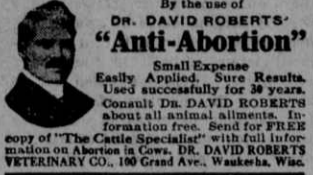


Look out for Spanish Influenza.
At the first sign of a cold take



Standard cold remedy for 20 years—in tablet form—safe, sure, 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.

Stop Losing Calves You can Stamp Abortion Out of YOUR HERD and Keep It Out



DR. DAVID ROBERTS' "Anti-Abortion"
Small Expense. Easily Applied. Sure Results. Used successfully for 20 years. Counts Dr. DAVID ROBERTS about all animal ailments. Information free. Send for FREE copy of "The Cattle Specialist" with full information on Abortion in Cows. DR. DAVID ROBERTS VETERINARY CO., 190 Grand Ave., Waukegan, Wis.

Just Imagine!
Senator Garcia imagined the Argentine senate recently that the foreigners resident in Buenos Aires are 56 per cent of the population, and added, courteously, that "if it were 70 per cent it would be all the better for the country." Although acknowledging the compliment, a British paper published there says: "If we were Argentinians we would disagree decidedly, not merely with the senator, but with the circumstance. Imagine London with an alien population of more than half the total! Imagine the country at war, with such a collection of dubious consistency in its business and executive base! It would not be possible to intern them. It would, on the other hand, be quite possible for them to intern the men of the soil."—New York Post.

KIDNEY TROUBLE NOT EASILY RECOGNIZED

Applicants for Insurance Often Rejected

An examining physician for one of the prominent life insurance companies, in an interview of the subject, made the astonishing statement that one reason why so many applicants for insurance are rejected is because kidney trouble is so common to the American people, and the large majority of those whose applications are declined do not even suspect that they have the disease.

Judging from reports from druggists who are constantly in direct touch with the public, there is one preparation that has been very successful in overcoming these conditions. The mild and healing influence of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root is soon realized. It stands the highest for its remarkable record of success.

We find that Swamp-Root is strictly an herbal compound and we would advise our readers who feel in need of such a remedy to give it a trial. It is on sale at all drug stores in bottles of two sizes, medium and large.

However, if you wish first to test this great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper.—Adv.

Wished Discharge Immediately.
This story is being told of a recruit at an army camp "somewhere in Mississippi."

News of the armistice had been received that eventful Monday morning. It was understood that when an armistice was signed it would mean that the war was over and that the soldiers would get to go home.

The rookie approached his commander as soon as he heard the news. "I want my discharge this afternoon, so that I can catch that evening train for Cincinnati," he said, gullelessly.

How's This?
We offer \$100.00 for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE.

HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is taken internally and acts through the blood on the mucous surfaces of the system.

Sold by druggists for over forty years. Price 50c. Testimonials free.

F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

Bells Go to Rightful Owners.
Three huge bells formerly in the belfry of Christ church, Wellington, New Zealand, have been presented by that government to France. The bells were cast from cannon captured by the Germans from the French in 1870 and were presented to Christ church by German residents.

Cuticura for Sore Hands.
Soak hands on retiring in the hot soda Cuticura Soap, dry and rub in Cuticura Ointment. Remove surplus Cuticura with soft tissue paper. For free samples address, Cuticura, Dept. X, Boston. At druggists and by mail. Soap 25, Ointment 25 and 50.—Adv.

Of Course.
Her Friend—"What is your favorite part of the Bible?" Telephone Girl—"The book of Numbers."

W. H. Pascoe, seventy-one, still carries mail in Dutch Flat, Cal.

Your Eyes
A Wholesome, Cleansing, Refreshing and Healing Lotion—Murine for Redness, Soreness, Granulation, Itching and Burning of the Eyes or Eyelids; or After the Motion Pictures or Golf will win your confidence. Ask Your Druggist for Murine when you Buy Your Eyes. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

The Old Year and the New

The Old Year sat beside the hearth. In thoughtful mood the hour was late. And ere he vanished from the earth. The past he faintly would contemplate. He brought a wealth of joy for those who had o'erburdened been with grief. He said, "and for unnumbered woes Furnished the cordial of relief."

"To some I gave a garden's bloom, Sweet pansies and forget-me-nots; To some the cypress and the tomb. The barrenness of desert spots. With love I tarried for a while Breathing the sweet Elysian air; And bidding Hope serenely smile Across the threshold of Despair."

"I entered on my natal hour Burdened alike with bliss and pain, Commissioned by my Lord to do some hearts with ease, and some with pain, Where happiness had rich increase; I shall be honored long, I know; But those I robbed of joy and peace— They will be glad to have me go!"

"I've followed many a bridal train; Have watched by many a lonely bier; With birth and death, with loss and gain, Made up the record of the year. And now beside December's gate Where hangs the year's alarm bell, I pause to scan the past and wait The sound of my own funeral knell."

"One!—How the hours have slipped away! Two!—Some will weep with sore regret; Three!—Could I still on earth delay— Four!—Some good I might accomplish yet."

Five!—An angelic song awake! Six!—Surely are the fetters given. Seven!—Soon I shall hear the final stroke— Eight!—Chime sweetly with the clock of heaven!

Nine!—I am nearer to my goal! Ten!—Time must eternally begin! Eleven!—Awake, immortal soul! Twelve!—Farewell! and let the New Year in!

"I come the Old Year's debts to pay! I come his promises to keep; To walk upon the world's highway, And deck the grave where dear ones sleep. Where he gave smiles I may give tears, Life's path with good or ill bestrew; For unto him who views the years The new is old, the old is new!"
—Josephine Pollard.

performing bear, strayed from some mountebank master in one of the sombered villages. Soon as he saw he acted frightened and numbed, and when I patted him uttered a jolly growl, turned a somersault and stood on his head."

"You don't mean it?"
"Come, I'll show you."

Dale led the way to the guardhouse. Outside of it was gathered a noisy group. Half way up the flagpole was a great shaggy monster who cleverly reversed himself, slid to earth, turned a dozen graceful somersaults and walked around on his hind feet.

"Oh, we'll put him on our vaudeville program as the one leading attraction tomorrow!" voted a dozen observers. "What's the row?" as cheering echoed from the other end of the encampment. From a dust-covered, battered automobile two men were throwing off packages.

"Belated mail," announced the driver. "Section A. Throw off the plunder, men, and you hungry fellows grab and distribute."

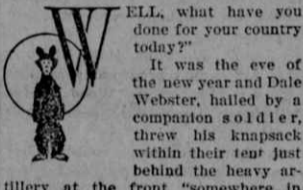
Boxes, packages, tied-up bundles of newspapers and letters passed from hand to hand. Roy Bartley was most active in the work of sorting out the heterogeneous mass.

"Something for you, Dale," he called, poising a square box before hurling it. "I say," inspecting the marks on the box, "it's been up and down the whole battle line!"

"See if there isn't a letter," directed Dale, placing the box beside a tent, and his eyes were eager and hopeful. Doubtless the box held remembrances from some home group, but his soul was hungry for something more prized. "Nothing for you," called out Roy, rummaging over the letters in his hand. "Hey! look out for your box!"

Roy spoke just in time. Old Bruin, unnoticed, had been sniffing intrusively at the box. Then he had pawed it, his claws piercing the flannel pasteboard.

New Year's at the Front
By SAIDEE ESTELLE BALCOM.



"Well, what have you done for your country today?"

It was the eve of the new year and Dale Webster, hailed by a companion soldier, threw his knapsack within their tent just behind the heavy artillery at the front "somewhere in France."

"Oh, brought in a captive," was his careless reply. "Ran into the skulker, marched him into camp and left him in the guard house. Any letters?"

"Nary a letter. They say the mail packs here are four days overdue, but they're rushing holiday stuff to the camps."

Dale Webster sighed and his face grew wistful. "I've been expecting one letter particularly. You're my friend, Roy?"

"After your carrying me on your back half dead across the worst part of No Man's Land, with the Boches plugging away for keeps, I guess so!"

"And you remember Winnie Trask?"

"As a memory sweet and fragrant as a field of daisies!"

"Well, one night in a dugout I just couldn't help but write her way back home there what I ought to have said to her before we left. Three months, and no word. I fancy I was too presumptuous. If I knew that Winnie was caring for me, thinking of me, at home, I'd never get lonesome. I'd fight double to get this mix-up over and back to her—bless her!"

"Don't lose hope," encouraged Roy Bartley. "One of the fellows just got a letter written by his sweetheart last September. It has been chasing him all over the front. About your prisoner—nake you any trouble?"

"Not a bit of it," declared Dale in a spirited way. "The bear—"

"The bear!" repeated Roy in wonderment.

"Oh, I forgot to tell you that my catch was a bear," spoke Dale. "I came across him curled up in a pit, a

WELCOME, 1919!

Nineteen-Nineteen, welcome!
Oh, I'm glad you've come!
Though you're yet a mystery—
Tongue discreetly dumb.

Nineteen-Eighteen, scurrying!
That's because you're here.
And I'm glad—but, just a moment,
Till I dry this tear.

He was kind to me you see;
Kind as I deserved;
Though, when it came to punishment,
His justice never swerved.

But I've let him carry off
All unpleasant things;
Keeping safe in Memory's box
Only that which sings.

Insect Authority.
Aesop and the author of Tom Sawyer agree in their mental attitude. After describing the mental attitude of some creatures Aesop says: "The smaller the mind the greater the conceit. Mark Twain tells about the officious superintendent of a small Sunday school in his "showing off" moments and calls it "insect authority." The species is common, turning up in all sorts of functions and places. It's that subtle something that wants to be always in the limelight and has nothing to show. It's the bluster and the bluff that takes the place of inward self-control. It has no effective connection with reason, it just sputters and spits parade red fire, and foals itself into thinking it's making an impression. It is, but it's one of insect authority.

Tall Hat for Petite Woman.
It is not possible for the too short woman to "add a cent to her stature," but the thoughtful girl can do much by the aid of high heels and tall hats. A new winter chapen is specially designed to offset one's lack of inches, and adds distinction besides. It is an artful filling up of black velvet with a soft, inspiring white wig sporting effectively up the front.—Betty Brown.

GERMANS ROBBED POLES OF MATERIAL

ALL INDUSTRIAL PLANTS WERE STRIPPED AND DISMANTLED AND FOOD TAKEN.

It is Estimated It Will Take Two Billion Dollars to Repair Damage Done During German Occupation and Give Nation Fresh Start.

Warsaw.— Poland was stripped of all materials and machinery during the German occupation which ended November 11. On that day a few thousand soldiers of the Polish legion, aided by the population of Warsaw, disarmed more than 20,000 German soldiers who had planned a revolt against their own officers. All food and all telephone wires were removed by the Germans. All industrial plants were robbed and dismantled, with the result that Poland will have a hard job to start in again, even if financial and political conditions were of the best, observers say. Discussing the economic situation in Poland, Stanislaw Lariowski, director of the Commercial bank of Warsaw, said to the correspondent on December 22:

"It will take nearly \$2,000,000,000 to repair the damage done during the German occupation and to put us on our feet properly and to develop our great natural resources.

"At the present time the economic situation is confused because Russian rubles, Austrian crowns and German marks are in circulation. The marks are a heritage of the German occupation."

RECORD BANK RESOURCES.

Comptroller of Currency Gives Remarkable Figures Regarding Banks.

Washington.—Resources of the national banks of the country on November 1, the date of the last call, aggregated \$19,821,404,000, Comptroller of the Currency Williams announced on Sunday. This not only has a new high record, but was an increase of \$1,777,766,000 over the total shown by the call last August 31.

The resources of the national banks of the United States, Mr. Williams said, exceed the combined aggregate resources of the national banks of France, Italy, the Netherlands, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Japan and Germany, as shown by their latest available reports.

Mr. Williams also said that the national banks' resources were only one billion dollars less than the combined resources of all state and other banks and trust companies in the country, as shown by their reports of June, 1917, and that in the past five years the growth of the resources of the national institutions had been greater than the increase which took place in the preceding twenty-five years.



He Acted Frightened.

He sniffed again, uttered a satisfied grunt, and, seizing it in his powerful jaws, shook it.

"Whoop! a fruit cake!" yelled a watchful soldier, and grasped it as it rolled to the ground. "Hurrah!"

Some knitted socks and a dozen little packages tied up with ribbon fell out of the shattered receptacle. Dale uttered a sharp gasp. Among them was a letter. He snatched it up and, afluster and quivering, secreted it in his pocket quickly.

But not for long. When he had divided the cake among his impudent comrades and gathered up the numberless mementoes from home, he got to his tent speedily. He opened the precious missive, his eyes sparkled, he kissed it fervently and his face fairly shone.

MEN BEING SENT HOME.

Demobilization Plans Call for Discharge of 30,000 Men Daily.

Washington.—With a total of 188,562 men discharged from the army during the week ending December 14, General March announced on December 21 that the war department has about reached the average of 30,000 discharges daily for which the demobilization plans call.

On a seven-day basis, the average for that week was 27,000 men per day, but in many cases demobilization officers did not operate on Sunday.

Additional units in this country designated for early demobilization brings the total of men so selected to 900,000, General March announced. Up to the date of the latest official reports, 26,903 officers had been honorably discharged.

WALTER HINES PAGE DIES.

Former Ambassador to Great Britain Answers Summons.

Pinehurst, N. C.—Walter Hines Page, former ambassador to Great Britain, died here December 21, after an illness of many weeks. Dr. Page's health began to fail nearly a year ago, and he gave up his post as American representative at the court of St. James late in the summer.

Walter Hines Page was editor of the magazine, The World's Work, and a member of the publishing firm of Doubleday, Page & Co., of Garden City, L. I., when in March, 1913, President Wilson appointed him American ambassador to Great Britain.

Half Million Italians Lost in War.

Paris.—Five hundred thousand Italians lost their lives in the war. Of this number 200,000 were killed in action. This statement was made to the correspondent Saturday by Salvatore Barzilai, former member of the Italian cabinet.

Inconveniences.

"Do you think the Hohenzollerns properly punished?"

"Well," replied the man with the anxious eyes, "it must be admitted that they're having their troubles. It's pretty hard, you know, for a family to be obliged to move around and find a place to live this time of year."

The Late Unpleasantness.

"I refer to the late unpleasantness."

"Do you mean our own Civil war or the more recent uncivil one?"

"CAMOUFLAGE"

By MISS SUE NORRIS.

Harley Cox had achieved what the other boys thought a most enviable fame—he was the biggest social success in the Wilton summer colony. Many fellow rivals wondered just how he did it and didn't hesitate to inquire. But Harley was unable to offer any practical assistance along this line. It wasn't in the poor boy's power to tell how the trick was turned.

The girl favored with his invitation was considered especially lucky. Was it any wonder, then, that all of Wilton's folks stood agast at the thought of Harley showing such a marked preference for the society of Arline Surl? True, that girl was a sweetly refined little thing and reasonably popular; but when one considered the wide range of selection available to a man of Harley's standing it was startling to know that he preferred the little governess in the Parkman family. Harley and Arline were slowly rounding the curve, which would bring them in direct vision of the Parkman veranda.

"You may leave me here, Harley," said Arline.

"But why should that be necessary, Arline? I want to prolong my happiness by seeing you to the very steps. Perhaps Mother Parkman will invite me to tea."

"Well said, little boy, but very much out of order after I have told you of my decision."

"Great guns, Arline, do you—can you think that I would consider any difference in social position a barrier? You're a governess with a college education which is the equivalent of mine. We have common interests and should be very happy. Why dig up stuff concerning social and financial differences which don't count at all?"

Upon reaching the piazza Harley shook hands with Mrs. Parkman, saying at the same time, "Congratulations me, Mother Parkman, I've found 'the lady!'"

Harley, armed with flowers and candy made a morning call at the Parkman home. Upon learning that Arline had made a hurried departure on an early morning train, leaving no city address after her, Harley attempted to gain possession of himself sufficiently to leave the flowers and sweets for an invalid aunt in the household and depart.

The spacious rooms of the Granville home were ideal for the social purposes to which they were frequently subjected. Mrs. Granville was famous because of her very successful social gatherings. Tonight's dance was no exception.

Harley Cox respectfully excused himself from the very lively gathering of younger debutantes to answer the summons of his hostess, Mrs. Granville.

"Now Harley, my boy," said Mrs. Granville, "look your finest. I want you to meet my best beloved niece."

So saying, Mrs. Granville led the way to the further end of the room. Arriving there she secured the attention of one of the most attractive of a group of girls and said, "Arline, I want to present—"

But she wasn't able to get any further for both Arline and Harley insisted upon taking up all of the talking space available.

Briefly explaining that he had made Arline's acquaintance, Harley quickly took her out of the crowd.

Gaining a quiet corner, Harley demanded an explanation of Arline's sudden departure from Wilton.

In her quiet way Arline said, "Yes, Harley, I do owe you an explanation, I know." As to my residence, since Aunt Martha's breakdown I have been living here with her. She is such a dear and so indulgent that I am able to find plenty of time to write her.

"Perhaps I don't understand, Arline. What work do you mean? Do you still teach?"

"Oh, no, I am finishing up my book. When you met me I was working after hours on the most vital part of my story. There being no kiddies at home I wanted to go somewhere where I might make their acquaintance in order to secure atmosphere for my story."

"Why then did you let me believe that you were really a governess? Furthermore, why did you run away when I needed you most, Arline?"

"I allowed you to continue in error about my position; is governess since I felt happy to know that you cared regardless of my social position."

"Indeed," said Harley, "then I played 'second fiddle.' Although a man isn't ordinarily interested in the welfare of his rival, I'd like to ask how the book panned out."

"Well, the publishers were satisfied with earlier installments of it and are anxious to have me send the later part. But I've lost my ambition," she added a little wistfully.

"And the cause of this loss of ambition, Arline? Why has the once so particularly important book come into disfavor?"

"Because it's nearly been to blame for my losing something more essential than the book," answered Arline with a telltale blush.

"Blessed book," answered Harley while he boldly took the girl in his arms. "Were it not for it, I might never have met my dream girl."

This, they both seemed to think, would have been a most alarming tragedy.

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To All Our Friends: A Glorious Christmas

BOYD PARK
MAKERS OF JEWELRY
100 MAIN STREET
SALT LAKE CITY

BARGAINS IN USED CARS

30 splendid used cars—Buicks, Oldsmobiles, Buicks, Chryslers, etc. Guaranteed first class running condition—easy terms if wanted by right parties. Write for detailed list and description. Used Car Dept., Randall-Dodd Auto Co., Salt Lake City

THAT GOOD OLD RAIL FENCE

Ancient and Honorable and Convenient Institution That Held Honored Place on the Farm.

Among the once necessities of farm life that reflected prodigality in the use of valuable timber was the old rail fence, observes the Columbus Dispatch. Like many other almost forgotten vestiges of rural life, its place in farm wastefulness now is well established and yet it had its uses for which the present straight line wire fencing cannot qualify.

The old rail fence's serrated stretches were the homes of small animal life that now are rapidly disappearing. Around its timbers there grew the uncultivated blackberry, with its sister, the raspberry, and among its recesses there thrived the elder whose fruit once was coveted pie material and whose blossoms were the foundation for elderberry wine that marrows served of a winter evening when the neighbors gathered.

The rail fence, with its invariable undergrowth, was the favorite protection for Bob White in winter, and from its top he sang in the warmer seasons. Beneath, the little ground squirrel burrowed. From safe retreat he chattered if some intruder came near to annoy him as he was busily engaged in gathering his store of food for the snow time.

To the harvest hand it afforded protection at the end of the long row for a brief respite and its corners formed shaded nooks under which the water jug might be kept.

And from what royal timber was this old fence constructed? Black walnut logs, chestnut logs and the smooth lengths of the ash tree were cleft by numerous rail splitters for the "seven high" fence that stood the storms of decades. There was many a black walnut rail whose timber would make the manufacturer of gun stocks chortle with satisfaction had he such a present supply of wood at his command.

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NAMES IN ASIA'S GOLDEN ERA

What Genghis Khan, Destroyer, and Tamerlane, Upbuilder, Accomplished in Samarkand.

Whenever one is shown a ruin in Samarkand, the native explains that "Genghis Khan destroyed it." If a monument still wears some vestige of its former grandeur "Tamerlane erected it." Everywhere is carried down from generation to generation memories of Genghis Khan, the destroyer, and Tamerlane, the upbuilder. It is to Tamerlane, who reigned at the end of the fourteenth century, that Samarkand owes its most beautiful monuments. Elsie F. Well writes in Asia Magazine. With his exploits he inspired the imagination of countless poets of as many nations, including Christopher Marlowe, for he was a great sovereign and organizer as well as a mighty conqueror. When Tamerlane returned to his capital after conquering most of Asia he was determined to make it the loveliest city in the world. To Persia, Mesopotamia, India and China he sent for the most celebrated artisans, ordering them here to create their masterpieces. Byzantine, Persian and Arabic influences in art were all melted into a perfect harmony—greens and blues and loving into each other like the sea and the sky—a vast and reverent chorus of beauty.

Chrysanthemum in Japan.
Back in the sixteenth year of the reign of Emperor Kwammu was the first poem written to the chrysanthemum, or kiku, but away back in Japanese mythology the flower was once named above all others. Originally was called the kiku, presided over by the goddess Kiku Hime. The great feast was first kept by Emperor Monmu in 698. And still the custom follows the empress through her reigns on the ninth day of the month, lunarily speaking, and every fifteen watch the crimson crests peep on slender stems beneath their shimmering coverings.

The Helpful Sardine.
It no sooner rains than it pours. Outlook generally has improved during the last few weeks in a wondrous manner. First it was potatoes, then corn, then apples, and now the fish from the Bay of Fundy and Penobscot Bay is to the effect that the sardines is enormous. The sardine in northern Maine is a horrid course, or rather, the Maine sardine is a sardine; but the real point is he is doing his utmost to make Hoover's problem lighter.—Chicago Science Monitor.