pains, swollen ankles, backache, stiff joints and sleep disturbing bladder ailments indicate disordered kidneys and bladder trouble. Sold everywhere.

STORIES OF NEW YORK

New York.—Don't be surprised if your servitor in the white, bright, night light district in this town shows polished manners when he is serving you. Here is the reason: The board of education is teaching waiters politeness and manners. The class meets twice a week, the opening course being held yesterday, which was neither of oysters nor clams, when 22 pupils attended. It is the duty of the teacher to instruct his class in correct English, pronunciation and ethics, including politeness and manners. Of course, the sort of a class for waiters is not at all what you imagined it was going to be when you started to read this bit of news. Naturally, the reader, as any other observing person, expected to learn that the waiters were to be taught just the right way to say "Tha-ma-ank you" with the finest shade of murderous sarcasm in it, to the diner who walks off without giving a tip or whose tip offering is too small. There is an art in being able to say those two words in a delicately polished manner which conveys the wish that the negligent person may break his darned neck. Just to have a museum "Thank you" would make a well dressed and a discharge but to get it just right requires long years in training and a good digestion and a good digestion and a thirty minute matinee.

The Men Getting Brisk

[illegible]

An Illusion Shattered

One of our New York's illusions is being shattered, just after we heard from alleged experts that we got no real buttermilk—only sour milk derived me—we received the startling news that our ice cream is only skim milk reinforced by vast quantities of coal tar derivatives. The latter is said to give the connection that velvety appearance so much admired by ice cream eaters of ice cream. Maybe the coal tar by product from coke ovens is refined so well that the coke men insisted on boosting the price of coke to the patrons of the coal member lineers. One good thing resulted from the recent strike of dairymen who supply New York—even if the people had to suffer a little inconvenience—the lurking hidden tricks and secret vices of both the dairymen and the milk purveyors are coming to light.

Now Lookout.

When a cold hits you it often happens so when you have hardly gotten over one cold before you contract another, look out for you are liable to contract another. Lookout for you are liable to contract some very serious disease. This succession of colds weakens the system and lowers the vitality so that you are much more liable to contract chronic catarrh, pneumonia or consumption. Cure your cold while you can. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy has a great reputation. It is relied upon by thousands of people and never disappoints them. Try it. It only costs a quarter. Obtainable everywhere.

LEADERETTES

Natives of Algeria bury with the dead the medicines used by them in their last illness.

Portland, Ore., is to have a new napthalene plant.

Bricks made of peat are being successfully used in Sweden for small buildings.

Polish women are renowned for the beauty of their hands. They have consciousness of the hands above all other charms.

Blocks of natural cork expanded to more than twice their normal size have been invented in England for cold storage insulation.

IS YOUR BLOOD GOOD OR BAD?

Blood Germs Are Overpowered by Mighty Vegetable Remedy and Expelled from the Body.

Twenty-four hours after you start to take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, poisonous matter and blood impurities begin to leave your body through the Liver, Bowels, Kidneys and Skin.

So powerfully penetrating is this purely vegetable remedy that through the circulation of the blood it reaches every fibre, muscle and joint, dissolves the poisonous secretions and drives them out of the body.

It brings new activity to the liver, stomach and bowels in a short time, thus causing sallowness, indigestion and constipation to disappear.

It enters the tiny blood vessels of the skin, bringing with it fresh vitalized blood and adding faith in its wonderful cleansing power has come to thousands, when pimples, boils, carbuncles, rash, eczema, acne and other skin troubles dried up and disappeared.

Good blood means good health; good health means strong men and women, full of vigor and ambition, with minds alert and muscles ever willing. Any medicine dealer will supply you with Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery in either liquid or tablet form.

Miss. G. W. Bryck, 427 West Noble Street, Oklahoma City, Okla., says: "When I was bedfast and had treated with several doctors without help I took 'Golden Medical Discovery.' A lady advised me to use it. I had my trouble diagnosed as appendicitis, gall stones and other conditions. One feature was enlarged liver. Whatever my trouble was Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery reached the seat of the trouble and in two weeks I was able to get out of bed and sit up. Then I took the 'Discovery' for two months and the spells of severe pain were relieved. I was not in need of any more morphine."

DADDY'S EVENING FAIRY TALE

BY MARY GRAHAM BONNER

SICK GIRAFFE.

"Now the Giraffe had been grumbling all day long," commenced Daddy, "and the other Animals in the Zoo were all getting very, very tired of hearing him complain.

"'And not one of you has asked me what is the trouble,' whined the Giraffe. 'I think you're all very heartless. If you were sick, yes, any one of you, I'd be so sorry I'd weep. And when I'm sick it makes no difference to any of you.' And the Giraffe looked very mournful.

"'Why, Mr. and Mrs. Lion even took a nap this afternoon,' he continued. 'I'd have thought they would have been too worried for that. But no, they slept and slept and didn't wake up until they thought it was Supper time. And the Tiger over there—he was so very rude—he roared and walked up and down his Cage because he was angry. As if anger was anything compared to feeling sick. And he was angry about a little Boy who had called him a Leopard by mistake! Such a silly thing to be angry about.'

"'Well,' said the Tiger who had been listening, as had all the Animals, even though the Giraffe hadn't been talking straight to any of them—but had just been talking about them all, 'I think that's very mean of you, Giraffe. Of course, no one could make a mistake about you. I can't imagine anyone calling you an Elephant or a Rhinoceros or a Kangaroo or a Monkey. Because a Giraffe looks just like a Giraffe and nothing else. So, of course, you would never have your feelings hurt that way.'

"'Well, very sensible it is of me to look like myself and not like any other Animal. But just the same I'm sick and no one cares, and it's cruel—that's what it is.'

"'You perfectly absurd to say it is cruel,' said Mrs. Lion in a very roaring voice, for she was angry that the Giraffe had talked about the nap she and Mr. Lion had been taking. 'It would be cruel of you to expect us to take an interest in your sickness. We all know you have Sore Throat again—and how you'll tell us how much worse it is than any other Animal's Sore Throat could ever be because you have such a great, long neck. It would give us the Sore Throat to look up at your neck and to see if we thought it was in such a terrible condition. You shouldn't expect so much of your Friends.'

"'That's where you're wrong, Mrs. Lion,' said the Giraffe. 'I haven't the Sore Throat at all.'

"At that all the Animals looked up in surprise, for to be sure the Giraffe was ill without a Sore Throat was the strangest thing they had ever heard of.

"'What is the matter?' they all chorused. And you should have heard the roars that came from the Zoo house, as they asked that question.

"'Oh, now you take an interest, do you?' said the Giraffe who was getting very proud of himself that he had made every Animal in the Zoo house

"I've a Sore Foot."

pay attention to him at last. "'Well, then, what is the matter with me, you all ask?' He wanted to hear them say it again, and sure enough again they all roared out:

"'What is the matter, tell us quickly.' The Giraffe waved his neck about and waited for a moment, and then he said, 'I've a Sore Foot.'

"'Well,' said Mrs. Lion, 'did ever anyone hear of a Giraffe with a Sore Foot. Poor old Giraffe and it's way off from you too.' And Mrs. Lion grew quite kindly and sad.

"Just then the Keeper came in with Supper for the Animals, and when he saw they were all talking to the Giraffe he went to his cage first. There the Giraffe put up his Foot and the Keeper immediately got some nice liniment and bandaged it for the Giraffe and gave him an extra fine Supper.

"All the evening the other animals talked to the Giraffe to cheer him up and told him of many wild adventures they had had when they were young in the deep forests. And the Giraffe was so thankful he had had a Sore Foot and not a Sore Throat as all the Animals seemed to think that was something new and interesting."

Sharing Candy With Mamma.

"Mamma," said four-year-old Harry, "when I have any candy I always like to share it with you."

"I'm glad to know you are not selfish, Harry," replied his mother. "But why do you like to share it with me instead of anyone else?"

"'Cause," answered the little diplomat, "you always take it, thank me, then give it back."

LEADER WANTS BRING RESULTS