

Where the Heart of the Great Omaha Cyclone Struck



The Easter Day tornado in Omaha did its worst damage in the business section in the immediate vicinity of Lake and Twenty-fourth streets. This view shows the ruins of a hotel and the telephone exchange building at that point.

The Query Editor

Magazines picture a newspaperman as reckless, rakish, and riotous—all of which has led many young men to embark on the sea of journalism. By way of reparation I offer the case of Markley.

Markley hit the Times office, looking for a job, just after Hardy, the "Question Box" editor, had resigned in disgust. He had never worked in a newspaper office.

They led him into the room where Hardy had slaved, and showed him the racks of bound volumes. "Reference books?" asked Markley.

"They nodded, and Markley peeled off his coat.

"Are they properly indexed?"

"Another nod.

"Fire away," cried Markley. "I'll dig out anything you want. I've worked in a railroad information office. I'm the human digger."

So they hired Markley on the spot—

Had a Dry, Tickling Sensation In Her Throat.

COUGHED ALMOST ALL NIGHT.

A bad cough, accompanied by that distressing, tickling sensation in the throat, is most aggravating.

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is rich in the healing virtues of the Norway Pine tree, and for this reason it will quickly stop that tickling in the throat which causes the dry hard cough that keeps you awake at night.

Miss Margaret MacDonald, Port Hood, N.S., writes:—"Just a few lines to let you know what Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup did for me. I took a severe cold, coughed almost all night, with that dry, tickling sensation in my throat. The first bottle did me so much good, I thought I would try a second one, which I am pleased to say resulted in a complete cure. I can strongly recommend it to any one suffering from a cough or any throat irritation."

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is put up in a yellow wrapper, 3 pine trees the trade mark; price, 25 and 50 cents. Manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

ALL YOU NEED IS A CASCARET TONIGHT

No Headache, Sour Stomach, Biliousness or Constipation By Morning.

Turn the rascals out—the headache, the biliousness, the indigestion, the sick, sour stomach and foul gases—turn them out tonight and keep them out with Cascarets.

Millions of men and women take a Cascaret now—and then never know the misery caused by a lazy liver, clogged bowels or an upset stomach.

Don't put in another day of distress. Let Cascarets cleanse and regulate your stomach; remove the sour, undigested and fermenting food and that insidious-making gas; take the excess bile from your liver and carry out of the system all the constipated waste matter and poison in the intestines and bowels. Then you will feel great.

A Cascaret tonight will surely straighten you out by morning. They work while you sleep. A 10-cent box from any drug store means a clear head, sweet stomach and clean, healthy liver and bowel action for months. Children love to take Cascarets, because they taste good—never gripe or sicken.

which is rather a vague place in a newspaper office.

Markley started work next day. His job seemed quite important when he came to realize that while the best reporters had desks, only he and the managing editor had rooms to themselves. The managing editor paid him a visit.

"Markley," he announced, "we pride ourselves on your department. We've never failed to answer a question. Remember that."

"Yours truly," said Markley, and reached for the top letter on the pile. He read it slowly.

My little girl is delicate, is 4 years old, has blue eyes, and wears pink dresses. Kindly give me a diet for her.

"Blue eyes," murmured Markley. "Pink dresses. Four years old. Delicate."

He roamed to the reference racks and pulled down books marked "Optometry," "Medicine," and "Colors and Painting."

Two hours later he put the books back on the shelves.

"We have never failed," he said to himself, and wrote at last:

Pork, midnight suppers and pies should be avoided. Under no circumstances should alcoholic liquors or tobacco be used.—Ed.

A day or so later Markley got this: I have \$10,000. Tell me how to double my money.

The question box editor spent the afternoon with his reference books. Finally he took down the volume marked "Banking." As a result he wrote:

Bank your money at compound interest. It will double itself in about 20 years.—Ed.

"We never fail," said Markley, and before he went home he informed a woman how to take ink stains from the right wing of her pet canary.

For a day or so the questions were all along the simple line. Then came this:

An accident in a sawmill has left me with only two thumbs. Kindly tell me how to play the

piano. I would like to teach music.

Markley lost two nights' sleep. His mind was in a ferment. Finally, in desperation, he wrote this answer:

There are so few persons with only two thumbs that it would be impossible to earn a living teaching music. Why not study elocution?—Ed.

Back came this: I can't speak elocution. I'm dumb.

"It isn't a question," raved Markley. "I don't have to answer it."

By this time poor Markley's eyes were taking on a haunted look. He came to dread the morning mail, for that was the mail that brought him the trouble that men and women wrote in their nights of worry. It was from the morning mail this came:

I have one leg. It is knock-kneed. I use a crutch. I have relatives out West. How long will it take me to walk out West?

When the last belated reporter went home Markley was still deep in maps, geographical surveys, and a history of the three-legged race.

About midnight he rose wearily and counted his money. After that he wrote:

The Times will buy you a railroad ticket. Call at once.—Ed.

Two days later the managing editor came in and shook that reply under Markley's nose.

"You, the human digger," he roared. "I want no more of this. We've got three thousand letters from crutch-and-leg fellows who want to go to China, the North Pole, or New Jersey. There's twenty of 'em down in the office now. After this give 'em answers."

Markley nodded grimly and grabbed the next envelope of agony. It read:

How can I become a poet?

The answer came with a burst of speed:

By writing poetry.—Ed.

"Give them answers," said Markley. "I'll tell them who Cain married when he left his father's habitation. Wonder what this one wants to know. Let's see.—A—H!"

Markley read it with bulging eyes. I am a member of the S. P. C. A. Kindly tell me how to kill flies without causing them undue suffering.

"I must fake it," groaned the answerer.

swer editor. He wrote:

Hypnotism is excellent, but very slow. Chloroform, used while they sleep is practically painless.—Ed.

Markley drank a lot that night. Next morning he came down to the office with a big head. First crack out of a mail that had no sympathy with throbbing brains he got this:

I am engaged to two men. One plays poker and stays out all night, and the other drinks whiskey and comes home drunk. Which shall I marry?

As between the man who strolled home drunk, and the man who came home not at all, the encyclopedia, even under the heading of morals, gave Markley nothing on which to hinge his judgment. He figured it would be a crime to take a chance and hand the girl the wrong man. So at last he wrote:

Marry both. Be a sport.—Ed.

"Advising crime," wailed the managing editor when he read it, but Markley was obdurate.

"Best way out," he insisted. "If she married one she'd pick the wrong one. Always the way. Now she can marry both and chase the one that doesn't suit. Simple."

"You're crazy, Markley."

"I'm not." The question editor brought down a medical volume and ran his finger down the index. "C—ca, co, crazy; here it is. It says when a man's crazy—"

But the managing editor had fled. For a few days Markley had no further trouble. Then:

Is Mabel a sweet name to give a baby?

Not having had any babies himself, the question editor was unable to say, for these things must be answered from experience. He played the game safe and wrote:

Certainly; provided it is a girl.

—Ed.

"He's getting worse," wept the managing editor. "Would they want to call it Mabel, if it was a boy?"

The man that got out the funny sheet, though, took it as a great example of humor, and wanted Markley to shift to his department. The question editor did not seem to comprehend the offer.

"Letters, letters," he said. "All kinds of letters," and he broke the seals on three. The cold sweat stood out on his forehead as he read:

Kindly advise as to a good profession for a child that squints.

Would you advise a young girl from the country to take a job on the Bowers?

Can McGraw's Giants come back?

Somewhat Markley answered the list. By this time, though, he was wild-eyed and wild-voiced.

Every time the office boys carried in his mail he groaned aloud and retreated to a corner of his room.

There came the day, though, when the boy brought in only one letter.

Thessalon, Ont.—"I cannot speak too highly of your medicine. When my appetite is poor and I have that weak, languid, always tired feeling, I get a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and it builds me up, gives me strength, and restores me to perfect health again. It is truly a blessing to women, and I cannot speak highly enough of it. I take pleasure in recommending it to others."

Mrs. ANNIE CAMERON, Thessalon, Ont.

Women who are suffering from those distressing ills peculiar to their sex should not lose sight of these facts or doubt the ability of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to restore their health.

There are probably hundreds of thousands, perhaps millions of women in the United States who have been benefited by this famous old remedy, which was produced from roots and herbs over 30 years ago by a woman to relieve woman's suffering. If you are sick and need such a medicine, why don't you try it?

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

Buffalo, N. Y., and Kingston, Canada.

Quit Sniffing, Stop Sneezing, Cure Your Cold Now!

Thousands of Cases Prove the Quickest Cure is Catarrhozone.

When germs attack the lining of the nose, make you sneeze and gag—when later on they infect the bronchial tubes—how can you follow them with a cough syrup?

You can't do it—that's all. Cough syrups go to the stomach—that's why they fail.

But Catarrhozone goes everywhere—gets right after the germs—kills them—heals the soreness—cures the inflammation—makes Catarrh disappear.

"Nothing I have ever used gives the warm, soothing sensation of Catarrhozone," writes Isabel Fry, of Seguin Falls, Ont. "I was in a frightful way with catarrh of the nose and throat—had droppings, hard breathing, bad breath and indigestion. Catarrhozone relieved at once and cured me thoroughly. It is invaluable in colds, sore throat and bronchial trouble." Not difficult for Catarrhozone to cure, because it contains the essences of pine balsams and other antiseptics that simply mean death to catarrh. Large size costs \$1, and contains two months' treatment; smaller size, 25c and 50c, all druggists and storekeepers, or The Catarrhozone Company, Buffalo, N. Y., and Kingston, Canada.

THE TORNADO IN OMAHA.



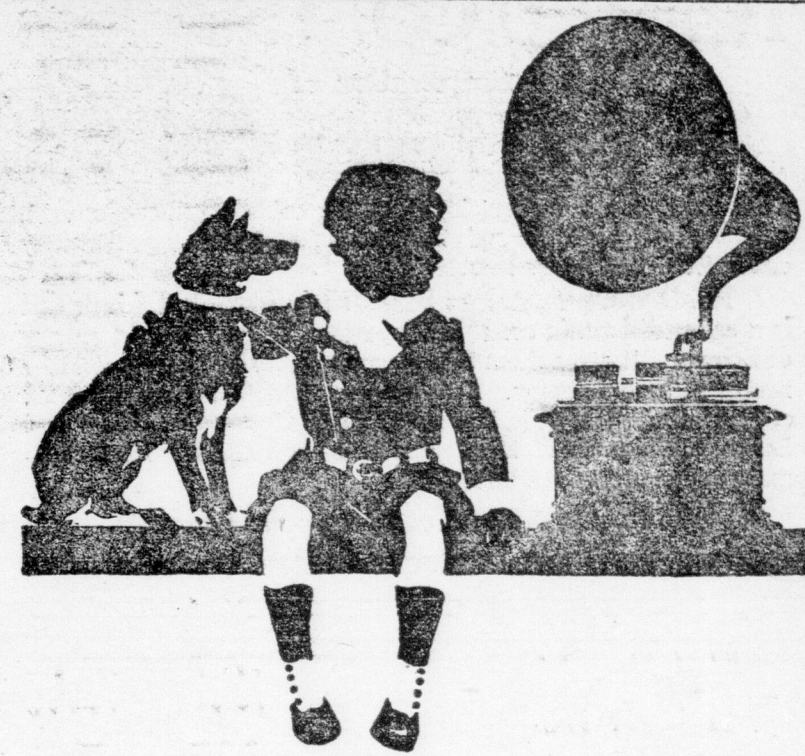
The automobiles appear to be hanging in space from the bridge, but really are supported by debris.

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RELIABLE ECONOMICAL



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Are best for the children as well as the grown-ups. 25c. a box at your druggist's.

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This brand is known as "Silver Plate that Wears"

It is the original and genuine "Rogers" as well as the heaviest grade of plate made. Sold by Leading Dealers

ONTARIO WOMAN'S FORTUNE

Freed From That Weak, Languid, Always Tired Feeling, by Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound.

Thessalon, Ont.—"I cannot speak too highly of your medicine. When my appetite is poor and I have that weak, languid, always tired feeling, I get a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and it builds me up, gives me strength, and restores me to perfect health again. It is truly a blessing to women, and I cannot speak highly enough of it. I take pleasure in recommending it to others."

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Why should any other cereal be called "just as good" as Kellogg's CORN FLAKES

Because Kellogg's is known to be the best and most nutritious cereal on the market—

Because the sale of Kellogg's Corn Flakes is enormous as trade returns will show—

Because another large modern factory, the best and most sanitary in Canada had to be built to take care of our constantly increasing trade—

Because the imitator, knowing these facts and having few selling arguments for his own product thinks to create a market for it by comparing it to Kellogg's:

But---the flavor and the sustaining qualities of Kellogg's Corn Flakes cannot be counterfeited. Sold in big packages at 10c. Look for the signature.

"One with a blue eye and a gray eye?"

The policeman got one arm free and crashed his club over his assailant's skull.

Two hours later the Times police reporter called the office.

"Say," he said, "that man of ours, Markley, has gone dippy. Assaulted a cop. He's in a cell now, singing about the blue and the gray."

The managing editor, suspicious, went to Markley's room. He found the last letter.

"Dog-gone it!" he roared. "why didn't he attend to this before he left? Shall stop buying the paper if she doesn't get an answer."

"I suppose you tried to save every penny when you started in business?"

"I did more than that," replied Mr. Cassius Chech. "I rescued a lot that other people were squandering."

Washington Star