Kaiser to Use Poison Gas and Incendiary Shells to Kill All the People of New York

Rene Bache

If the German Fleet Could Get Away From the British Vessels Holding It Back, the United States Sea Coast Would Be Given Some German Frightfulness.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 26.—To the imagination of the everyday citizen, the possible destruction of New York or any other of our big coast cities by a German fleet presents a picture of the smashing and collapse of tall buildings under shellfire, with much incidental damage to extensive business and residential districts—all of this accompanied, of course, by the killing and wounding of many people.

He fails to grasp the German's point of view, and to comprehend the Prussian idea of warfare.

The kaiser's fleet (which is now restrained from such an attack by the power of the British navy, and by nothing else) could not in this way put fear into the hearts of the American people. This all important military object could best be attained by wiping out the entire population of the city, including women and children; and that is exactly what the Germans would try to do.

They would bombard all parts of the city with a storm of poison gas shells, while squadrons of flying machines sent up from the ships hovered aloft and dropped gas bombs, paying particular attention to the crowds of panic stricken people seeking to escape by railroad and ferry.

Afterwards, the kaiser, with a tear in his eye, would say (as he did in the case of Louvain): "I weep for New York"—or it might be Boston, or Philadelphia—"but it was a matter of military necessity."

Poison Gas Kills Quickly.

Poison gas shells and bombs are filled with bromine, a red liquid with a horrible smell. They carry small bursting charges of high explosives, whereby a heat is developed that converts the liquid into a cloud of gas. The gas, being heavier than air, spreads over the ground, quickly killing anybody who takes even a little of it into his lungs. Those who are not immediately suffocated to death may linger in agony for several days before they finally succumb.

The German fleet could, and doubtless would, knock down the tall buildings with heavy projectiles carrying huge charges of high explosive, but the work of destroying the city would be accomplished mainly with "incendiary" shells.

A shell of this kind is filled with a mixture of two simple and harmless substances, iron oxide (which is iron rust) being one of them. It is provided with a percussion cap that sets off a small quantity of powdered magnesium, the burning of which ignites the mixture above mentioned. Thereby a tremendous heat is instantly developed. The thin steel shell is not only melted but vaporized, and its molten contents flow, a living flame, in all directions.

Sets Fire All It Touches.

The flame sets fire to whatever it touches. But the horrible thing about it is that it is literally unquenchable; nothing will put it out.

Water in any quantity has no effect on it whatever.

The Crusaders of the middle ages, in their encounters with the Saracens—whom today we call Turks—found themselves opposed by an instrument of destruction wholly unfamiliar, and to which they gave the name of "Greek fire." This stuff, loaded into projectiles which were the original incendiary bombs, was a bituminous fluid of unknown composition; but what made it most alarming was that water would not extinguish its flames.

Surely very interesting is the fact that the fluid contained in the tank of the up to date "flammenwerfer," or flame projector (a recent German war invention which our own armies will utilize in France), is of a similar nature. For this idea modern military science is going back to the days of Richard Coeur de Lion, when the Saracens got the petroleum from their Greek fire from the oil wells of Rumania.

Terrorizes the Enemy.

Why does the German systematically resort to what he calls "schrecklichkeit," or frightfulness? It is because he appreciates the military importance of terrorizing the enemy.

The idea, in its way, is correct enough. The ruthless rape of Belgium, with all its devilish Prussian savagery, has so appalled Holland, Norway and Denmark (perhaps even Sweden) that they have not dared to resent openly the most outrageous injuries at the kaiser's hands. It was meant to be an object lesson to neutrals.

"Let America look out!" said William, the wicked, to our ambassador, James Gerard.

Worse Than Apaches.

Were England out of the war, and our fleet smashed—the latter not unlikely, inasmuch as Germany is far stronger on the seas than we—our people might experience such extremes of frightfulness as not even Belgium has known. For the Prussian is in effect an Apache Indian equipped with all the resources of modern science, and he is no whit less ruthless.

An object lesson, Belgium style, at our expense would so frighten all South America that our baby sister republics on that continent could hardly be expected to offer any serious resistence to Hun invasion and Hun control.

Destruction of human life in battle, relatively to the forces employed, is less today than in earlier times. But the demolition of material things—of property in one form or another—is incomparably greater, because of the destroying power of high explosives.

In the civil war we knew no more powerful explosive than black gunpowder, of which 57 percent is inert and useless. Whence the smoke it gives off when burned, which represents the unconsumed residue. We were still using this obsolete kind of powder in our guns on land and sea at the time of the Spanish war. The Spaniards were provided with smokeless powder, but we had none. In the sea fight off Santiago our ships were blinded by the smoke of their own cannon.

Smokeless powder is a high explosive, as powerful as dynamite. It is made by soaking cotton (previously treated with nitric acid) in a mixture of ether and alcohol. The result is a horny substance that can be molded into "spaghetti," to be cut up in little pieces for rifle cartridges, or into long rods, to be similarly chopped up for big guns.

Each Has Its High Explosive.

The base of most of the high explosives used in the present war is carbolic acid, derived from coal tar. Carbolic acid, when treated with nitric acide, yields picric acid, which is the "lyddite" of the British, the "melinite" of the French, the "shimose" of the Japanese, and the "dunnite" employed by our own army and navy.

From coal tar are obtained benzene and toluene, which, treated with nitric acid, furnish some of the most formidable high explosives. One of them, called "T. N. T." (short for trinitro-toluene), is now largely used for filling projectiles and submarine mines.

Spaniards First to Experiment.

The Spaniards were first to make experimental tests (at Madrid) of the modern scientific hand bomb loaded with high explosive. One such missile was thrown into a fenced inclosure 40 yards in diameter, in which had been placed 90 dummy men.

Inspection of the injuries inflicted showed (according to the official report) that nine of the dummy men were "killed," and an additional 47 rendered hors de combat. This, as the report said, "took no account of the incidental demoralization of the remainder."

Being at that time engaged in hostilities with the Riff Arabs, the Spaniards armed one of their regiments with these bombs, the destructive effect of which so appalled the enemy that they were soon glad to acknowledge themselves beaten and to sue for peace.

Bombs of crude pattern were in common use as long ago as the Napoleonic wars, and even earlier. Sometimes they were called "grenades," and the men who carried and threw them were known as "grenadiers" and "bombardiers." They were loaded with gunpowder and set off by lighting a fuse—an operation somewhat perilous, and also uncertain, inasmuch as the fuse was liable to go out. In our own civil war bombs of the same primitive kind were employed.

The up to date hand bomb, containing two or three ounces of high explosive, is either spherical and a little bigger than a baseball, or else a short, stout cylinder. In the latter case it is provided with a rope tail, by which it may be thrown, and explodes on impact. If spherical, it has a sort of trigger, which is released when the bomb is cast, the burst occurring exactly five seconds later.

All projectiles, of whatever description, that explode on impact, are set off by percussion caps that contain fulminate of mercury. The latter, by the way, was one of the first high explosives to be discovered, and it is today the most powerful and most sensitive of them all.

This fulminate is made by treating alcohol and mercury with nitric acid. So extremely sensitive is it that it can safely be used only in very small quantities. One is surprised, then, to learn that this is the explosive which causes children's Fourth of July torpedoes to go "bang," a minute bit of it, in a paper cap, being inclosed with a few tiny pebbles in each toy bomb.

Our war department has recently devoted a great deal of attention to the development of various kinds of bombs—especially the "drop bomb," to be carried by flying machines. Bombs of this sort are usually of pear shape, and weigh from 15 to 60 pounds. The big ones are called "demolition bombs," and (the name sufficiently describing the purpose for which they are intended) are loaded with heavy charges of high explosive.

Could Blow Up Capitol.

The European bomb carrying warplanes usually have their combs suspended along their wings. Our machines carry them inside the "fuselage" (the place where the aviator sits), and, when one is to be dropped, he detaches it by touching an electric button. But, at the biggest, it is a small affair compared with some of the Zeppelin bombs, which are veritable aerial mines, weighing half a ton. One of them landing fairly upon the capitol at Washington would blow the whole of that huge structure to pieces.

The "delay action" bomb, for attacking submarines, is a type distinct. It is so adjusted as to sink to a certain depth before exploding. The "mine thrower," a German contrivance, discharges sausage shaped bombs five feet long that are frightfully destructive when the aim proves correct. As a new development, there is even the "aerial torpedo," an automatic bomb that is driven by compressed air and directed by a gyroscope, operating in much the same way as a submarine torpedo.

These are some of the instruments of warfare that are to be used against us. They are surely frightful enough, but our military and naval experts will oppose them with engines of destruction no less formidable; and Yankee ingenuity may even contrive novelties in this line that will strike the Huns with terror and dismay.

HARDLY ABLE TO WALK ACROSS ROOM, SHE SAYS

Thought she'd never get well — Tanlac restores health and she's gained 35 pounds.

Here is the story of a frail little woman who knew only pain and suffering for years, whose physical ailments had pulled her down until she was scarcely more than a frame, now a strong, healthy, happy woman. It is the story of Mrs. Bertha Sowell, wife of T. S. Sowell, formerly of Paris, Texas, and now residing at 425 1-2 Broadway, Fort Worth. Mrs. Sowell's statement, which she gives for the benefit of others, is as follows:

"I have suffered, like women often do, for a long time. I felt tired and worn-out and was so weak I could hardly walk across the hall. My appetite was very poor and I seldom got a good night's sleep. I became frightfully nervous and kept getting weaker and more hopeless all the time. I fell off until I weighed only eighty pounds and had so many aches and pains that I could hardly get up and down. At times I was so discouraged and blue that I felt I could never get well. Finally I went to the hospital and underwent a serious operation. So after a time I seemed to be in a convalescing condition and was carried home and put to bed but made little or no improvement.

"With the good things I had heard about Tanlac still in mind, I sent for a bottle and while taking it I noticed a considerable improvement in my condition. My appetite came back, my stomach felt better and from then on I could eat anything I wanted and enjoy it. I kept getting gradually stronger, my nerves became more calm, and after taking my second bottle I began picking up in weight and feeling more like myself. I have taken five bottles now, have gained thirty-five pounds and am feeling fine. I'm eating just anything I want, sleep like a child and am able to do all my housework. Everybody says I look like a new woman and I certainly do feel like one, too. Tanlac is the grandest medicine I have ever heard of. It has been a Godsend to me and I feel like I ought to tell others about it."

Tanlac is sold in El Paso by Kelly & Pollard, Co., Inc., and People's Drug Store, under personal directions of a special Tanlac representative.—Adv.

RELIEF FOR YOUR GRIPPY COLD

Dr. Bell's Pine-Tar-Honey is prompt and effective.

Did it ever occur to you that Dr. Bell's Pine-Tar-Honey has been giving satisfaction to thousands upon thousands of cold and grippe sufferers year after year?

The reason is that it gives quick relief, and when you are suffering—with your head stopped up, throat sore, feverish, all knocked out, you, too, will feel grateful when you have tried this reliable preparation.

The first dose of this pleasant remedy will satisfy you that it is going to do work, and you will be glad to recommend it to your friends for coughs, colds and bronchial affections. At all druggists.

Dr. Bell's Pine Tar Honey for Coughs & Colds

Little Bobbie's Pa.

Ma Wishes To Do Something Patriotic and Decides to Keep On Feeding Pa and Bobbie.
BY WILLIAM F. KIRK.

I SEE the ladies is ackting as motormen & mail carriers etc. in sum of our leeding cities, sed Ma to Pa last nite. I must look around me, sed Ma, & find out what I can do to maik myself useful.

Rite for you, sed Pa. Three cheers for them patryotick ladies wich is going to bat for thar nativ land, sed Pa. Beefoar you maik up yure mind jest what branch of the Service you will talk up, sed Pa, how about a littel dinner for us three?

You nevver went with out yure dinner, deerest, sed Ma; doant git nervus. I am reely deep in ernest, tho, sed Ma, about doing something to help my country rite now.

The way for wimmen to help the most, sed Pa, is to feed the heroes. Isent that so, Bobbie? sed Pa.

The heeroes around this house usually gits fed, sed Ma. I see one big fat hero & a littel fat hero sitting reddy rite now for thare evving fodder, Ma sed. But I do feel that thare must be sumthing I can do to help the nashun—sumthing outside of my house hold dutys, sed Ma, sumthing big & braiv.

Bless the ladies, sed Pa, how can this country loe a war wen its ladies is so full of Pep? Moar power to you, deer, sed Pa. I will put my keen brane to work on the problem, Pa sed, & maybe beefoar long I will hit on sumthing you can do which will reflerk grate credit on me & you both, sed Pa. Only I wuddent want you to be a mail carrier, sed Pa, it wud maik you so tired that wen nite cum you wud ask me to buy you a ottomobeel, wich wud be a vary bad con-servashun etc. sed Pa.

I want to do sumthing beesides knit-ting, sed Ma, I have woar out three (3) sets of big needels knitting things for the soljers.

I want to do sumthing bigger & noahler, like inventing a grate gun or a grate air ship or sumthing. I had a dream last nite, Ma sed, that I had invented a airship wich was so big that it carried a hundryun bombs & dropped them on a German camp.

That was a very patry-otick dreem, sed Pa. I dreemed that I had found a way to maik peepul stop fiteing forever, Pa sed. That was a grate dreem, sed Pa, but jest wen I was going to talk it up with Mister Wilson you called me to anser the dumb waiter & git the ice, sed Pa, wich chilled my ambishun.

The wimmen is certainly anxshus to talk thare share of this grate burden, sed Ma. I am in dedly ernest & so are the other wimmen.

Well, sed Pa, wen the wimmen git in dedly ernest sumthing dedly usually happens, sed Pa. The feemall of the species is moar dedlier ernest than the mail, sed Pa. But while you are casting about, sed Pa, you cud be peeling three (3) spuds & putting them on to boil Pa sed. Bobbie's face is gitting kind of long. I feer the littel man is hungry, sed Pa.

I fear the big man is hungry too, sed Ma. After all, sed Ma, I feel that wen a woman feels two such sin-cerr eesters as you & Bobbie she is reely doing a grate work for the Cause, sed Ma.

Quite true spoken, sed Pa, & later on you can think up sum way to saiv the nashun. Our main objeck in this war is to keep Freedom batting 300, sed Pa, & we can best do this by not gitting rattled. If we shud git rattled & fergit to eat, sed Pa, the reesult wud be a gloomy speck-tickle.

Be a braiv littel housewife first of all, sed Pa, & keep the hoam fires burning, espeshully the cookstove fire, sed Pa.

& then Pa smacked his lips & looked like Rover wen I show him the dog meet wich I git from our Irish butcher. We have got a Irish butcher now.

"Millionaire Kid" Plans To Buy All Dew in World

San Francisco, Cal., Jan. 26.—Robert Allen, 51, known as the "Millionaire Kid," declared in court he was "going to buy all the mountain dew in the world" just as soon as he got a fortune of $8,000,000 left to him by his father.

Allen was arrested with other vagrants. He was asked if he was going to take his tramp friends with him on the "joy party."

"Some of them, perhaps," he replied. "We sure are going to have some time, but I'll never be buried in the potter's field. As soon as I get that $8,000,000 I'm going to set aside $75 for a decent burial."

DAILY RECORD.

Deeds Filed.

Cincue Park subdivision—R. B. Miller to Lafe Gibson, all of block 7, containing 1.26 acres; January 22, 1918; $560.

Grand View addition—F. B. Hadlock to J. W. Phillips, lots 25 and 26, block 65; December 27, 1917; $10.

Logan Heights addition — Logan Heights Investment company to J. W. Roberts, lots 17 to 24, inclusive, block 37B; January 22, 1918; $1000.

Logan Heights addition — Logan Heights Investment company to G. H. Candlin, lots 14, 15, 16 and 17, block 37C; December 12, 1917; $525.

Socorro town grant—El Paso Irrigated Lands company to W. Y. W. T. Blackwell, a tract in survey No. 204, containing acres; December 12, 1917; $500.

Building Permit.

R. E. McKee, Texas and Campbell streets; alterations; $500.

Licensed to Marry.

James E. Pike and Edith Ohlsen.

Matthew G. Irby and Mercedes Acuna.

Tomas Ansya and Espenarza Almanzar.

SCHOOL DAYS

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By DWIG

A Serial of Universal Appeal

The Other Woman

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water.

(Copyright, 1917, Star Company.)

(Continued from Wednesday's Herald.)

THE following Sunday Mrs. Hampton did not telephone to us about the service. I knew that Jack was listening for the summons, and that he was vaguely uneasy when it did not come.

At last, when breakfast was over, he went to the telephone and called up his mother, and asked her how she was. "Are you going to church?" he queried.

"Why, of course," he said a moment later in reply to some inquiry of hers.

"Sweetheart," he said to me, "I am going down to church. Are you going?"

"Not today, if you don't mind, dear," I replied, glancing up from the Sunday paper. "I am a bit headachy, so will stay at home."

"All right—then I will stop for mother," he said, "that is, if you have no objection."

Why should I object? I reasoned when he had gone. The parent's acceptance of her son's escort this morning would prove to me that she was quite willing to have him absent himself from home and me so long as she could have him by her side in her own pew. I nursed this thought much of the morning, and it had grown to a strong conviction by noon time.

But it was doomed to a speedy death when Jack returned from church.

"Mother was much worried when I came by for her this morning," he informed me. "She had expected, as you know, to meet us at church, and was startled when I walked in upon her at the boarding house. She wanted to know at once where you were. When I explained, it was all I could do to get her to let me remain with her. She feared you might want to go somewhere to church, and would go alone. I assured her that I left you a fixture at home, enjoying the Sunday papers. In spite of all my protestations, she evidently felt guilty about my having come off again without you."

An Unselfish Mother.

"You told her, of course," I suggested, "that so far as I am concerned, you are welcome to accompany her every Sunday—whether I feel like going out or not?"

"Yes," Jack replied, unconscious of any bitterness in my tone, "but she will not hear of such a thing. She says my place is with my wife, and she insists that she will not let me leave you again on her account. Isn't she the most unselfish mother in the world?"

I was taken aback, for this was not what I had expected. Nor could I quite agree with Jack in his praise of his mother's unselfishness. If she had been as altruistic as he thought, I argued inwardly, she would not have insisted on our accompanying her to church each Sunday. Yet she was now abandoning her desire without a word of regret.

"In spite of my dissatisfaction with the outcome of all this matter, I was honest enough to acknowledge that Mrs. Hampton was not guilty of scheming to force me to conform to her plans. Yet her actions had to a certain extent the effect of making me do so. I would be uncomfortable if I kept her son from her on Sundays, and I know that his absence from her side would make my husband remorseful in spite of his assurances that he would be happy anywhere with me.

"Thus it came about that on such Sundays as I was willing to go to church, Jack went with me. When I did not want to go, he stayed away. And every Sabbath the same question came over the telephone.

"I will, however, do my motherinlaw the justice to say that if she resented my not accompanying Jack and her each week, she did not show it by her manner. She was uniformly gentle and kind, and all my friends said I was to be envied in the possession of such a lovely motherinlaw.

"There certainly is a strange fatality about some occurrences, and this fatality decreed that the time when Harry Lester called me up to invite me to lunch with him was just when Mrs. Hampton changed to be taking a cup of afternoon tea with me.

"She and I were in my living room, and I was pouring the tea, when the telephone rang. I uttered an exclamation of annoyance.

A Call From Harry.

"That 'phone always rings at the wrong time," I complained. "Would you mind answering it, Mrs. Hampton? I will come as soon as I have poured this tea."

"I will be glad to answer it," she said, hurrying out into the hall.

The instrument was just outside the living room door.

"No, this is Mrs. Hampton, senior," I heard her say. "Oh, yes, Mr. Lester! How do you do? It will call my daughter, if you will hold the wire."

I was ashamed at feeling my cheeks flushing with embarrassment. Why need Harry Lester have called me up just at this particular moment—and why—oh, why! need he have told my motherinlaw who it was that was speaking?

"It's Mr. Lester, dear," she announced, coming into the room. "I told him you would come to the phone."

"Thank you," I murmured.

Every word I said would be heard in the living room. I fancy my tone was rather cold as I listened to Harry's plea that I lunch with him the next Wednesday.

"Thanks! I will," I said briefly.

"At 1:30?" he suggested.

"Yes, at 1:30," I repeated thoughtlessly.

Then I could have bitten my tongue for naming the hour so that my motherinlaw could hear it. Sense enough was granted me, however, to deter me from repeating the name of the fashionable restaurant at which we were to lunch.

But, of course, Mrs. Hampton must have known that I was making a luncheon engagement with this man. Yet, although she looked a little uncomfortable when I went back to her and the tea, she asked me no questions.

(To be continued.)

Bedtime Story for the Little Ones

UNCLE WIGGILY AND MR. WHITEWASH.

HOWARD R. GARIS.

"TINKLE! Tinkle! Tink!" rang the telephone bell in the hollow stump bungalow of Uncle Wiggily Longears, the rabbit gentleman.

"I'll answer it," said Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy. "It's very likely for me anyhow. Probably some of the Red Cross animal ladies are calling to ask how many stitches to purl on a bone needle when you're knitting a sweater or a pair of wristlets."

"Very well," said Uncle Wiggily, sort of resignation like, and the muskrat lady bungalow keeper went to the telephone. But a surprised look came over her face when she answered and said:

"Hello! Yes, he's here. Wait a minute and I'll call him."

Uncle Wiggily saw Nurse Jane waving her paw at him.

"It's you they want, Wiggy," she said. "It's Dr. Possum."

"I wonder what he wants?" said the bunny rabbit gentleman. "I hope he doesn't think either of us is ill."

Then Mr. Longears went to the telephone and Nurse Jane heard him say:

"Oh, is that so? I didn't know it! I'm very sorry. Of course, I'll go right over!"

"What is it?" asked the muskrat lady when Uncle Wiggily had stopped talking at the telephone.

"Dr. Possum says that my dear old friend, Mr. Whitewash, the polar bear gentleman, is very ill," said Uncle Wiggily. "He wants me to come over and sit by him and cheer him up."

"Of course you'll go," said Nurse Jane.

"Of course," answered Uncle Wiggily. "I'll get ready right away."

"And I'll send him over a carrot pie," said the muskrat lady. "I have just baked some, and perhaps pie would taste good to Mr. Whitewash. I'll wrap it up for you."

"Please do," spoke Uncle Wiggily, while he put on his warm fur coat and got his red, white and blue striped rheumatism crutch out of the flour barrel, where it was playing tag with the baking powder, making it believe it was a war soldier.

Soon the bunny rabbit gentleman uncle was hopping over the fields and through the woods on his way to the hollow tree where Mr. Whitewash, the polar bear gentleman lived. Mr. Whitewash had that name because he was all white, like the stuff they paint the cellar walls with. He was as white as a basket of snowballs, for all polar bears, which come from the North pole, are that way.

"Poor Mr. Whitewash! I am very sorry he is ill! I hope I can cheer him up," said Uncle Wiggily, as he hopped along the snow.

Pretty soon he came to the hollow tree where the polar bear gentleman lived. Uncle Wiggily tapped on the bark door, and out came Dr. Possum, holding his paw to his lips.

"Hush!" softly whispered Dr. Possum. "Mr. Whitewash has just fallen asleep. You go in and sit beside him, and when he wakes up he will be much better."

"And may I give him some pie?" asked the bunny.

"Surely," said Dr. Possum.

So Uncle Wiggily went in the room where Mr. Whitewash was in bed asleep, covered up with a little thin blanket of green moss. For, being a polar bear, and used to the cold, Mr. Whitewash did not mind snow or ice, and he never had a fire in his tree house.

So Uncle Wiggily kept on his fur coat as he sat beside the polar bear gentleman, and the bunny was wishing his friend would awaken, and eat some of the pie, when, all of a sudden, a voice right behind Uncle Wiggily said:

"Ha! This is the time I have you, and you can't get away!"

The bunny half jumped out of his chair and looked around. And there he saw the bad old Skeezicks, who had sneaked in the door after him and was now all ready to grab the rabbit gentleman.

"Oh, please don't take me," whispered Uncle Wiggily, so as not to awaken Mr. Whitewash. "Please go away and be good!"

"No! I will not!" said the Skeezicks. "I followed you all the way from your bungalow. I don't know who lives here, nor why you came, but I know why I came. I came to get you."

"But you're not going to get him!" suddenly roared a voice and up in his bed sat Mr. Whitewash, the polar bear. No sooner did the Skeezicks catch sight of the big white bear than the Skeezicks cried:

"Oh, dear! Oh, woe is me! Oh, a big snow bear has come to life and he'll throw icicles at me!" and, without waiting for anything else the Skeezicks, who was much afraid of the cold, turned a back somersault and a front peppermault and out of the door he slid.

"Ha! Ha!" laughed Mr. Whitewash, who felt much better. "I guess he did think, on account of my white fur, that I was a snow bear. Anyhow I scared him, Uncle Wiggily."

"Yes, and I'm glad you did," said the bunny. "Have a piece of pie?"

So Mr. Whitewash did, and then he was all better. And if the ink bottle doesn't turn pale when it meets the fountain pen waltzing the fox trot about the lead pencil, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily and Nannie's rubbers.—Copyright, 1918, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.

Marries Step-Sister And Relatives Increase

Chicago, Ill., Jan. 26.—William Sugden married his stepsister, Bessie, and that made her mother Sugden's motherinlaw as well as his stepmother, her mother her motherinlaw, his father his fatherinlaw and her stepfather her fatherinlaw.

Sugden has a divorce and his wife now is only his stepsister.

GIRLS! WOMEN! TAKE CASCARETS IF CONSTIPATED

They liven your liver and bowels and clear your complexion.

Don't stay headachy, bilious with breath bad and stomach sour.

Get a 10-cent box now.

To-night sure! Take Cascarets and enjoy the nicest, gentlest liver and bowel cleansing you ever experienced. Cascarets will liven your liver and clean your thirty feet of bowels without griping. You will wake up feeling grand. Your head will be clear, breath right, tongue clean, stomach sweet, eyes bright, step elastic and complexion rosy—they're wonderful. Get a 10-cent box now at any drug store. Mothers can safely give a whole Cascaret to children any time when cross, feverish, bilious, tongue coated or constipated—they are harmless.—Adv.

Do You Ever Relax? Some People Think They Do, but Merely Waste

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

WHAT do you do when you are doing nothing? No, that isn't an Irish bull—it is just an emphatic way of asking how completely you relax.

I know a man who works frightfully hard all day long at the head of a big advertising organization. His wife tries to create in his home an atmosphere of restfulness, luxury and real comfort. She gives him an opportunity to come home and there, surrounded by those for whom he cares most, to bathe his tired nerves in a warm and gentle stream of absolute ease.

And what does he do? Sits down in the comfortable chair that is reserved for him, plays a tattoo on the arm of it with the fingers of his right hand, accompanies this with a series of taps on the floor with one foot or the other and finishes the symphony by tossing his watch charms about on their chain with his left hand.

What is he doing? He is letting the strength and energy, he needs for his work dribble away in a wasteful stream of constant leaking.

Now why should a man of large affairs, a man who is all day long using up energy so fast that he can't store any up for future reference—why should that man let the energy stream go on playing purposely when he doesn't have to?

Store Up Your Energy.

In a clever little magazine I read recently a splendid article which, frankly, is a direct inspiration for our little talk today. It is called "How to Store Your Energy,' and in part this is what it said:

"We are all like huge electric batteries—capable of storing up sufficient energy to keep us full of vitality for years to come. But many of us have grounded wires, and the strength and energy that should be conserved for our work is leaking away in a useless, purposeless stream. All needless and useless manoeuvers constitute a tremendous nervous and vital drain on the constitution, and the result is a constant leakage of nervous force and muscular energy. Little things, you may argue. But any doctor will tell you that it is the little things that undermine. Look to yourself if your wires are grounded somewhere you're not getting your full amount of power and your battery is running down. Look for the grounded wires."

When you are at a job of any sort, be it thinking out an advertising campaign or selling a pair of black silk stockings, give to that job your concentrated efforts and attention. Don't waste yourself in little side issues, nervous habbits, wire grounding habits that let part of your energy leak off into running your hand through your hair or hitching your skirt band up.

And if between that job and your next one there is one minute or five devote that to relaxing, "letting go," deliciously drinking in deep breaths through the closed mouth while you count eight and exhaling slightly through parted lips while again you count eight.

Breathe deep, float on cushioning relaxation, don't jump or jerk or fidget or ground your wires through little nervous motions—and see how much better you'll feel when you tackle your next requirement.

You'll last longer that way, too, for you will store up energy a little faster than you need it in your youth and have that reserve stock to draw on in your old age.

Three Generations Testify to the Efficacy of—

DR. CALDWELL'S

Syrup Pepsin

The Perfect Laxative

in maintaining the family health. A combination of simple laxative herbs with pepsin, free from opiates and narcotic drugs, and pleasant to the taste, it acts easily and naturally, restoring normal regularity. First prescribed by Dr. Caldwell more than twenty-five years ago, it is today the indispensable family remedy in countless homes throughout the United States.

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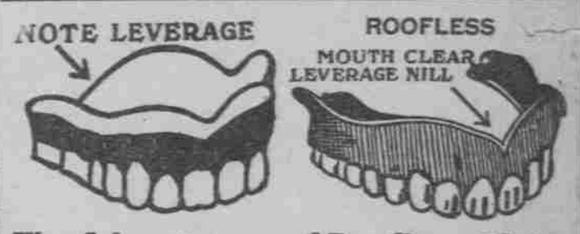
A trial bottle can be obtained, free of charge, by writing to Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 457 Washington St., Monticello, Illinois



The Advantages of Roofless Plate

1. As the part next to the gum is of very soft rubber, it gives in chewing, as the natural teeth, thereby enabling you to eat food impossible with the old style plate. You simply grind your food with the old style plate. You cannot chew it.

2. As the roof of the mouth is clear, it can be put in immediately after extraction and the plate settles with the gums as there is no hard ridge in the roof of the mouth to hold it back. When these plates are put in immediately after extraction and "settle" with the gums, of course there is no plate in the world can come anywhere near the fit of these.

3. Naturally they can be made to fit any mouth—and mouths that cannot wear old style plates—as the roof deep, shallow, flat, is not taken into consideration at all.

4. They have a 100 per cent better suction—soft rubber as against hard. Thin as paper—against the one-fourth inch thickness of the old roof plate.

5. Comfort, taste, freedom from voice interference, and many other advantages that will suggest themselves to you if you will look at the diagram. Teeth extracted in the morning, plates delivered the same day.

Showing toothpick between the teeth—exactly the same as in the natural teeth.

Transparency shows patented attachment of these teeth—exactly the same "pivot" crown is used as on the natural root.

No "pink" rubber—no gums show—exactly same as your natural teeth.

THE COST is no more than any first class dentist will charge for old style plates. Come in and let us show you this plate—you will appreciate its many advantages.

NOTE—See our new "Removable Bridge Work"—it is exactly half the cost of fixed bridgework and much more sanitary. We are the only makers of this plate in the Southwest

NEW SYSTEM DENTAL CO.

Under the personal supervision of J. Hod Williams, M. D., D. D. S., Extraction Specialist.
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