## Clean hair brushes with GOLD DUST

To clean hair brushes without injury, have ready two basins, one three-fourths full of boiling water and the other with the same amount of cold water. In the boiling water, dissolve a teaspoonful of **Gold Dust** washing powder and shake the bristles up and down in the solution until they are thoroughly clean, then at once rinse well in cold water and stand the brush to dry in the air or in a warm place, but not too near the fire. Of course the back of the brush must not be wet.

Good hair brushes are costly, but if properly cared for they will last for years.

You can buy a large package of **Gold Dust** for 5 cents.

*"Let the GOLD DUST TWINS do your work"*


THE STORY OF ESAU WOOD.

Esau Wood sawed wood. Esau Wood would saw wood! All the wood Esau saw Esau Wood would saw. In other words, all the wood Esau saw to saw Esau sought to saw. Oh, the wood Wood would saw! And, oh, the wood-saw with which Wood would saw wood.

But one day Wood's wood-saw would saw no wood, and thus the wood Wood sawed was not the wood Wood would saw if Wood's wood-saw would saw wood.

Now, Wood would saw wood with a wood-saw that would saw wood. One day Esau saw a saw saw wood as no other wood-saw Wood saw would saw wood. In fact, of all the wood-saws Wood ever saw saw wood Wood never saw a wood-saw that would saw wood as the wood-saw Wood saw saw wood would saw wood, and no other ever saw a wood-saw that would saw as the wood-saw Wood saw would saw. Now Wood saws wood with the wood-saw Wood saw saw wood.

Oh, the wood the wood-saw Wood saw saw would saw! Oh, the wood Wood's wood-saw would shed when Wood would saw wood with the wood-saw Wood saw saw wood!

Finally, no man may ever know how much wood the wood-saw Wood saw would saw, if the wood-saw Wood saw would saw all the wood the wood-saw Wood saw would saw.—Buffalo Times.

**Don't You Believe It.**

Some say that chronic constipation cannot be cured. Don't you believe it. Chamberlain's Tablets have cured others—why not you? Give them a trial. They cost only a quarter. For sale by all dealers.—Advertisement.

Yes, Yes.—"Privates in the army eat more than the officers." "Is that right?" "Yes. There are more of them."—The Chaparral.

## Today's Beauty Recipes

By Mme. D'Mille.

"Mother's Salve is a splendid remedy for chaps, cold sores, pimples, eczema and skin eruptions. It is antiseptic and is an ideal application for any abrasion of the skin. It is healing, cooling and soothing.

"Thin and scrawny women who desire to take the Vaucaire home treatment for plumping the figure should make a syrup of 1 1-2 cupfuls sugar and a pint of water, into which is stirred an ounce of gallol. Take two teaspoonfuls before meals. This treatment restores symmetry of form, but is not a fat maker.

"In most cases of baldness and falling hair, everything points to a parasitic origin of the disease. Mother's Shampoo removes these parasites, but is not harsh in action. It makes the hair fine and fluffy. Mother's Shampoo is sold by druggists for 25 cents a package of ten shampoos.

"An ideal complexion beautifier is easily made at home by dissolving in a half pint witch hazel an original package of mayatone. This should be applied in the morning instead of face powder. It makes the skin soft and smooth and corrects spotted, sallow and muddy looking complexions.

"If your eyebrows are thin and straggly, apply plain pyroxin with the finger tips and brush them daily. This will make them grow more evenly, darker in color and train them into regular arches. Pyroxin applied to the roots will make the lashes grow long, dark and silky.

"Superfluous hair on face or forearms is removed quickly and safely by a single application of delatone. Make a paste with a little water and powdered delatone, cover the hairs, leave on two minutes, then remove and wash the skin. The hairs will be gone."—Advertisement.

## Sniffling Machines

**Catarrh Sufferers are Nothing but Hawking, Sniffling and Blowing Machines, Says an Authority.**

Is it possible that in these days when cleanliness and sanitary reform is being preached in the churches, schools and at public gatherings, that thousands of people will continue to suffer from catarrh, when there is an absolutely certain remedy at hand?

HYOMEI (pronounced High-o-me) is the remedy. It is a pleasant and antiseptic medication which you place in the inhaler. Breathing through the inhaler charges the air with this germ killing antiseptic. Catarrhal discharges, sniffles, foul breath, watery eyes and the formation of crusts in the nose are promptly relieved by breathing this medicated air.

It is guaranteed to do it, or money back.

**Entirely Cured by HYOMEI.**

Having suffered from catarrh for about two years, and having tried numerous remedies without any satisfactory results, I finally tried HYOMEI, and am glad to state that after using about one and one-half bottles, I am entirely cured. I have recommended it to others with satisfactory results." C. N. Linday, Mitchell, S. D.

A complete HYOMEI outfit, consisting of a strong, hard rubber pocket inhaler and a bottle of HYOMEI costs only $1.00, and extra bottles, if afterwards needed, are only 50 cents each at Kelly & Pollard's and druggists everywhere.

Use HYOMEI for Bronchitis, Coughs and Colds, Croup of Infants, and any inflammatory disease of the breathing organs.—Advertisement.

## Married Life the Third Year

**Warren Wants the Windows Closed, So Helen Sleeps on the Front Room Couch.**

By Mabel Herbert Urner

"GO LIGHT on opening those windows; I've got a cold already," grumbled Warren, as Helen started to raise the bedroom windows.

"But, dear, we can't sleep without some air?"

"Some air? You want a regular gale blowing through here. I may have to stand for it when I'm well, but I'll be blamed if I'm going to take any chances with this cold."

"Then you want only this one opened?"

"Don't want that open all the way. Put it down—more, I tell you," as Helen reluctantly lowered the window an inch or so. "We've got to have separate bedrooms, then you can practice your particular brand of fresh air insanity without putting me on the sick list."

It was a damp, close, murky night, and Helen slipped into bed with a feeling of suffocation. Above everything else, she wanted plenty of air in the bedroom. It was impossible for her to sleep in a close, warm room.

**Helen's Discomfort.**

Although it was February, the rain and sultry warmth had kept Helen almost ill. Tonight not a breath of air was stirring.

For almost an hour Helen tossed and turned—she could not sleep. Though the radiator was turned off, the steam was sizzling sullenly, and the wall beside the bed, through which the pipes ran, was almost hot. Helen kept feeling it with her hand.

Warren was sleeping heavily. He had even drawn over him the extra blanket, which always lay at the foot of the bed in case it grew colder in the night.

At last she could stand it no longer. Softly she slipped out of bed, tip-toed over to the door and opened it noiselessly. At once she felt the relief of a faint breeze. The open door had created a slight draft; soon the room became bearable, and Helen dozed off to sleep.

She was awakened by a loud, vicious banging.

"Why in thunder was that door open?"

The room was in a blaze of light, and Warren, in his pajamas, was striding over to close the window.

"Regular hurricane blowing through here. I told you not to open the windows—so when I got to sleep you open the door, eh? Want me to get pneumonia, do you?"

"Dear, we can't stand it shut up in here," protested Helen, sitting up in bed. "We'll both be sick! Why, we've never slept in a room with everything closed."

**Refusing to Answer.**

But Warren did not deign to answer. "Just put your hand out and feel this wall where the pipes run," persisted Helen. "Feel how hot it is?"

But Warren maintained his contemptuous silence.

"Warren, I want you to feel this wall!" with an almost hysterical note in her voice. "Why, it's fearful to shut us up in here!"

There is nothing more irritating than to talk to some one who refuses to answer, and as Helen lay there, staring into the darkness, her discomfort at the lack of air was increased by her resentment. Her face burned against the pillow.

In a little while Helen had worked herself into state of feverish self-pity.

"Warren," she whispered tentatively, uncertain as to whether he was asleep. "Warren, I can't stand it in here! I'll have to go in the front room and lie on the couch—if you don't let me open a window."

She waited for a few moments, then crept out of bed, felt for her slippers, took her pillow and the counterpane which covered the bed in the daytime and went into the front room.

It was a narrow, antique sofa, attractive as a piece of furniture, but most uncomfortable to lie on. But, if she could not sleep here, at least she could breathe. She opened all the front windows and those in the library adjoining, but still the heavy, damp air did not stir the curtains.

**No Capitulation.**

But surely he would not let her lie out here all night on this hard, narrow couch! He would soon realize how unreasonable he had been and would want the window open, for even he could not sleep in there long without air.

Helen was straining for the sound of the opening door and for Warren's slipper-shod step coming after her. Already her back ached with the hardness of the narrow sofa, her head ached, and her throat ached, too, with forced-back sobs. Oh, why did Warren let her lie out here?

Then came the thought that perhaps he had already opened the window, and was waiting for her to come back and find it already open. Softly she stole to the bedroom door and softly turned the knob. But the window was still closed. The room was suffocating, and Warren, under the many covers, was snoring heavily.

He would be really sick if he slept in that room all night. For the moment Helen forgot herself and thought only of Warren. And now, when Helen quietly opened the window a few inches, her only thought was of him.

Again she went back to the front room couch. For now, although the bedroom window was open, this time it was only for his sake, and with a curious feminine illogicalness she would not let it benefit her.

**Warren's Sound Sleep.**

Warren did not come, and she lay there nursing both her grievance and her unhappiness. At length her thoughts grew confused and she dozed—a troubled, unrestful self-consciousness.

In the last hour it had grown much colder, a sudden change of temperature that often comes toward morning. The curtains which had hung so limply were not billowed out by a sharp north wind. And Helen in her half doze lay there shivering under the one thin counterpane.

At length a sound of spluttering steam aroused her. It was morning; Maggie was turning on the dining room radiator. Fearing she would surmise some quarrel if she saw her there, Helen rose hastily, gathered up the pillow and counterpane and hurried back into the bedroom.

Warren was asleep. It was only 6 and they never got up before 7. Helen, aching all over and nearly sick from the almost sleepless night on the hard couch, longed to creep into bed and rest.

But that would be a weakening; when Warren awoke he would think she had some back during the night. As she stood there shiveringly undecided, Warren suddenly yawned and opened his eyes.

"Hello, you up? What time is it?" He drew his watch from under the pillow and squinted at it sleepily. "Why, it's only 6. What's the matter? What're you getting up now for?"

"I'm not getting up, dear," as Helen crept into bed. "I was just going to see what time it was."

"My, you're cold! Why on earth don't you wear some sensible, flannel nightgowns instead of those thin things, nothing but a bit of lace for sleeves. Never saw a woman yet that dressed with any sense."

Then he turned over heavily. "Now don't be jumping up again. I want to sleep."

He did not even know that she had spent all those hours on the front room couch!

**HIS OWN MAKE.**

Mr. Beacon—That Mr. Crossley, who called last evening, is a self-made man. Mrs. Bacon—Too bad he couldn't have made himself a little more agreeable.—Yonkers Statesman.

People can be very much ashamed of liking corned beef and cabbage without being at all ashamed of not paying the butcher's bills for porterhouse steak.—New York Press.

## Lolita Robertson Finds Time To Be A Star and An Old-Fashioned Mother

By Margaret Hubbard Ayer.

THERE is an all-star cast playing in "Fine Feathers," but the bright particular star of the company never comes on the stage at all.

She does not have to for she can get all the adulation and applause she needs without leaving her dressing room.

Her name? It is Miss Maxine Lolita Figman. Her age, six months. She has never missed a matinee.

**Her Reception Days.**

Wednesday and Saturday Maxine Lolita receives behind the stage at the Astor. Wilton Lackaye admits he is her slave and never misses spending every spare moment telling her inimitable stories.

Maxine Lolita bids fair to be a beauty. At present she is a splendid specimen of healthy babyhood and her mother and father are still wondering whom she will look like.

Her mother is Mrs. Figman, Lolita Robertson on the stage, interpreted.

Mrs. Figman's philosophy is very simple. It is summed up in a few words she said to me during my visit:

"I think women were intended for this, to rear children and to make homes. These are two things that men can't do."

**An Interesting Part.**

"That is my career," said Mrs. Robertson Figman, pointing to the baby with a Cornelia-like gesture. "I accepted the part in 'Fine Feathers' because it enabled me to be with my husband and I found that it would not interfere with my care of the baby. The part is very interesting, because it depicts a kind of woman that is all too common these days, the woman who is wild for pretty clothes, who sees nothing in her modest home but the things it lacks and whose sense of honor is so dulled that she demands the sacrifice of her husband's conscience and finally of his life to gratify her desire for fine things.

LOLITA ROBERTSON.

"She began by holding out on the housekeeping money, running up bills. How many women are doing that I wonder? About as many as are living away beyond their income and excusing themselves by saying that they have to keep up with their neighbors.

"I've often wondered why children seemed so glad to get away from home as they grew up. It's because the home does not broaden as the child develops. Parents stop taking an interest in the new, progressive ideas and trend of the times, and the young people naturally finding their homes too narrow and old fashioned go somewhere else for their entertainment.

**Praise the Best Tonic.**

"If we hear more praise in families and less scolding there would be more happy children and more successful marriages.

"All the cast of 'Fine Feathers' are family people. Miss Coghlan has brought up her nieces, Mr. Edeson has a baby of his own and Mr. Lackaye has a boy, so they understand and sympathize with babies and didn't mind interruptions during rehearsals. Oh, I believe in careers, for women, dear me yes, but the real thing in life is baby"

## The Husband Question

**Beatrice Goes to Dinner and Sends a Message of Belief in Him to Paul Maynard.**

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water

AS Beatrice Minor and Dr. Haynes came up on her veranda Helen Robbins welcomed them with enthusiasm.

"It is dear of you people to come tonight!" she declared. "Goodness knows I want some cheerful persons here! John has come home from the city tired; Keith has the blues—or something that makes him almost cross—and the only other man I have succeeded in securing to dine here is Dr. Yeager."

"Yeager?" asked Dr. Haynes. "Is he the chap that you sent over to see Mrs. Minor this morning?"

"Yes," said his hostess, as she helped Beatrice remove her wraps. "He is a Chicagoan and very nice. He is here on a short visit to Paul Maynard at the Cedar Cliff. So, when I found that you two could come I telephoned for them to come over also. But Paul said he couldn't accept my invitation."

"Good!" muttered Dr. Haynes in a voice that was meant to reach Beatrice only, but which her sharp witted friend heard.

"What did you say?" she demanded suddenly. "Don't you like Paul?"

**Maynard's Friend.**

"Does any man like the chap whom all the women love?" laughed Dr. Haynes. "Naturally, I am glad that such an attractive man will not be on hand when I want to talk to you and Mrs. Minor myself."

Keith Lacy had entered as his sister was talking and now greeted the two guests.

"Helen, did I hear you remark that you were expecting other guests?" he asked his sister.

"Only one other," she replied, "and that is Dr. Yeager, Paul Manyard's friend. Paul himself cannot come."

Beatrice, watching the young man, saw a look of relief cross his face and wondered what he would have done if Maynard had come. Her speculations were checked by the arrival of Dr. Yeager, who, after speaking to his hostess, turned to the widow with a smile that showed a set of perfect teeth. He was distinctly good looking, Beatrice decided, in spite of the fact that she did not usually admire flaxen haired, blue eyed men.

**Food—His Prescription.**

"It is a pleasure to meet you under more happy conditions than I met you this morning," he said. "I am glad to see that you have quite recovered from your indisposition." Then, as the conversation became general, he asked in a low voice if she felt perfectly well now.

"Perfectly," said Beatrice, "except that I feel a bit shaky."

"Have you eaten anything this afternoon?" asked the physician.

Beatrice thought for a moment, then laughed. "I declare," she said, "I believe that I have not eaten a mouthful since breakfast!"

"You will be all right as soon as you get something to eat."

At this juncture John Robbinns came downstairs and dinner was announced. There was a cocktail at each place when the party sat down at the table. Beatrice sipped hers as she chatted with the two men between whom she was seated. Her chair was at her host's right, while on her left was Dr. Yeager. Opposite her was Keith Lacy, and diagonally across the table, on Helen's left, sat Dr. Haynes.

The stimulant made the widow feel stronger, and she was glad to have it, and she suddenly became aware that she was hungry. She hesitaed when, during the second course, the maid filled her glass with champagne, but she drank it.

The liquor taken into a stomach which no food had entered for a whole day seemed to permeate her entire being, and she talked brilliantly and unreservedly. The physician next to her watched her with admiration. At last, under cover of the laugh that followed some story she had told the company, he spoke to her in a tone that the others did not hear.

**About Paul Maynard.**

"I am thinking," he said, "how Paul would have enjoyed being here tonight. For he has mentioned you to me several times lately when we met in town before I came out here to visit him. Don't you think him a fine chap?"

Beatrice shot a glance at the questioner. She saw at once that his query was sincere and she appreciated that, of course, Maynard had told him nothing of the occurrences of last night and this morning.

"I don't know him very well," she parried, "but I think he is a stunning looking man."

"He is as white and straight a man as ever lived!" said his friend enthusiastically. "He has a quick temper, but a keen sense of justice. He is the kind of man who would meet death on his feet, and smiling."

"I believe it all," she said. For the moment, prudence, pride, wounded vanity were forgotten in the present emotion. Her voice sank almost to a whisper. "I wish you would tell him," she murmured, "what you have told me, and that I know it is all true."

**Her Bungalow on Fire.**

The physician looked at her strangely. There was a moment's pause as he gazed into her brilliant eyes. And in that pause there came a sund of running feet out on the driveway, and of hoarse voices shouting "Fire!" In an instant all the men were on their feet, but John Robbins reached, the long French windows first, and tore them open. And, as he did so, a sentence bellowed by his man of all work as he dashed past the house was carried to the ears of the women, still sitting white and gasping in their chairs:

"For God's sake, Mr. Robbins, hurry. Mrs. Minor's bungalow's on fire and her children's in it!"

## Quickly Cures The Worst Backache

**Makes Kidney Troubles, Bladder Disorders, and Rheumatic Pains Vanish.**

It is no longer necessary for any one to suffer with backaching, kidney trouble, have disagreeable bladder and urinary disorders to contend with, or be tortured with rheumatism, stiff joints, and its heart-wrenching pains, for the new discovery, Croxone, quickly and surely relieves all such troubles.

Croxone is the most wonderful remedy yet devised for ridding the system of uric acid and driving out all the poisonous impurities which cause such troubles. It is entirely different from all other remedies. It is not like anything else ever used for the purpose. It acts on the principle of cleaning out the poisons and removing the cause.

It soaks right in through the walls, membranes and linings, like water in a sponge, neutralizes, dissolves, and makes the kidneys sift out and filter away, all the uric acid and poisons from the blood, and leaves the kidneys and urinary organs clean, strong, healthy, and well.

It matters not how long you have suffered, how old you are, or what you have used, the very principle of Croxone is such that it is practically impossible to take it into the human system without results. There is nothing else on earth like it. It starts to work the minute you take it and relieves you the first time you use it.

If you suffer with pains in your back, and sides, or have any signs of kidney, bladder troubles, or rheumatism, such as puffy swellings under the eyes or in the feet and ankles, if you are nervous, tired, and run down, or bothered with urinary disorders, Croxone will quickly relieve you of your misery. You can secure an original package of Croxone at trifling cost from any first class druggist. All druggists are authorized to personally return the purchase price if it fails in a single case.—Advertisement.

**THE MOUSE AND THE WHISKY.**

A Christmas card sent out by W. Y. Morgan, of the Hutchinson (Kan.) News, contains this verse:

'Twas the night before Christmas, and
down in the cellar
A barrel was left by a strapping big
feller;
And a wee little mousie which lived
thereabout,
Saw a leak in the barrel and something
run out.
(Now the barrel held whisky,
But this little guy
Had been raised in Kansas,
And knew nothing of Rye).
So the mousie first tasted the stuff
that was wasted
And liked the sensation, for it made
him feel gay.
"I'll just get enough of this awful good
stuff
Before that Big Bluff comes and takes
it away."
And when the wee mousie had filled his
wee skin
So full of the liquor no more could
get in,
He gave one big jump to the top of
the keg,
Cocked his head on one side and waved
his front leg.
"I'm as brave as a lion, I'm as big as
a cow,
I could lick that damned cat if it came
along now."

## The Diary of A Bachelor

**He Goes to Church and He Wonders a Great Deal About the Widow and a Kiss.**

By Max

JAN. 19.—I had taken Manette for a walk this right Sunday morning and surprised myself by taking her to church. I was not in the mood for mingling with the gay crowds that go boating and golfing and riding and driving on Sunday. Somehow the fact that Sunday is spent that way always gives me a shock, though I have never been what is known as a religious man.

We entered late and took a back seat that we might get out with less disturbance if the child grew tired. But she didn't, and I was glad, for to have gone out would have been almost an affront to the good man in the pulpit, who had only six in his congregation. I decided that one was his wife, Manette and I made three, the janitor was the fourth, and I couldn't locate the other two.

I do not know what his text was, I was so occupied in thinking of the preacher and the janitor.

I felt such a compassion for the janitor who is never paid an amount commensurate with his task, that I slipped a $5 bill into his hand as we went out.

"For yourself," I whispered, when I saw him look toward the collection basket.

I have seen the widow several times since the night she asked me to kiss her. If I expected her to blush at our next meeting after that sacred rite, or foolish performance (which ever you choose) I was disappointed. She was so self possessed and so unconcerned, that I wondered if I dreamed it. We are together very much during the day, just as usual, and I am wondering if this ignoring of what happened means that the net is closing around me, or if it has opened and I am at liberty to escape. I confess to greater interest than if she had followed up her affectionate demonstration, and would like to know if that is just the effect this most clever woman is seeking.

I notice that she has an unusually pretty mouth, that her lips are full and red, and I can imagine the tender look that would come to her eyes when she is using her lips for the very purpose for which such pretty lips were made. This curiosity is provoking and tantalizing. I am always wondering if her experience with me decided her to seek no more, and what is the matter with me, any way, if a woman who has been kissed by me once doesn't want the experiment repeated.

I find myself thinking of this so much that I never leave my room after dark. I am afraid that if I met the widow again in a corner where it would be too dark to read that book of "Warnings," I might ask her to kiss me! And I can't do that because I don't want to marry her.

You remark that a kiss is not a proposal, Diary? Ah, that is where you show your ignorance of woman.


Just received a carload of roofing paper, guaranteed with a surety bond. **Lander Lumber Co.**


## WOMAN CAN'T BUY STOCK IN TEXAS BANK

Austin, Tex., Feb. 28.—Answering an inquiry from secretary of state Wortham on the right of married women to become incorporators of corporations, the attorney general's department holds that a married woman cannot become a subscriber to the capital or to an increase of capital stock of any corporation; that she may become a stockholder of any corporation, whether banking or otherwise, provided she acquires the stock by gift, devise or descent. When she becomes a stockholder in this way she takes the stock charged with all its statutory liabilities, including stockholders' liability, and she may also in such a case exercise all the privileges of a stockholder except that all dividends on stock, whether paid in money or in stock dividend, must be paid to the husband or some one under his direction, as dividends on all such stock under the laws of this state is community property and subject alone to the control of the husband under the law.

## Baby Loves ZEMO for Skin Trouble

**Stops Itching at Once. Cures Irritated, Chapped Skin.**

**Buy a 25c Bottle Today and Prove It.**

Try one application of ZEMO on the baby, and see the poor little fellow jubilate with his toes, and chuckle. If he could only talk, he'd thank you for the heavenly relief. ZEMO is guaranteed to stop itching **immediately or money is refunded.**

**ZEMO Is Guaranteed to Give Baby and Grownups, Instant Relief from Itching and Skin Troubles.**

For rash, tetter, and all the skin tortures that babies suffer, ZEMO has no equal.

For the skin troubles that men and women suffer, for all the itching, raw, scorching eczema, dandruff, inflamed or reddened skin, it has proven its astonishing results in thousands of cases. The immediate relief it gives is almost heavenly. ZEMO is a clean, antiseptic solution applied to the skin; no oily paste or ointment.

"My feet would scald and crack into the blood. Could hardly walk. Tried one bottle of ZEMO, 25c, and it cured them." F. W. Flowers, Jeweler, Oakdale, Va.

All first-class druggists sell ZEMO, 25c a sealed bottle, or sent direct on receipt of price by E. W. Rose Medicine Co., St. Louis, Mo.

Sold and guaranteed in El Paso by Kelly & Pollard, A. E. Ryan & Co., Rio Grande Pharmacy, Knoblauch Drug Co. and Potter Drug Co.—Advertisement.

## Some Growing Children

are under size—under weight. Some grow tall and thin, others are backward in studies—pale and frail—*improper assimilation is usually the cause.*

If your children are not rugged and ruddy and rosy—bubbling with energy and vim at all times, *you owe them SCOTT'S EMULSION—nature's concentrated nourishment to build body, bone, muscle and brain.*

**Children need SCOTT'S EMULSION to progress.**

Trade-Mark SCOTT & BOWNE, Bloomfield, N. J. 12-94


European countries, men with brains and men with money. El Paso and the southwest afford rare opportunities for such. This vast volume of travel should move by way of El Paso and the Sunset route.

"No other journey offers such an assemblage of varied attractions, as great natural wonders, as sublime or beautiful scenery, or presents such abounding human interest, none richer in historical incident, romance and mystery. Here we have the remains of prehistoric races and the ruins of their ancient cities still survive and not least, the proximity to Mexico, the land of tragedy and romance, ald Juarez with shattered walls and blood stained streets. The southwest is the land of opportunity. Nowhere else can be found cities like El Paso; nowhere else but in the southwest can the traveler catch a glimpse of the border life, which 'like summer sunlight through foliage stealing' adds a potent charm to life. If properly presented El Paso can extend an invitation to the transcontinental visitor well nigh irresistible."

## BRING THE FRISCO CROWDS THIS WAY

**W. E. Barnes Says No Other Community Offers So Much; No Other Journey Is So Attractive.**

W. E. Barnes, traveling freight and passenger agent of the Southern Pacific at Tucson, while here Wednesday and Thursday looking after the interests of his company, freely indorsed the proposition of The Herald regarding travel during the Panama canal exposition. He said:

"The El Paso Herald with its customary foresight calls attention to a very important matter, the possibility of diverting travel to the San Francisco exposition to the southwest route by way of El Paso; that stopovers be allowed, etc. I am convinced that the importance of The Herald's suggestion cannot be over estimated. It will afford a golden opportunity for El Paso to secure many thousands of the most desirable visitors. Many would remain; many would invest, a great impetus would be given to the city's growth, but, without assistance, El Paso would hardly succeed.

"New Mexico and Arizona, with their thriving communities are equally interested. The commercial organizations of Deming, Lordsburg, San Simon, Bowie, Willcox, Benson, Nogales, Tucson, Casa Grande, Maricopa and Yuma, no doubt, stand ready to cooperate in a big campaign of publicity. Undoubtedly the exposition which celebrates the completion of the Panama canal, an event of stupendous importance to all the nations of the world, the completion of America's great gift to commerce and universal peace, will set in motion a tidal wave of travel from the Atlantic to the Pacific and many from

## YOUR FRECKELS

**Need Attention in February and March or Face May Stay Covered.**

Now is the time to take special care of the complexion if you wish it to look well the rest of the year. The February and March winds have a strong tendency to bring out freckles that may stay all summer unless removed. Now is the time to use othine—double strength.

This prescription for the removal of freckles is the discovery of an eminent skin specialist, and is so uniformly successful that it is sold by Potter Drug company under guarantee to refund the money if it fails. Get an ounce of othine—double strength—and even a few applications should show a wonderful improvement, some of the smaller freckles even vanishing entirely.—Advertisement.

## The DOCTOR'S ADVICE

*by Dr. Lewis Baker*

The questions answered below are general in character; the symptoms or diseases are given and the answers will apply to any case of similar nature.

Those wishing further advice free, may address Dr. Lewis Baker, College Bldg., College-Elwood Sts., Dayton, O., enclosing self-addressed stamped envelope for reply. Full name and address must be given, but only initials or fictitious name will be used in my answers. The prescriptions can be filled at any well-stocked drug store. Any druggist can order of wholesaler.

"Sarah" writes: "Will you please repeat the formula for the tonic which you gave to "Helen" some time ago? I am nervous, sleepless, and have no appetite whatever."

Answer: I shall very gladly repeat the tonic and I am sure that it will help you, as it has many other girls who suffer as you do. Get at any up-to-date drug store the following ingredients: Syrup of hypophosphites comp. 5 ozs., tincture cadomene comp. 1 oz. (not cardamon). Mix and shake well before using. This should be taken regularly and in a few weeks you will have a good appetite and be well and strong.

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Miserable asks: "I was miserable all through the summer last year on account of being too fat. Can you please help me to reduce with something harmless?"

Answer: Hundreds of people who are too fat suffer. It is needless suffering. The discovery of the principles contained in 5-grain arbolene tablets makes it comparatively easy for any one to reduce from 10 to 50 pounds. These excellent tablets are put up in sealed tubes with directions for self-administration.

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"Guendaline" writes: "Kindly tell me what to do. I suffer with liver, kidney and stomach trouble. Am constipated and have slight attacks of billiousness."

Answer: For your stomach, liver and kidneys take three grain sulpherb tablets, (not sulphur.) These little tablets are packed in sealed tubes and contain full directions for using. They will purify the blood and act directly on the liver and kidneys and if taken regularly will gradually effect a cure. I have found these to be the most reliable for all ailments that arise from chronic constipation.

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"Wife"—Incontinence or bedwetting in children is usually cured by using the following in 10 to 15 drop doses in water one hour before meals: Tincture cubebs 1 dram; tincture rhus aromatic 2 drams; comp. fluid balmwort 1 oz. Mix well.

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"A. R. T." writes: "I am a constant sufferer of catarrh. It has affected my throat and nostrils to a great extent. It gives me headache and affects my eyes." What would you recommend?"

Answer: Use antiseptic Vilane powder according to the directions given and you will soon be cured of catarrh. I receive hundreds of letters daily from grateful people who have been cured. Purchase a two-ounce package of Vilane powder and take one-half teaspoonful of the powder and one pint of warm water and snuff the water from the palm of the hand into the nostrils several times daily. When the nostrils are thoroughly cleansed apply the following catarrh balm. Mix a teaspoonful of Vilane powder with one ounce of vaseline or lard and apply to the nostrils as far up as possible. Do this several times a day and your trouble will soon vanish. It is well to use it occasionally to prevent a recurrence.—Adv.

"Al" writes: "I should like a good reliable treatment for the hair and scalp. Something that will cure dandruff and stop falling hair, also cure an itching scalp."

Answer: The most reliable treatment for the scalp is sold in 4 oz. jars at any drug store and is called plain yellow minyol. It is superior to anything known for the scalp. It gives new vigor and helps the hair to keep its natural color. This will positively cure your dandruff and stop the itching of the scalp.

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"Harry M." writes: "I am quite tall and do not weigh enough for my height. Am very nervous, and my skin is very pale."

Answer: You can readily increase your weight by taking three grain hypo-nuclane tablets regularly for several months. These tablets will also overcome nervousness, help digestion and assimilation and thus improve the color of the skin. Many report gaining 10 to 30 pounds with improved health in every way after a thorough course of treatment. The tablets are packed in sealed cartons with directions and are widely prescribed for your ailment.

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"Poor Ann" writes: "Every winter I am troubled with slight attacks of rheumatism. I have tried many things but with no avail."

Answer: The best thing for rheumatism is made by mixing the following ingredients and taking a teaspoonful at meal times and again at bedtime. Iodide of potassium, 2 drams; sodium salicylate, 4 drams; wine of colchicum, 1-2 ounce; comp essence cardiol, 1 oz.; comp fluid balmwort, 1 oz., and syrup sarsaparilla comp. 5 ozs.

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"Mrs. A. C." writes: "My little daughter has a very bad cold and cough which we do not seem able to even relieve. What shall I do."

Answer: Purchase a 2 1-2 oz. bottle of essence mentho-laxene and make a syrup according to directions given and your daughter will be cured within a few days. This is very pleasant to take and will drive the cold out of the system.

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"Jane M." writes: "Kindly publish a remedy for dyspepsia. I feel irritable and cross and cannot sleep which I am sure is due to the stomach trouble. Please advise."

Answer: The following simple medicine will cure all your stomach disorders and if your food digests your whole system will be in a better condition. Get at any up-to-date drug store tablets triopeptine. These are packed in sealed cartons with full directions. They are pink, white and blue tablets to be taken morning, noon and night.