Pittsburg Youth Is Decorated for Gallantry in France

Captain Walter Flannery Crossed Marne River Three Times During His Brief Career on Foreign Soil

Wealthy Eastern Steel Worker Refuses to Claim Exemption on Grounds of Being in an Essential Occupation; Leaves for Europe Four Days After Becoming the Father of Baby Daughter; Story of Bravery Detailed

By GEORGE H. SELDES

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WITH THE AMERICAN ARMY IN FRANCE, September 7.—One of the finest individual records of American gallantry in France to be established to date is that of Walter R. Flannery, first a Lieutenant and now a Captain, who recently crossed the historic river Marne for the third time. The story of Flannery's first excursion across the Marne is epic, to say nothing of his performance that shortly preceded it, and because of it this gallant son of Pittsburg and a wealthy father, who might, had he chosen, now be filling a comfortable billet at home, has been decorated with the French Croix de Guerre and bronze palm and with the Distinguished Service Cross of the American Army.

It was only in May last that Flannery arrived in France. In his three crossings of the Marne since then there is a story that will be great in history—an inspiring story of American heroism and typical American courage.

NO TAINT OF "IDLE RICH" IN THIS BOY

If the name of Pittsburg, Walterr R. Flannery's home, typifies steel and wealth to the reader, the assumption is accurate in this instance. But there is no taint of the "idle rich" about this hero. Ever since he graduated from Georgeown he has worked in his father's plants and offices in Pittsburg and South America or in the experimental department of a Detroit plant.

When he determined to go to war his friends all argued against it. They urged him to let the unmarried men take up the fight and said they could get him a nice job in the Army, one of the "swivel-chair" jobs in Washington. When he went up for examination the board told him he was a steel expert and therefore indispensable at home, but Flannery had his counter arguments pat.

"There are thousands of fellows in America who can do that sort of work," he snapped. "Besides, the place for a fighting Irishman in this war is at the front."

STORK VISITS HOME BEFORE DEPARTURE

So after a bit he got his First Lieutenant's commission and the day he left Pittsburg for France it was with a heavy heart, for he had just become a father. His baby daughter, Harriet, was exactly 4 days old. That was in April last. In May he was at the front. In June he showed his mettle in open warfare.

The giant offensive of the boche swept into Chateau Thierry on May 31 and the sector from that town eastward was held by the American division of which Flannery commanded a company. On the first day of June the Germans, by a vast concentration of guns, attacked the American positions, effectively wiping out every depot, every kitchen, every water tank; killing the horses, putting many guns out of action, and causing numerous casualties among the men who were sheltering in dugouts hastily improvised. Gas drenched the back areas. The rain of heavy projectiles lasted nine hours without a minute's interval, and the Germans were certain that all resistance had been destroyed.

YOUTH'S STRATEGY HALTS GERMANS

But the Americans, without food or water, without adequate artillery protection, with their ranks depleted, would not yield an inch this side of the Marne. Then came the news that the Germans were crossing. Only the infantry on the south bank could save the day.

Flannery's line was at Fossoy—a vital point. When the report of the crossing came, he surveyed his positions and knew that they would not hold. He lacked both men and machine guns. There was only one thing he could do and he did it promptly. He tore to the supply lines and there called out the engineers, the cooks who had nothing to cook, the orderlies, the trench mortar units and the odds and ends of any and all combatant outfits he could find. He himself took up a rifle and led the way. From a field hospital he managed to collect forty wounded men. Of the 120 men therein, several more volunteered, but the doctors would not let them go because their wounds were too serious. The forty that went helped hold the line with the engineers and Flannery had rounded up to supplement his company.

And the Germans didn't cross.

For several weeks the boches remained on the north bank, firing continually at any man or anything that moved on the south bank. It was on the morning of June 3d that a man crawled to the German side and called and made motions to the American side. His reply was a fusillade from the American bank. The man disappeared in the woods, and the Americans waited for him to reappear. He did, and again they fired on him. They were weary of Hunnish traps of this kind.

YANKEE SUSPECTS PLOT, BUT GOES OVER

When the man on the German side showed himself for the third time there happened to be a French officer with the Americans, and he believed he heard shouts in French. He went to the edge of the river and assured himself that the man opposite was speaking French. The tale shouted across the stream seemed plausible, and Lieutenant Flannery thereupon made a "date" for 10 o'clock that night.

Still suspecting a trap, the Yankee officer placed a knife in his teeth, and, after having stripped and tied a rope around himself he slid noiselessly into the river and swam for the appointed spot. That swim was the most exhausting in Flannery's experience, for he had not reckoned with a treacherous current below the bend of the river. He was obliged to hold on to the rope which his men were playing from a thicket. When he got to the German bank he was seventy-five yards from the rendezvous, without his weapon and so fagged that he could hardly crawl.

FLANNERY RESCUES WOUNDED FRENCHMAN

For half an hour, white and naked, he searched the hostile bank, but could not find the Frenchman. Suddenly a dark figure rose before him, looking for all the world like a Hun, and Flannery thought he was finished. But the man was really a wounded poilu who had been captured five days before, and in spite of two bullets in his body and leg he had crawled every night toward the Marne. To swim it he had not dared, for he had eaten almost nothing for five days.

Finally Flannery got a rope around the Frenchman and himself, him into the Marne. They made a terrific splash, and as the Americans began pulling from the opposite shore the boche snipers opened fire.

"Two years later," says Flannery, "we landed on the American side."

It was for this deed of splendid heroism that the French decorated Flannery with the Croix de Guerre and the bronze palm. The accompanying ceremony was impressive—and intensely embarrassing to the American who couldn't understand why such a fuss was made about a thing that, as he said, "anyone in my place would have done."

And, in mid-July, General Pershing awarded Flannery the Distinguished Service Cross.

LEADS FIRST UNIT IN ENEMY PURSUIT

On July 18, the Franco-American counter-offensive from south of Soissons to Rheims forced the German retreat from the Marne. Before his men crossed the river, Lieutenant Flannery rowed across in a boat, made sure of a safe landing, then led his men across. Heavy fighting followed at Mont St. Pere, Jaulgonne and Le Charmel Chateau, the latter a nest of eighteen German machine guns. In August the Germans retreated across the Vesle. Soon afterward Flannery took and the cooks and the orderlies that got a grip on the poilu and dragged passed his physical examination for a Captaincy, the rank he holds at present. The last time he crossed the Marne, it was in an automobile. He crossed this time for the purpose of going over the battle field with me, foot by foot, both literally and figuratively; but this time the Germans were at least 25 kilometers further to the north and Flannery was in a very joyful mood.

At Fossoy we were in his sector, and he had many inspiring tales to tell; how his runners braved death every hour of the battle, how Sergeant Seagraves fought three German machine gunners with rifle and bayonet, and finally strangled the third; how Sergeant Henry Otto was buried by a shell up to his neck, but dug himself out and went back into the fight, how the engineers built a bridge under bombardment and how his company crossed under shell fire and aeroplane attack.

That night after a Spartan dinner, Flannery showed me his pictures of his wife and baby. He has one of the small Harriet for almost every week since April and expects another in every letter from home.

"They say I promised the baby a medal when I left Pittsburg," said Flannery, "but that's only a yarn. But now I sure have got one for her, and one for the wife, too, and the palm for mother."

AMERICANS WITH GALLANT RECORDS

Here are some of the men who distinguished themselves in the recent fighting on the Marne. Among them are: Captain W. B. Allen, Omaha, Neb.; Lieutenant Flannery, Lieutenant C. R. Crozier, Grand Rapids, Mich.; Lieutenant Kermit Barker, Aurora, Ill., and the famous regimental flag.

Lieutenant Flannery, who gained decorations for signal services in Marne fighting.

SAN FRANCISCO BOY TELLS OF FRONT LINES

Wounded Men Refuse to Give Any Evidence of Feeling Pain

Worthy A. Pickering, a San Francisco boy with the 28th Ambulance Corps, 4th Sanitary Train, seeing service in the front lines on the western front, writes an interestng letter of happenings during one of the recent drives. Pickering has seen the strenuous side of life during the offensive of the allies, and what he says is worth while, because he feels it.

His letter is under date of August 28, and he writes in part as follows:

"Since writing you, I've lived a few strenuous years, and yours truly can tell you now that he has seen the front line and spent some time in active service. Our ambulance corps took care of only the seriously wounded, and you can appreciate what that means in time of a drive. All the energy you have seems but little to give, and in the face of such suffering you seem helpless. We worked day and night while the drive was on, and the officers and surgeons did the same. There was no confusion, however, and every one worked well to give the men relief.

"One of our boys was at the dressing station helping a Lieutenant dress a wound when a shell hit the dugout, killing both the patient and officer. This lad kept the station going under fire until late in the afternoon, when relief came.

"My Arkansas pal, of whom I have told you, was thrown against a stone wall by the concussion of a bomb and went on his way unhurt. You should have heard him tell of it.

BLANKETS FULL OF HOLES

"Another lad was carrying blankets across No Man's Land when a gun opened up on him. When he came out of a shell-hole, where he had lodged for safety, the blankets were full of holes. Letter carrying has a few thrills, too. No?

"Once the boche let a bomb fall just outside our hospital. It surely got the chateau next door and smashed all the windows in our hospital. Of all the thrills of war the night air raid is the worst. You can hear the plane right over you, and know it has a death load for some one, and you just lay there and wonder where it will fall.

"If the anti-aircraft guns get onto the plane, they start their fire, and shrapnel falls like iron rain, seemingly for moments, after the sound of the shell.

"One night I saw them bring down a boche plane all in flames, and since leaving that vicinity I have seen several exciting air raids, in one of which fifteen or twenty of our machines took part.

"I've seen the boche get our observation balloons, too. They come down afire, but the men usually take to their parachutes before the balloon falls.

BERTHA GETS WRONG RANGE

"One day at ——, the big Bertha got the wrong range and shelled us at ten-minute intervals all morning long. Talk about noise. They (the boche) made a few dents in the roads, got one house and ruined a few fields before they finished their strafing.

"When they mix gas, bombs, aeroplanes, barrage, hand grenades and men all in one melee, you have some idea of what our boys are up against. The machine guns, too, are a hell that send us back a lot of men, but shrapnel is the extreme instrument of horror.

"One lad who came to us had 'only' twenty-eight distinct wounds from one explosion. He was the bravest ever and said his hand hurt him a little. Three of the fingers were shot off. 'Hurt a little.' That is their spirit. It is universal here.

"The French are the same. One French soldier badly wounded, too, smiled at me when we took the litter out of the ambulance and said, 'Merci.' When I helped him on the ambulance table he said the same thing, 'Thanks.' Can you imagine that?

"The country has suffered with the soldiers and the fields are torn and devastated. Nothing remains in the towns but ruins. The churches suffer with the rest. I saw one old church shell-shattered, but still intact. The boche had taken bayonets and decapitated the statues. The figures of Mary and the Infant were especially ruined. The faces were cut out of the figures, and I found them on the floor. The vestments were torn to bits and thrown into a heap. One large figure of the Corpus Christi was hacked and cut; the body of the Christ completely severed from the cross. If the inanimate things suffer in that way, you can well imagine what would happen to a living being.

"The household goods from the houses of the farmers were carried to the dugouts of the boche to make them more comfortable. Gee, it makes your American blood boil. We've got them now and I only hope we can cut up their own territory a little before they give up the ghost.

"I had a peach of a helmet to send you, but when we came out we hiked and I left it. I am not through with the enemy yet, so will have a chance to get you one later. Am sending you a chevron from a dead (and good) German's coat."

ROUGH WOODED ISLAND BECOMES LARGEST SHIP-BUILDING CENTER

Marvelous Metamorphosis Transforms Hog Island Into Industrial Metropolis in Less Than a Year

PHILADELPHIA, September 28.—Transformed in less than a year from a desolate waste, practically inaccessible, into the greatest shipyard in the world, is the story, in brief, of Hog island. It was hardly more than ten months after the first surveyor ran a line through the length of the island that Mrs. Woodrow Wilson, wife of the President, christened the first ship to be launched at the big plant. From its fifty ways, if the programme of the management is carried out, three fabricated steel cargo carriers a week will slide into the Delaware river with a splash that soon must swell into a tidal wave rolling in the direction of Germany.

With two vessels already launched, and forty now on the ways in progressive stages of construction, the yard today virtually is complete. Before the end of the year, according to officials of the American International Shipbuilding Corporation, there will be fifty ships on the ways and twenty-eight more, already launched, in the finishing basins, or seventy-eight under construction at one time—more than two miles of ships.

As fast as the vessels are launched other keels are laid, and as fast as they are delivered others will pass to the outfitting piers. In twenty-two and a half months from the time the contract was signed on September 13, 1917, Hog island, these officials say, will deliver to the Government 1,385,000 tons carrying capacity of ships, at a cost considerably in excess of $200,000,000. When the yard is in full operation it will have a capacity of 1,500,000 tons a year, more than three times the entire yearly output of America before the war. About 31,000 men are engaged in the work.

SEVEN 1000-FOOT PIERS

The fifty ways at the yard, which is located on the Delaware just outside of Philadelphia, extend for a mile and a quarter along the river front, and are completely equipped with a highly flexible system of derricks for assembling the fabricated parts. These ways are operated in ten groups of five, and each, with auxiliary buildings and tool shops, is an independent ship assembling unit. Adjoining them and forming a continuous water front of another mile and a quarter are the ship outfitting basins with seven piers, each 1000 feet long, and outfitting berths to accommodate twenty-eight vessels at one time during the period between launching and completion.

In all there are about 250 permanent buildings in the yard. They cover approximately twenty-five acres and include a central administration building housing 1450 persons and an engineers' building for 750 engineers and draughtsmen. There are barracks for 6000 workmen, three guards' barracks, a handsome Y. M. C. A. building, a large hotel, a central cafeteria, mess halls, a model emergency hospital and innumerable auxiliary buildings, which make up a city within itself. There is also a training school for shipbuilders with 150 instructors. New men are rapidly trained, 600 at a time, and most of them, officials say, are becoming adepts in the new trade of ship erection and assembly.

MEN FROM EVERYWHERE

The army of 32,000 workers at the great plant include men of all nationalities and all occupations. Nearly 1000 girls are also employed, and many of them are doing work formerly done by men. Most of the common labor was obtained in and around this city, but the skilled mechanics and office employes hail from virtually every section of the country. The pay roll averages close to $1,000,000 a week.

One of the most serious problems encountered in the development of this great city of shipbuilders was that of housing the vast army of employes. For a brief period this caused no little anxiety, but the situation was relieved by the construction of barracks housing 6000 persons and bachelor apartments for 2000 more. Accommodations for thousands were also found at boarding-houses and with private families in all sections of the city. Later 1000 four and six room houses were constructed near the shipyard at an average cost of $3500 and rented to the employes at a nominal figure.

Details of the yard's progress are interesting. On September 13, 1917, the Emergency Fleet Corporation of the United States Shipping Board awarded the contract to the American International Shipbuilding Corporation to construct the plant and to build fifty 7500-ton cargo ships. On October 29 an additional order was given for seventy 8000-ton cargo and troop ships, and on May 30, 1918, the construction of sixty more 7500-ton vessels was ordered, a total of 180. All are to be completely outfitted, even to the table linen and silverware.

FROM FOREST TO CITY

Construction work was begun on the big plant a week after the contract was signed, and five months later the rough, wooded island of 846 acres had been converted into a thriving city of shipbuilders, and the first keel laid.

Eighty miles of standard railway track have been put down within the yard and eighteen miles of roadway built. Three million feet of electric wire has been put underground and an air compressor plant with a capacity of 75,000 cubic feet a minute, the second largest in the world, has been installed.

In the words of an official of the American International Corporation, Hog island "is a peculiarly American achievement, born of great necessity. It is American in its colossal size and in the combined simplicity and boldness of its design; American, too, in the thoroughness and speed of its realization. It stands today by far the greatest shipyard in the world. The Emergency Fleet Corporation may well pause a moment to say that its work is well done. In days to come, when there is time to take stock of these things, it will be written that this arm of the Government indeed deserved well of its country in the great war.

"For the American International Corporation and its associates it is enough to say that they have had a part in an enterprise which will forever be remembered as one of the great achievements of a great epoch."

LAW SCHOOL ELECTS

The student body of the San Francisco Law School has elected the following officers: L. C. Levy, president; James Walsh, vice-president, and Mary R. Schwab, secretary.

J. M. WILKINS TELLS STORY OF ORIGIN OF THE CLIFF HOUSE AND HISTORY OF OCEANSIDE HOUSE

Many Lessees and Vicissitudes Figure in Tale of Popular and Famous Hostelry From Early Days of City's Annals Down to Our Own Times

J. M. WILKINS, who was for twenty-two years—1885 to 1907—proprietor of the Cliff House, has written to The Chronicle supplementing the facts about his erstwhile famous hostelry that were published in these columns last Sunday:

"Sam Brannan was never connected with the Cliff House except as a good and liberal patron of the establishment. I knew him very well. He died in Sonora, Mexico, about 1886.

OCEANSIDE HOUSE IS BUILT OUT OF WRECK

"The shipwreck referred to in The Chronicle article occurred in 1857 on the property of Bela Brooks, an attorney who owned a tract of about 1000 acres on the Ocean shore.

"He took the lumber that formed part of the cargo of the wreck and built the Oceanside House, sometimes called "The House of Mystery," a fine piece of property that was owned and occupied until the time of his death by the late Alex Russell. The old furniture and library, as well as the rare collections of Oriental curios and antiques it contains, are now being sold off, and the property itself will probably soon again be put on the market.

"The house was originally run as a roadhouse and remained such until 1863, when it was closed and deserted.

"Thieves quickly made away with the doors and windows and everything else that could be removed, and the place became the haunt of bats and tramps until about the year 1887, when it was purchased by a man named Main, who came here from Omaha and built the Metropolitan Railway, which he sold to the Market-street Railway, now a part of the United Railroads system.

MRS. RAYFIELD OFFERS HOUSE FOR $21,000

"Subsequently Mrs. Gertrude Rayfield purchased the Oceanside property from Main and kept it for about ten years.

"She offered it to me for $21,000, and agreed to give me the title deeds and accept a mortgage for the purchase price. All I would have had to do was to pay the interest and the taxes. But I did not do it. I presume the property is now worth $200,000.

HISTORY OF THE REAL CLIFF HOUSE

"Now, as regards the Cliff House: The 160 acres of property that includes the Cliff House was owned by a person named Carpenter, who sold it to a Mr. Buckley, the father of Dr. Buckley, and Mr. Butler, whose estate now owns the building occupied by the Nathan-Dohrmann Company on the southwest corner of Stockton and Geary streets.

"Sutro Heights, including about twenty acres of land, had already been sold by Carpenter to Sam Tetlow, who owned the Bella Union Theater. Adolph Sutro subsequently paid Sam $27,000 for the property and in 1883 he purchased the Cliff House ranch for—I have been told—$169,000.

"The first Cliff House was built by Buckley & Butler for Captain Foster, who kept the place from 1863 to 1883. Then, as Sutro did not like the way the establishment was conducted he put Foster out.

SUTRO RUNS IT ALONE FOR TIME

"Sutro then tried to run the house on his own account for seven months, with Colonel Little and William Adamson as managers. He afterward told me that he had lost several thousand dollars in thus "trying to keep a road house."

"Sroufe & McCrum, a wholesale liquor firm, then took over the house and put in Moss and Sheddon as managers.

"They ran it for a few months at a loss, and then, in 1885, John Sroufe suggested that I should take over the place.

"'Wilkins,' said he to me, 'nobody has ever yet made any money out of the Cliff House, but if you want to take it over you can have all the furnishings which we put into the place.'

"He told me that his firm and Sutro could not get along very well together, but they fancied that I might be able to please him.

INTRODUCTION IS GIVEN BY FRIEND

"Accordingly I went to a mutual friend, William Lewis, who knew me very well and also had been a friend of Sutro in Virginia City, Nev., and asked him to introduce me.

"On the way out Lewis said to me: 'I will speak to Sutro in Hebrew and tell him I know you very well and that you are all right.'

"During the interview that followed it was agreed that I should take over the Cliff House, at a rental of $700 a month, and that I could retain it at that figure as long as Sutro remained alive. The only condition imposed was that the establishment should always be maintained as a respectable resort, that there should not be bolts on any of the doors and there should be no beds in the house.

"I said: 'All right. Your terms please me. I will take the place tomorrow.'

FRIEND WAS NO HELP, SAYS OWNER SUTRO

"Just as I was taking my departure with Lewis, Sutro asked Lewis to excuse him.

"'I wish to speak to Mr. Wilkins privately,' said he.

"He then took me aside and looked me squarely in the eyes with a penetrating gaze.

"'Why did you bring Mr. Lewis with you?' he asked.

"'Mr. Sutro,' I replied, 'Mr. Sroufe told me that if I could get a prominent Hebrew to introduce me to you it would help me in my bargaining with you.'

"'It has not done you a bit of good!' said he. 'But I see you have told me the truth, and that will help you very much. I knew why you brought Mr. Lewis with you.'

"I kept the old Cliff House until it was burnt in 1896, and also kept the castle-looking establishment that succeeded it until June, 1907; but I sold out to John Tait 'and friends' when the place was again burnt down in September of that year.

FOSTER MAKES MONEY, AND IS VERY POPULAR

"Captain Foster, the original proprietor of the Cliff House, was very popular and made money in the place—at least so everybody believed at the time—and I have never heard anything to lead me to think otherwise.

"He built the Old Homestead, a roadhouse on the Point Lobos road; and when he left the Cliff House he moved there with his son, Ed Foster, who afterwards ran the Bella Union.

"I found Adolph Sutro a good man. He was my friend and neighbor, and I think I knew him better than any one else did. When he died I lost a good friend.

"During my twenty-two years' tenure of the Cliff House I did well. I was able to pay all my bills promptly and save some for a rainy day."

Come Mother, This Castor Oil Is What You Need---Don't Cry!

If you, mother, had to swallow the awful dose---Think back to your childhood days---Ugh!

Give *your* children Cascarets instead. Cascarets taste like candy. Every child loves to take a Cascaret. Besides Cascarets act better on the little liver and bowels when the child is bilious, constipated, feverish and sick. Cascarets are delightful---harmless---cheap!

Each 10 cent box of Cascarets, the pleasant candy cathartic, contains directions and dosage for children aged one year old and upwards. When the little one's tongue turns white, breath feverish, stomach sour, there is nothing better to "work" the nasty bile, souring food and constipation poison from the child's system. Give Cascarets, then never worry.

LEMON JUICE TAKES OFF TAN

Girls! Make bleaching lotion if skin is sunburned, tanned or freckled

Squeeze the juice of two lemons into a bottle containing three ounces of Orchard White, shake well, and you have a quarter pint of the best freckle, sunburn and tan lotion, and complexion beautifier, at very, very small cost.

Your grocer has the lemons and any drug store or toilet counter will supply three ounces of Orchard White for a few cents. Massage this sweetly fragrant lotion into the face, neck, arms and hands each day and see how freckles, sunburn, windburn and tan disappear and how clear, soft and white the skin becomes. Yes! It is harmless.—Advt.

Are Weak Nerves and Lack of Physical Strength Holding You Back in Life?

You Must Have Plenty of Iron in Your Blood if You Want the Power and Energy, to Win, Says Physician

When the crushing grip of worry, trials and care saps your vitality and keeps you from the full enjoyment of home, social and business life--take Nuxated Iron and watch its strength giving, up-building effect—It will increase the strength and endurance of weak, nervous, run-down folks in two weeks' time in many instances.

THOUSANDS are held back in life for want of sufficient iron in the blood," says Dr. James Francis Sullivan, formerly physician of Bellevue Hospital (Outdoor Dept.), New York, and the Westchester County Hospital, in commenting on the relation of strong nerves and physical endurance to the attainment of success and power.

"A weak body means a weakened brain; weak nerve force means weakened will power, and like the race horse beaten by a nose, many a capable man or woman falls just short of winning because they don't back up their mentality with the physical strength and energy which come from having plenty of iron in the blood. That irritable twitch, that fit of despondency, that dizzy, fearful feeling—these are the sort of signals nature gives to tired, listless folks when the blood is clamoring for strength giving iron—more iron to restore the health by enriching the blood and creating thousands of new red blood cells.

"In my opinion the greatest curse to the health and strength of American people of today is the alarming deficiency of iron in their blood. Iron is absolutely essential to enable your blood to transform the food you eat into muscular tissue and brain. It is through iron in the red coloring matter of the blood that life-sustaining oxygen enters the body. Without iron there is no strength, vitality and endurance to combat obstacles or withstand severe strains. Lack of sufficient iron in the blood has ruined many a man's nerves and utterly robbed him of that virile force and stamina which are so necessary to success and power in every walk of life.

"Therefore, I strongly advise those who feel the need of a strength and blood builder to get a physician's prescription for organic iron—Nuxated Iron—or if you don't want to go to this trouble, then purchase only Nuxated Iron in its original packages and see that this particular name (Nuxated Iron) appears on the package. If you have taken other iron products and failed to get results, remember that such preparations are an entirely different thing from Nuxated Iron, which has been used and strongly endorsed by many physicians formerly connected with well-known Hospitals, the Hon. Leslie M. Shaw, former Presidential Cabinet Officer, former United States Senator and Vice-Presidential Nominee, Charles A. Towne, former members of Congress, distinguished United States Army Generals (retired) Judge Atkinson of the United States Court of Claims at Washington, and others."

In regard to the value of Nuxated Iron, former Health Commissioner of Chicago William R. Kerr, said: "As Health Commissioner of the City of Chicago, I was importuned many times to recommend different medicines, mineral waters, etc. Never yet have I gone on record as favoring any particular remedy. But, in the case of Nuxated Iron, I feel an exception should be made to the rule. From my own experience with it, I feel that it is such a valuable remedy that it ought to be used in every hospital and prescribed by every physician in this country, and if my endorsement shall induce anaemic, nervous, run-down men and women to take Nuxated Iron, and receive the wonderful tonic benefits which I have received, I shall feel greatly gratified that I made an exception to my life-long rule in recommending it."

Dr. Schuyler C. Jaques, formerly Visiting Surgeon of St. Elizabeth's Hospital, New York City, said: "I have never before given out any medical information or advice for publication, as I ordinarily do not believe in it. But in the case of Nuxated Iron I feel I would be remiss in my duty not to mention it. I have taken it myself and given it to my patients with most surprising results. And those who wish quickly to increase their strength, power and endurance will find it a most remarkable and wonderfully effective remedy."

No matter what other tonics or iron remedies you have used without success—if you are not strong or well, you owe it to yourself to make the following test: See how long you can work or how far you can walk without becoming tired. Next take two five-grain tablets of Nuxated Iron three times per day after meals for two weeks. Then test your strength again and see how much you have gained. Nuxated Iron will increase the strength, power and endurance of delicate, nervous, run-down people in two weeks' time in many instances.

Manufacturers' Note: Nuxated Iron, which is prescribed and recommended by physicians and which is now being used by over three million people annually, is not a secret remedy but one which is well known to druggists everywhere. Unlike the older inorganic iron products it is easily assimilated and does not injure the teeth, make them black, nor upset the stomach. The manufacturers guarantee successful and entirely satisfactory results to every purchaser or they will refund your money. It is dispensed in this city by the Owl Drug Co. and other druggists.

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